

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

**ZEP ALBUM
 KNEBORTH
 JOE JACKSON
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JOY DIVISION

had come marching into town.

It wasn't much of a welcome. It wasn't one of those hot jam-packed little-league sell-outs where you can't get in for the length of the guest list and where breaths are bated in anticipation of something about to turn big. Nothing of the sort. Down in the basement confines of a celebrated Islington watering hole it was relaxed and cool.

In front of the intimate stage, though, a gaggle of about a dozen

or so modern boys staked out their territorial rights like there was some sort of conspiracy afoot. Millions were dispatched to fetch the pints. The space stage-front was jealously guarded. Their spick and span muted green tribal colours set them apart from the otherwise dowdy crowd.

They had come, heaven knows where from, for Joy Division. Another Manchester Band.

The last time somebody counted there were somewhere in the region of 72 musical aggregations in Manchester and surrounding areas. Can you believe that?

Full story pages 24-5

CHARTS

Week ending August 11, 1979

UK Singles

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	I Don't Like Mondays Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	3	1
2 (10)	Can't Stand Losing You Police (A&M)	4	2
3 (2)	Girls Talk Dave Edmunds (Svan Song)	5	2
4 (8)	Wanted Dooleys (GTO)	4	4
5 (9)	Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous Abba (Epic)	4	5
6 (16)	Beat The Clock Sparks (Virgin)	2	6
7 (15)	We Don't Talk Anymore Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	7
8 (7)	My Sharona Knack (Capitol)	6	7
9 (4)	Are Friends Electric? Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	11	1
10 (3)	Silly Games Janet Kay (Scope)	7	1
11 (17)	If I Had You Korgis (Rialto)	4	11
12 (11)	Born To Be Alive Patrick Hernandez (Gem/Aquarius)	5	11
13 (8)	Breakfast In America Supertramp (A&M)	5	8
13 (21)	The Diary Of Horace Wimp Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	13
15 (18)	After The Love Has Gone Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	15
16 (5)	Good Times Chic (Atlantic)	6	5
17 (—)	Hersham Boys Sham 69 (Polydor)	1	17
18 (27)	Duke Of Earl Darts (Magnet)	3	18
19 (23)	Morning Dance Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	2	19
20 (14)	Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	14
21 (—)	Reasons To Be Cheerful Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	1	21
22 (19)	Chuck E's In Love Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	4	19
23 (24)	Stay With Me TMI Dawn Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	2	23
24 (—)	Sweet Little Rock N Roller Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	24
25 (—)	You Never Know What You've Got Me & You (Laser)	1	25
26 (13)	C'Mon Everybody Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	3
27 (20)	Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven Ami Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	4
28 (—)	Just When I Needed You Most Randy VanWarmer (Island)	1	28
29 (12)	Lady Lynde Beach Boys (Capitol)	7	6
30 (—)	The Boss Diana Ross (Motown)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Ooh What A Life — Gibson Brothers (Island); Gangsters — Specials (2 Tone); Harmony In My Head — Buzzcocks (United Artists); Conscious Man — Jolly Brothers (United Artists); Is She Really Going Out With Him — Joe Jackson (A&M); Rock Around The Clock — Telex (Sire).

10 years 5 ago

Week ending August 6, 1974

1	Rock Your Baby George McCrae (Jay Boy)
2	When Will I See You Again Thelma Houston (Polygram)
3	Band On The Run Wings (Apple)
4	You Make Me Feel Brand New Stylistics (A&M)
5	Amateur Hour Sparks (Island)
6	Summerlove Sensation Bay City Rollers (Bell)
7	Born With A Smile On My Face Stephanie De Sykes/Rain (Bradleys)
8	Rock The Boat Huey Corporation (RCA)
9	Rocket Mud (Rak)
10	She Charles Aznavour (Barclay)

Week ending August 5, 1969

1	Honky Tonk Women Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	Saved By The Bell Robin Gibb (Polydor)
3	Give Peace A Chance Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
4	In The Ghetto Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	Goodnight Midnight Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
6	Make Me An Island Joe Dolan (Pye)
7	My Cherie Amour Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
8	It's A Sin Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
9	That's The Way God Planned It Billy Preston (Apple)
10	Baby Make It Soon Marmalade (CBS)

Week ending August 7, 1964

1	A Hard Day's Night Beatles (Parlophone)
2	Do Wah Diddy Diddy Manfred Mann (HMV)
3	It's All Over Now Rolling Stones (Decca)
4	I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself Dusty Springfield (Philips)
5	Call Up The Groups Barron Knights (Columbia)
6	Tobacco Road Nashville Teens (Columbia)
7	On The Beach Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	I Won't Forget You Jim Reeves (RCA)
9	I Get Around Beach Boys (Capitol)
10	House Of The Rising Sun Animals (Columbia)

UK Albums

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	Best Disco Album In The World Various (WEA)	5	1
2 (2)	Replicas Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	8	1
3 (3)	Discovery Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	10	1
4 (7)	I Am Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	9	2
5 (8)	Breakfast In America Supertramp (A & M)	20	2
6 (4)	Voulez Vous Abba (Epic)	14	1
7 (8)	Bridges John Williams (Lotus)	6	4
8 (6)	Parallel Lines Blondie (Chrysalis)	43	1
9 (5)	Communicue Dire Straits (Vertigo)	9	3
10 (20)	The Best Of The Dooleys (GTO)	4	10
11 (10)	Outlandos D'Amour Police (A & M)	13	9
12 (14)	Lodger David Bowie (RCA)	9	6
13 (19)	Manilow Magic Barry Manilow (Arista)	21	2
14 (11)	Live Killers Queen (EMI)	5	6
15 (17)	Back To The Egg Wings (Parlophone)	7	4
16 (28)	Street Life Crusaders (MCA)	3	16
17 (11)	Night Owl Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	9	10
18 (26)	Morning Dance Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	4	18
19 (18)	Rust Never Sleeps Neil Young (Reprise)	4	14
20 (30)	Some Product Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	20
21 (22)	Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca)	8	16
22 (29)	20 Golden Greats Beach Boys (Capitol)	2	22
23 (23)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	18	1
24 (—)	The Kids Are Alright The Who (Polydor)	3	24
25 (27)	Candy O Cars (Elektra)	4	24
26 (—)	Go West Village People (Mercury)	6	21
27 (16)	Do It Yourself Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	12	2
28 (13)	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	7	13
29 (—)	The Boss Diana Ross (Motown)	1	29
30 (24)	Manifesto Roxy Music (Polydor)	20	4

UP AND COMING:

B.52's — B.52's (Island);
Welcome To The Cruise — Judy Tzuke (Rocket);
Get The Knack — The Knack (Capitol);
Exposed — Mike Oldfield (Virgin);
Midnight Magic — Commodores (Motown);
Songbird — Ruby Winters (K.Tel).



"Minicab for Mr Copeland" — Sting and Andy Summers borrow the A&M limo for a flying spotcheck on the latest chart positions. When you're No.2 you try harder... Pic: Adrian Boot.

US Singles

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (4)	Good Times Chic		
2 (1)	Bad Girls Donna Summer		
3 (8)	My Sharona The Knack		
4 (2)	Ring My Bell Anita Ward		
5 (7)	When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman Dr Hook		
6 (6)	Gold John Stewart		
7 (10)	The Main Event/Fight Barbra Streisand		
8 (9)	I Was Made For Lovin' You Kias		
9 (3)	I Want You To Want Me Cheap Trick		
10 (11)	You Can't Change That Raydio		
11 (13)	Mama Can't Buy You Love Elton John		
12 (16)	The Devil Went Down To Georgia Charlie Daniels Band		
13 (19)	After The Love Is Gone Earth Wind & Fire		
14 (6)	Makin' It David Naughton		
15 (18)	Lead Me On Maxine Nightingale		
16 (20)	Sad Eyes Robert John		
17 (12)	Boogie Wonderland Earth Wind & Fire		
18 (17)	Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now McFadden & Whitehead		
19 (14)	We Are Family Sister Sledge		
20 (26)	Let's Go The Cars		
21 (15)	Chuck E's In Love Rickie Lee Jones		
22 (23)	Is She Really Going Out With Him Joe Jackson		
23 (30)	Goodbye Stranger Supertramp		
24 (27)	Suspicious Eddie Rabbitt		
25 (21)	Do It Or Die Atlanta Rhythm Section		
26 (31)	I'll Never Love This Way Again Dionne Warwick		
27 (34)	Lonesome Lover Little River Band		
28 (36)	Don't Bring Me Down Electric Light Orchestra		
29 (32)	Morning Dance Spyro Gyra		
30 (24)	Hot Stuff Donna Summer		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US Albums

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (5)	Get The Knack The Knack		
2 (1)	Bad Girls Donna Summer		
3 (3)	Candy O The Cars		
4 (2)	Breakfast In America Supertramp		
5 (4)	Cheap Trick At The Budokan Cheap Trick		
6 (6)	I Am Earth Wind & Fire		
7 (7)	Teddy Teddy Pendergrass		
8 (8)	Discovery Electric Light Orchestra		
9 (9)	Back To The Egg Wings		
10 (10)	The Kids Are Alright The Who		
11 (14)	Million Mile Reflections Charlie Daniels Band		
12 (12)	Rickie Lee Jones		
13 (16)	Live Killers Queen		
14 (13)	Dynasty Kias		
15 (11)	Communicue Dire Straits		
16 (23)	Rust Never Sleeps Neil Young		
17 (19)	Bombs Away Dream Babies John Stewart		
18 (15)	The Gambler Kenny Rogers		
19 (21)	Mingus Joni Mitchell		
20 (28)	Reality What A Concept Robin Williams		
21 (17)	Devolution Angels Bad Company		
22 (22)	Van Halen II Van Halen		
23 (20)	Monolith Kansas		
24 (32)	The Main Event Original Soundtrack		
25 (28)	The Boss Diana Ross		
26 (27)	Streetlife Crusaders		
27 (24)	Minute By Minute The Doobie Brothers		
28 (18)	When I Should Be Peter Frampton		
29 (31)	Voulez-Vous Abba		
30 (47)	Low Budget The Kinks		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

1	Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca)
2	Silly Games Janet Kay (Scope)
3	Good Times Chic (Atlantic)
4	Light My Fire Ami Stewart (Atlantic)
5	Space Bass Slick (Fantasy)
6	I'm Just A Sucker For Your Love Teena Marie (Motown)
7	Lookin' For Love FLB (Fantasy)
8	Get Another Love Chantell Curtis (Pye)
9	Bring The Family Back Billy Paul (Philadelphia Int.)
10	Strut Your Funky Stuff Frantique (Philadelphia Int.)

Chart Supplied By HMV Records, Oxford Street, London. W.1.

reggae

1	Tune In Gregory Issacs (Earthquake)
2	Wood For My Fire Black Uhuru (DEB)
3	Earth Wind & Fire Augustus Pablo Rockers (International)
4	Sargeant Brown Freddy McGregor (Priesthood)
5	Ambush Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
6	Let Him Go Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
7	It's Late Fil Callender (Review)
8	Three Meals A Day Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
9	Give Me Jah Jah Sugar Minott (Studio 1)
10	Frankenstein Ringo (Greedy Puppy)

Chart Supplied By Daddy Kool, Dean Street, London. W.1.

NEWS

Edited by FRED DELLAR

Clash join Undertones in Derry free fest



Clash City Undertones

THE CLASH have agreed to headline at a free festival in Derry on Saturday, August 25. The festival, which has been organised by The Undertones and their management Craks 90, takes place at the Temple More Sports Complex, an outdoor stadium capable of holding 60,000.

Apart from The Clash and The Undertones, The Boys, Shake and upcoming Derry group The Moondogs will be playing the gig, with further names yet to be added.

The Undertones originally planned a small-scale festival, but when the large sports complex was agreed as a venue the band decided that a number of special guests could be called upon. The Undertones' four nights at London's Marquee at the beginning of this month helped provide funds.

Fergal Sharkey, the band's vocalist, commented: "There's so little live rock in Derry, so we want the festival to be accessible to everyone in the community. We hope it will be a trouble-free day out for everyone."

Penetration push ahead

PENETRATION, just back from a tour of the States, commence a lengthy UK jaunt in September.

Dates include: Brighton Top Rank (September 26), Guildford Civic Hall (27), Middlesbrough — venue TBA (29), Sheffield Top Rank (30), Carlisle Market Hall (October 3), Edinburgh University (5), Bradford University (6), Bristol Locarno (7), Birmingham Digbeth Hall (8), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Wakefield Unity Hall (12), Newcastle City Hall (14), Cambridge Corn Exchange (18), Aylesbury Friars (20), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (21), Norwich St Andrews Hall (23), Nottingham University (24), Leicester University (27), Hanley Victoria Hall (30), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (31), Liverpool University (November 2) and London Lyceum (4).

A single, 'Come Into The Open' gets a release on August 17, while an album, 'Coming Up For Air' should be in the shops by September 14. Both were produced by Steve Lillywhite.



Pauline takes another tour booking



Secret Affair, Purple Hearts and Back To Zero get their marching orders

Mod March modifications

DETAILS OF the March Of The Mods tour, featuring Secret Affair, Back To Zero and Purple Hearts, have now been finalised and the bands will play the following dates: Scarborough Penthouse (August 10), Plymouth Clones (14), Torquay Town Hall (15), Birmingham Barbarellas (16), Manchester

Factory (17), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (18), Swansea Circles (20), Newport Stowaway (22), Bristol Trinity Leisure Centre (23), Cromer West Runt Pavilion (24), London Lyceum (26), Canvey Island The Paddocks (27), Sheffield Limit Club (28), Barnsley Civic Centre (29), Leeds Flarde Green Hotel (20).

Newcastle Mayfair (31) and Liverpool Erics (September 1). Purple Hearts' 'Millions Like Us' single is now expected in September, as is Back To Zero's 'Your Side Of Heaven', while Secret Affair's 'Time For Action', as previously announced, will be available on the band's own I-Spy label on August 24.



Spex in happier days (L-R): BP, Rudi, Poly, Paul, Jak.

POLY GOES SOLO, JAK FORMS NEW BAND, AS Spex split — for good

X-RAY SPEX are no more, former band members Jak Airport and B P Hurdling announced this week.

In a statement to NME they claimed: "The band did less and less live gigs and the fans just kept on asking when we were really going out on the road again — and now that Poly's involved with her solo thing... well, that's it!"

Guitarist Airport and drummer Hurdling have now recruited former The News members Sal Solo (vocals and guitar) and Mik Sweeney (bass) to form a new band called Classix Nouveaux which, following a few London dates, will be touring extensively. "We just can't wait to get on the road," concluded Airport.

X-Ray Spex emerged from the Covent Garden Roxy scene in 1977 and last year had three hit singles. More recently lead singer Poly Styrene, who has repeatedly voiced her dislike of live gigs, preferring studio activities,

Below — out of the Spex: Classix Etc.



went into a studio to cut a solo album for EMI under hush-hush conditions. However, it's understood that no members of Spex were present on these dates and only sessionmen were involved, the resulting material being far softer in approach than anything laid down by X-Ray Spex.

One source suggested that the break-up of X-Ray Spex stems from the problems arising out of a Paris gig earlier this year, when Poly attempted a couple of her acoustic numbers and got booed off-stage as a result. Since that time, she and the remaining members of the band have headed increasingly in different musical directions. The male foursome at one point held an audition for a new lead singer, though no version of X-Ray Spex was to emerge from this affair.

In recent months, even these members decided to part company, at which point Airport and Hurdling formed a new band and played an incognito gig at Bedford in order to ascertain public reaction. The reception seemed favourable — and so they formed Classix Nouveaux, cutting a single which they have offered to EMI.

Meanwhile, the future intentions of remaining Spex musicians Rudi Thompson (sax) and Paul Dean (bass) would appear to be unresolved, though Thompson guested on The Members' 'Chelsea Nightclub' album recently.

Patti one-off

THE PATTI Smith Group play one date at London's Wembley Arena on September 5, as part of their European tour. Tickets, at £5.00, 4.00 and £3.00, go on sale at various agencies on August 20. Postal applications should be made to Wembley Stadium Ltd, enclosing SAE.

THE RAMONES play a pre-Reading warm-up gig at Portsmouth Guildhall on August 23. Tickets (price £2.75) are available locally from the Guildhall and leading record shops.

New home for 'Babble'

KEVIN COYNE'S song-cycle 'Babble', which was recently banned by Newham Council and Stratford's Theatre Royal, has now found a new home. Coyne and co-singer Dagmar Krause will now play London's Oval House for four nights (August 22-25) and tickets, price £2.00 including 50p temporary membership are already on sale from the box-office (phone 01-735 2786). 'Babble' was recently performed to a Belgian audience with, according to Virgin, "no apparent ill-effects".



James Brown

GIGS FOR GODFATHER

SOUL GODFATHER James Brown is set to play London's The Venue for five nights in September.

Brown, who will be bringing a 14-piece band including two bassists, two keyboard players and three back-up vocalists, will play two sets a night from September 5 to 9, with a matinee and an evening show on the final night. Tickets are £5.50.

Brown currently has a Brad Shapiro-produced single 'It's Too Funky In Here' on release, while his new album 'The Original Disco Man' is due shortly.

NME SALES TOP 200,000

IN THE first six months of 1979 sales of New Musical Express rose again to a new high of 202,030 copies weekly, an increase of over 12,600 copies.

These figures are ratified by the Audited Bureau Of Circulation (ABC), and confirm NME's status as Britain's largest selling rock weekly. The figures for other weekly rock papers are: Melody Maker 149,560; Sounds 119,962; Record Mirror 107,653.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

LEEDS SCI-FI ROCK BLAST-OFF

THOUGH A headline act has still to be signed for the Saturday night at Futurama '79, the sci-fi music festival being held at Queens Hall, Leeds, on September 8 and 9, a strong bill has already been assembled and Hawkwind are now definite to top the Sunday night show.

Full line-up: Saturday (8). Punishment of Luxury, Cabaret Voltaire, Joy Division, Invaders, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Essential Logic, Prag Vac, A Certain Ratio, Spizz Energi, The Edge, The Expellers, Stranger And Fiction, The Void and Paraid. Special guests are Tony Wilson and Sonny Hayes' Magic Fantasy.

On Sunday (9), Hawkwind head The Only Ones, Simple Minds, Fischer Z, Monochrome Set, Teardrop Explodes, Echo And The Bunnymen, Scritti Politti, Manicured Noise, Agony Column, Gotham City Jazzband, Screens, and ER2, while special guests are Robert Calvert and Roger Ruskin Spear with his Kinetic Wardrobe.

Tickets for the festival, which continues right through

Saturday night via a series of after-concert film shows, cost £5.00 per day, available from selected record shops in the region or, by post, from John Keenan, P.O. Box HH9, Leeds 8, LS1 1AN. Profits from the fest go towards the creation of a record label and magazine devoted to forwarding the careers of local bands.



Spizz (right) and Energi

Import war bubbles

FOLLOWING stern action by the major record companies to curtail the number of import albums arriving in Britain, various import companies have now banded together to form the Record Wholesalers Association, a body which it is hoped will have the collective strength to fight what might be an oncoming rash of legal battles. Already Polydor have brought a test case against three retailers, challenging their right to sell Portuguese pressings of a Bee Gees album, and should this be won then further legal tussles involving Canadian albums — which sell for well below normal British dealer price — can be expected. In the past, EMI have often challenged the right of various importers to ship in U.S. Columbia and RCA albums bearing the 'dog and trumpet' design, as both 'Columbia' and the Barraud painting of Nipper the dog are EMI trademarks. But now, with the British recording industry involved in a battle to the wall fight for survival, things could get even tougher for the import trade, who now see themselves caught up in a battle to stay in business.

● It's a blue vinyl release for The UK Subs' 'Another Kind Of Blues' album, which RCA are to issue on September 20. The LP, which contains 17 tracks, will be prefaced by a single, 'Tomorrow's Girls', which comes out on August 31. The Subs play a one-off gig at London's Electric Ballroom on August 18 and commence a major tour in September. In the meantime, vocalist Charlie Harper is keeping his voice box in good nick by gigging with The Tootin' Flyers.

● Beggar's Banquet shipped over 12,000 copies of The Merton Parkes' 'You Need Wheels' single in the first week of release, immediately exhausting the supply of free sew-on patches offered with the first 10,000 discs. A special offer involving further patches will be included with 'Face In The Crowd', the Parkes' album, due in September.

● Bram Tchaikovsky release a new single on August 17, immediately prior to playing their first British dates before heading for the States, where they're touring until the end of the year. The single, produced by Nick Garvey, is the band's heavy metal version of '30s standard 'Lullaby Of Broadway' and marks the end of BT's original two-record deal with Criminal Records. The single will be available in 12" — with originals 'Rock And Roll Cabaret' and 'Who Wants To Be A Criminal?' on the B-side — and 7" versions.

● Meanwhile, After The Rave's 'Laser Love', released on August 10, is an orange vinyl artefact packed in a bag designed 'to create a laser effect'. The single is culled from the band's Muff Winwood produced album, which should be out in September.

RECORD NEWS



'Spiral Scratch', the EP recorded by the original Buzzcocks line-up of Howard Devoto, Pete Shelley, Steve Diggle and John Maher, is to be re-released by New Hormones on August 17. Originally released in January 1977, the EP sold in a series of small pressings, eventually totalling 16,000, before being deleted and becoming a high-priced collector's item. The reissue will be available in substantially the same picture sleeve as the original edition, though Howard Devoto is credited with vocals on the front, to differentiate between this recording and those of the current Buzzcocks. Above: Howie and Peter relive old glories for the fans of Kevin Cummins.

● A single culled from Ronnie Wood's 'Gimme Some Neck' album is set for release on August 24. Titled 'Seven Days' it was specially written for Wood by Bob Dylan.

● A series of EPs by such artists as Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, Lloyd Price, Johnny and The Hurricanes and The Platters is to be marketed by Hammer Records on September 7. Each EP will contain six tracks and sell at £1.65.

● Radar Records have signed The Inmates to a long-term record deal and the band's first single, 'Dirty Water', which came out on independent label Soho Records, has now been transferred to Radar. The Inmates are now in the studio with producer Vic Mollo, working on their debut album.

● 'The Long Run', The Eagles' long overdue follow-up to 'Hotel California', has a world-wide release on September 15.

● Billy Connolly has a new single 'In The Brownies' — a send-up of Village People's 'In The Navy' — released by Polydor on August 17. Recently he received a special plaque from Lloyd for having the longest claim-free UK tour.

● Funboy Five's 'Life After Death', recently featured on Stuart Coleman's Radio London show, is to be released through Good Vibrations International. It is being pressed in a limited edition of 2,000 copies and will be housed in a special sleeve. The B-side is 'Angela Rippon'. The band are currently looking for a new bassist and interested parties are asked to ring Hemel Hempstead 45277 (after 7pm).

● Mod group The Chords have parted company with Jimmy Pursey's JP Productions and have signed direct to Polydor Records. Currently the band are seeking someone to produce their 'Now It's Gone' / 'Hey Girl' single, tentatively scheduled for September release, spiral scratch reissued.

\$50m Arista

FOLLOWING the sale of ABC Records to MCA, and Gulf & Western/Paramount's 50% acquisition of EMI, comes news that the German Arista-Eurodisc company is to buy Arista Records for 50 million dollars. Arista, which is owned by Columbia Pictures, was set up by Clive Davis, the man responsible for revitalising CBS Records during the '60s, when he signed a large number of rock acts in the wake of the Monterey Festival. The deal is expected to be finalised within six weeks.



Jake Burns while Chrysalis fiddles

● Staff Little Fingers and their production company Rigid Digits have signed with Chrysalis Records following the success of the band's three singles and one album, which were released jointly by Rigid Digits and Rough Trade. These singles — 'Suspect Device', 'Alternative Ulster' and 'Gotta Getaway', plus the album 'Inflammable' — will continue to be part of the Rough Trade catalogue.

● A Wings single with a double A-side, 'Getting Closer' / 'Baby's Request' is released this Friday (10). Both tracks are from Wings' 'Back To The Egg' LP.

Secret Agent Man

new single out now VS280



DEVO

taken

from the

album

Duty Now For The Future

V2125

NEWS BRIEFS

THE SPECIALS, Linton Kwesi Johnson, John Cooper Clarke and blue-best band Selector are to play a gig at the Hammersmith Palais on Tuesday, August 21, in aid of the National Council For One Parent Families. Tickets are priced £3.00 obtainable from the box office or at the door. Said a spokeswoman for NCFOPF: "Though he probably won't like us telling you this, Ian Dury is donating a large amount of the receipts from his forthcoming Hammersmith Odeon concerts — it'll probably total about £5,000 in all."

THE RUTS play four London gigs, two at the Nashville on August 11 and 12, plus two at The Marquee on 13 and 14, before performing one date at Edinburgh Clouds on August 17 — after which they take their summer hols.

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL play a number of gigs, commencing at Burton-on-Trent 76 Club on August 17, then London Nashville (20/21), Dudley JB's (25), London Dingwalls (28), Kirklington Country Club (31), Norwich Boogie House (September 1), Chesterfield Fusion Club (6), Newport, Shropshire, Village (7) and Bristol Granary (8). A full UK tour, album and new single are being lined up for the autumn.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS headline at London Electric Ballroom on August 17, where their special guests will be The Low Numbers and Robert And The Remoulds.

THE SINCEROS play their last British dates for some time when they appear at two London venues — Dingwall's (August 16) and Music Machine (25). The reason given is that "the band want to concentrate on a number of possibilities which have opened up following increasing American interest."

HANK MIZELL, who had a Top 10 hit in 1976 with his 18-year-old version of 'Jungle Rock', arrives in Britain on August 20 to play dates at Laysdown Island Hotel (26), Carshaton St Heliers Arms (29), Hayward Heath Martlett Hall (September 1) and Rayleigh Crocks Club (3). A true rockabilly, he will arrive at each venue in a 1956 Chevy Bel-Air formerly used by Gene Vincent.

AMANDA LEAR makes her British TV debut on *Seaside Special* this Saturday (11) while Bob Geldof is the guest on *Seven To One*, due to be screened on BBC2 on August 17.

XTC LP, ITNRRE

XTC RETURN from their tour of Australia and Japan on August 27, ten days after the release of their new album 'Drums And Wires', an LP which in addition to the lyrics of the current album also contains the lyrics to everything the band have yet committed to record.

Those who wish to sing-along will be able to do so at a series of gigs planned by XTC at Manchester Apollo (September 11), Sheffield Top Rank (12), Wolverhampton Civic Centre (13), Guildford Civic Hall (16), London Rainbow (17), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (20) and Newcastle Mayfair (21).

A single, 'Making Plans For Nigel', makes its appearance on September 7, housed, so Virgin claim, "in one of the most elaborate sleeves ever produced for a British single."

Darts, Lindisfarne — endless tours

TO PROMOTE their new album 'Dart Attack', released by Magnet on September 7, Darts are to undertake a 45-date tour, commencing at Cardiff Sophia Gardens on September 10.

They then play Swansea Brangwyn Hall (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Taunton Odeon (14), Brighton Dome (15), Birmingham Odeon (17), Bradford St George's Hall (18), Slough Fulcrum Centre (19), Oxford New Theatre (20/21), Croydon Fairfield Hall (23), Ipswich Gaumont (24/25), Norwich New Theatre (26/27), Stoke Victoria Hall (28), Peterborough ABC (30 and October 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Wolverhampton Civic (3), Derby Assembly Rooms (4), Liverpool Empire (5/6), Glasgow Apollo (8), Dundee Caird Hall (9), Aberdeen Capitol (10), Carlisle Market Hall (12), Preston Guildhall (13), Halifax Civic Hall (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (16), Middlesbrough Town Hall (17/18), Leeds University (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Hammersmith Odeon (23/24), Coventry Theatre (26), Lewisham Odeon (27), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (29), Portsmouth Guildhall (30/31). The 'Dart Attack' album, which includes the hit single 'Duke Of Earl', was produced by Roy Wood.

Tickets for Hammersmith and Lewisham are set at £4.00, £3.00 and £2.50, those at Croydon are £4.25, £3.20 and £2.15, while all provincial dates are priced £3.75, £3.25, £2.50 and £2.00.

NEWCASTLE BROWN rock takes to the road once more as Lindisfarne commence an extensive two-part British tour, the first leg being from September 21 to October 16 and the second leg commencing December 3 through most of December.

Dates already confirmed are: Belfast Grosvenor Hall (September 21), Dublin National Stadium (22), Middlesbrough Town Hall (24), Reading Hexagon (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Peterborough ABC (28), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Croydon Fairfield Hall (30), Portsmouth Guildhall (October 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Poole Arts Centre (3), Manchester Salford University (5), Leicester University (6), Lancaster University (7), Bradford St George's Hall (9), Liverpool University (10), Glasgow City Hall (12), Edinburgh Usher Hall (13), St Andrews University (14), York University (16), Keele University (18), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (November 30), Manchester Apollo (December 3), Aberdeen Capitol (5), Dundee Caird Hall (6), Leeds University (7), Oxford New Theatre (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (10), Derby Assembly Rooms (11), Liverpool Empire (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (14) and Hull New Theatre (16), and the band will be appearing at Newcastle City Hall sometime before Christmas.

A new Lindisfarne single, 'Easy And Free' is released by Phonogram this Friday (10) and an album titled 'The News' appears on September 21.

Gallagher gigs — twice

THOUGH RORY Gallagher has a new album 'Top Priority' released by Chrysalis on September 7, the guitarist will be undertaking no British tour this year, his only two concerts in this country being at London's Venue on September 19 and 20. Instead, he will be concentrating on dates in the U.S. and Europe, appearing in a massive UNICEF concert in Vienna on September 1. This show is intended as a rock answer to the Bee Gees, Abba, Rod Stewart extravaganzas that took place in New York last January. Expected participants include Blondie, Motorhead, Frankie Miller, Billy Preston and Queen. Gallagher's recent performance at the Montreaux Jazz Festival was filmed and is expected to be shown on British TV later this year. Philby, a single taken from the 'Top Priority' album, comes out on August 31.



Andy Partridge gets the bird

Free gigs set

A SERIES of free gigs by bands including Here And Now, Blank Space, Good Missionaries and many others, will take place at Acklam Hall, in London's Portobello Road, on August 15, 21 and 22. Two of the gigs act as testers for 'Weird Tales' and 'Weird Noise', two nationwide free tours being set up for early Autumn.

The 'Weird Tales' tour takes

Gimme The Moonlight '79

THE MOONLIGHT Club at London's West Hampstead Railway Hotel, run by Ted and Johnny Moonlight, is being taken over by brewers St George's Taverns. In a phone call to NME, Ted Moonlight claimed: "One reason that the brewers have moved in is because they don't like the sort of people the club has been attracting. We also understand that they'll be retaining the club's name even though neither John nor myself will be involved in any way — we wish all our members to know this."

The Moonlights will be seeking new club premises shortly but right now they're involved with 'The First And Last Moonlight Club', an album recorded at the club earlier this year. The LP features such bands as The Members, Spectals, Passions, Soar Throat, Soul Boys, Cameras, The Edge, Q.T.s, The Damned, Lightning Raiders plus Local Operater and is to be issued by Arista Records during September.

place between September 18 and 26 and features The Androids Of Mu, The Mob, Zounds, and The Astronauts, while the 'Weird Noise' tour features Danny And The Dressmakers, The 012, The Androids Of Mu and The Sellout, no dates yet being announced for the latter tour. Details of the tours, the bands' records and tapes can be obtained from Keith Dobson c/o 47 Stoneleigh Street, London W.11.

SS invade UK — Sister Sledge tour, Chic add

FOLLOWING last week's NME report that Chic would be playing British gigs during October, comes news that Chic proteges Sister Sledge are to embark on a separate tour of the UK.

Their tour commences at Ipswich Gaumont on September 28 and then plays Hammersmith Odeon (30), Slough Thames Hall (October 1), Lewisham Odeon (2), Liverpool Empire (4), Middlesbrough Town Hall (5), Glasgow Apollo (6), Newcastle City Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (8) and Birmingham Odeon (9). Tickets are already on sale at Hammersmith, while the Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle and Glasgow box-offices will accept bookings from August 15. Other box offices should be

contacted regarding ticket availability.

Chic's dates are now confirmed and their tour commences at Sheffield City Hall on September 30, where they play two shows. Then in October come gigs at Glasgow Apollo (1), Liverpool Empire (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Hammersmith Odeon (8 and 9) and Birmingham Odeon (12), with two shows at both Liverpool and Birmingham. London tickets go on sale on August 13, price (£5.00, £4.25, £3.50 and £2.50 — though postal applications are already being accepted. Tickets for all other shows are now available: price £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50.

Both Chic's new 'Risqué' album and Sister Sledge's best-selling 'We Are Family' LP were produced by Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers of Chic.

RUSTY EGAN, formerly of Rich Kids, this week stepped in to help out The Skids as the band's drummer Tam Kallaghan left to "pursue his own musical direction". The Skids, who are to headline at the Edinburgh Rock Festival's grand finale concert on September 7, now head for Monmouth's Rockfield Studios where they will be recording an album and single produced by Bill Nelson, who has just completed production chores for new Arista signing The News. Nelson's own Red Noise album — working title 'Quiet Dreaming And Get On The Beam' — is due out shortly.

KEVIN COYNE and Zoot Money are among the acts appearing at this year's Polgoth Fayre in Cornwall. The Fayre, which runs from August 10 to 12, is situated two miles from St Austell. The Robin Williamson Band, Tony Mazzard, Five Hand Reel, The Mechanics, Smack, Greased Lightning and The Bricks plus many others are booked to appear, alongside theatre troupes, film shows and more. Tickets are 50p (Friday), £1 (Saturday), £1 (Sunday) or £2 (weekend). Phone Mevagissey 3728 for details.

SKY play their first major tour in September and October, commencing at Ipswich Gaumont on September 22 followed by Oxford New Theatre (23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (25), Preston Guildhall (26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Edinburgh Usher Hall (29), Newcastle City Hall (October 1), Liverpool Empire (2), Chester ABC (3), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Sheffield City Hall (5), Stratford Royal Shakespeare Theatre (7), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Brighton Dome (9), Birmingham Odeon (10 and 11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), Southampton Gaumont (14), Portsmouth Guildhall (15) plus five nights at a London venue not yet announced. Tickets are priced at £3.00, £4.00 and £5.00, available at local box offices. No postal applications will be considered.

INNER CIRCLE have arrived back in the UK for their Reading gig on August 25, after which they play a major London venue and then move on for a series of European concerts. The band have a new single 'We 'A' Rockers', released by Island on August 31, while their re-appearance here coincides with the release of the film 'Rockers' in which Circle's Jacob 'The Killer' Miller appears.

THE MOTORS are heading for New York to record an album with producer Jimmy Irvine, whose former clients include Patti Smith and Tom Petty. Meanwhile the band's 'Love And Loneliness' single, originally scheduled for August 10, will not now appear until late September.

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Here we come/Walking down the street/ We get the funniest looks from/Everyone we meet/May hey we're The Specials... Pic: Mike Lays.

STEEL PULSE, Specials, Ricky Cool and The Icebergs and the Denizens appear at BRMB Radio's 'Lark In The Park' charity show, to be held at Birmingham's Cannon Hill Area, Edgbaston on August 25. Tickets are priced at £2.00 and all proceeds will be donated to UNICEF's Year Of The Child appeal.

THE STRAWBS are to re-form for a one-off performance at the Causeway Coast Festival Of Contemporary Music, Northern Ireland's first open air festival, which takes place over the August Bank Holiday (August 24-26) at Portrush, Co Antrim, Northern Ireland. Strawbs' Dave Cousins will also be appearing as a solo performer on a bill that includes such names as Tom Paxton, John Martyn and Loudon Wainwright. Weekend tickets priced £8.00 are available from all major ticket agencies and record shops throughout Northern Ireland and Dublin, while postal applications can be made to Causeway Coast Festival, P.O. Box 103, Belfast BT8 4TP, Northern Ireland.

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THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	TUBESWAY ARMY — REPLICA	5.00	3.75	33	26	BLUE OCEAN CULT — MURDER	5.29	4.04
2	2				34	23	ABBA — VOULEX-VOU	5.29	4.04
3	4	BEST BRICK ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20	35	27	BOB DYLAN — AT BUENOS AIRES	5.00	3.75
4	8	POLICE — GUNLAW	4.78	3.53	36	17	DAVID BOWIE — LODGER	7.99	5.99
5	5	WIZ	5.00	3.75	37	38	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	5.49	4.24
6	3	WEL YOUNG — MUST NEVER STOP	5.00	3.75	38	34	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
7	6	EAT THE RAINBOW AND FIRE — 1	5.29	4.04	39	35	GARY BARBER — ESPRESSO	4.78	3.53
8	7	ELO — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24	40	36	QUEEN — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
9	11	CRUADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44	41	46	BOXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
10	16	SPYGLASS — MORNING	4.69	3.44	42	25	GEORGE BENSON — LIVING	7.50	5.75
11	9	PURE STRUTTY — CHAMBER MUSIC	5.30	4.05	43	39	CHARLIE — FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
12	20	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75	44	24	THE KIMBLE — GET THE KIMBLE	5.29	4.04
13	10	JOHN MITCHELL — MINUS	5.00	3.75	45	42	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE BEATLES	5.00	3.75
14	14	BONNIE SUMMER — BAD GIRL	6.50	4.75	46	42	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
15	12	WAVE EDITION — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75	47	43	BRUCE COCKBURN — RIVULETS	5.39	4.14
16	13	BLONDE — PARAMEL LINES	4.78	3.53	48	41	SINCERE — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	4.99	3.74
17	30	BY GODDER — DON'T TELL YOU	5.00	3.75	49	43	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.31	4.06
18	32	B B KING — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44	50	41	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.00	3.75
19	19	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04	51	44	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.00	3.75
20	21	J J CALE — 1	5.00	3.75	52	49	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
21	28	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75	53	48	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
22	22	SKY	5.25	4.00	54	47	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
23	18	WINGS — BACK TO THE FUTURE	5.49	4.24	55	50	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
24	24	CHIC — DISCO	5.00	3.75	56	40	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
25	15	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54	57	53	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
26	26	BARBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81	58	54	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
27	29	JUSTI — WELCOME TO THE CREEK	4.65	3.40	59	54	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
28	33	GARY BROOKER — NO MORE FEAR OF FLYING	4.46	3.21	60	55	THE WAGGERS — THE SOUND OF SUMMER	5.29	4.04
29	31	CORRADO — MIDNIGHT	5.69	4.44					
30	30	HERMAN BROOD AND HIS WILD ROMANCE	4.80	3.55					

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EVERY MUSICIAN IS A FRUSTRATED ARTIST ...

A BAR down the stairs, up the street and around the corner from the *NME* home, and Spizz seems a little worried at the way I'm knocking back the golden liquid. "Don't drink so fast," he frets, "you'll get drunk."

I calm him. "It's OK. I never get drunk." His face breaks, as it tends to when he's happily recollecting, into a fond, lazy grin. "I do!" he glows. "The Banshees gig at Hammersmith Odeon at the end of last year. I was pissed!" he hisses unashamedly. "Spizz Oil at the Hammersmith Odeon! Palmolive on drums, Pete on guitar, and me walking on the catwalk with no lights on me. I was so drunk I was even talking to individual members of the audience, sort of hiya, how you doing? They do Fullers Ale down there, y'see."

Spizz is a small man with a pink face and red lips, and he likes the strong bitter.

THE TINNY lift vibrates open, and a soft, smooth boyish sort of person is expelled into the *NME* reception area. He's in a daze. Mouth open, eyes wide, arms outstretched, a walk exaggerated, clothes spivish and baggy. It's Spizz!

"Oh, it's not like I expected," he scoffs pleasantly, looking all round. He's a cheeky chappie.

We drag him back down to the outside, but not before he's distributed yellow Spizz badges to those closest. As soon as we turn into the tunnel of tack, the Carnaby Street, one of the lurking spiky punks crawls out from his hiding place and wanly requests the inevitable 10p. In slow motion the drably colourful punk's tired face expands into recognition. "Oh, it's Spizz!" he says, sounding pleased.

Spizz shoves a hand into a pocket to find a coin, a grin all you can see under his hat, and plops the 10p into the outstretched palm. Plus a few yellow badges. "Can't be bad," Spizz grins, "getting recognised in the streets just like Joe." He's alluding to his hero Joe Strummer. I bet Joe doesn't have to pay 10p for the privilege, mutters a cynic.

Later, Spizz will say, "I like the idea of being recognised like that. I get a kick out of it."

Spizz is something of a contemporary cult; somebody in the early days of development. The Kevin Ayers of his time, perhaps. But, however obscure, A Personality.

BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas, October 1977: a contrived all-day punk rock get-together, relying on already rusting punk rules for most of its entertainment — names such as The Drones, Ester, Killjoys, The Unwanted, The Victims.

Amidst the dross and the riffs, a light heart, a few minutes of welcome noisy slapstick. After a useless set from Model Mania, a scruffy midgit with a Cheshire cat grin popped up on stage. He merrily flung himself about, screeched and yelped, tunelessly thrashed a trebly electric guitar, somewhere between Tiny Tim and Dave Vanian. After ten minutes of uncertain noise and manic frolicking, the promoters cut off the power, thus inciting Spizz into an indignant spontaneous initiation of his early classic "They've Cut Me Off!"

The audience treated him as a hero, and after he'd been bundled off the stage they threw him back on.

Of the dozen acts who appeared that day, with perhaps one exception, it is Spizz alone who is currently actively producing imaginative and invigorating music. Looking back, it's obvious. At the time, who would have thought! It started off as a joke.

"I LIKED school," Spizz decides, adding: "I was always the extrovert. I had to be really 'cos I wasn't that big. Not that I was bullied like Howard Devoto. I was one of the lads! At junior school I always used to be the one who had the ideas for the playground games. What shall we play now?" he mutters into his beer, giving nothing away, pulling his flexible face into another shape. "What shall we play, they'd all ask me. And I'd say lets play blur, blur, and they'd all go that's a good idea, Real Name!"

At age nine, Spizz wanted to be an actor. "I wanted to be an actor until I saw David Bowie doing 'Starman' on *TOPP* in 1972. I saw this freak on TV — orange face, yellow hair, arm hanging limply around Mick Ronson. I didn't want to be an actor any more."

Spizz was the typical early '70s young teenage rock fan. The first concert he ever saw was the Birmingham Town Hall part of the 1973 David Bowie tour. Then Lou Reed, Rod Stewart And The Faces ... Punk altered his whole way of thought. He retained his old faiths, but only those he felt stood up to the new values. "My favourite concerts are Bowie and Clash," he'll explain eagerly and significantly.

In his late teens he formed a group, struggling and hoping with a couple of Solihull friends who eventually formed half of Sweet Maps.



... and every artist is a frustrated human being

Spizz's path to notice, though, was not to be obvious and orthodox. But totally logical. He went solo, and started from there.

AFTER THE dream Barbarellas debut Spizz found it less and less necessary to force and con his way onto a stage. He moved from 'a nuisance' to being an acceptably artless eccentric attraction for the more leftist concerts of those dark days.

"People would say, throw him in, he's good for a laugh and you don't have to pay him. All that cobbles."

And Spizz 77 — as he had christened himself — panted and craved through his short spontaneous spots; a punky Norman Wisdom. The cheerful insanity of Spizz 77 provided light relief.

But soon, people didn't know what to make of him. Sham? Ham? What is this hideous burlesque creature doing shrieking his head off? "I wanted to make people laugh." It was simple, but no one knew where to look. It's got worse.

"WHY DO people keep ignoring us?" poor Spizz asks as we enter the pub after he's posed efficiently for pictures. "I just can't understand it. Even at gigs where we do support we never get mentioned in the reviews. I'm not elusive, I'm here! I think people are hoping we'll go away and they won't have to talk about us. Of all the Rough Trade acts we're the least mentioned."

I suggest that it's maybe that faced with the clumsiness and ambiguities of Spizz, the comedy and concern, and the irregularity of the music, it's a case of confusion. And through that ignorance.

"Ignorance is the worst thing," sighs Spizz, who likes to be noticed — just look at his wide red tie! "I can face being booed at or having

things thrown at me. I can face that. But the ignorance is really bad. Yeah, we're totally uncategorisable at the moment. But that's good!"

AS SPIZZ 77, he was asked to get up at the beginning of some evening of action in London. With no way of getting down, he bumped into his friend Pete, who had a car. They drove down together to the gig. Pete with guitar and borrowed amp joined Spizz during his fits and spurts on stage.

"We went down a storm," gloats Spizz, "and we got booked again twice, once with the Banshees on Halloween night."

So Spizz 77 became Spizz Oil, a duo. Spizz with Pete Petroleum.

It wasn't just a joke anymore.

"The idea became to strip the whole band thing away. We would have a couple of prepared songs and we would make the rest up as we went along, just to keep things on the edge. I started off solo, just thrashing away, then you begin to think things, you progress. That's the good thing about what has happened. It has come from total nothing, grown its own way."

"It used to be a total laugh. It still is a laugh —

■ Continues overleaf



SPIZZ (real name: Real Name) tells PAUL MORLEY the secret of his success. Pictures: MIKE LAYE.

SPIZZ OVER

■ From previous leaf

I go up there and I just have a whale of a time. The whole idea of being there, leading a band, is still a thrill. I'm making people laugh, but I hope I'm getting them to think as well."

AS SPIZZ OIL, there were plenty of performances — many curiously enough with Siouxsie And The Banshees — and two appropriately tatty Rough Trade EPs, '8,000 Crazy' and 'Cold City'.

Both project much of the unhandsome Spizz Oil attack: the haggard guitar, awkward percussion, inelegant screeching crudity, the spontaneity, the roughish mixture of idiocy and concerned irritation.

They are rude, proud records, and between them have sold 15,000 copies — a sign of interest that is a big boost to Spizz.

Those records captured a jocular but maturing Spizz. Nowadays he's slier, drier. "I'm not scared of technology taking over at all," he says when I ask about the subtle satires on those records. "I think I can cope with the high buildings and the tubes and the metropolis. I want to see things like that. I want to see a Star Trek future, I want to see that happen. I don't want to see poverty, totalitarianism, the heavier sides. I don't want to see that."

Sounds nice and naive, Spizz. "Does it? I believe in the future, not the past." Yeah, a future out of a story book. "Yeah, yeah, the zipper bits. I'm optimistic in that respect."

He goes no further. A lot of the grim corners in his new songs cut across that naivety and prove his concern. There is a lot hiding behind the gleaming grin. It's all a long way from 'They've Cut Me Off!'

THROUGH THE odd accident, a little luck and strengthening intent Spizz Oil has grown into Spizz Energi.

"I always want to change the name annually, regardless of how famous we are. That's a punk idea! The Spizz stays the same. Spizz 77, Spizz Oil, Spizz Energi and probably Athletico Spizz 80, but the rest aren't too keen on that."

Spizz Energi: two friends of friends looking for a love joined up with the original duo — Jim Solar playing bass, and Mark Coalfield on keyboards. Half the time the Energi remain drummerless. There is nothing loose or rough in the new Spizz sound, equally nothing tidy or fancy. The new music is the Spizz version of sophistication: structured, alert and confident. The words are tighter and cleverer. It's not a joke anymore.



Pic: Stevenson

"I'm optimistic. I want to see a Star Trek future..."

There's humour, satire, irony, buffoonery, but it's smarter and keener. Spizz Energi are not a huge smile, a big mess and a lot of noise.

"Spizz Energi are a little more on the ball," softly explains Spizz. "I never thought I was a musician until recently."

Spizz Energi will surprise those who either think of Spizz as Fool or have never heard of him.

COME back from the bar with another pint of strong bitter, and Spizz has come to a decision.

"I'm more influenced by comedians than by musicians."

Aah, says I, when you said "actor" I knew you meant comedy actor.

"And you thought of Woody Allen, John Cleese, Eric Idle..."

More Frankie Howerd, I lie. Spizz is not deflated.

"Oh yeah, I did like Up Pompeii."

In one review I did of a Spizz record I suggested that here was the Spike Milligan of

punk.

"Oh yeah," frowns Spizz. "I was really worried when I saw that. Oh shit, I thought, everything I do from now on, people might say I'm only living up to my reviews! But the amount of people who take any notice of reviews about me..."

He enthusiastically recalls his favourite sketches from Milligan's oddly intimidating O series, and then moves onto his fascination with Woody Allen. Milligan is an obvious parallel with Spizz; the nonsensical, ridiculing and somehow affectionate criticism of society's suffocating trivialities. But Woody Allen? An identification, maybe, with the underdog, the cheery, undebated wimp?

Spizz is taken aback. "I'm no wimp," he snaps, "not in the Woody Allen way. There's this kid in Coventry I once smashed the living daylight out of!"

No!

"'Fraid so. First fight I've ever won though. Seriously, I can handle myself. I'm not a wimp. I

can identify with Woody Allen partially sexually, but a lot because of the way he covers up his mistakes. Whenever I make mistakes, in rehearsals or whatever, I can ease out of them, in the Allen manner, or the Cleese manner, sort of sliding offstage, out of view. One of the most enjoyable things in my life was making a huge cigar for my brother who was going to a fancy dress party. That's not very relevant at all."

We finish our drinks, and Spizz happily mentions that he was one of the hundreds of youthful fun-loving new pop entertainers approached as a possible for a part in the *Rack Follies* film.

"They want me to be either the slightly left wing humorous brother of the lead singer or the slightly right wing guitarist. They've still got me on ice. They're changing the script, thank god. And I'm not keen on Andy MacKay doing the music. I could do the music a lot better."

As we leave the bar Spizz wistfully announces: "I really wish I was in the Monty Python team."

SPIZZ IS playing me a tape containing the more than impressive music that will appear on the first Spizz Energi record. Gone are the histrionics and clumsiness of 77 and Oil. This is group music. 'Soldier Soldier' is elaborate, pointed and ominous. It is to be the A-side of the single.

"Big labels have shown interest, but only in releasing that song. So we gave it to Rough Trade. So there, EMI and CBS!"

Two other songs battled to appear on the B-side, both emphasizing the new subtlety of Spizz humour: a sharp boppy space story, 'Captain Kirk' ("I've always wanted to be Captain Kirk") and an arrogant, audacious parody of 'Virginia Plain'. That Energi achieve the sponginess and springiness of the dense Roxy original, whilst skillfully exaggerating the original exaggerations, proves the versatility and scope of the outfit — and helped 'VP' win out as the final choice.

As the music plays, Spizz is just a grin and a red nose. In his mind he's seeing himself on *Top Of The Pops*. "I want to be sensational," Spizz dances, prances, grins and imagines, slapbang in the middle between obscurity and fame. He could stay there for evermore. But the grin won't fade.

"People I used to be at school with who see me now for the first time, they go, 'Oh what you doing now, are you working?' And I don't know whether to say 'No I'm signing on the dole' or 'Well I've got this band together'..."

"I'm just a normal, healthy human being... I'm going to use a quote here. 'Every musician is a frustrated artist, and every artist is a frustrated human being'. Now that's profound."

"You can use that as a headline. Get people to go 'WOW! He has got his finger on it!'"

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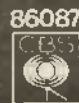


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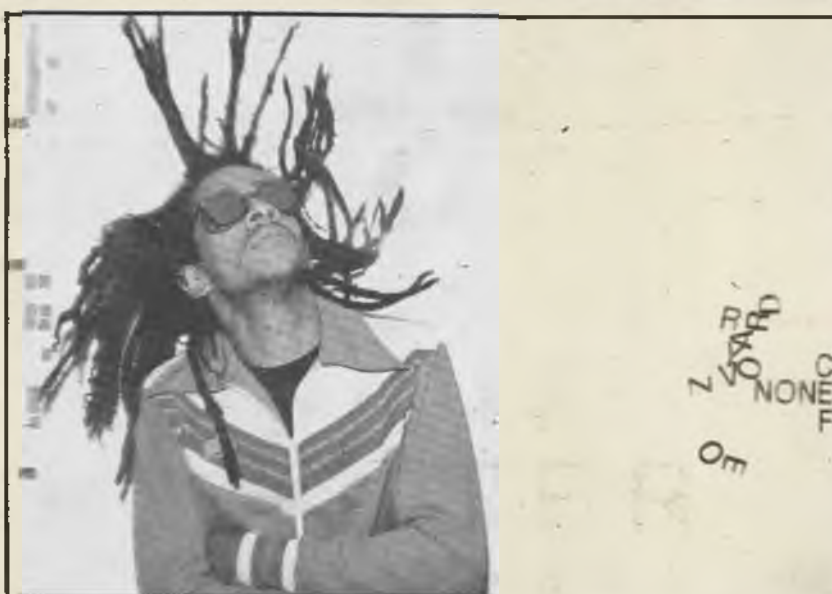
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Some Skins Never Learn

THIRTEEN



Pic: Sheila Rock

WHAT A RANKER HE TURNED OUT TO BE .

THRILLS

THRILLS

Ray Lowry



WEAR GOGGLES!

Graphic: Peter Saville



PITOUEEEEEEEEEE — SPLAT!!!

AND THE winner of this year's National Tobacco Spitting Championship held in Raleigh, Mississippi is 19-year-old grocery boy Jeff Barber, who gobbled a phenomenal 31 feet 9½ inches (roughly the distance from the 13th row to the stage at the Rainbow) beating the 1975 record of 31 feet and 1 inch set by Don Snyder.

The phlegmish wonder proclaimed: "I felt it coming today — I'd been practising for about a month". Reports that Barber is secretly preparing for the first Trans Atlantic gob to tie in with the U.K. Subs next projected headlining gig are unfounded.

Incidentally, Ladies distance champette 15 year old Marlene Graham flobbered in at a comparatively paltry 16 feet 8½ inches. Must have been the wind.

IAN PHLEGMING

Service for normals

ARE YOU a wealthy invalid with an interest in rock music but an allergy to printers ink? Van, your troubles are over!

Oracle (the company who supply the Teletext service to the ITV companies) now offer — as one of their multifarious attractions — a record review service which can be summoned onto your TV screen. No more fumbling about in the dark looking for your NME while you're linked with the box! No more (cont p. 94)! No more

schmutz on your fingers!

Next year, a machine that automatically buys the record for you after you've read the review, automatically listens to it on your behalf and then automatically takes it down to Cheapo Cheapo's and flops it.

CY BERNETIC

Journalist Of The Week



From the pen of the Daily Express. Thanks for the tip. We'll keep our eyes peeled and let you know if there are any developments.

Drug scandal rocks Young Tory H.Q.

P.M. 'out
to lunch' —
vice-chairman
'on holiday'

THOSE OF you who follow the wiggler shenanigans that serve our Fleet Street cousins as news in the *silly season* may have noticed a spate of articles recently dealing with the topic of marijuana and the attitudes of the Young Conservative and Young Socialist organisations, respectively, towards the legalisation of this popular combustible.

Last Sunday's *Observer*, for example, blazoned abroad its tongue in cheek findings under the banner *Young Tories Go To Pot*, and drew on the exclusive quotes of one Charles Smedley, 28, stockbroker and vice-chairman of London's Young Conservatives, who claimed that 40 per cent of his members have crossed paths with the wicked weed and found it not unamusing.

Come October Mr. Smedley is planning a 'pot meeting' for the annual Conservative Party Conference where the pleasures of cannabis smoking will be expounded in detail. He also hopes to have a meeting with William Whitelaw, so-called Home



The Young Tories' Central Committee 'on holiday'.

Secretary, in the autumn, where the pros and cons of 'pot', as against tobacco and alcohol, will be an issue.

The Young Socialists' London Committee, when questioned by *Thrills* on their attitude to the pernicious brain befuddling herb, proved far more evangelical.

Mr. Phil Frampton explained their view: "The Young Tories have raised this issue as another diversion to the real problems of unemployment and the problems young people in particular face. Legalisation would be a license to peddle poison, just as in the '20s and '30s in America the problems of heroin addiction were

ignored until they began to affect middle class youth.

"If alcohol was to be made illegal we couldn't campaign to legalise that either. We are also against the police using the drug laws to harass young black people — but surely NME isn't trying to advocate the use of a drug which kills up to 100,000 brain cells when young people should be improving their minds, not escaping from reality?"

This, Mr. Frampton insists, is the YS viewpoint on such matters and he endorsed the opinion of a Bob Labi, YS London Committee, in the *Observer*, that 'pot' smoking is a middle class habit which working class youngsters cannot even afford. It

transpires that Mr. Labi is no longer a member of the Young Socialists. He's too old.

As for Mr. Smedley, the courageous Young Conservative, Central Conservative HQ claim that his views are his own, and not policy. Mr. Smedley admits that he has smoked 'pot' abroad but that his responsible position in the city as a stockbroker forbids him from breaking "even such a stupid law".

When *Thrills* rang Mr. Smedley for confirmation of his opinion we were not surprised to find that "he's on holiday for three weeks".

Nuff said. Chas, 'nuff said. ALEXANDRA CHALICE

URE'LL BE BACK

AS YOU perhaps read in last week's News Pages, Midge Ure is certainly not joining Thin Lizzy as a full-time replacement for the errant Gary Moore.

The former Slik and Rich Kids front man is simply helping out for the duration of the Lizzy US, Australian and Japanese tours that finish at the end of next month. Come November 1st, though, and the garrulous Glaswegian (is it just down to chance that no full-blooded English musicians have ever been inflated as full-grade Lizzy players?) will be touring the States yet again, with Ultravox this time, the outfit that Ure has joined as a full-time member.

But Midge! Wherein lies the wisdom in this move? Can Lizzy not fulfill your every wish and dream of rock stardom? Anything is possible — even tax exile. Ah, but Midge is made of more sterling, forthright stuff.

"Och," he grunts Gaelically, all the way down the line from his Cleveland hotel bedroom. "I couldn't stay with Lizzy. It's not really my sort of music. I'm just helping them out. It's great fun. There's no pressure on me."

In fact, Midge has been mates with assorted Lizzies since the early part of this decade: "We've known each other off and on for seven or eight years. I met them in Glasgow when they were just a three-piece. God, they were broke then. They came back to my parent's house and had a meal."

"I met them again when Slik was going and then again in The Rich Kids." Indeed, Midge gets a co-credit composition with Phil Lynott on one of the numbers on the current Lizzy LP, 'Black Rose', on which he also played.

"I've also played guitar to beef up some old Lizzy Decca tracks that're being put out as a compilation album soon." One of the songs is Thin Lizzy's first ever Decca single, 'Things Ain't Working Out Down At The Farm', which also features the fretboard work of one Gary Moore.

There was no atmosphere of terminal depression in the Lizzy camp when he arrived in New Orleans to play with them, Midge reports. "They were all pretty up. After the first couple of gigs they said it was like the old Lizzy again."

"Lizzy do have this reputation for not keeping their guitarists, though. I heard someone say," he laughs, "that if they still play Reading they should all go onstage and sack each other."

"I think Gary Moore really wants to be a solo artist. He never stays for long with any group. I remember seeing him in the early days with Skid Row. He's a helluva guitarist.

"The thing is it's a really important time for Lizzy in the States. They're on the verge of doing it and they definitely don't need someone not turning up for dates. It was the management, I think, that pressed the button and fired him."

Whether Lizzy will still play their bill-topping date at Reading Festival appears to be in some doubt. In the States, where they are supporting Journey, the band only needed to teach Midge enough numbers for a 50 minute set. For a prestigious one-off like Reading, however, the band not only needs enough songs for a two-hour set, but also total proficiency, fluidity and command of all the numbers.

Midge Ure officially became Ultravox's singer and guitarist some four weeks back. The manager-less and label-less (Island dropped them after three LPs) act are expecting to pick up a deal in the States where the band has long had something of a cult reputation.

But, what went wrong for The Rich Kids, whose disbanding was the subject of continuous denials from the group's management. This, Midge tells me, was because the outfit was trying to break free of EMI, their record company.

The Rich Kids did, however, have the rare distinction of being the only group I'd ever seen who became noticeably worse onstage with every gig they played.

What was that all about, Midge?

"Really," he answers most openly, "that was down to inter-band politics between Glen (Matlock) and myself. I wanted to expand the music more, start bringing in synthesizers. Glen just wanted good time rock 'n' roll."

"Also, we were the forerunners of something that wasn't punk but which got tagged as Pow-uh-pop" — he draws the word out with the right measure of contempt — "and was dismissed as a joke."

"Which The Rich Kids wasn't. We were the first band of that era to get together because we were all musicians. The idea of the band was great. It was just the personalities within it that didn't get on."

PS. Lizzy's Stateside Laments Part 158: Journey's lead singer went down with a dodgy throat forcing the cancellation of several of the tour's dates, including New York City.

CHRIS SALEWICZ
THRILLS

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Southside



Pic: Paul Slattery

Talk on the Southside

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY sits comfortably in T-shirt, jeans and prescription dark glasses. He is of average height, solidly built, sports mid-length hair, and speaks quickly in a sharp accent that lends itself easily to jokes and underplayed hoodlum impressions.

Mr Southside shrugs and smiles; past experience makes him slightly anxious about the type of audience he and the Asbury Jukes will be playing to at Knebworth, where he's supporting Led Zeppelin.

"Out in Cleveland there's this phenomenal rock'n'roll radio station, the best in the country, and every year they stage this huge festival they call the World Series. They attract thousands of kids, half of whom mill around outside and get into fights, and half of whom go inside, mill around and get into fights. We played there one year with Ted Nugent and Todd Rundgren and it was insane. The kids were throwing things at every act. When Ted Nugent came on and started throwing out his stuff at one hundred million decibels, all his fans, who are legion over there and all crazy, started throwing beer cans filled with rocks at him.

"They love Ted Nugent. They love him so much they throw rocks at him."

In between their Knebworth outings the band have to return to their native habitat of Asbury Park, New Jersey in order to play the local convention centre: a gig that will be broadcast live on 15 FM radio stations right across America.

"It's the first time we've ever played there. I saw James Brown there in '62, and the Stones in '65 — it's where all the big bands play, and now I'm playing there. Wow! It wouldn't be as big an event for me to play Madison Square Gardens as it is to play that place."

After three artistically, if not financially, successful albums for Epic the band's newest recording will be launched through Phonogram.

"He's perfectly well aware that a move to another record company will not magically solve all the problems of keeping a large combo like the Jukes solvent, and cheerfully admits that he hasn't a clue how to set about making a more commercially viable record than any of his last three have been, but Southside Johnny appears to be a happy man even without the big bucks.

"It would be nice to sell a million copies. It would be nice to be able to present my mother with a platinum album — it wouldn't impress her, but it would be nice.

"The most important thing though is that I get to do this for a living. I don't have to chop down trees or work in a post office anymore. And for as long as it lasts, that's enough."

If you don't feel inclined to endure the horrors of Knebworth in order to catch the Jukes' show don't feel too bad about it, as the band are booked to return in early autumn to promote their new album on tour.

The chances of Led Zeppelin turning up to jam, or curdle the event in any way, are fairly minimal.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

Michael Riley pulls up the Pulse

ANYONE WHO saw Steel Pulse before last October should remember Michael Riley.

Lyricist, percussionist and vocalist, his contribution to the band's sartorial stage set was a top-hatted, tail-coated priest's costume. And together with their frontman David Hinds — he was Pulse's public voice.

Since last October it's been a very different story.

Riley and the band parted company right when their debut album 'Handsworth Revolution' was starting to earn them some well-deserved recognition after seven years' hard graft.

This leaves Riley — still officially tied to the collective Island contract — not only cautious about any future band commitments, but also writing lyrics that confront Rastafari, which has now become the mainstay of Pulse's inspiration.

Old wounds incurred by his controversial dismissal were reopened by recent statements made by the band about Riley and his wife Claudine in *NME* (30.6.79).

When he contacted *Thrills*, Riley was well aware that giving further press exposure to the incident could be detrimental to Pulse and himself, but he merely wanted to make it clear that his side of the story had been misrepresented.

In the average band context, you'd hardly expect the loss of one member to start a series of legal repercussions, but in this instance a basic debate of creed, coupled with subsequent allegations of white racism against the band, have forced an unusually complex saga.

Riley claims he had developed doubts about the band's beliefs, and that Hinds had attributed this change of opinion to Riley's recent marriage to a white woman.

Riley explains: "The group were saying for a long time that they were in search of a religion, but I feel that if you're searching for something, you've actually got to do

some research into it. So I started looking for books on Rastafari, and I'd argue things out and find that I was the only one on my side.

"Like I'd be reading a book like *Chariot Of The Gods* or *God Is An Astronaut*, and I'd say that maybe it was possible that God might have come down in a spaceship, and David would say 'Babylon, Babylon... influence of Babylon'."

"My direct contact with 'Babylon' — which is another way of saying 'the white man' — is Claudine, so that was the connection, because I'd borrowed the book from Claudine."

"And I'd say that it was just an idea. I mean you could weigh it up and then dismiss it, but you can't just not talk about it."

Inevitably, Riley's views on Selassie also came in for a servicing.

"The more I got into it," he reveals, "the more I found that Selassie wasn't the person he was made out to be, or the person that — for me — the Rastafarians should idolise as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I found him to be quite the opposite."

"When the sleeve for the 'Tribute To The Martyrs' album came out, it annoyed me that Selassie's head was pictured there as a martyr. How can you make Selassie out to be a martyr when the masses of Ethiopia cannot read or write still and are one of the poorest nations of the world. They suffer from

disease and malnutrition in this day and age, and I cannot dismiss that."

"Africa is not going to accept the West Indian unless he's educated to some level — unless he's got something to offer. They've got enough people down there that can't read or write, and they don't want any more coming over just to smoke dope and talk about Selassie."

When Riley missed a gig, and was subsequently fired from the band, Pulse put out a press release to the effect that he'd left "due to musical differences and ill health".

He made demands for a mutual statement (making it clear that he had not left the band voluntarily), but they were refused by Pulse's solicitors.

Consequently Riley agreed to an interview with *The Sunday People*, because the press release was "so far from the truth that I felt I just had to say something".

Contrary to Pulse's statements in *NME*, Riley insists that no money changed hands for the *Sunday People* article, and it was clearly stated in it that the band's drummer, Steve Nesbitt, is also married to a white woman.

The article claimed that Riley was given an ultimatum by David Hinds to either divorce his wife or leave the band, which Hinds (in *NME*) interpreted as Riley saying "we were inciting racial hatred".

Riley's actual opinion is nowhere near as definitive. "I don't think they're directly racist," he claims. "It's the result of their immediate surroundings. When they're on the road, they lose contact with their community and start seeing things from a biased point of view. They don't come up against racial tension because people look on them as members of Steel Pulse. Being in the band you're no longer black anymore."

"I have no ill feelings towards the band, it's just that I think that they're not living up to what they claim to be."

"I'm not condemning the Rastafarian religion, but I'm saying that for many reasons it poses a big question mark in my head as to whether I could commit myself to it."

Riley's own lyrics seem to leave the clearest picture:

"The black man in these days of oppression — you still find time to waste/Lost in yourself, the truth you would not face/Locking you hair, in this there's nothing wrong/But first you should find out what your ideal's done."

Marcus Garvey said: "No-one wants to be unkinked to Selassie/But he's been unkinked to himself and to his people/So if you seek the truth, just look into his life/And judge for yourself — see if he was right."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

The Lone Groover is lost at Knebworth, so ...



"You've got to get more pain in your lyrics — go back to your roots and try to relieve the heartache of your tuck box arriving late at school."



"We've got a very fragile ideology, man. If just one of us grows a beard — finito."



"OK, I know you're waiting for your album sleeves, but it takes a long bleed! time I make now wave graphics seem spontaneous an' thrown together."

Benyon

LATE NEWS EXTRA....

Is Rome burning? City Boy suspected.



VERTIGO

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The Gibson Bros: "Sure wish we waz wearing ze Christmas cracker zuits."

Salsa days

OUTSIDE BBC Television Centre a limousine drags to a halt and out step three young black musicians in expensive leather jackets — just well-worn enough. Clutching Adidas bags and pushing their sun-glasses back up the bridge of their noses they disappear into the reception area. The glass door swishes shut behind them and the limo swishes back toward the main entrance — "Be back at nine, Jack, the rest of the day's yours..."

The three young men have spent the morning in Ireland laying down a backing track for an appearance on *Top Of The Pops*. Right now they're struggling with the Beeb House String Ensemble in an attempt to whip the ageing members from Radio Three filters to the beat of Martinique Salsa.

The three (genuine) Gibson Brothers were born and raised on the aforementioned French Isle in the West Indies, though since their mid-teens they have been living on the Motherland in Paris. *Top Of The Pops* requires a long day out of its participants — 12.30 through till nine — and during the slack of the afternoon I exchange a few words with Alex, the Gibson who has the best command of English.

Alex tells of their father's musical influence on the growing Gibs (no relation), he being a banjo player — a recording artist and African tour veteran — on an island wading in the thickening mixtures of early reggae. Whilst many of their friends' heads spun to the young Waiters and Maytels, the Gibson family were sold on the rhythmic kick of Salsa music and, moreover, the tunes of The Beatles. Alex admits that most of his melody frameworks are due to the influence of Liverpool's most famous sons, plus the famed Salsa artist Ricardo Ray.

I ask them whether the rapid reception with which New York greeted their classic single 'Cuba' had anything to do with the touchy feelings the USA still holds toward the country in the title.

"New," draws brother Patrick — the silent partner being Chris Gibson. "Ze single is right now doing well, I think but ze title has nothing to do with politics. When we are growing we hear so much music coming from Cuba that we just respect it in this song."

Nevertheless, I'd have given any odds that such a sound would have shaken New York down to the ground rather than the so-so airplay it received. Maybe the Puerto Ricans were jealous that they couldn't claim it for home grown...

The follow-up 45 'Ooh What A Life' is at number thirty and rising, and their 'Cuba' LP, their third album though first to be aired here, is as refreshing a line out as you'll hope to find. Later this year, the Bros Gibson are going to America and perhaps their presence will open more ears than at present. Still, their mammoth European popularity — they're currently touring Spain and Italy — will lessen any rejection.

Me, I think they'll slaughter Uncle Sam... on one condition.

For the actual recording of *TOTP* they exchanged their sharp street gear for a set of Christmas cracker tinsel specimen suits. From looking sickly tough they suddenly became beaming and daft. Which only goes to prove that you can think too much of Earth Wind And Fire.

The Gibson Brothers. Hear them in.

DANNY BAKER

NME regret to announce:

VERY SLOW TRAIN COMIN'

JUST IN case ye of little faith still refuse to believe the rumours concerning one Bob Dylan's conversion to Christianity, then be warned 'Slow Train Comin' (scheduled for world-wide release on August 23rd) drives the fact home with righteous vengeance.

One need look no further than the cover of 'Slow Train Comin' for proof. A painting, not one of Dylan's, displays a railroad track out in some dusty tumbleweed landscape with a lone figure at work on the line not swinging a jackhammer, but (heavy relevance here) a cross.

And then there are the track titles, nine in all, with such handles as 'Gotta Serve Somebody', 'Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others)', 'Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking', 'Men Gave Names To All The Animals', 'When He Returns', 'When You Gonna Wake Up?', 'I Believe In You', 'Slow Train', and 'Precious Angel'. Every track is endowed with either overt, or in the case of the album's love songs, ambiguous references to the Almighty One (not to mention his son, "the man on the cross") whom Dylan considers to be the only solution to these turbulent times.

What strikes me most forcefully about this release is the complete absence of obscure metaphors and the labyrinthine imagery that was once Dylan's premier calling card. The Big D's conversion is such that he's in no mood to play 'guess-the-meaning' with his audience. He simply wants to lay out merely the joys of bowing down to the Big G, but the necessity of picking up on the Christian life as the only viable way of dealing with those mean ole '80s.

On 'When You Gonna Wake Up?', arguably the strongest lyrical statement on the album, Bob's ablaze with righteous anger as each verse lambasts politicians, philosophers ("Karl Marx has got you by the throat / And Henry Kissinger's got you tied up in knots"), phony doctors ("dispensing pills that'll never cure your ills"), psychiatrists, the legal system, and the material world in general. The anger in Dylan's voice harks back, in part, to the vitriol sited on 'Idiot Wind', and the snarling

Zim's got it in the can — but will he come a cropper? Pic: Pennie Smith.



put-downs proliferating in his 65/66 out-pur, but more pointedly bears comparison to the hammering meted out to the likes of William Zanzinger on the vintage 'Only A Pawn In Their Game'. The chorus simply calls on the listener, a presumed atheist, to "wake up" to God and "the man on the cross who died for you".

Musically 'Wake Up' typifies the sound producer Jerry Wexler has granted Dylan. Barry Beckett's organ predominates the mix, its tone being far closer to Jimmy Smith's, say, than Garth Hudson's, while the chorus is hammered home gratis a push horn section.

In fact 'plush' is the word that most readily springs to mind when describing the sound on 'Slow Train'.

On the love songs like 'Precious Angel' and 'I Believe In You' where Dire Straits guitarist Mark Knopfler is allowed to spread out, there is a smoothness to the sound at odds with the rough-edged tone that has typified Dylan's musical approach virtually since the outset of his recording career. By choosing a cleaner sound well in sync with the current AM/FM cross-over mould of 'acceptable rock', Dylan is going all out for a smash hit, possibly because he wants

to spread the message as widely as possible.

The force of his conversion is so sweeping and so much the essential factor in 'Slow Train' conception that the vast audience who hang onto his every word are, to quote the man, "going to have to change their way of thinking" in regard to the Big D.

Died in the wool atheists, lapsed Catholics and those obsessive Dylanologists whose theories on the Zim's work are centred around the man's Jewish heritage, be warned.

NICK KENT

Lowry



"Stand well back, this is an obvious case of Hippius Redundantus. Any minute now he'll start talking about the creative use of drugs and untapped sources of mystic powers alluded to in a little known series of Cro-Magnon period cave paintings recently discovered in Monrovia!"





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Sell out? Costello rip-off? Boring clothes? Weak songs?

Say It Ain't So Joe

A NOD of recognition, a touch of respect. 'Arms And Legs' are playing a 'secret' gig.

Had you been a local Portsmouth hipster about four years back, the name of this seminal combo might just jog the memory cells. Since then, one ex-member has seen a few drastic changes. At that time he was yet another unrecognised talent scratching a living out of a line of duff jobs and ill-fated rock bands. Now, his debut album and single are respectively 28 and 24 in the U.S. charts.

In short, America's going bananas, and England quite likes him too. This time round, Joe Jackson's got something to smile about.

THE gig's at The Nashville, and it's a benefit for Misty.

The fact that The Clash, The Members, The Pop Group, Pete Townshend, Aswad and The Rutles have all played a benefit for Misty recently is, apparently, no deterrent. When Joe originally made plans for this gig, he didn't know anyone else had the same idea. "All the money's still going to Misty," he told me earlier, laughing at the after-thought "they probably don't need it now!"

The gig's also Joe's test chance to work through his material before going into the studios to record his second album. The other 'Arms And Legs' stalwarts taking part are Joe's excellent bassist, Graham Maby, and Mark Andrews (from the support act of the same name).

Like any other respectable 'secret' gig, the place ends up bulging at the seams with sweaty bodies. They're not over-ecstatic, but they're steaming nonetheless.

Half of them are 'in' on the secret, busy swapping lies about the band's early pub dates. Eight months, and nostalgia's already setting in. The other half aren't. They're just anxious not to miss out in case it turns into some megastar supersession. It's plain obvious when Joe rolls on that they've never clapped eyes on the geezer in their lives before, but this doesn't stop some self-conscious toe-tapping and the odd tentative crack at a chorus line.

The Jackson Band's recent Stateside slog has honed an already rock-solid live act into something sharper, more vivid and compressed. They seem to satiate that prime American craving for sheer class and polished technique, and they do it with sparse understatement, never a hint of flash or indulgence. Between Maby's bass axis, Garry Sanford's screen of chopped guitar chords and Dave Houghton's ferociously tight, top-heavy, snare drumming, they create a perfect basis — clean, fluid, flexible and always imaginative. You could almost call them 'slick' if it didn't undermine their sense of invention.

"It certainly isn't," says dapper, pleasant but prickly six footer JOE JACKSON. "I'll go along with that," says MARK ELLEN.

"Smile please," says PENNIE SMITH

The man out in front is anything but slick. With his gawking frame — bull-neck cricking, back arched — and those plicable features creased into all manner of strange contortions, Joe Jackson comes close to the very antithesis of rock 'n' roll star.

He's the first to admit it, and he plays up to it accordingly. He comes over aggressive while stumbling on his own endearing gracelessness. Between numbers, Joe's quick to affirm the band's newly-gained status. His feelings are mixed — partly enthusiasm about his increasingly golden future partly blank sarcasm about his unrecognised past. One moment it's a modest admission of success: "This is probably the last time we'll be able to play The Nashville in civilized conditions." Next it's a contemptuous slapping of the fickle British radio stations who are currently embracing his re-released single 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?' with sudden and sycophantic praise. When it first came out eight months ago, they were just as swift to give it the corporate boot.

Joe's new music is adventurous and strikingly different, though still firmly rooted in the hard-edged pop vein of the set's more familiar framework. He opens with the caustic and compulsive 'On Your Radio', struggling through a dull, feather-weight mix that's knocked into more sympathetic shape for 'Gonna Get That Girl', a gorgeous blend of offbeat vintage pop melodies and strutting R'n'B. The vocals are clear and piercing.

"I want a tone that makes my ears bleed," was the order he placed at the sound-check. Joe's occasional keyboard breaks are a lot more forceful than his former precise style, which integrates better with the rest of the band. He now keeps that nervous contrast by playing some jarring melodies over a slow, and deliberately uneasy backing.

The rest of the set includes the volatile 'I Don't Wanna Be Like Them', 'Amateur Hour', with its strong, tugging backbeat and shimmering layers of chords cranking into a rigid centre section; and lastly, 'I'm The Man', a fearsome thrash with Sanford and Maby doubling their harmonies round a single mike stand, barnets shaking like the mopeds had never left us. This band have got it, and know it, and treat it with caution.

"I'm the man," comes that sardonic last line. "This year's model," adds Joe, "that's ME."

THAT afternoon, Joe was to be found lounging around the A&M press office in unusually expensive form. The times we'd met before, he was always voluble after gigs, but tended to be guarded and suspicious when press or record magnates flashed their 'official' calling cards.

We sift through recent events; they spell the kind of story that you don't get to hear very often. In March, spurred on by the success in the States of his labelmates The Police, A&M decided to follow suit with Joe Jackson. They launched him on a 42 date tour over a mere seven weeks, and backed it up with the usual amount of promotional muscle. But by the time the 'Look Sharp!' album found its way onto a few radio turntables, it started selling itself across the national airwaves at something of an epidemic pace.

It was the kind of instant reaction that Joe nor A&M had never imagined.

In England, after years of trailing the circuit in various despairing outfits, Joe was only just beginning to reap his rewards. Despite some favourable reviews, his three singles — 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?', 'Sunday Papers' and 'One More Time' — had respectively "done nothing", "crept into the top 100", and "bombed totally". Around the time the rock press were rolling out the red carpet for his debut album, a few articles in the nation's were sowing the seeds of mass-media acceptance.

There was a definite buzz, but not a lot else. Mid-March, Joe set foot in New York City for the first time in his life. He found he was some kind of hero. His much-maligned pin-striped threads got him recognised on the streets. He was stopped for autographs. He was championed by total strangers. He packed out four shows at The Bottom Line.

New York loved him. He was hip. To spread a little Anglo sartorial chic, A&M organised a Look Sharp! contest at The National Student Broadcasting Convention. It wasn't — as reported in the English press — a lookalike contest — the hapless contestants merely had to dress up in their flashiest gear and mime along to a track off the album. The winner got 200 bucks, Joe got to judge, and the show got sufficiently out of order.

"The guy who won it was really funny," recalls Joe. "He mimed to 'Got The Time' and he got all the words right, which is something I

can't do myself half the time. He was wearing a flower in his button-hole and halfway through the song he ate it, and just started going crazy and leaping about the room."

Strip away the glossy surface layer of this apparent overnight sensation, and Joe's American success can be traced back to the foresight of one man — David Kershbaum. It was Kershbaum who originally alerted A&M's attention to Joe's demo tapes after they'd been turned down by United Artists, and he later produced the album 'Look Sharp!'. It was Kershbaum who instantly recognised the potential of Joe's conventional R'n'B / fashionable British New Wave as an accessible mix for the American radio market.

Joe is understandably disparaging about discussing his music in such clear-cut commercial terms.

"It's just that there was a real interest in British New Wave over there, but a reluctance to accept the more political aspects of it."

"It's like a lot of people seem to think that I sat down with a slide rule or something and invented this form of music which would fill the existing gap in the American sinewave, that would be the acceptable face of New Wave... blish blish. It just never occurred to me when I wrote all the songs on that album. I'd never been to America, I didn't know what they wanted to hear, so there's nothing calculated about it."

The fact that his success in the States was predicted so accurately by the British press leaves him totally unmoved.

"It doesn't really matter to me what people say. If they say 'Joe Jackson's going to be successful', I say 'thanks very much', and if they say 'I don't think Joe Jackson will be successful', I think — well, fuck you. I'm quite surprised at the amount of success I've had in the States, but because it's America and it's however many thousand miles away, it doesn't mean an awful lot to me."

Why not? Just because it's hard to gauge that perspective?

"Yeah, it's just a bit much to take in — I mean a gold record, which is what we almost have. While we were there, there was too much going on for me to really be able to think about what was happening. And since we've been back, I keep getting phone calls saying that the album's up to No. 20 in *Billboard* or something, but I still don't really know what to think of it."

"I don't have any particularly strong ideas as to the comparative success or otherwise of the British bands over there. I mean, I can understand why our stuff is more successful than, say, The Clash, simply because the things they're talking about in their songs are not particularly relevant to the majority of Americans."

"I just think that my stuff is more accessible and more international. That's all I can say about it."

◀ Continues over.

JJ Contd.

♦ From previous page

NEVITABLY, while Joe was out there slaying the States, his home-coming had started to turn a little sour. Frontlash, backlash — you could hardly see through the dust. A pat on the head on one side of the oosen a knee in the groin on the other. Over here, accusations were raining down — everything from mass commercial cop-out to despicable dress sense.

"Yeah, well that's just fucking crap that really annoys me, that kind of attitude. Like as soon as a band is successful in the States, people say 'oh yeah... they must be crap... they've sold out.' I mean they love using phrases like 'sold out', and they don't know what the fuck it means.

"Basically, I write music, and if people like it then great. It doesn't particularly bother me whether they're Americans or they're English. Obviously, this is my country, this is where I live, and I probably prefer to be here than anywhere else. I feel more at home performing to an English audience.

But when you go to America, and the album sells ten times as much in New York alone as what it sells in the whole of the UK, then you have a sort of... I don't know if the word is 'responsibility', to the people out there — because there's obviously a much greater demand there.

"Then you come back and people are saying you've gone to the States and 'sold out', and they don't even know what they're talking about. It's pathetic. It's either stupidity or terminal trendiness."

So you never made any compromises? "I refused to compromise. I just went my own way, and did what I wanted to do, and said 'right, this is it — take it or leave it.' Sooner or later someone took it, and all of a sudden it was a big success, so people say, 'you know Joe Jackson has gone gold on his first album within months of appearing on the scene. He's huge in the States — what a cunt he is!'

Was it a case of English audiences needing the reassurance that you'd made it in the States in order to get you established over here?

"The audiences don't need that reassurance. I think probably the radio stations do. It's so pathetic, all this playlist crap. When that single first came out, no-one wanted to play it, no-one wanted to know. Now that it's been a hit in the States, they're all playing it and saying they knew it was a great single all along. It makes me sick. It's just so typical of the small-mindedness of radio everywhere. It's only John Peel who plays anything. Radio stations should play everything they possibly can, and let people choose what they want.

"It would be nice to have a hit single to establish us in this country. I don't like to feel that we're more successful outside our own country."

I mention the tendency of the English press to regard UK bands that have cracked the States as collectively opposed to whatever is currently progressive or relevant over here.

"It's really boring to get lumped in with Dire Straits and The Police as if we're some movement. If there's one thing I don't want, it's for people to think of me as part of some movement. Obviously, everyone gets compared to someone, and obviously I'm not going to be so amazingly original that I'm not like anyone else in any way."

Do you make conscious attempts to steer clear of any movements?

"Then you come back from the States and people are saying you've 'sold out'. It's either stupidity or terminal trendiness."



"Most of the songs had nothing to do with being a loser, a disillusioned romantic, all that sort of crap. No-one pointed to the fact that I was being satirical."

"Yeah, I mean at the moment you've got about six bands who are mod bands, and a few who are reviving the ska/bluebeat thing. You've got some bands who've got like a skinhead following. You've got other bands who are hardcore punk. They you've got the slightly avant garde new wave. They're all in little cliques of about six bands, they're all in little pigeon-holes, and I find that a bit depressing at times."

Is that because you think they can't progress out of them?

"Obviously some of the better bands are going to be able to progress out of them, but a lot of bands who get raved about just because they're part of the latest cult are really boring."

There's still comparisons being made between you and Costello.

"A lot of comment was made about the album being a sort of retreat of Elvis Costello's I've been hurt in love and I'm screwed up thing, which is not what I intended at all when I did it. Even the more perceptive people — like Charlie Murray in his review of the album — were saying the same thing. That made me think — 'Shit, for some reason these people are just not latching onto what I'm saying, so — fuck it — I won't write songs like that anymore.'"

That's one reason why the next album doesn't have any songs that are remotely like 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?' 'Pretty Girls' or 'Fools In Love'.

"A lot of people said Joe Jackson's album is all about being a loser, a disillusioned romantic, and all that sort of crap — which it wasn't at all. Over half the songs had nothing to do with that. Songs like 'Instant Mesh' and 'Sunday Papers' were satires, and no-one pointed to the fact that I was being satirical."

Maybe it's because those 'romantic' songs are a lot stronger and so made more of an impression.

"I don't know why it is. There's obviously got to be some reason for it."

I don't personally think you come anywhere

near Costello's contrived hostility.

"Right, but people seem to reckon I'm like him but not as bitter and angry, and more of a nice bloke — you know what I mean? I even saw in the NME crossword that one of the clues was something like 'This man looks sharp, but is he playing Donovan to Costello's Dylan?' It was me. I felt very insulted by that. I don't know how much longer I'm going to stick with this fucking Costello thing. I feel like banging my head against a lamp-post."

Are you making any deliberate moves to get away from it?

"In some ways, yeah, but the fact that I'm writing about different things on the next album is equally because I don't want to write about the same things."

JOE Jackson's songs paint shrewd, detailed and very direct pictures. They're personal observations confined to what immediately affects him — people and attitudes, love and fashion — and they're dealt with by a man whose main motivation is to cut the crap and get back down to basics. He's unpretentious — exaggeratedly so.

All his songs are generated by strong feelings. They're honest (to the point of being self-deflating), they're ironic, sarcastic, dispiriting and flippant. They're sometimes very funny, and sometimes depressing, but they have a habit of touching on a sensitive nerve nearly every time. Just occasionally, all these emotions get confused, which leaves him at the mercy of some wild misconceptions. I, for one, read self-repression between some of his lines.

"Not at all, no. In actual fact, I think it's quite the opposite. I'm not trying to sound inadequate or repressed in my songs. I'm trying to sound positive. A lot of the songs on that first album got misinterpreted. Like 'Happy Loving Couples' which people thought was a song about me saying, you know, 'my

friend's got a girlfriend, and I haven't, and I'm jealous. It's nothing to do with that."

Isn't 'Pretty Girls' about trying to switch off male libido?

"That's a silly song. It was very glib, very lightweight, and very disposable. Well, it was supposed to be funny, but having written it over a year ago, I don't wanna know about it anymore."

Do you ever regret any of the songs you've written? Do they ever embarrass you?

"No, nothing I've done ever embarrasses me. I just want to write about something different now, that's all."

So what kind of ideas are you writing about on the new album?

"I'm 'The Men' is about trends and fads and the way people snap them up every time they come along, but it's a very tongue-in-cheek. It's about things like yo-yo's and hoola-hoops and kung fu and Jaws. I had this idea that they were all the work of one person. You can imagine him looking at a graph on his wall and saying 'this is the next trend — pork pie hat. And next week, you find everyone's got pork pie hats, and this guy's just sitting behind his desk and pissing himself laughing."

"In 'Geraldine And John' I actually wrote a story that starts off with this picture of this very ordinary couple who are incredibly happy together, and everything is just peachy. Then you find out a little later in the song that they're actually married to other people. It progresses to the point where it gets a bit tense, and then it just falls to pieces. In the end, the guy gets beaten up by the girl's brother. It's a pretty weird stuff," he adds, laughing.

"It's amazing the way people can stay 'happily' married for years, when they're not really. It's almost an accepted thing that in order to stay sane you have to have an affair with someone else, which makes the whole idea of marriage a joke in the first place."

"On Your Radio" is a revenge type song. It's for all the people who said I'd never get anywhere, who said I was a complete wanker. Well I've done it, and you're gonna hear me on your radio."

Do you really feel that strongly about it?

"I do, yeah."

Did a lot of people used to put you down?

"When I was a kid in my teens, and when I was at school, everyone thought I'd never amount to much. I'm not saying I've achieved anything amazing now. I've but at least I've got to the point where I'm earning enough money by doing what I want to do. I've struggled for years just to try and do my own music, and earn some sort of recognition, and I do feel some sense of triumph."

"I think back on a lot of things I went through in the past, and they seem really insignificant now. Things like when you have to try and earn some money, and you do jobs that are just slave labour. You go to some employment agency and they say 'Are you skilled?' And you say, 'Yeah, I'm a musician.' And they'd say, 'No, but are you skilled?' and they'd write down 'unskilled'. It's just that I'm a social-outcast-I'm-a-musician attitude."

That's the sort of thing I feel I've overcome now, and I'd like to think that other people listening to that song who maybe haven't achieved anything like what I've done, will feel some sort of — maybe it's presumptuous to say it — some sort of inspiration from it."

Do you ever feel self-pitiful?

"No, I don't think so at all. What have I got to feel self-pitiful about? There may have been times in my life when I've felt hard done by, but there's certainly no point in moaning about it — or writing a song about it."

➔ Page 47

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SINGLES



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DEVO: Secret Agent Man (Virgin). Persons of an excitable nature have been known to work themselves up into all sorts of terrible states when the subject of Devo in broached. One chap of my acquaintance went so far as to suggest that these evil Mothersbaughs and their Casale accomplices were actually attempting to tell us something quite important, while others felt — quite sincerely, I'm sure — that these odd-looking fellows represented some sort of threat to honest, decent values. Debates raged, tempers rose, empires fell and after all was said and done, you still couldn't get a plumber at weekends.

Well! Be that as it may, the essential fallacy of all the various schools of Devothought is that any of it matters a tinker's cuss, m'dear, one way or the other. Being a bear of little brain and the possessor of a lamentably short attention span, your present writer finds himself suffering from a severe case of The Grand Ennui whenever he is required to consume too much Devothought. Nevertheless, on the rare and splendid occasions when they stop chuntering on about arcane and tedious topics and make a simple one-dimensional fun record, then feet tap, heads nod, lips hold a seance to summon the ghost of a smile and — if the sun is in the seventh house — dancing ensues.

'Secret Agent Man' is a little slice of '60s Mediano soulpop, composed by those masters of Californian ephemera P. F. Sloan and Steve Barri. If you ask your grandad nicely, he'll undoubtedly tell you that Sloan was not only the author of that Dickies classic 'Eve Of Destruction' but also of Herman's Hermits' greatest flop 'A Must To Avoid', which owes its present obscurity to the fact that Herman's edition was as poor that many impressionable parents indubitably considered the unfortunate Noone to be crooning "the big muscular boy" and quite understandably forbade their offspring to bring such a vile thing into the house. On this

particular waxing, the combination of puppetshowhome guitar, low-budget keyboards, crisp drumming and weedy vocals brings you everything that's most modern about the '60s. If you're looking for trouble, you come to the right place. Stop worrying and enjoy it. If they get boring again — which, being Devo, they most certainly will — you can always listen to someone else.

and all the other accoutrements of the trade sitting on folding chairs in a darkened studio playing the dots while Gerry Rafferty strums and croons to a large guitar. Halfway through, a tape op crawls in on hands and knees and hits the saxophone player over the head with a large rubber mallet (his cue to start playing) as, all over Britain, people rise from their chairs and commence to brew invigorating mugs of tea...

The latest Rafferty artefact is a warm, insidious, spacey sort of effort with a frosty string-machine edge, a cooled-down 'Spirits In The Night' bouncy shuffle (am I getting too technical?) and a well-mannered blues guitar asserting itself periodically. As pleasant records go, it goes, and if the radio people like it and the good weather holds out, we will once again

order. The song is a silly pop trifle which might have been composed over the phone by Peter Shelley and Paul McCartney if it was a very bad line and they both had hangovers, the vocal attempts to be likeable and ends up being merely untrustworthy and the instrumental track does a most credible impersonation — oh, very well done, sir! — of a rhino with piles trying to crawl out of the Le Bee tar pits. All in all, a most unattractive proposition.

OH I DO LOVE TO SEE ME ON THE B-SIDE

FAMILY FODDER: My Baby Takes Valium (Parole / Fresh). 48 CHAIRS: *Psyche Sluts* (Absurd). **JERRY LEE LEWIS: Rita May** (Elektra). There is nothing like a good B-side (unless it's a dame). Two alliances of clever young bonds

music by people who play from their instincts. About as self-conscious as a dog off the leash and just as heartening.

LOCAL OPERATOR: Pressure Zone (Virgin). God, this is clever. The intro sounds like the sort of music they'll be playing to introduce the news on commercial stations by this time next year and the vocalist sounds extremely pleased with himself. Pats on

MARIE PIERRE: Walk Away (Trojan). Dennis Bovell strikes again, demonstrating not only his usual admirable gift for looking at sound from unusual angles, but his unparalleled feel for recording female vocalists.

After Janet Kay and — one hopes — Pam Nestor, another example of prime-cut Lovers Rock aims chartward. The 12-inch discmix version contains the usual dub-wizardry at the end and the song is highly pretty, but why is it so necessary for Lovers Rock singers to pretend to be 14 and sing in such exaggerated baby-kitten voices? This tendency is by no means limited to reggae; you find the same tendency in Anglo-American soul records, but what was cute in the glory days of The Supremes is getting on my nerves now.

Without wishing to get into any kind of rant on the subject of sex-role stereotypes, it's getting pretty silly when female singers have to come on like well-groomed dormits of the Sister Sledge variety to sell records. On the one hand, you get girly girl records like Judy Cheeks' 'That Little Girl In Me' (Ariola) and on the other boyswagger bullshit along the lines of 'Highway To Hell' by AC/DC (Atlantic), which are nothing more than absurd caricatures of real life. With role-models like these, no wonder the world is going to hell like a hand basket. There's room to being a Real Man whatever the sex (readers: don't snicker), so get out, and more to being a Real Woman (silly) than cute simpering. To wit

BLACK HARMONY: Don't Let Me Go To Your Head (Kasir). More Lovers Rock (produced by Castro Brown and licensed from Deb Records), but the lead singer has courage and character and the song (an old Gamble-Huff job) sounds like it's about a real relationship and not a submission fantasy. Brown's production leans a bit too heavy on the syndrome and he lacks the Bovell spark, but the fact that Bovell is working with better material. Why's the dub side a choice, and is there a 12-inch available?

■ Continues over

By Charles Shaar Murray



You're taking it all too seriously. After all, de-evolution is something for the Scottish Nationalists to worry about.

CIVILISATION IS WE KNOW IT

GERRY RAFFERTY: Get It Right Next Time (EVA). Never mind the record — can you imagine the promo film? I can see it now: a bunch of Proper Musicians with beards, gleaming pates, check shirts

see Rafferty on our screen impersonating a bowl of vegetables.

REASONS TO BE TEARFUL (part one)

DAVEY PAYNE: Saxophone Man (Sire). In which a bunch of splendid fellows make an inane novelty record. Any competent theologist could tell you that if God had intended Davey Payne to be a lead singer he would have given him a voice. As it is, Payne can play the saxophone rather well (check the bit of the current Dury single when the band start playing 'The Young Rascals' 'Greeny' as a forerunner), but we knew that already. For collectors only.

TIME FOR A NICE LIE DOWN

THE STRANGLERS: Duchess (UA). God, the excitement is getting too much for me. I've just played the new Strangers single and it's well out of

and one hedonistic olderster henko conspire to demonstrate the essential validity of this aphorism: Lewis with a savoury Dylanesque throwaway, 48 Chairs with an instrumental extemporisation based upon the principal motif of the backing track to the original Rabid EP version of John Cooper Clarke's famous tirade and Family Fodder with a silly, laughing, ingenious take on life and love with a downer freak. The respective A-sides, though by no means negligible, are being neglected because we live in a hi-pressure disposable age and besides it's getting hot in here.

ROCKIN' DOPSIE AND THE TWISTERS: My Baby She's Gone (Sonet). Dopsie's got a squeezebox and his neighbours never sleep at night. A great roaring, lurching, rocking, grinning portion of his early incoherence recommended to anyone who likes to listen to

the back all round, now get out of my sight.

PHILIP RAMBOW: Fallen (EMI). How odd. Someone has gone to the trouble of recording Philip Rambow and come up with a record on which the unfortunate Rambow's presence seems almost incidental. Maybe they've decided that the less you can actually hear of Rambow, the more chance they'll have of selling the record.



Shaar Murray
BY Charles



SINGLES

Singles



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PETER GREEN: In The Skies (PYG). The aching, plangent guitar and tough, weary voice are both in enviable nick, but the song is a singularly uninspired piece of inspirational twaddle and the whole thing sounds as if it was recorded with a dead cat lying on top of the microphone. With a decent production and a good song, Green could still wreak havoc on the heartstrings. L'chaim, Peter.

JAN WOBBLE: Dan MacArthur (Virgin). Wobble's getting better and better at

making music that sounds like the records he likes, but with the incomprehensible vocal, tedious in-joke and plain bad taste (old codgers like me tend not to be amused by Nazi salutes on the back of pic sleeves), it may be only his close personal friends who'll still be listening when he finally gets it right.

THE CRUSADERS: Street Life (MCA). If you heard this through a wall you'd probably think it was 'Stayin' Alive' until the vocal (by the criminally uncredited Randy Crawford) starts up. Unfortunately, the record resolutely refuses to build from its fine beginning until

fairly late in the proceedings, when Wilton Felder puts lips to sax and lets rip. With more attention to dynamics, this could've been mildly epochal.

PETER TOSH: Buck-In-Hamm Palace (Rolling Stones). Like Christ on a unicycle, Tosh intones a paean of praise to the joys of Jeth Music over a backing-track that sounds like the most mediocre disco imaginable. Makes about as much sense as a James Last version of 'Jailhouse Rock'.

THE CONTINENTALS: Flizz Pop (Modern Rock) (CBS). Tommy Erdelyi produced this, and he makes them sound

much more like The Ramones than they deserve to.

MADNESS: The Prince (2 Tone). A tribute to Prince Buster, shouted forthrightly across the abyss between intention and result.

IAN HUNTER: Ships (Chrysalis). A great man fallen upon barren times with a piece prone to all the ills that the occasional bit of Mott bombast was heir to, but minus the riveting power that made it all work. I love you, Ian, but you're far away.

NEW MATH: Die Trying (Reliable). Anything crediting production to 'Howard Le

Canard' has to have a lot going for it unless it's imported powerpop with a shortage of good hooks. Nothing like curling up in the evenings with a good hook, is there?

METROPHASE: Phase One EP (Neotondoni). A year ago one would have said that Steev Burgess, the vocalist / composer / producer / guitarist / synthesist primarily responsible for this tremendously alienated, self-conscious and self-pitying Moderne garb, wanted to be David Bowie when he grew up. Now it seems as if he wishes to follow in the Moonbootprints of Gary Numan. Bleak / oblique. The chaps down the pub bang their pints on to the bar and shout "B-O-O-O-RING!" in hearty, stentorian tones and one must concede that they have a point. If they were Irish, it'd be a point of Guinness, but that's the breaks.

LOWELL GEORGE: Cheek To Cheek (Warner). After the eulogies have lined the catways, allow me to mention my own regrets at George's death, as he was a fine chap who was not only the possessor of a large talent but a human who deserved his gifts. 'Cheek To Cheek' is drawn from the solo album, and it's a slight but hugely enjoyable gumdrop of fake Mexican with some exquisite tonal work. If there was a parallel universe in which Lowell was still on the hoof, I'd say that the next solo album would be very promising. Enough. Onwards.

REGULARS: That Little Girl (CBS). Hails unsatisfactory UK reggae in which an indifferent song is given the kind of performance it so richly deserves. The only bright spot is on the dub ending where

the guitars are bounced off each other very niftily.

VITESSE: We'll Do The Music Tonight (UA). 'Vitesse' is French for speed, and considering how dreadful the band sound, the title is more of a threat than a promise.

BONEY M: Gotta Go Home (Atlantic). A bit more bloody like it! Boney M records tend to divide up into two teams: the *Seaside Special* nursery rhymes (dickydoodoodoodohidididyo ad nauseum) and good dance fun like 'Rasputin', and this is one of the latter. It starts out like Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love' and The Yardbirds' 'For Your Love' colliding in a fish-tank and from there on in it gets better! Since all Boney M records are unavoidable for months on end, it looks like we should be able to make it through until 1980 without too much gastric upset (unless, of course, they release a horrible follow-up for Christmas).

CHERYL BARNES: Easy To Be Hard (RCA). Hair was an embarrassing, exploitative piece of shit ten years ago, and despite Milos Forman, the intervening years have not added to its dignity. This single contains the only decent performance of the only decent song in the whole scabby mess, and is therefore recommended.

THE DOOR AND THE WINDOW: Untied EP (Untied label). In which a pair of earnest young fellows produce an EP of experimental music for less money than could be imagined possible, and expect to be thanked for it. One day someone will make an even more boring record for even less expenditure and they'll expect to be thanked for it too. Reasons to be a philistine (part 418b).



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(5. I thought my razor was dull till I heard that joke. — Ed.)

(6. Can we get on with the feature please? — Joy Division)

LET ME DRAW back the curtains on a probably wet and no doubt freezing night last winter. A mid-week night of no special significance, save that Joy Division had come marching into town.

It wasn't much of a welcome. It wasn't one of those hot jam-packed little-league sell-outs where you can't get in for the length of the guest list and where breaths are bated in anticipation of something about to turn big. Nothing of the sort. Down in the basement confines of a celebrated Islington watering hole it was relaxed and cool.

In front of the intimate stage, though, a gaggle of about a dozen or so modern boys staked out their territorial rights like there was some sort of conspiracy splot. Minions were dispatched to fetch the pints. The space stage-front was jealously guarded. Their spick and span muted green tribal colours set them apart from the otherwise dowdy crowd.

They had come, heaven knows where from, for Joy Division. Another Manchester Band.

The last time somebody counted there were somewhere in the region of 72 musical aggregations in Manchester and surrounding areas. Can you believe that?

Since the Pistols played the Free Trade Hall with the fledgling Buzzcocks, Manchester's home-grown activity has bloomed. It's become a vital and rich part of the English music spectrum and will be more so with the increasing nationwide diversity of music and lifestyle.

But with the exception of passing enigmas such as Jilted John, The Fall and John Cooper Clarke, the main bearers of the Mancunian standard have been the Shelley/Devoto axis. And unless one of the snotty, smart, toothsome pop outfits that seem to populate the city licks into a chart hit (most likely candidate: The Distractions), the band that looks dead set to follow Buzzcocks out of merely local and underground acclaim and into the wider limelight — going not least on the rapturous critical reaction to their first album 'Unknown Pleasures' — is called Joy Division.

ALONE overhead spot floods the centre-stage microphone and spills out onto the heads of the aforementioned gaggle of sartorial hot-shots. Heads that start to bob furiously at the first pulse of streamlined rhythm, attached to bodies that lurch back and forth, attached to legs that jerk up and down at the knee and arms that swing in a loose crawl or elbows that flap medly. It's the modern dance that everybody will be doing in the coming months — the one that has succeeded the pogo — and it's a hybrid of the style that John Lydon copied from the Rastas and the one Mary Makon of The Mekons invented for herself.

Ignorant of this, and uncaring anyway, the

huddle of sophisticated steppers is meanwhile whipping itself up into a frenzy that won't subside until Joy Division have left them utterly spent.

The spot picks out only this pool of bobbing motion, and the singer Ian Curtis. The rest of Joy Division are shrouded in darkness as they pour out their harsh metal thunder. The singer's body shakes, rocks and palpates, a mad dervish of motion and movement all caught in that one mad spotlight.

Were you to shine a torch around this subterranean scene you would see the young, tidy faces of Joy Division and notice perhaps the ordinary neat cut of their clothes. An unremarkable image, with the barest hint of the regimental overtones of their name in the flap-pocket shirts two of them are wearing. You might also notice the growing excitement in the faces of the onlookers, by now all locking into the irresistible motion of the music. Easily the strongest new music to come out of this country this year.

It owes nothing to the after-punk cult of the amateur. If it's pop, that's purely accidental. And if it plays with musical perimeters it does so in ingenious, never pretentious, ways — by building carefully on their standard rock basis and using the sounds that can be coaxed from the instruments as textures with which to construct a song. It's a technique that anyone who listens to the radio these days will be familiar with, from 'I Feel Love' to 'Public Image', to give but two examples.

Insistent two/four rhythms beat the bristling surface hooks, and their powerdrive is overwhelming. Like The Stranglers or early Subway Sect or even Blue Oyster Cult and Buzzcocks.

The themes of Joy Division's music are sorrowful, painful and sometimes deeply sad. Nothing as badly-refracted and joyless (I excuse me) as Doll By Doll — they're too compassionate for that — but still music that gives often harrowing glimpses of confusion and alienation. Joy Division walk alone, with their heads bowed.

AT LEAST, that's my interpretation. Joy Division aren't giving anybody any clues. They don't agree with lyric sheets, and that's something they are very adamant about.

"You get people who seem to think you should put your lyrics on so you can get your message across," says bearded bass player, Peter Hook, with obvious disdain. "They ask us what our lyrics are about and we say, well they're whatever you hear really."

"We've said to people: 'Haven't you ever been listening to a record where you've been singing a certain line and when you find what it really is you feel let down?' But they just won't admit that at all. They still wanted to know what our lyrics were about."

"Don't you think it's wrong to pin somebody down like that? Our lyrics may mean something completely different to every single individual."

Is that what you want?





Joy Division (L-R): Bernard Albrecht, Ian Curtis, Peter Hook, Steve Morris

Take no prisoners Leave no clues



"We'd like it, I suppose... It's like I just said. You could hear one thing, the bloke next to you could hear something completely different. It means something to you; it means something to him. Why cut him out?"

Why not write gibberish then? On a variation of the monkey-and-typewriter principle it's bound to mean something to someone sooner or later.

"The songs mean something personal to us, but that's not the point. It's like saying, what did Max Escher mean when he did that painting?" He points to a giant print of one of Escher's typical perspective puzzles that hangs on the wall of Manchester's Central Sound Studio, where we are now located. "He might just say, 'I was pissed'. We don't want to say anything. We don't want to influence people. We don't want people to know what we think."

Do you want to know what Joy Division think? What they feel? What makes them angry, bored, sad, amused, anything? What sort of cereal they eat in the morning? What prompts a mournful song like 'Day Of The Lords' or what lies behind a lyric like 'she took my hand and turned to me and said she'd lost control again?' You're probably curious, but I doubt that it's as important to you as the surly defensive Hook seems to think.

That's how Hook sees it though and that's all he will tell you about himself and how he sees his music. Besides adding that "people think the lyrics are the guiding force, but we like to think that we influence Ian as much as he influences us; that if we stopped playing Ian would never write again."

IAN, WHO writes the lyrics, broadly speaking shares these views, but is less reticent. He is off stage the virtual opposite of what he is on. His speaking voice is high and faltering, not swarthy and assertive, and his shyness you would not guess from his onstage abandon.

Stephen Morris, the drummer who completed the foursome a few months after Ian joined, lives, like Ian, in Macclesfield, and owns a huge record collection, partly inherited from his jazz enthusiast father.

"He took me to see Count Basie once... So I took him to see Hawkwind. He was getting all dressed up and I had to explain that, no, no, it's not that sort of concert..."

He bought his first drum kit by chopping up the furniture in his house to sell as firewood and he's still searching for that elusive copy of John Cale's 'Academy In Peril'.

Which leaves only Bernard Albrecht, who plays guitar, and went to school with Peter Hook. By contrast, he is astute and eager to explain himself.

"I don't like a lot of music," he admits, "but the music I do like I get more out of than from

anything else in life. I want to put the feeling that I get out of music back into music as well.

"We're not ashamed of anything we've done in the past. When we started off none of us could play. But each time we go one step forward — and that draws you on. It's like... I don't know, it's just a really good feeling. I think that's why a lot of people get disillusioned, 'cos, like, the music dries up."

While Joy Division are talking, Martin 'Zero' Hannett is busy inside the small studio mixing some demos of a new version of 'She's Lost Control'.

Aside from managing John Cooper Clarke and running the odd live venue and a record label called Rabid, Hannett produced Magazine's first demo (and their forthcoming single), Jilted John's hit, the John Cooper Clarke and Joy Division albums, and the latter's contribution to the Factory Sample EP.

He works like some sort of wizard of the console, occasionally chuckling to himself as he fiddles with the digital devices he's brought in for the session. His productions are imprinted with a generous but subtle use of electronics. He has the auteur's mark and the entrepreneur's eye and in the years to come he's unlikely to fade away.

Joy Division regard Hannett as their sixth member, the fifth being manager Rob Gretton.

Gretton was the DJ at the Rovers Club back in December of '77, when Joy Division changed their name from Warsaw and played the Stiff Test/Chiswick Challenge night. Seventeen bands slugged it out — Joy Division coming on last at three in the morning and playing two songs.

Tony Wilson, presenter of the bold but badly-received *So It Goes*, now Factory Records majordomo, was in the audience. "The bands were all good and they were all boring. But Joy Division were wonderful and they had something to say. I thought so and so did Rob," cause after that he became their manager.

Wilson recalls another incident from that night. He was sitting next to someone whom he later found out was Ian Curtis, and this someone turned to him, by way of introduction and said: "You bastard. You put Buzzcocks and Sex Pistols and Magazine and all those others on the telly, what about us then?"

As events turned out, Wilson paid for the recording and release of Joy Division's first album out of his own pocket. 10,000 copies were pressed for a total cost of £8,500. If all the copies sell, and it's likely that they will, Wilson will recoup his money, and both he and the band will show a profit.

Wilson can afford to be altruistic, since his main income comes from his work as a TV

journalist for Granada. Nevertheless the album, 'Unknown Pleasures', is pressed and packaged to the standard of any other release, if not better, and it's readily available if you shop around for under three quid.

IT'S RELATIVELY easy to trace the stealthy progress Joy Division have made from their aggressive, noisy, unkempt beginnings in '77 to the superb controlled heat they generate now. The former is documented for posterity on Virgin's Electric Circus album, the transition caught on their own 'An Ideal For Living' EP, and a glimpse of their current form was provided by their two tracks on the 'Factory Sample'.

But up until now Joy Division have been dogged by business problems, stalled by personal problems, and ignored. They mistrust the glowing reviews they now get, and wait, dispassionately, for the backlash.

Being on the outside has made them very insular and possessive about their music. It has also given them their strength: not a resentful, we'll-show-'em sort of strength, but the satisfaction they derive from their music.

"All the business side — that really fucks you up," means Peter. "Once you get back in the rehearsal room and there's just the four of us with instruments we're back where we started. It still hangs over you like a cloud — but once you get your instrument you're free..."

"You're always working to the next song," says Ian. "No matter how many songs you've done, you're always looking for the next one. Basically we play what we want. It'd be very easy for us to say 'well, all these people seem to like such and such a song... it'd be easy to knock out another one. But we don't'.

"We don't want to get diluted, really, and by staying at Factory at the moment we're free to do what we want. There's no-one restricting us or the music — or even the artwork and promotion. You get bands that are given huge advances — loans really — but what do they spend it on? What is all that money going to get? Is it going to make the music any better?"

Well, it'll buy more equipment. Whether that makes the music any better is a moot point... But we digress.

"Another good thing about it," says Stephen, from the heart, "is if you've got some sort of frustration, something eating you, something you perhaps couldn't talk to anybody about — you can get it out just by playing."

"The thing is, if you've got a brain," explains Peter, "obviously you want to do something with your life, or whatever. I'm sure a lot of

people feel like that. Now that we've got this, we don't."

Ian disagrees: "You say that and you're taking away someone's self-respect. It's like that group — what were they called? — someone wrote a song about women at home, and they said: 'This is a song about all the women who should be out doing what they want'. That's taking away someone's self-respect."

Bernard takes up the issue: "People who don't like what they're doing either go one way or another. They get out and do something else — whether it's going off round the world or forming a group or even living the rest of their lives on the dole — and it takes a bit of courage to do that. Or they just settle down at work and just take the weight of the job on their shoulders — which also takes a lot of courage. It's terribly sad, but then there's a vast amount of people who don't even think about it. All they want is a pint every night and two weeks in Benidorm every year."

"And then I bet there are people who think we're stupid because we're going into a position where there's no security — it's not going to last us a lifetime."

"That's why we don't want to state what people should be and how they should interpret our songs, because you just can't say whether someone's right and someone's wrong. Both people can be right at the same time."

"Everyone's living in their own little world," reflects Ian. "When I was about 15 or 16 at school I used to talk with me mates and we'd say: right. As soon as we leave we'll be down in London, doing something nobody else is doing."

"Then I used to work in a factory, and I was really happy because I could daydream all day. All I had to do was push this wagon with cotton things in it up and down. But I didn't have to think. I could think about the weekend, imagine what I was going to spend me money on, which LP I was going to buy... You can live in your own little world."

Too true. But whichever world you choose to live in the chances are it'll sooner rather than later coincide with Joy Division's. They're here to stay.

And one more thing... All over Manchester the sewers have collapsed, the sewage pipes choosing the moment almost to the day to simultaneously and their century-long lifespan and fill the streets with a foul stench. But what you make of that is up to you...

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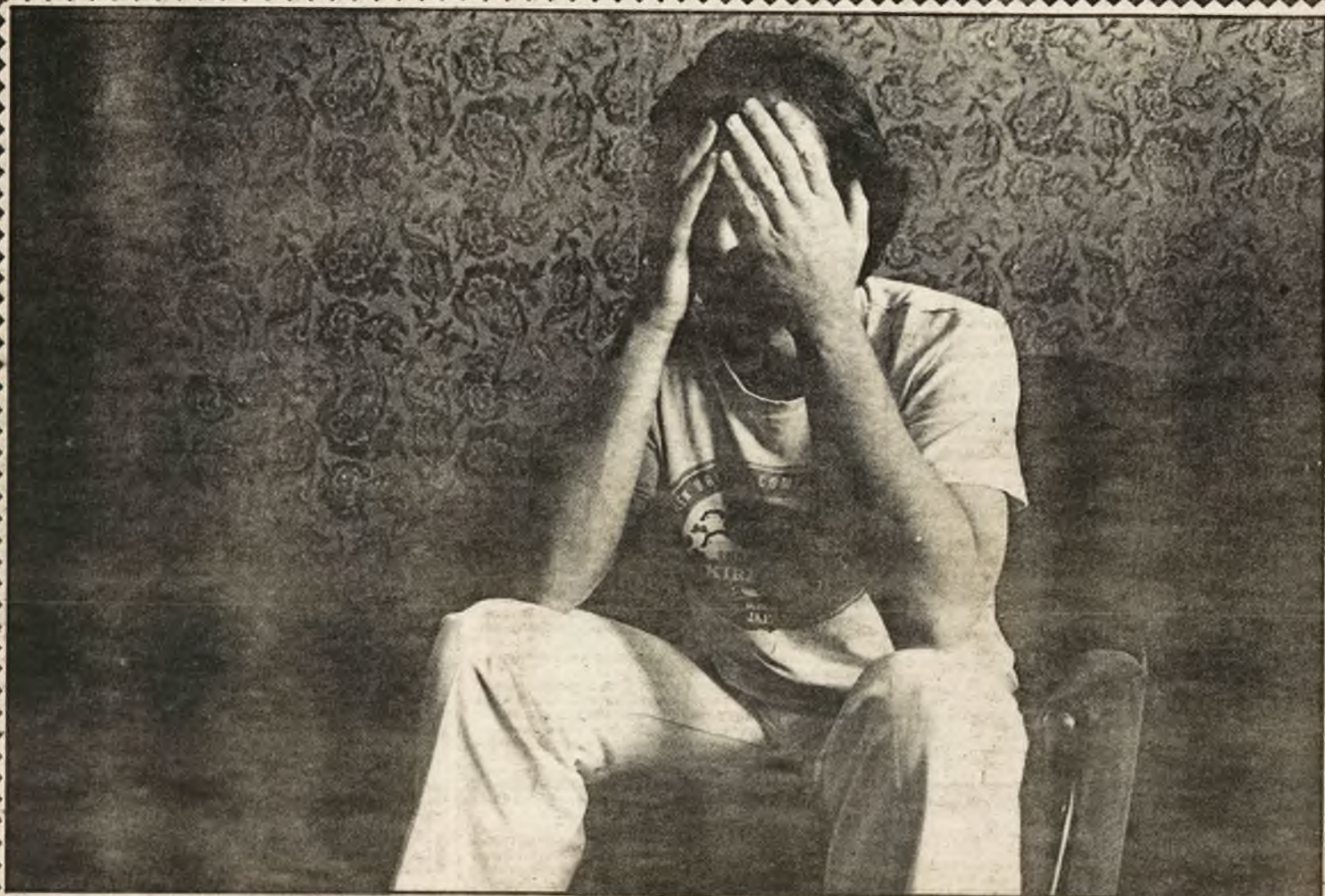
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RY

"Me and my wife,
Went all over town,
And everywhere we went,
The people turned us down.
Lord, in a bourgeois town,
In a bourgeois town,
Got the bourgeois blues,
Gonna spread the news
All around."

IT'S A BOURGEOIS town alright. Not that it's likely Leadbelly had ever heard of the place when he wrote those words. Nor would Ry Cooder have been fully aware of the irony involved in playing that song at the Cambridge folk festival — a dull and time-trapped affair that takes place in the same place at the same time every year for the last fifteen in that inviolate preserve of the English middle class.

American guitarist Ry Cooder has come to Cambridge as part of a brisk solo European tour. He travels light: himself, his guitar, his mandolin, and his repertoire. But he travels reluctantly.

He would rather not be in Cambridge, where the organisers of the folk festival have utterly misjudged the nature of Cooder's audience, putting him on in the smaller of the two marquees, surrounded by real ale and paraphernalia stalls, while elsewhere in the large marquee Rockin' Dopsie and his Cajun Twisters play their loose zydeco shuffle.

He shrugs his shoulders and resigns himself, plying the boozy crowd with tales of how Billy the Kid's son beat his father's reputation, and how Sleepy John Estes got tear-gassed one time in Washington.

Washington DC was the town that Leadbelly wrote 'The Bourgeois Blues' about — a long time before it became the Chocolate City of the Parliament song. But the underlying emotional experience of Huddie Ledbetter's words has not lost its relevance with age.

That's just one facet of Ry Cooder's reading of the folk music and folk mythology of America's ethnic population from the birth of the blues to the death of Martin Luther King. The songs he mines from this vein can apply as richly and poignantly to the present as they did to the past. From matters of the heart — which never really change and which the blues has always spoken the most frankly about — to matters of society, which, beneath the surface, changes very slowly. From 'Married Man's A Fool' to 'Mexican Divorce' to 'Denomination Blues' to 'How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live?', with its verses about grocery bills that makes you feel like making your will and about "officers that kill without cause, and then complain about the funny laws."

But when people talk about Ry Cooder the lyrics are not something they often mention. They tend instead — and not

without good reason — to harp on about the consummate taste and integrity of this musician's musician, and the bitter, plaintive bottleneck guitar style he has developed over the years, brought home with electrifying force on such cuts as Jagger's 'Memo From Turner', Randy Newman's 'Let's Burn Down The Cornfield' and Cooder's own version of 'Dark End Of The Street'. Not to mention — as people usually do — the fact that Ry Cooder has played an active part in, at one time or another, the music of Captain Beefheart, Randy Newman, The Rolling Stones and Little Feat. Beat that for a track record.

HE WEARS THIS CLOAK of praise and awe with a good deal of reluctance, largely ignoring the rewards such as respectful pedigree could very easily bring in the highly paid West Coast session man circles.

A tall, well-built man just turned 30 with a voice like James Stewart, his big frame rests awkwardly in the comparatively small armchair of his hotel lounge, shifting from slouch to hunch, as his record company's press relations persons anxiously flap around him.

He was born and raised in west Los Angeles, Santa Monica they call it, where he still lives. He began to play the guitar at the age of four, after his father taught him some rudimentary fingering.

Growing up in Los Angeles in the '50s allowed for exposure, via the many and disparate local radio stations, to a wide bandspread of music: genuine hillbilly from the Rocky mountains, the popular dance band sound of the day, gospel harmony, and seminary rhythm and blues on the L.A.-based Aladdin, Modern and Specialty labels.

"Now it's all conglomerated into one thing," he explains, more matter-of-factly than sadly. "The '60s were still good, but in 1968 or so things began to homogenise pretty drastically. In the '50s the radio was an available source of lots of different things, and I just always spent an awful lotta time listening to stuff, instead of playing baseball or whatever, both on the radio and by going into record stores and asking people questions. 'What is this?' ... 'Let me hear that?' ... Just curious, y'know, like anybody would be, who likes music."

But Cooder was more than just curious. When the so-called folk boom hit America in the early '60s he eschewed the po-faced campfire balladdeering of the likes of Pete Seeger and dug down deeper to the Southern blues bedrock of Mississippi John Hurt, Skip James and Sleepy John Estes. He would rather drink muddy water than walk in Woody Guthrie's shoes.

"I'd listen to those records and say well this man certainly can't exist in the world as we know it! And it turned out he did, he just happened to be in a different place that's all. That's a lucky thing because in those days it was still possible to hear of those people, then of course they all started dying. Now you've got practically nobody left who's living that way and playing that way."

"So I came up on the tail end of it you might say — a little blossoming forth of some people who weren't quite dead yet. Mississippi John Hurt, a few people like that. Without seeing them it would have been hard for me to learn the instrument."

"These people would come into town and I would go see 'em at the folk clubs and coffee houses. I was very aggressive, and I was a good learner. I was fast, y'see. A guy would play once and I would know what it was, so I would never bother those guys, I wouldn't abuse them. I would say: 'if you have a minute, let me see how you did that.' I'd heard the record so I knew how it should sound; I just needed to see how it looked. Like a good student."

"But musicians — seems to have been always my experience —

are quite willing, or at least happy to say: 'well sure, kid, here look.' I would, if somebody asked me."

Cooder, however, isn't exactly chewing flies in the shade of a Cypress tree out in some Southern backwater waiting for an eager kid to come along and save his art from extinction.

He's in the rather unique position of having recorded seven (eight if you count the one rather patchy live outing) albums of painstaking and emotive music, drawing on the river of American blues experience — its source the country blues, its tributary the Church, its delta the uptown R&B sounds of the late '50s/early '60s — and combined with folk styles learnt in Texas, Mexico, Hawaii and The Bahamas.

Unlike almost any other white musician you care to name (and a few black ones too) who have drawn heavily on the blues, Cooder neither plagiarises, nor bastardises nor gives reverent, lifeless retables of someone else's glories. The music is alive and undiminished in his hands.

What's even more striking about his position is the amount of people he can reach with it — especially after 'Bop Till You Drop', his latest release and the most contemporary distillation of his influences yet.

"I have the good fortune, y'see, to do what I do on a large record label," he explains, ever self-effacing. "That's the main thing. If I did it on a little label no-one would pay a bit of attention. But I've been lucky to grease by with some stuff that normally wouldn't be a part of any label's roster."

"Especially nowadays. Which is why now it's important for me to try to, like, temper the thing a little bit. Because now things have changed. No question about that. The radio plays a large part in it; what they will play, what they won't play ... 20, maybe 25 records at any given time."

Now this is a surprise. Cooder has never come across as a person who has to heed the quotas of the industry.

After all, he has a sufficiently ardent following to enable him to make, at least, enough from one record to pay for the next. I wonder if his relations with the Brothers Warner — and particularly with A&R chief Lenny Waronker who has produced many of his albums — were still cordial?

"I hope so. My God, we must have a good relationship. No, we do. I think that they've been very good to me — even if they've ignored me at least they haven't fired me. They didn't always ignore me either. You come up and you go down and you never know. This new thing has potential — for everybody — and that's important. Everybody should be able to do their job. I don't want people to think of me as unmarketable — y'know what I mean? — and weird and eccentric. Because then you're in a bad position. You're unable to work. And that would be a big mistake."

BETWEEN the ages of 18 and 23, roughly co-inciding with the year's '45 to '70, Ry Cooder carved his name in legend.

At a club called the Ash Grove in Los Angeles one night he ran into a young singer and guitarist who shared his fascination with the country blues and went by the name of Taj Mahal.

"He had nothing to do and I had nothing to do so we said let's make a blues group. Fine, whatever that is ... Turned out the group wasn't any good. But the idea was good, see, so he went on to make his records, and I sorta did the same in another direction."

This stillborn venture was The Rising Sons, and it was while the two prime movers of the group were out earning grocery money that Cooder first encountered Don Van Vliet — then, so the story

...And Related Stuff

PAUL RAMBALI goes into the purple valley with RY COODER, ethnomusicologist and all round good guy.

goes, fresh up from communing with the rattlesnakes in the Mojave desert.

"There used to be a carnival every year for teenage people who were being sold things," says Cooder, allowing himself a moment of dry cynicism. "Cars, guitars, fried chicken, shoes, everything. Me and Taj were there demonstrating Martin guitars, and Beefheart was there too. That's how I met him."

Again the blues was the common ground. The two got to know each other through visits to the rented Hollywood house where Beefheart and his band were trying to get in shape to record an album. Cooder helped organise and record that album, Beefheart's first, the landmark 'Safe As Milk', which since The Rising Sons' recordings was never to see the ink of a release sheet, served as Cooder's introduction to a largely disinterested record buying public.

"That was a real formative time," he reflects. "People were starting up then. You had The Byrds and The Doors getting started and..." He allows himself another moment of dry cynicism. "The business began to get in gear, y'know what I mean?"

The years that followed found Cooder submerged in the role of the sideman, working most prominently on Randy Newman's early albums, "Creates Something New Under The Sun" and the brilliant "12 Songs", and on Jack Nitzsche's soundtracks to the films *Candy* and *Performance* (a relationship renewed last year for Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar* — which incidentally re-united Cooder with Beefheart and with Jesse Ed Davis, whom he had played with on Taj Mahal's first album. The *Blue Collar* sessions also brought Cooder together with 'Bop Till You Drop' bassist Tim Drummond, who has the distinction of being the first white member of the James Brown band).

But it was, inevitably, Cooder's work with the Stones that sealed the legend. The Stones became aware of the existence of the world's premier electric bottleneck guitarist via his work with Newman and Nitzsche. The musical period that ensued is one that Cooder is notoriously loathe to recollect. Some contend that it was he who originated the riffs to 'Honky Tonk Women' during a series of jams with the band; certainly he haunts the music on 'Let It Bleed', and is credited with haunting bottleneck on 'Sticky Fingers'.

Whatever the details, it's this man's belief that Cooder, along

always done 'em myself. I figure if you have some sensibility about the music you should also have some sensibility about the way it should look — rather than deliver it to some guy who's a graphic artist and doesn't even know what you've done."

To get to the crux of this line of interrogation, I bite my lip and ask if he would agree that he has a wry sense of humour?

"Yeah, those tunes have... That was very original."

"But, yeah, those songs have that quality... Real life. Talking about everyday experiences with a kind of insight to them. The humour is there in order to pull through whatever it takes; in order to sit back and look at it."

"Black people have always had that quality. In order to keep on living you have to laugh, you can't let it get you down. You have to have two things: humour, and some kind of faith, basically. And when the two come together, as they often do in the music of these people, why, then you've got, I think, strong material."

"If there's any element like that it gives it a content that I can approach and arrange somehow and play upon, but the song will still be there and it'll be strong."

"That's most of the time. I mean a tune like 'Little Sister' is just a dumb song, but it's a fun song. You can't be heavy all the time — it can be boring you know."

Striking a balance between the light and the serious is not a problem though. The problem, it emerges, is actually finding the material...

"Songs like that aren't just everywhere in the world. They're under rocks is basically where they are."

"You have to have your ears open. I look everywhere. I buy records, I ask people, 'heard anything good?' or I wake up in the middle of the night with a song. That's when the good stuff comes, 'cause that's when your mind is free to work and it goes through that rolodex up there and whump! There's one that you hadn't thought of before."

"Driving is great way too. I go on long driving trips sometimes just so I can think of arrangements, anyhow, then I think of a song I'd like to do 'em off."

In 1976 Cooder broke with the pattern he'd established with his previous four albums to record 'Chicken Skin Music', bringing to the fore the more rarified ethnic influences he'd absorbed

of that poor life, why, to play like that would be pointless. Too bad.

"But it's true all over the world," he muses, revealing, not for the first time in this interview, a keen understanding of the relationship between music and culture.

"It's true in Hawaii, and the same thing happens in South Texas with the Mexican kids. They don't wanna play accordion, they wanna play rock. The black kids in the States are already playing rock, course, so they don't even think about playing blues. So little by little, all those indigenous type local things get eaten up, and disappear. That's what happens I guess. Too bad. I can't stop it, right. I mean what I can do?"

Beyond what he already does, very little. This is the modern world, you don't know? And it comes as a modest surprise to find Cooder, whose music is rooted in the past, squaring up, a bit sadly perhaps but still squaring up, to the present facts of musical life. Both in the above aspect and in his frankness about the reasons for making a more contemporary album this time out.

Hold it. Is his music so firmly rooted in the past? Bear with us a moment and listen to him talking about the cover of 'Chicken Skin Music'...

"A man I know painted that. He's a ceramicist and he paints these scenes, similar to that, but with a lotta different variations. When I saw his work I realised that it was exactly what I had been doing. He had been taking the Mexican myths and folk images and making these weird things happen — 'cause the geometry of that cover is very complicated, much more so than a traditional Mexican painting would be, and they certainly wouldn't paint that image of the lady and the skeleton."

"What he had done was kinda what I thought I was doing in taking a form and bending it a little bit."

"Y'see, rhythm and blues is basically what I've concentrated on working on my guitar style as a rhythm and blues style."

People don't often see it that way but the Mexican stuff was rhythm and blues, only with Mexicans! I got an idea to try and make R&B with those guys — it was a weird idea but I thought it might work out...

It worked out fine to this pair of ears. But relations between Cooder and his Chicken Skin Band were eventually soured when, just prior to a second European jaunt in '76 the Tex-Mex

“You come up and you go down and you never know. Everybody should be able to do their job. I don't want people to think of me as unmarketable — y'know, weird and eccentric. Because then you're in a bad position, you're unable to work.”

with the late Gram Parsons, served to inspire the last great music the Stones ever made: that of the 'Let It Bleed', 'Sticky Fingers' and 'Exile' era.

In the year that began this decade two records were released that introduced virtually the only truly transcendent music that was to be made in America this side of the trash aesthetic for the next half dozen years. Ry Cooder played on both of them. They were: his first solo album, and the first Little Feat album.

At a stroke, they moved the legacy of the blues out of the hands of the turgid boogie purveyors (from southern fried to heavy metal) and into the hands of people sensitive to the deeper graces involved. Any damn fool can play a 12-bar. Eric Clapton plays 12-bars. Takes a whole lot more to play a blues.

This is not the place to record the lyrical and often surreal adventures Little Feat were to have in this respect. But mention ought to be made of the low-down barrel-house medley of Howlin' Wolf's '44 Blues' and 'How Many More Years' that opened the second side of Feat's first album, and to which Cooder added some of his most blistering bottleneck.

Cooder's first album, called simply 'Ry Cooder', comprised a spellbinding selection of what mostly obscure country blues from the '20s and '30s.

The arrangements were either traditional or else tailored to suit the small funky band nucleus that endured through his following four albums: Milt Holland and Jim Keltner (percussion), Chris Ethridge (bass) and Jim Dickinson (piano).

The images generated went past stuffy academia, past dewy-eyed nostalgia, to touch on the core of a downtrodden people's strength, the very thing that prevents their pain turning to desperation.

Subsequently Cooder has simply repeated and expanded this format, taking old blues and adding rhythm, delving into gospel and R&B and other folk forms, and allowing sheer good taste to shape it all. Bear in mind that Cooder's music, beyond his guitar technique and his sense of arrangements, is not his music at all. It's the songs he chooses to play.

And a good reflection of what those songs portray might be the covers to the albums wherein Cooder often seems caught in some sort of predicament, just as the protagonists of the songs find themselves confounded and confused. He was stranded on a dry desert lake with an old trailer caravan on 'Ry Cooder', stranded on a '40s film set with his hood down and a flat tyre on 'Into The Purple Valley', looking like he's about to be sick on 'Paradise And Lunch'...

"Well," he demurs, "I make faces all the time... that's just the nature of being photographed, I guess."

"But fortunately it's possible to derive that from the covers. You hope that you have some kind of picture that will go together with the music, but if you set out to do that you would probably never make it — you would end up with a cartoon all the time."

"That's a funny thing about record covers though, 'cause I've

from Tex-Mex music of southern Texas and, more recently, from Hawaiian musicians Atts Isaacs and Gabby Pahinui — whom he discovered after his wife brought back one of their albums from a vacation in Hawaii.

Cooder drew great inspiration from Pahinui, as he had before from the Bahamian folk guitarist Joseph Spence. One of Spence's tunes, 'Great Dreams From Heaven', turned up on 'Purple Valley' and two more were later to appear on 'Jazz'.

"He plays guitar in this weird style and sings in this very gruff voice. He's an unusual person, you'd have to say a genius in a way, at twisting things; at taking a song and screwing it up so amazingly, rhythmically and with his playing, that it's hardly recognisable anymore. This apparently is the way he and his family have always treated music. It wasn't just something you repeated, it was something you played with and had fun and fooled with somehow."

And from that the Cooderophile should have no trouble deducing why their hero regards Spence so highly.

"At a certain point Spence went to the United States — in the '20s or '30s I guess — and was in a travelling vaudeville show where he learned a lot about music. Then he went back to the Bahamas and became a stone mason. He's about 75 now and he's not too well, but I go down and see him once in a while and make sure he's okay."

Spence emerges through Cooder's words as a stubborn old rascal. The last of a breed of one and proud of it too.

"The kids down there they listen to the radio and what they hear is Salsa and rock'n'roll. So you hear a lotta guitar players down there but it's certainly not anything like Spence does, because what he does is very hard to do and to a kid in a ghetto — which you have down there — wanting to cast off any semblance

musicians decided to demand a pay rise over and above the union rates.

Not being a man of great patience where the foibles of others are involved, and probably a little bit hurt as well, he abandoned the project there and then.

Left high and dry by this development, Cooder found himself making an album with Joseph Byrd, an eccentric West Coast musical 'experimenter' responsible for an album in the '60s called 'The United States Of America' whose odd blend of electronica and parody sounds suspiciously like The Residents. Byrd arranged and produced an album of traditional jazz music recast in different traditional jazz styles, and titled, simply, 'Jazz'.

"Jazz I don't even count," spits Cooder, like he has had a bad taste in his mouth all of a sudden. "That was a squirrely thing. It was like: 'Oh, what in the world am I gonna do now?' Let's do this. 'Oh, okay.' I liked making it, although I don't think it's something I should ever do again."

"But I learned a lot. I played things that I had never played before and that's always good. The group is good. The Spence stuff is good, that I like, that to me was strong, had a kind of flair to it. But as a record it's a little bit off. It's not my timing, it's not my feeling for tempos and textures..."

In the light of some minor misunderstandings he encountered over the cover of 'Chicken Skin Music', I wonder if he had any trouble over the version of 'Shine' on the album, a 'black-face' song that might easily be taken the wrong way.

"That was a song some people — some white people — said I was going to come under fire for. I said no if you listen to the words. None of the musicians objected to it. They knew it was a

Continues page 47



The changing hands of Ry Cooder: they also play guitar.



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ALBUMS

They Were So Much Older Then

LED ZEPPELIN In Through The Out Door (Swansong)

Three long years has it been? Let's me see now. Ah, yes 'Presence', released in April 1976, was the last shot of new Led Zeppelin music and then — well, there was that dreadful live album to tie in with that dreadful film and a most decidedly star-crossed American tour in '77 punctured by all manner of nasty rumours, one exceptionally ugly fight purportedly involving one of Bill Graham's employees and several Zep figures, and then suddenly curtailed with the tragic death of Robert Plant's 5 year-old son.

And after that... Well, nothing at all really. A slew of rumours concerning a Zeppelin split centering around Plant who locked himself away in seclusion for at least a year. Page, meanwhile, stoically attempted to scotch the split rumours with a few interviews not long after the tragic affair, but, after this stroke of diplomacy, he too retreated into seclusion.

By this time, mark you, the new wave had swept in, placing the old school under very heavy manners. Of their peer groups, The Rolling Stones responded by knocking out 'Some Girls', their best album since 'Exile'. Meanwhile The Who made a decent album with 'Who Are You' and subsequently having had to face up to their own tragedy with the death of Keith Moon, have come out fighting manfully again, earning due respect.

Led Zeppelin have, however, as Chris Salewicz informed Page in last week's interview, become the numero uno brickbat boys for new wave contempt. Unlike the Stones and The Who, they never really influenced any contemporary bands beyond the reactionary heavy metal combos. Their whole mode of performance — three hours of mega-pulverisation replete with the obligatory endless drum solos, Plant's narcissistic preening, and self-indulgence from all quarters — showed them off to be the ultimate antithesis of the new wave's brusque, punchy relevant songs bereft

of empty displays of virtuosity. Their absence from the scene these past three years hasn't, except for rabid Zeppelin diehards, really caused them to be missed at all. Or so one would have imagined.

Zeppelin's sudden burst of activity has centered around two Knebworth performances and the release of this album. It has galvanised a vast army of staunch Zep supporters:

approximately quarter of a million at Knebworth last Saturday, and probably the same turn out this weekend. Zep power is not to be underrated.

'In Through The Out Door' signifies, in Jimmy Page's words, "the hardest way to get back in". Fortunately for Zep fans, the album isn't the outright turkey that many of us cynics had expected. It takes care of business with

tracks like the opening 'In The Evening' and its veritable bone-crusher of a riff. A sprinkling of ethereal synthesised fairy dust, a typical angst-ridden croon from Plant and then the ensemble crash down on the riff, which isn't dissimilar to 'Physical Graffiti's' 'Sick Again'. And yet, just as the riff is drawn out and made more expansive, so the embellishments, in particular

John Paul Jones' synthesiser textures, make the thrust of the music more grandiose.

'Southbound Suarez', the next track, is another out and out rocker. The song itself is basically inconsequential, but somehow the band draw forth an impressive amount of full throttle rock action from its flimsy constituents.

'Fool In The Rain' is where the album starts to really break new ground. Again dominated by a rollicking piano riff, the song is structurally a reshaping of 'La Bamba' into a surprisingly effective and invigorating calypso shuffle. Jones' piano is almost unbearably catchy, whilst Bonham's drumming — up until this point simply perfunctory in classic 'Bonzo' manner — provides some amazing twisting and twirling. Page himself plays some great lead, and Plant delivers a vocal tour de force. No sniggers, please, until you've heard this.

Unfortunately after this highlight, the side-closer, a rockabilly thump-up entitled 'Hot Dog', is shockingly tame. Masters of the kamikaze sledgehammer KO Zeppelin may still be, but this style of sly, nibble-fingered, loose-limbed rock'n'roll is definitely not their cup of meat. Jones plays all the right notes, sure, but his technique is literally too heavy-handed to cut it, whilst Bonham thrashes when he should swing and Page's solo is merely an exercise in clumsy country picking. As a result, Plant's vocals are held down by the sheer weight of his fellows' contributions.

Side two's main success is the extended 'Carouselambra'. Like 'Fool In The Rain', it proves conclusively that Zeppelin are at their strongest when working on new and more expensive territory. The track

could be likened to a cross between 'Trampled Underfoot', and 'Archilles' Last Stand', although in terms of actual musical structure that parallel is pretty facile. A sprightly, juddering intro, again paced by Jones' excellent synthesiser work, sets the pace and is backed by Bonham's kickstart drumming and juxtaposed against Page's synthesised and straightforward guitars.

'All My Love' follows, a baroque effort with Plant waxing poetic over Jones' synthesiser orchestra and some highly effective Page soloing — deft, shimmering and the perfect complement to the song's mood.

Finally, Jones' synthesised strings open 'I'm Gonna Crawl', and constantly threaten to overpower the slow blues form of the song. Page's solo is right to the point, but Plant's vocals need something less polite to make for anything more than a merely agreeable performance. The Thrill is Gone? it ain't, however, although it's a forceful performance nonetheless.

And that's yer lot, Zep fans. Frankly I came in off the lam fully expecting to drive the stake through the heart of an ailing behemoth, but 'In Through The Out Door' is no epitaph. When it's bad, as in the downright clumsy 'Hot Dog', it's very bad, but when it shines, it does so brightly enough. But what really impresses is the fact that its most adventurous tracks are easily the best. That can only be proof of a real sense of optimism currently afoot in the Zep camp. Certainly, the ensemble has never played better, and any animosities that may or may not have once lurked in the vicinity seem to have been banished from these sessions.

It only remains to advise the gentlemen involved to get back on the road and really start working at being a band again. Three year stretches of indolence are simply not on in rock and roll terms. More to the point, there are potential points of departure on this album that deserve following through. The doctor orders a period of intensive activity.

Nick Kent



Bet you lot couldn't last three years doing sweet f.a. Pic. Pennie Smith

ANGELIC UPSTARTS Teenage Warning (Warner Brothers)

Newcastle's Upstarts are already, for obvious and not so obvious reasons, being prepared by the vulture voyeurs as the successors to Sham. I'm not sure what that means. I suppose it means that because of appearance, anthem noise, naive determination and the violent impulses of their crass visions they're set to attract similar sorts of publicity-soaked fans, and thus to adopt the lethal mantle of the voice of the hairless confused.

Such thoughts are a sad indication of the way factions and labels have unfortunately established themselves, and how spitefully bigoted people can be. The problems of greatest concern to Angelic Upstarts in the coming months will not be how to expand and extend their music, but how to control the indulgent, ignorant favour that is likely to greet it. Jimmy Pursey's career as Personality has been crushed, or at least redirected and compromised, by the unprecedented interference of thugs who

took their vague identification with Pursey's frail and hopeful philosophies to ludicrous and disturbing depths. The Angelic Upstarts have it in them to be the pop group the Damned never were. But they won't be given a chance.

The Upstarts, a bunch of apparently illiterate and petulant Geordie hooligans, have dropped into a position where they could well be forced to confront the danger, with little outside help or compassion.

But, for now, stupidly avoiding the issue, what must be done is to celebrate the release of their debut album on Warners after the illustrative JP Production fracas. It's cuddly, with a few pin pricks of frustration. 'Teenage Warning' is the audacious, frantic, Pursey-produced work of four youngsters from the North East whose fate of dockyard, dole and premature drunken middle age has been temporarily halted. I don't expect I'll play it many times, but it's good to have around.

There are 12 fun, energetic



Up yer bum, y'old bastard!

They're Younger Than That Now

and explosive punk metal expressions here that have been blasted out of confusion and frustration with unexpected consistency and effective crudity by people who still seem shocked that they have found a way to vent their feelings.

Tradition has it that this is the Upstarts' one burst. From here on they're destined to go the way of Slaughter And The Dogs or Eater or The Damned or, of course, Sham 69.

The fate of such groups has always been all but certain, because of limitations and immaturity.

These groups though, do leave behind records, made so affectionately and convincingly, that are at worst atrociously bad-good and at best raucously lovable and, in a tritish way, timeless.

This is a classic of the genre. Cheaply packaged, excruciatingly but proudly designed, it contains five pulp

gems that place it many rungs higher than the Eater or Dogs bursts, and only just below the Damned debut. The ultimate masters of the genre, Clash and Sex Pistols, are credited as 'inspiration' — along with the Northumbria Police.

In many ways the album is something like that which Sham would have made if they were less Pursey-dominated and directed — a record of urgent unity. There is no outstanding

individual like Pursey, in the group, and Pursey's production seems to exaggerate all the Pistols/Clash aspects to splendid proportions. This is predictable, punk-condensed heavy metal without the parody of the Pistols, the starstruck indulgence of Slaughter, the comedy of The Damned or the slippiness of UK Subs. The purest late '70s punk rock, in fact: excitable, blank songs that snap leave me alone, moan about the problems of young life, loathe the police, mock students, scream at the kids to be united, and advocate a sensible form of anarchy. Dedicated to their mums and dads, and put together with the passionate feeling that it is the most adventurous, brave, important and poetic music of its time. What do you say? What can you do?

Not the greatest listening experience, but I had great fun reviewing it, and in years to come it will no doubt say one hell of a lot about the times when it was made. Love them, but don't abuse them!

Paul Morley

J.J.: A REST IS AS GOOD AS A CHANGE

J.J. CALE 5 (Shelter)

It's the simple things in life that tend to please most and Jean Jacques Cale is the undisputed king of simple, twitching country workman white blues back where I come from.

Indeed, if they handed out diplomas for understatement then ole J.J. would be first in line for his doctorate. It's taken him ten years to make five albums (and '5' is the long-awaited follow-up to the spirit of '76 'Troubadour' set) and none of them has veered one iota off the man's chosen course.

Obviously only a genius artisan could continue to construct interesting garments by unravelling the same piece of cloth and never need to alter the cut or update the style. J.J. is such a genius; he's no fashion, he doesn't attempt to be in or out, instead he's quite happy to be your favourite boots, your most comfortable chair, your oldest friend. When depression or an

uncontrollable fit of despair set in, you can place confidence in Cale for whom no depth remains unplumbed and no height unscaled. His music is a panacea for the relief of all manner of ill humours.

So let's about turn and suggest that his modus operandi is not, after all, so simple, but rather deceptively sophisticated. His strengths are undervalued; either he's 'laid back' (a nonsensical solipsism); or his songs are 'samey' (inability to maximise the aural function); or he's obsessed (so was the protagonist in Wild Bill's famous sonnets).

The Oklahoma sound is Cale's chosen forte, and within its broad confines the man is infinitely profound. Cale is on form writing about female sexuality, a subject close to his heart, and the results in 'Mona' and 'Sensitive Kind' are exciting both erotically and emotionally. This ability to produce an emotional response, for me, places him several rungs over a hardened old misogynist like Dylan and street corners ahead of the

Springsteen school of neo-metaphysical hokum. Spare us 'singer songwriters' who make an inflated living by processing second hand experiences and dressing them up as some kind of poetry. Yuk, yuk.

'5's opening 'Thirteen Days' is one area where Cale scores over the practitioners of road songs. He transcends the passive idea of listening just by being conversational, honest ('Thirteen days and life to go') and rude. He details everything that keeps him amused whether it be Georgia peaches' jeans (and getting into same), or the pleasures of cigarettes, coffee, reefers and booze.

What else is there? There's no formula — that's my life, he's saying. All the songs are outposts on ole Miss and J.J. is at the helm. Stop off points are delicate, graceful, nice 'n' easy, like falling off a log or entertaining a sloth.

There are classics of the genre here; 'I'll Make Love To You Anytime' and 'Let's Go To Tahiti' go straight to the soul, all crystal clear and cool cut insinuations, epitomes of Okie skank with a dash of Sandoz bitters.

Set and sundrenched islands are not for ever though. On 'Friday' J.J. gets the hump, his week drags overtime:

*'Oh I hate Tuesday.
Aint no girls on the street.
Tuesday it ain't good
for nothing
Drinkin' beer and watching
TV.'*

Still, this is boredom with purpose and the 'A' team of bassman Carl Radle plus David Briggs on piano are there to get you to your date.

Cale sticks to form with his most trustworthy accomplices — Briggs, Radle, Kenny Buttrey, Bill Boatman, Jimmy Kerstein, the Nashville TN creme — and the favoured symmetry of six songs per side, always six. The man himself plays everything, distinctively, brilliantly, from synthesizers to drums to flat-top to wah wah.

He's expanded his vision to accommodate the ethereal vocal harmonies of Christine Lakeland. The dialogues between them on 'Don't Cry Sister', or the subtly

ambiguous 'Katy Kool Lady', maintain a slowburning precision, full of that lazy relish which sits so neatly on J.J.'s shoulders and irritates beyond endurance when it

emanates from one of his many imitators (and you know who you are, you bastards).

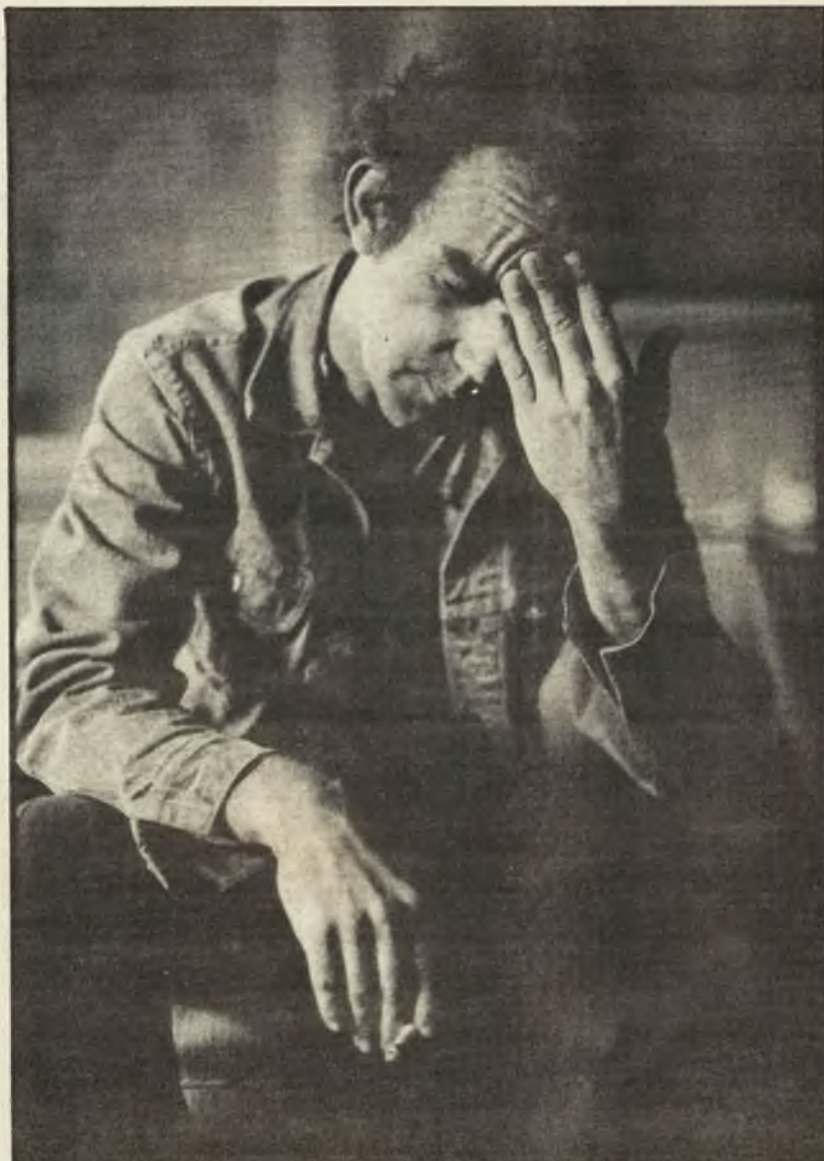
So, the nexus of '5' is that no, J.J. Cale hasn't changed his act, praise the Lord and

pass the bourbon. He doesn't have to progress, impress, justify and testify. If you like/love songs for/by back porch pickers, food for hungry lovers and star-crossed

optimists, then here y'are. The Tulsa guitarman is back with the goods.

Take five, give me five, brother, No jive.

Max Bell



A penny for your thoughts, J.J.

Pic: Pennie Smith



J.B. : YEAH, AND VICE— VERSA



Yes, well, we'll leave your's to our imagination, J.B.

Pic: Pennie Smith

JAMES BROWN
The Original Disco Man
(Polydor Import)

There he sits, a sly grin splitting up his face to show a set of teeth worthy of a prize nag, his hair dixie-peached to the right of his ample forehead, his dapper white

safari threads not nearly so gauche as they once might have been. James Brown, the 'King', is enshrined in a huge wickerwork throne in the centre of an empty

discotheque. The album's title is scrawled modestly above.

Such tasteful design is just one of several 'firsts' for Brown, but the real deal is his decision to step back from

hogging the writing credits, style and sound of his music and to allow room for a new perspective in the form of Millie Jackson's musical director Brad Shapiro, who calls the shots here. As a result, *The Original Disco Man* is not merely Brown's strongest release since God knows when but, more importantly, a perfect reassertion point for his whole career.

Brown's legendary pomposity and overweening sense of self-importance has caused him to be viewed with a sense of both awe and contempt. Awe and genuine respect in that Brown, or so it is fervently claimed, has remained one of the few black soul heavyweights who has adamantly refused to ally his interests with the Mafia. And contempt in that Brown's 'Little Hitler' character has made him an incorrigible egocentric.

But now Brown is back with a vengeance. With only a few shortcomings, *'Disco Man'* is not merely a total vindication of Brown's fearsome vitriol, panache and wit, but also the best dance record released this year. The revitalisation is immediately made apparent as the first track, the ridiculously titled 'It's Too Funky In Here', stomps and shimmies out of the speakers. Bass and percussion pummel away relentlessly whilst the horns, guitar and chorus chant jump in and out over the bottom line in classic style. Brown himself has seldom sounded better vocally, pacing the dynamic with his own often sardonic brand of vocal counterpoint, working against the grain of the rhythm sometimes to dazzling effect, but always on top of the drive.

'Let The Boogie Do The Rest' must be one of Brown's finest vocal performances. He pulls out every trick in his encyclopaedic book, crooning seductively one moment, wickedly remonstrating with some demon slide playing the next. But before you recover from all this, Brown is suddenly smouldering over a horn riff, pushing and shoving, always finding new detours, even indulging in a sly mockery of Jamesian patois on the first side's third cut, 'Still', an impassioned soul ballad, ends the side with Brown in exquisite vocal fettle, half-singing, half rapping the song in a way that

recalls both Brown at his classic best also the likes of Solomon Burke.

After a perfect opening side, *'Disco Man'*'s second suffers in comparison. Only *'Women Are Something Else'* stands up alongside the gems already mentioned. It's sandwiched between two relatively mundane tracks, *'Star Generation'* has a typical disco chorus that could easily crop up on a Boney M album, whilst the title track isn't strong enough structurally to back up its all too trite sentiments. Altogether, an unbecoming exit for such a powerhouse comeback.

Nick Kent

JOHNNY NASH
Let's Go Dancing
(Epic)

The rise and rise of the career of Johnny Nash through the '70s has given birth to a clutch of minor classics, notably those hits spawned by his collaboration with Bob Marley and the JA connection. Remember *'Stir It Up'*, *'Guava Jelly'*, etc?

His eclectic influences, his perfection fixation, and his superb voice (smoother than the vinyl it's printed on) stood Nash in good stead to do a proverbial S. Wonder and come up with some kind of ethereal *'Talking Book'*. But the likelihood of a definitive Nash opus now seems remoter than ever. While blending seamlessly the schools of soul and reggae, his new album is, above all, a collection of immaculate coffee-table schmeltz.

It presents nine new songs, delivered with that unmistakably Nashian, Totally Tropical ease, all of which are about as memorable as last year's *Skytrain* jingles, and lyrically just as profound.

Other than injecting a widespread dose of smoothie into life's roughage, *'Let's Go Dancing'* offers no more (or less) than 45 faultless minutes of germ-free music aimed at manicured menopausal jetting to their second honeymoon. As such, it is just a question of time before it clogs the upper echelons of the charts, vying alongside the Garfunkels and Streisands of this world for the Plutonium Mogadon Award.

Bee-yutiful Zzzzz.

Rick Joseph



**JOHN
COUGAR**
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RVLP 9





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This character is not a dinosaur. They're on the other pages.

EDDIE COCHRAN The Singles Album (United Artists)

There's one Eddie Cochran album a year, always has been and, by thunder, always will be. The reviews of these rarely differing releases usually wind up as a rose-tinted plug and I find myself unable to break the chain. There's no exits; everybody ought to have this album or one of its versions. No matter how often you've heard these tracks, they refuse to age.

If you slap on Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones, you've got to adjust your dress and period to wallow in it all — providing that's what fits your perversion — but Cochran attacks the creeper, Dr. Marten and tennis shoes alike. He sounds like real business, bounding about like the recording session is a fine way to make wages, but you know that a mile of rope wouldn't keep the man tied down in there for one more second after the session's ended.

I remember, he said putting a hand on his back and resting awhile on his staff, I remember coming home after

one of the best of The Clash's fledgling gigs and, through a combination of elements, feeling totally unable to respond to Mother Nature's call to sleep. Fed up of playing 'White Riot/1977', I needed more! By the time I retired knackered but with chest pounding, the stylus was still knocking onto the Liberty label of the EC Memorial L.P. Two years on from that occasion the importance and power of Cochran fires me sharper than 'most all other rock'n'roll artistes'.

There are a generous 20 tracks herein, plus a free single with versions of songs previously unreleased, etc, and only one or two true dogs (the incredibly yucky 'Three Stars', for sure).

It has been noted that popular music is one of the few things that has actually taken steps backward in the twentieth century. Wrong, of course, but when you consider that the advertising campaign for this latest Eddie Cochran compilation hinges on the works of the latterday 'Sex Pistols', you might begin to wonder.

Eddie Cochran music. So bloody good.

Danny Baker

MARC BENNO Lost In Austin (A & M)

After the abortive Asylum Choir venture with Leon Russell, Benno made a couple of cult albums in the early '70s. I hope they're better than this, his first work since.

Apart from Jim Keltner on drums, the back-up crew on 'Lost In Austin' is the current Clapton band plus Dick Morrissey on sax. Since Clapton and Albert Lee are merely required to vamp along with some dusty shuffles that make 'Lay Down

Sally' seem the ultimate in high-energy, their presence seems somewhat pointless.

Benno trots out a series of scuttlin' bar room scenarios, each more shatteringly uninteresting than the last, and sings them in a listless croak. Keltner's intro to 'Me And A Friend Of Mine' is the liveliest thing here; even Bobby Darin's deliriously silly 'Spish Splash' is transformed into a lament.

There is nothing else remarkable about this album.

Harry George

the **INMATES**
DIRTY WATER
c/w danger zone

first single

ADA 44

WINDOWN

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A World Communications Company

It's 'Be Fair To Rock Dinosaurs' Time



Pic: Penelope Smith

What's this, a good review?



Pic: Barry Plummer

I know, I can't believe it either, Ritchie.

RAINBOW Down To Earth (Polydor)

Time was when Ritchie Blackmore seemed like the perfect hard rock guitar hero. Dressed in black like a demonic gunfighter, Blackmore's moody, aggressive offstage personality was totally reflected in his tough, uncompromising musical approach. A definite macho icon and sinister with it.

In recent years, though, Blackmore's image slipped. To be anything more than a pose, his personal style needed to be accompanied by success, and that began to elude him. Blackmore fans opted to buy old Deep Purple compilations, while Rainbow — never the most stable of bands — went into a seemingly terminal bout of squabbles.

Worst of all, Rainbow stopped headlining in the States, and the multi-million dollar computerised rainbow that dominated the stage act

went into mothballs: a bit too grandiose for a support act.

The big question now is whether this album will help Blackmore regain his former status, and chances are that it will. For one thing, he's got back together with Purple's old bass player Roger Glover. They wrote most of the songs between them and Glover, who's one of the best HM producers, was also at the controls.

First impressions suggest a level of performance by the band that almost on par with Purple's 'Machine Head'. Admittedly Rainbow's new singer Graham Bonnet can't muster a screech in Ian Gillan class or even that of Ronnie Dio, but for sheer vocal power he's a Meatloaf *manque*. Blackmore's also acquired a new keyboard player, a bit of a jazzier called Don Airey who's prevailed upon to dispense with his arty pretensions and come up with a few snappy, mobile solos.

Inevitably, however, it's Blackmore and Glover who

dominate the proceedings and give the album its momentum. Cozy Powell, meanwhile, still comes on like the cannons from the 1812 Overture.

The outstanding track, 'Eyes Of The World', recalls the epics from 'Rainbow Rising', it never surrenders an iota of intensity despite its grandeur: a natural opening number for the new stage act. 'Lost In Hollywood' is a close rival for classic status, with an impressive display from Mr Powell and a fierce barrage from Mr Blackmore himself.

There's lots here to shift the stubbornest head into a banging mode: 'No Time To Lose', 'Love's No Friend' and 'Danger Zone'. The titles and the lyrics are strictly irrelevant. Only the riffs matter a damn, and Blackmore's commitment to his music can be in question no longer.

The heavy metal revival has an authoritative new leader.

Bob Edmonds

MIKE OLDFIELD Exposed (Virgin)

For one of rock's major innovators, Mike Oldfield's reputation has been sadly down-graded of late. During the great punk rock explosion, Oldfield's music naturally represented the precise antithesis of everything the movement stood for.

Long instrumental works have been out of fashion for some time, and 'progressive rock' is virtually a term of abuse. These days, though, all sorts of music is being re-assessed, and what was originally dismissed as worthless is being listened to again.

This double album live set of Oldfield's recent concert tour gives you a cheap opportunity (£4.99 for the first hundred thousand copies) to

gain some understanding of Oldfield's worth. You get versions of his original classic 'Tubular Bells' and last year's less impressive 'Incantations', plus the token disco number 'Guilty', providing in all more than 90 minutes of music.

If anything, the stage version of 'Tubular Bells' is even better than the original. Oldfield is no longer a solitary, introverted hippie, and his own exuberance, allied to massed hordes of equally live musicians, has brought about a remarkable transformation. The new 'Tubular Bells' is bally and jolly where the blueprint was at times inherent and morbid. Oldfield even goes in for jokes about his own masterwork.

'Incantations', however, is not much different to the album, though some of its more tedious passages have

been cut short. Maddy Prior no longer gives the impression, for example, that she's singing the Hiawatha song for three hours non-stop. An hour maybe, but mercifully not three. 'Incantations' has one great virtue in that it serves as a reminder of Oldfield's excellence as a guitarist; his melodic solos are revelations.

This album comes highly recommended as a reference point to illustrate the peak of achievement scaled within rock music before two-chord three minute anthems became obligatory. In 1979, even the most primitive youth club combo is starting to attempt more musically than in the past three years. They could do worse than listen to Oldfield as a model.

Bob Edmonds

IMPORTS

It hurts like hell to report that 'Phil May And The Fallen Angels' (Dutch Philips) is not a particularly good album.

I've always rated May among the great unsung heroes of our time. When he and The Pretty Things finally moved out from the shadows of The Stones to cut 'S. F. Sorrow', the first real rock-opera, I was impressed almost as much as Pete Townshend, who grey-grooved it within a week and then began shaping 'Tommy'. 'Parachute', which followed, had me cheering even louder. And though Rolling Stone agreed, voting it "album of the year", nobody wanted to know.

During the '70s I kept flagwaving and Phil kept moving on the right track, the new Pretties emerging with the fine 'Silk Torpedo' and the slightly less satisfactory 'Savage Eye'. But even with Peter Grant providing the managerial push in 1976 13 years of Pettydom came to an end.

Shoals of 'whatever happened to?' letters later, Phil May formed The Fallen Angels, who virtually came and went before anyone really knew they existed. That they *did* exist is now proven by this lone Dutch album, recorded in Switzerland during 1977 and '78. Produced (by the band) with little flair, it shows that May was still cutting it as a vocalist, though the band — which included Mickey Finn and Bill Lovelady on guitars — had all the hallmarks of a gig-weary second division outfit.

Occasionally they cause the ears to flap a little — Lovelady and May's Dylanesque 'My Good Friend', which comes replete with erratic violin workout by L. Shanker, has its moments, while the closing 'Girl Like You' would have made an ace single for the Pretties of '66. But generally the material is no more than mundane and the fact that the band's publishing company adopted the name of 'Low

Music' might provide some insight on the unfortunate May's state of mind. Sad, so sad.

Frank (bass and vocals) and Eddie Dillard (guitar and vocals), who ply their wares under the name of Uncle Louie, represent TK's answer to the Brothers Johnson. 'Uncle Louie's Here', the duo's debut album for the Marlin label, is a healthy enough straight-down-the-disco-line affair, full of basic riffs and pithy chants, punctuated by Don Menza's puff-cheeked sax solos. Everything is reminiscent of something else, 'Full Tilt Boogie' operates around a rhythmic figure not dissimilar to that utilised on 'Love Hangover', while one of two other cuts reflect a Johnny 'Guitar' Watson influence. And basically, while the general feel is right, the album harbours nothing that is in the least original.

Fred Dollar

IAN HUNTER



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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

London: Ian Dury and The Blockheads



New Barbarians: Knebworth, Saturday

Thursday

Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Crack
Brighton Buccanier: Tokyo Rose
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing
Dark Horse
Colne Union Hotel: Dirty Max
Coventry City Centre: The Bombers
Duckfield Nicopics: The Out
High Wycombe Town Hall: Philip
Rambo
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: The Vye
London Camden Studio Youth Club: The
Wimps
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Bandit
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sta-
Pest/Speedometers
London Deptford Albany Empire: The
Lemmings/Daisy's: Midnight
Runners/Spread The Posters
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Char-
ley Ainley's Misdemeanor
London Hammersmith Odeon: Ian Dury &
The Blockheads
London Hammersmith The Swan: First
Aid
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Vibes
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Kensington The Cricketers:
Lacey's Allstars
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Good Missionaries
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park:
Martin Taylor & The Basics
London Marquess: Invaders
London Soho Pizza Express: Art Van
Demme
London Waterloo The Wellington: Bed-
lands
London WCI New Martin's Cave: Fred-
dy's Feetwarmers
Macclesfield Krumbs: Lee All Lies
Manchester The Factory: Exodus/Roaring
30's
Newtown Rocks Club: The Accelerators
Norwich Boogie House: Zores
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Plymouth Castaways: Bruce Woolley &
The Camera Club
Port Talbot Troubadour: Low Lewis
Reformer
Poynton Folk Centre: Rebecca
Preston The Warehouse: Blues Deluxe
Ramatge Van Gogh: Gilmo
Scarborough The Penthouse: The
Pinnas
Southampton Joiners Arms: Lip Moves
Swansea Nutz Nitepat: Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow

Friday

Basildon Double Six: Dog Watch
Basildon Gloucester Park: Grinder
Birmingham Barbarians: Zones
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

TUESDAY (14): My Fathers Place — David
Johansen, Squat, Sun Ra Arkestra;
Village Vanguard — Kenny Burrell (one
week); St James Theatre — Larry Gatlin
(3 days); Fat Tuesday's — Ron Carter
(two weeks); Max's Kansas City —
Spice, Coolha, Miltia; Hurrah — New
Americans, TV Toy.

WEDNESDAY (15): Club Loreli — Hank
William's Drifting Cowboys (two days);
Max's Kansas City — Wayne County,
The "The", The Richard Graven Group
(three days); Hurrah — John Hyatt,
Freddie Vanders; TR-3 — Judy Nylon
& Pat Place.

THURSDAY (16): Village Gate — Suzi
Quatro (two days); Heat — Big
Spender (two days); Hurrah — Panie
Squad; TR-3 — Peter Gordon.

Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: The
Beats
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The
Treloars
Blackburn King George's Hall: The
Doolleys
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The
Accelerators
Brighton Humber Arms: Woody & The
Spinners, Hollywood Vixens
Cardiff Grass Roots: The Shattered Dolls
Cardiff Top Rank: Radio Luxembourg
Summer Roadshow
Chastar Arts Centre: Semusa
Cleethorpe Burnies: The Bombers
Coventry Byron Bridge: Snowflake
Coventry The Red House: Matchbox
Dudley JB's: The Piranhas
Dundee Bloomers: Scars/Au-Pairs
Exeter Tiffany's: Bruce Woolley & The
Camera Club
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: Just The Job
Goole Station Hotel: Lee All Lies
Guildford Royal Hotel: The Romantics
Hampton Park Lutbridge Arms: Allport
Ilkerton Festival Inn: Strange Days
Kettering Windmill Club: The Bearsbank
Band
Kirkcaldy Birkenhead Hotel: The Vixens
Kirkcaldy Country Club: Writ
Liverpool Erica: Orchestral Manoeuvres
In The Dark
London Acton Kings Head: Pat
London Camden Dingwalls: Roy St John
& The Hustlers/Spliffs
London Camden Music Machine: Eddie &
The Hot Rods
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jel-
lyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Newfish
London Deptford Albany Empire: Mike
Westbrook Band
London Hammersmith Odeon: Ian Dury &
The Blockheads
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle:
Bombshell
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Roy
London Kensington Nashville: Sore
Throat/Phil Neil
London Kensington Old Swan: Zick
London Northolt Grove Tavern: The Out-
siders/Sellers Pils
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig &
Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Soho Pizza Express: Art Van
Demme
London Southbank National Theatre Ter-
race: Mike Westbrook Brass Band
London Speshell The Plough: Ken Hy-
att's Talker
London Victoria The Venue: Commander
Cody (3 days)
Manchester Mayflower: The Spectre/Pri-
vate Sector
Manchester The Factory: Slaughter & The
Dogs/Victim
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Sweet
Sensation
Norwich Boogie House: Invaders
Norwich Cromwell: Central Line
Norwich White's: Running Dogs
Polgoth Fayre: Kevin Coyne/Robin Wk-
nason/Five Hand Reel (3 days)
Ramatge Van Gogh: Gilmo
Reading Target Club: Between Pictures
Scarborough Penthouse: Secret Affair
Scarborough The Penthouse: Starlets

SATURDAY (17): My Fathers Place —
Shirley Bassey, Laughing Dogs; Village Gate —
Larry Coryell (two days); Max's Kansas
City — The Mad, The Comets; Silver
Dollar — John Cale; Hurrah —
Neighbourhoods, Jah Meets Zappes —
Miki Zoro's Zoo.

SUNDAY (18): My Father's Place — Blood
Sweet & Tears; Max's Kansas City —
Peter Gordon, Seiberts; TR-3 — Come
On.

Southampton Holbury Old Mill: Nol-
wood Wine
Stroud Subscription Rooms: Low Lewis
Band
Truro Punchbowl & Lad: Lip Service
West Runton Pavilion: The Bombers

Saturday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Reno
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club:
Ocean Boulevard
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School
Buses
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Return Ticket
Blackpool Lion Bar: Miami Beach
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Zones
Brighton Cane Skate Park: Hollywood
Vixens
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: Sneak Preview
Bristol Turntable Club: Pressure Shocks
Bromley William Morris Hall — Strange
Days
Burslem Island The Padlocks: Heathcliffe
Cordell Grassroots Club: The Bears
Carnation St Helier Arms: Johnny & The
Roccos
Chesham Whitcombe Lodge: The Buz-
zards/RPM
Cleethorpe Burnies: The Bombers
Colwyn Bay Dividend — The Bombers
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Tribesmen
Dakota Ironmills Park: Force & Dele
V/A/A/R/Red Letters/Switch/The
Fosses
Dorchester The Tavern: The Shattered
Dolls
Dudley JB's Club: Writ
Exeter Tiffany's: Bruce Woolley & The
Camera Club
Gloucester Snobs Disco: Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow
Helix Good Mood Club: Low Lewis
Band
Hendon Football Club: Skin Deep
Knebworth Festival: Led Zeppelin/New
Barbarians/Southside Johnny/Todd
Rundgren
Knotford Shaw Heath Social Club:
American Echoes
Leeds Haddon Hall: Dirty Max
Liverpool Erica: Joy Division/Swell Maps
Liverpool Metro: Eric Bell Band, Mistress
Liverpool The Metro: Carol Grimes Band
London Camden Dingwalls: West-
wind/Fraser Nash
London Camden Music Machine: Eddie &
The Hot Rods
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Young Ones/The Bodettes
London Fulham Greyhound: The Teen-
beats
London Hammersmith Odeon: Ian Dury &
The Blockheads
London Hammersmith The Swan: The
VIP's
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Physicks
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Ruts
London NTS Caxton House: B&B Brass
Band
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy
Kerouac
London Southbank National Theatre Ter-
race: Mike Westbrook Brass Band
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The
OK Band
London Victoria The Venue: Commander
Cody
London Wardour Street Marquee:
Piranhas
London Waterloo The Wellington: Squire
London W10 Maxilla Club: Madnke
Malden Jubilee Hall: The Accidents/The
Moods/The Vixens/The Door & The
Windows
Manchester Ratters: Central Line
Manchester The Factory: Slaughter & The
Dogs
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Sweet
Sensation
Oxford Corn Dolly: Dog Watch
Polgoth Polgoth Inn: Lip Service
Portland Football Ground: Thelma Like
Us
Rugby Only Park: Strange Days
Sheffield Weston Park: Rocket /
Avalanche / Traitor's Gate / Allie /
Lords
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: The
Stroud
Stroud Subscription Rooms: Black Slate
Stroud Subscription Rooms: Low Lewis
Reformer
Wishaw Crown Hotel: The Peets (un-
chimed)
Woking Central Hall: T.C.O.J.
Worcester Martley Village Hall: Matchbox

Sunday

Birmingham Barbarians: Central Line
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: Kila
Birmingham Kings Country Club: The
Doolleys (week from Sunday)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prime Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Tracks/The Lym (Lundrime)
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Band And Angel Underground
(evening)
Brighton Buccanier: Fan Club
Bromley The Northover: Bill Scott & Ish
Ellis (unchimed)
Chorley Joiners Arms: The Alwoodley
Sets
Dorchester Thorn Whiteheart: Invaders
Douglas Isle Of Man Palace Lido: Chas &
Dave
Dumfries Stagecoach: Low Lewis
Reformer
Farmcombe (3 Lions) Scratchers: Panther
Grassland Prince Of Wales: Reddies
Huddersfield Albion Hotel: The
Accelerators
Mord The Cranbrook: Bugged On Robbery

Kenton Travellers Rest: American Echoes
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Zones
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leeds Stepping Post: The Distillers
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Camden Dingwalls: The Blues
Band
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Reno Down Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckin-
gham: The Invisibles (for 4 days)
London Clapham 101 Club: The Small
Hours
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Passengers/Ken & Betty
London Deptford Albany Empire: Chatter
London Finchley Torrington: Noel
McCalla & Friends
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Gor-
don & The Sals
London Hammersmith Odeon: Ian Dury &
The Blockheads
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Wall
London Kensington Nashville: The Ruts
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Emel
Dixon Band
London Paddington Q Club: The Bombers
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
(unchimed)
London Strand Lyceum: Squeaks
London Victoria The Venue: Commander
Cody
London Waterloo The Wellington: Ste-
Prost
London W11 Portman Hotel: Ted Easton
(unchimed)
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial
Hotel: Units
New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Zick
Newcastle Red Lion: Hot Sax
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Poynton Folk Centre: Theodians
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse (unchimed)
Walsley Dale Inn: Headquarters

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Brighton Buccanier: Lip Moves
Edinburgh Tiffany's: Low Lewis Reformer
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Liverpool Moonstone: Anniversary
Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
London Barmodey Apples & Pears:
Stan's Blues Band
London Camden Brickwork: Oxy & The
Morons
London Camden Dingwalls: Addition
Night with — Berlin / Models / Ray
Morgan Quartet
London Clapham 101 Club: The VIPs
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
Blues Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Physicks
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Odds
London Kensington The Nashville: Or-
chestral Manoeuvres In The Dark / Joy
Division / A Certain Ratio
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park:
Harry Winton
London N4 The Stapleton: The OK Band

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: Low Lewis Reformer
Ashton-under-Lyme Birch Hotel: Miami
Beast
Birmingham Fighting Cock: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Birmingham Thursdays Disco: Freddie &
The Dreamers
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Newtown Neurotics
Brighton Hungry Years: The Tinsels
Edinburgh Aquarius: Scars / Flowers
London Camden Dingwalls: The Piranhas
London Camden Music Machine: The
Pretty British
London Clapham Two Brewers: First Aid
London Finsbury Park Shades: The VIP's /
Squire
London Fulham New Golden Lion: The
Blues Band
London Ilford Odeon: Ian Dury & The
Blockheads
London Jermyn Street Maunkberry's:
Dana Gillespie For 3 days
London Kensington Nashville: Interview /
Original Mirrors / The Cleaners
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett:
Stan's Blues Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Fred Hunt
Trio, For 5 days
Manchester Placemate: The Bombers
Newcastle Red House: Roxoff
Newcastle The Coopers: The Vye
Oxford Corn Dolly: The Romantics
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow
Sheffield The Marples: Xero
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Invaders
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rammaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Rose
Cannock Forum: Razblers
Cardiff St. Helier Arms: C.S.A.
Chesham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Leeds Vix Wine Bar: Any Trouble
London Camden Dingwalls: Reggae
Night with Pressure Shocks
London Camden Dublin Castle: The Teen-
beats
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Madness/The Rude Boys
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Trimmer &
Jenkins
London Fulham New Golden Lion: Charlie
Bravo
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Invaders
London Islington Pied Bull: Lasterz/Ken
& Betty
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free
Beer
London N4 The Stapleton: Tennis Shoes
London Peckham Cryptic One Club:
The Wimps
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon



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London Putney Half Moon: Van Garbutt
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
Manchester Bend on the Wall: Miami
Beast
Manchester Golden Gate: The Rockin'
Barflies, For 2 weeks
Manchester Swan Street Band on the
Wall: Miami Beach
Newcastle Goetford Hotel: Noise Toys /
Arthur 2 Strakes / Builders / Scared
Bears
Newport Stowaway: Central Line
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalth
Oxford Corn Dolly: Thelma Like Us
Petersfield Rogate White Horse: Last
Orders
Plymouth Castaways: The Bombers
Reading Cherry & Wine Bar: The Neutrons

London Putney Star & Garter: Dave Sim-
monds & Greig's Folk & Blues
Showcase
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club:
Sabrejets
London Woolwich Tramshed: Dog Watch
London W11 Adlam Hall: Good Mis-
sionaries, Blank Space, Dick Healy,
Zounds, The Sellouts, Good for
Nuffins
Newport Stowaway: Writ
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwalth
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Reading Target Club: Void
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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SEE PAGE 23

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Sunday 12th
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Monday 13th
SPARE PARTS
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Tuesday 14th
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+ Chaiet
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dog watch

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Thursday September 6th
Friday September 7th
Saturday September 8th
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Saturday August 11th
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Wednesday August 15th
Thursday August 16th

Friday August 17th (2 shows)
Saturday August 18th
(2 shows)
Sunday August 19th

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ESSEX

Saturday August 11th
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Approach Road, NEW BARNET
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ZILCH
Sunday August 12th
DESTROYER
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Empire Pool,
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THE VALVES
Friday August 10th
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THE PHYSICALS
Sunday August 12th
THE WALL

Monday August 13th
THE DEFENDANTS
Tuesday August 14th
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MARCH OF THE MODS 1979

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August 25 Dudley — J.B.'s
August 26 London — Lyceum
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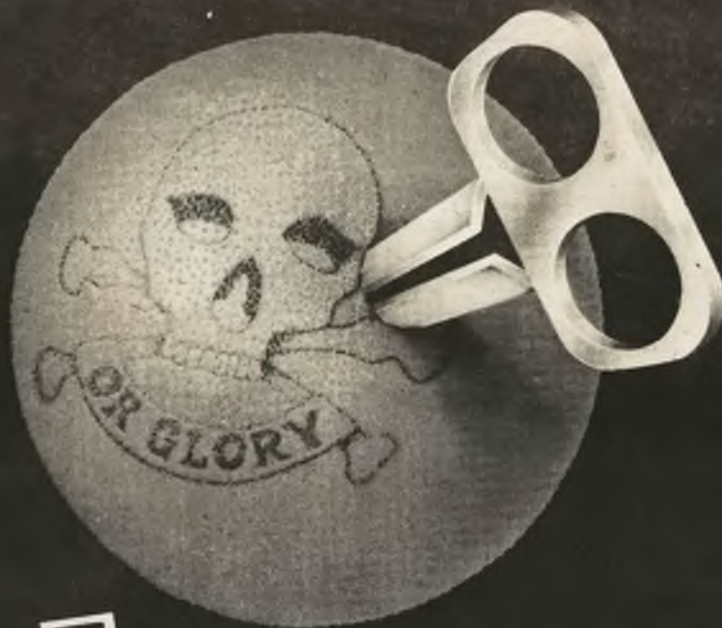
Album
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TEENAGE WARNING

ANGELIC UPSTARTS



TEENAGE WARNING



SILVER SCREEN



Martin Sheen keeps out a wary eye as Trapper Pike in Eagle's Wing.

No flying tonight

Eagle's Wing

Directed by Anthony Harvey
Starring Martin Sheen, Sam Waterston, Stephano Audran and Harvey Keitel (Rank)

John Wayne wouldn't have liked it, but you might. *Eagle's Wing* is the latest in a short but steady stream of films to try to untangle some reality from all the fantasy that's wrapped itself around the way the American West was won. Made under gruelling conditions in Durango, Mexico, by Anthony Lian in *Winter Harvest* — a New York-based Briton whose schlocky *Players* (made after *Wing*, but released before) differs from this as much as sun from moon — *Eagle's Wing* isn't really a Western at all and has much more in common with movies like Robert Altman's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, Arthur Penn's *The Mission*, *Breakers* and Alan J. Pakula's *Comes A Horseman*. In fact, like Pakula's recent epic, it's a long and lyrical, romantic but not too rosy, and will probably plough a solitary furrow straight to oblivion given Hollywood's (and the 'new' cinema public's) current staple diet of end demand for comic-strip SF and special effects. Don't let it happen.

As the film's opening, and only, chunk of narration makes plain, the horse was vital to anyone's health, wealth and efficiency in the period (the 1840s) we're concerned with here. The *Eagle's Wing* of the title is actually a magnificent white stallion, the sort of horse that any man worth his water takes

one eyelid of and must possess.

Wing is initially the property of a Comanche chieftain, but spends most of the movie being fought over by White Bull, a Kiowa dog soldier (Sam Waterston) and Pike, a trapper (Martin Sheen).

The contrast between these two protagonists is nicely drawn. White Bull is a tall, gaunt, rather quizzical character who speaks rarely a word throughout, whilst Pike is a dumpy, garrulous bullshitter who mumbles and sings to himself all the time. But both men are renegades, the Indian on the run from his failure to make the tribal grade and Pike from a life of petty crime back east. The stallion soon becomes the centrepiece of their lives, much more than an obsession and only slightly less than a complete expression of who, what and why they are at all.

The prolonged duel ups and downs across the valleys and mountains; the immense, forbidding and unforgiving landscape is astonishingly depicted by cameraman Billy Williams, its wild, unpredictable moods and spaces a metaphysical backdrop for White Bull and Pike's unsettled business. Stock Western motifs — the ambush, the stagecoach hold-up, the woman, the lool, the Mexicans — are all threaded ingeniously around and about the central storyline, but obliquely, differently. They're just false trails — like the one laid down by White Bull himself through the second half of the film — and really only go to show how singleminded Bull and Pike are in their pursuit of

heaven and a horse on earth. The world turns, but they turn away.

All the same, there are some substantial little supportive cameos. Stephano Audran plays it handsomely cool and collected as a Spanish lady whose coach is set upon by Kiowas; Harvey Keitel is typically intense and uptight as Pike's fellow trapper; John Castle smooths all before him as a raffish Irish priest and Jorge Russek sweats unpleasantly as a murderous Mexican.

More generally, *Eagle's Wing* balances moods and moments very well. A scene in a Comanche burial ground when day's fast fading and the entire sky seems to be dancing with demons chills to the marrowbone, whereas Pike's breaking in of *Wing* is welcome light relief. Interest is sustained throughout, attention to period detail is remarkable and you're constantly forced to reassess how you feel about both White Bull and Pike, both men eventually earn your respect, but not necessarily for obvious reasons.

Altogether, a powerful, conscientious, unselfconscious movie. "The West, the way it really was before the myths were born," claims the blurb. Well now, Mr. Copywriter, I'm not so sure about that; the American Indians surely had plenty of myths of their own long before the white man was even a speck or a ship on the horizon. This quibble aside, the blurb's boast isn't an idle one.

See *Eagle's Wing*, and let some spirit move you.
August MacKinnon

Doctor Zhivago

Directed by David Lean
Starring Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Alec Guinness and Rod Steiger.
(CIC)

What! You mean you haven't seen 'The film that was destined to return', the all-time block buster', tear-jarkin' potboiler classic guaranteed to soak every hankie in the house! Shame on you, heartless infidel.

Redeem yourself immediately or thrill once again to David Lean's 14-year old adaptation of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, a 1958 bestseller famous for a plot containing more twists and turns than a Ukrainian barndance.

Yuri Andreievich Zhivago (played by Omar Sharif with unbearably watery eyes) is a sort of hyper-sensitive, poetry scribbling Marcus Welby Jr. who falls hopelessly in love with the 'tender and passionate' Lara (Julie Christie).

Alas, it is not to be. Lara is

already in the heady clutches of chief antagonist Komarovskiy (the lasciviously vile Rod Steiger — boo hiss!) who does everything but twiddle the ends of his moustache while ravishing the beautiful 17-year old. Incidentally, there's much veiled bedwarming for an 'A' certificate.

The plot thickens as Lara tries to assassinate the bourgeois Komarovskiy most bathetically. Soon enough, the 1917 Revolution rudely interrupts and the revolting peasants (sic) take to the streets. Zhivago goes off to war as does Lara's dotting comrade and gung-ho Bolshevik Pasha (Tom Courtenay) who, in his hour of need, reaches out and finds her helping breast. They marry and are immediately parted, Pasha presumably swapping his innards for a shrapnel sandwich and losing a very nice pair of John Lennon steel-frame specs in the virgin snow.

With me so far? Good, there's still two hours to go.

The story progresses into the war-torn Russian wilderness and threatens to

vanish into the vast snowy sets altogether, but no, traumas abound as Red guerrillas kidnap Zhivago from his expectant wife and old-timer uncle (delightfully portrayed by Ralph Richardson as a refugee from *The Cherry Orchard*).

Technically, Freddie Young's cinematography is stunning. Many scenes were still vividly etched upon my memory from a previous viewing first time around. For a three and a quarter hour film, it is remarkably engrossing and virtually un-dated although the War is rather briefly glossed over — as is Zhivago's 'wondrous' poetry, which we never hear. Also, expect a fair amount of platitudinous dialogue and some laughably overstated heavy symbolism (blood on the snow as a prelude to the Revolution following embryonic clashes between workers and Czarist police and Lara's simultaneous deflowering by Komarovskiy!).

Borscht, tears and a huge helping of ham it is — and that's damn good value for money these days.

Elissa Von Poznek

People who know the meaning of
"The China Syndrome" are scared...

...soon you will know.

HE HAS THE FACTS
...BUT NO ONE WILL
BELIEVE HIM.



JACK
LEMMON

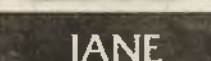
BEST ACTOR
CANNES FILM FESTIVAL 1979

HE HAS THE COURAGE
...BUT NO ONE WILL
LISTEN.



MICHAEL
DOUGLAS

SHE HAS THE POWER
TO TELL US... BUT NO
ONE WILL LET HER.



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the
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"Knebworth will fade away because of the stupefying complacency of it all."



Ghosts Of Progressive Rock Past

Words: Paul Morley

Pix: Pennie Smith

Events like Knebworth, the promoter Freddie Bannister had wanly predicted in Saturday's *Guardian*, cannot continue for much longer. The reasons for the inevitable decline and ultimate disappearance of such mammoth holiday exhibitions are ones of economics, practicality and, as far as we're concerned, most significantly, culture.

There has been — and this anachronism and polite gathering confirmed it — a dramatic dislocation in the scope and appeal of rock music. A series of developments and separations so that the rock'n'roll of Knebworth is so far removed from the rock'n'roll of, say, the four day Final Solution exploration as to be as different as two languages. The links are acutely tenuous.

In a way Knebworth is a glory sign of the importance and hugeness of rock'n'roll. How can over 140,000 people collecting from literally all over the world be dismissed?

Yet in other ways it is a sorry sign of the impotence of rock'n'roll when it becomes so gargantuan, a frightening hint of how rock'n'roll in the past moved through the process of celebration and could have, without the regenerating might of punk, sunk in a lazy wash of self-regulating, self-perpetuating, self-congratulation.

The sixth Annual Knebworth Park Festival was

like a ghost of those simpler, smoother progressive rock days, ironically saved only by the nervous energy and genuine amazed-to-be-there vitality of the accepted Holy Ghosts themselves, Led Zeppelin.

Events like Knebworth will fade away not due to lack of interest (there are more than enough people who will never accept the limitations and cramped pretensions of the progressive rock mutants), but because of the stupefying complacency and inevitability of it all.

And yet the only moments that connected the rock'n'roll of Knebworth with the rock'n'roll of Final Solution, or the rock'n'roll of The Undertones playing The Marquee that night (and things like liberation and outrage, abandon and passion) were during those periods when Led Zeppelin kept within the narrow range of their true expertise and played some of the most exhilarating music that I've heard this year. Such moments seemed out of place.

The implications of Knebworth are an indication of the stagnation of one level of rock and the amount of people absolutely unwilling to damn old traditions.

Led Zeppelin are a symbol of this and probably deserve that position.

At times they did play rock'n'roll as immense and intense as it's possible to get considering the necessary limitations the group occasionally impose upon themselves. But when they

lost that discipline and pretended they could be profound and subtle, they were tedious: a true progressive rock group. And the reason progressive rock declined so decisively was because of the musicians' appalling smugness and dogmatism, their careless determination that they could stretch into areas where their experience and understanding were minimal. Zeppelin were no exception.

But they are one of the few groups of that era and that school of thought who can make some sort of sense in the contemporary scheme of things. Perhaps out of curiosity or desperation, they did blend their base heavy rock with all sorts of vague strains and they also attempted to push out the borders of heavy metal by exploring the possibilities of repetition and structure.

When Led Zeppelin play rock'n'roll — and 'Trampled Underfoot' is a classic example — I can begin to understand why people call them the greatest. But I can't agree with that statement because when the group lose the discipline, when they indulge themselves, when they naively romanticise and sentimentalise, they are infuriating.

Never have I heard a group so magnificent and so appalling within the space of one set.

During John Paul Jones' flat and uneventful piano part in 'No Quarter', it was sad that they could get away with ineffectual drivel. And yet only the rock'n'roll of Joy Division, Public Image, The Clash and The Raincoats has moved me as much this year as their tumultuous, crushingly compressed version of

'Trampled Underfoot'.

Bringing in such names as The Raincoats is a good way of attempting to put things into perspective, and of defining the distinctions contained in 'the dislocation'.

Led Zeppelin are held in reverential awe even by those who openly despise them. This is ridiculous. It means that the new music, dismissed by the progressive music community as trivial and transient, is not mentioned in the same breath as the group. The thought that Led Zeppelin are 'above' the new music is poisonous, but established.

One of the major benefits of Zeppelin playing Knebworth is that even in their comparative triumph they shelter such illusions. They reduced themselves. It need not be avoided any more, nor is it particularly detrimental, to say that the majority of the masterfully produced but erratic and naive music the group recorded has been surpassed many times over by young groups thrown up by punk.

It is the phenomenon of Zeppelin that should be held in awe, hardly the music. But, equally, it is the myth and misfortune that should be despised and pitied, not the music.

Led Zeppelin have made great rock'n'roll. They can fit into what rock'n'roll is now as well as the Stones or The Who — and you can take that whatever way you want. Certainly they don't deserve to be bracketed anywhere near Judas Priest, Van Halen, Kiss or Rainbow.

I'm considering them in a contemporary perspective, finding them not awkward or flatulent at all but in lots of ways exciting. In fact, I'm saying Zeppelin deserve some

respect.

Surely the struggle, wearily overcoming the pressures and problems of the last few years, should be admired not snorted at? Are we so intolerant of groups facing up to the unknown obstacles, the loss of ambition, the pressures of misplaced idolatry, the expectations, the ageing process?

They come back faced with ridiculously unfair complications, and all we can say is: What took you so long?

There is no reason why Zeppelin should ever speak again; no one has any right to demand activity. One of the bravest moves of the year must be Zeppelin performing when the blanket of suspicion, cynicism and indeed *hate* must have been suffocating.

Even so they and their fans have to acknowledge that everything has changed. Zeppelin music is not invincible. It is full of the artificiality and unfortunate magniloquence of the typical progressive rock music; and that means that more often than not it's less than vital.

But they did come back, like something dragged out of another time, and for them to have any impact and effect in the contemporary flow they're going to have to get their bearings quickly and change around a lot. They will surely want to do something more elegant than become the vulgar episodic '80s equivalent of revivalists like Chuck Berry.

Zeppelin at Knebworth could be evaluated in a number of ways: in the context of a development; as

part of everything around them; and in terms of potential.

Only in the latter did they let themselves down. There was no suggestion that there has been or is to be a radical redefinition of the scope and shape of their music. They are not about to make major alterations to their established equivocal, ornamental heavy rock. But, who, seriously is looking for any rejuvenation, and who would know what to do with it?

On the day, as far as everything else goes, it would be needlessly cruel not to praise the Zeppelin. For these hours alone they were much more than a stabilised anachronism. They did more than enough not to embarrass themselves. At times they were playing rock'n'roll of such stinging insistence and convulsive perseverance it wouldn't have mattered how old or processed it was. There was little else they needed to do or could have done.

Before Led Zeppelin made incidental rock'n'roll history, the hours dragged, the sun shone on for ever and the batteries seemed to be fading in the radio. This was a day out and not my kind of rock'n'roll.

I cannot see how the Commander Cody can be assessed on any long term basis. Within the uninspiring terms of Knebworth, this busy, casual boogie-billy was not especially annoying, although I had trouble avoiding the pathetic pointlessness of it.

For a start, it seemed absurd for such a neutral pubby rock



Commander Bullfrog.

group to fly all this way to jump about, fall over, growl, and keep saying "I am here to say, is there anybody out there into rockabilly?" and receive occasional ripples of grudging applause. But this is a progressive rock festival. It's no use looking for reason or sense.

Fairport Convention opened up. I missed them, but then I refuse to believe I actually saw Chas And Dave. This bearded, blue-suited, brutish trio followed Commander Cody with more unattached, unassuming pub rock, and if it wasn't for Todd Rundgren would have been the biggest joke of the day.

What these people need is intimacy, booze, smokey atmospheres, incessant chatter, and not the wide open spaces of the Hertfordshire countryside.

Southside Johnny And The Asbury Dukes were also desperately in need of closeness and looseness. But, on the day, in the bright vacuum, Southside Johnny was respectably appreciated.

So it's also not fair to say that Todd Rundgren is as moribund and lost as the pale, obvious set he and Utopia rummaged through. The elastic banana man seemed

intent on announcing to the world how far removed he is from everything except insisting that the line on the Todd genius graph plummets downwards.

Todd and Utopia concentrated hard on playing meek, spent rock'n'roll show music, where all the leer, grotesqueness and mock fantasia of discarded Todds seemed masochistically sucked out to leave nothing but a deflated, business-like parody of the silliest pyramid music.

Todd, though, has reached a stage where he's quite satisfied to understand that sections of the huge audience want to boogie and make crazy allusions to Woodstock. He was a hit.

Hands were clapping, people were standing, and to see so many people clapping together is an impressive sight. Outside of the Knebworth terms, Todd Rundgren And Utopia just didn't exist.

Led Zeppelin then made the Knebworth hollowness into something that, if pushed, I would call An Occasion without being embarrassed. Of course, by the time they appeared, it was dark and the

atmosphere was not one of impending doom.

Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, John Paul Jones and John Bonham enjoyed themselves and showed it. This is probably the one reason they've returned. They played erratically and delightfully for over three hours. What was most noticeable was the relative brand new economy, the nervousness and the unexpected edgy spontaneity.

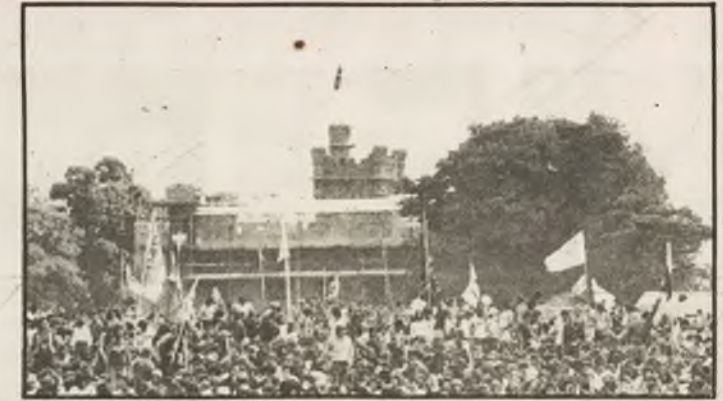
There were less extended solo passages of limp, presumptuous sluggishness. Page managed to keep his legendary but insubstantial guitar extroversion comparatively restrained. There was very little barren jamming. As Plant was introducing songs there was a definite shake in his voice, even though a lot of his set pieces were word-for-word the same as in Copenhagen.

At the start he seemed quite choked.

"It's got to be better than Earls Court," he rhetorically declared at one point, trying to be chummy.

Introducing 'Nobody's Fault But Mine' he hinted at the extent of their paranoia.

"Here's a track that Charles Shaar Murray really liked..." "How's everything?" he'd



A medieval rock'n'roll event.

ask when lost for words, and a couple of times he arrogantly attempted to apologise for the repeated delays of the new LP.

Jimmy Page just kept grinning and sweating and dropping into the intent poses that prompted a thousand imitators.

It all ended as everybody present must have hoped it would. The final five pieces — the classics of the Zeppelin myth — typified the extremity of the overall performance.

'Kashmir' was meticulous and banal; 'Stairway To Heaven' faithful and delicate. During these two pieces I drifted into uneasy half-sleep, thus, as everybody was telling me, missing the laser effects that did wonderful things around Page's body — although I heard in the distance the stunned gasps that greeted the sight.

People set fire to newspapers, tents, wood and themselves to bring Zeppelin back for encores:

'Rock'n'Roll', 'Whole Lotta Love' and 'Heartbreaker'. During this section Led Zeppelin were the stuff of good memories. I did my Johnny Lydon dance, much to the bemusement of the people around my corner who

kept asking me why I'd bothered to come.

Led Zeppelin didn't do enough to live up to their distorted legend, but that was surely not what it was about.

They didn't do anything that proved the last three years have been a waste of time. Within their own definition they did nothing that was unusual.

What they did do was prove that they're a clever, conceited, old-fashioned rock'n'roll group who still have drastic lapses in taste and discipline; that they're not heroes; that they are survivors; that they have a lot to do to surpass their own past work, and much more if they're to be properly innovative and speculative.

Because of their naivety and stubbornness, I do think they deserve real respect. Not the empty, clinging respect of their obsessive fans, but considered respect that having been essentially unwitting victims of rock'n'roll's ugly drift into ill-fitting big business, having become so unbelievably massive not due to any consistent magnificence but because of the way rock'n'roll developed — inwardly inverted — they have tried to

ignore it all and play some rock'n'roll. And what's more deplorable and sad? What's happened to the Pistols, even Pursey, or what's happened to Zeppelin?

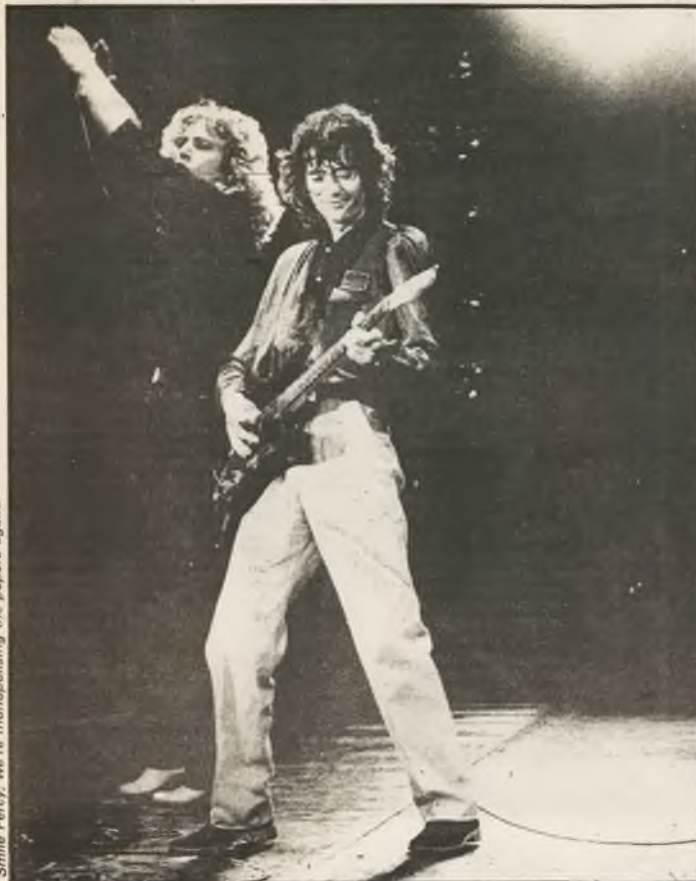
Rock'n'roll is still so young, and groups like Zeppelin faced new, unknown problems of growth, fame, compromise and creativity. Who can tell whether the way Zeppelin reacted was the only way possible or truly disgusting?

No one will ever be so big and trapped again, not because rock'n'roll is declining, but because the food is being spread. I respect what Led Zeppelin did, and although I may eventually lose that respect, right now I'm on their side.

After all, they're just four confused, naive craftsmen who got themselves tangled in the ridiculous paradoxes through little fault of their own: idiots more than Gods.

Led Zeppelin at Knebworth were A Triumph. I didn't expect or demand anything from them. I don't need them. I don't care whether they go away for another bunch of years.

But over 140,000 people can't be wrong. And neither can I.



Smile Percy, we're monopolising the papers again.



"When Zeppelin play rock'n'roll I can see why people call them the greatest."

Welcome to the wonderful atrocity exhibition

Essential Logic Joy Division Teardrop Explodes Echo And The Bunnymen

Prince Of Wales Conference Centre

Fart Squeak Fizzle Bleep!
Contrary to a good deal of popular mythology, those were just about the only sounds *not* made by any of the bands on a challenging bill put together by independent London gig promoters, Final Solution.

That there are still enough people around dismissing most of the so-called avant-garde activists so glibly is a savage indictment of the numbing predictability of most of the criticisms such bands have been getting of late.

And — particularly in the cases of the groups assembled here — that is just so wide of the mark it's unbelievable.

All four are alive and breathing; pushing tentatively forward in vastly different directions. They are unorthodox but only rarely inaccessible.

First up were the two from Zoo — Echo And The Bunnymen and The Teardrop Explodes; both share the distinction of having released two of this year's best singles with 'Pictures On My Wall' and 'Bouncing Babies' respectively.

Echo And The Bunnymen are three Liverpudlians and a hypnotic drum machine. Playing only their tenth gig (and their first in London) they are understandably unsure of themselves onstage but still impressive.

Singer Ian McCulloch, who displays a tartan shirt and a shaggy quiff, strums a semi-acoustic guitar in the centre of the stage. Flanking him are bassist Les Pattinson and lead guitarist Will Sergeant, who spends most of the set buried beneath a pair of headphones operating the drum-machine.

Their electric folk songs are hauntingly atmospheric with the Velvet Underground and Bowie lurking ominously in the background. They are doomy without ever being depressing apart from on the last song but one, 'Happy Death Man', where they begin to ramble on erratically.

The Bunnymen are at their best when not being deliberately enigmatic.

Teardrop Explodes are probably more my sort of band.

Coming on after the Bunnymen, they immediately slip into more accessible pop/rock vein. The songs are choppy and chunky, the rhythm section brittle and funky. But with titles like 'Sleeping Gas', 'Ha, Ha, I'm Drowning', 'Went Crazy', and 'Second Hand', the songs suggest something more sinister and disorientating underneath.

Introducing a cover of the Bunnymen's 'Read It In Books', singer Julian Cope — an unruly mop of wavy light

brown hair in an open-neck shirt — jibes good-naturedly that their version of the song is "fab and better". I'm inclined to agree, but only just.

If I had a flair for understatement, I could say that Joy Division were good too. The truth is they were phenomenal — the most *physical* hard rock group I've seen since Gang Of Four.

This Manchester band have been allowed to grow at their own pace, uncramped by commercial pressures. The result is they've created a totally distinctive, cohesive sound over the last two years.

They recall the sombre power of Magazine and the tribal rhythms of The Pop Group, but take everything a stage further.

Each member is equally important. Drummer Steve Morris is undoubtedly the best 'thumper' since the sadly exiled Palmolive of Slits/Reincoats fame. His style is also remarkable for the combination of ordinary drums and electronic percussion and synths, particularly devastating on 'She's Lost Control' and the 'Insight' encore.

Peter Hook swerves and dips on bass like a more menacing Paul Simonon, while guitarist Bernard Dickens remains sternly still beside Ian Curtis who sings and growls as he grimly jerks like a puppet on invisible strings.

Their set is paced perfectly, combining the already recorded material with newer songs like 'Dead Souls', 'Autosuggestion', 'Transmission' and 'Atrocity Exhibition' in roughly equal measures.

They have the spirit and the feeling.

The unknown pleasures of Joy Division are destined to be brought into the open now. Essential Logic's luck was sadly out tonight.

Not only had they the thankless task of having to follow Joy Division, but they were also appeared so late that the majority of the crowd were already drifting off to catch the last buses home.

It is hardly surprising that their set was sorely lack-lustre. I still think Lora is imaginative and talented and writes charming, quirky songs, but the internal chemistry of the Logic line-up (with the possible exception of second saxist Dave Flash) seems to be wrong.

Still, with the Virgin connection now severed after just one single, and an album on their own Logic label in the making, they have plenty of time to get their sums rights.

Adrian Thrills

The Tiller Boys prag VEC Ludus Clock DVA

Prince Of Wales Conference Centre

Silence and darkness. Up on the stage there's someone under a white shroud. And that's it, that's all that happens. "You're not provin' nothin'" sneers A Member Of The Public.

But suddenly, a flickering



projector throws some scrambled images; a tape emits these horrible snatches of bleak electronic noises. A hooded rapist type figure, all in black, emerges to attack the shrouded one, now revealed

as a girl. They disappear. The tape drones on like a nightmare. Finally, all is silence and sour confusion. All in all it's an unusual 'warm-up' act, but probably

cheaper than hiring a juggler. And it also serves the purposes of Clock DVA very well — eliminating complacency, creating uncertainty or curiosity with an undercurrent of hostility.

They are a very weird group. There are five of them — they use a guitar and drums, a bass, a synthesizer and the singer's scratchy violin — and they come in a variety of clothing styles to suit every taste. Clock DVA's music is fast and very echoey, sounding compressed and determined.

Clock DVA, while strange and exciting, looked fierce in a nervy kind of way — although they couldn't help smiling when they found themselves asked for an encore.

The next band, Ludus, are a bit peculiar too. "Self-indulgent bullshit!" declared another Member Of The Public. And although he could be right, that's really no problem as it's a self-indulgence others can share with pleasure. The very best music usually is.

Through four or five long pieces, Ludus delighted with their extravagantly patterned music woven in to a sinuous stretched-out sound. Bass, guitar and drums meandered unpredictably; singer Linder tripped about them, intense but easy. A graceful band, no longer just 'with potential'; I'd imagine they're at their best now.

A fair amount about prag VEC has already appeared in these pages lately, so suffice to say they proved worthy of the acts preceding, though never as evidently certain of themselves. Laughs aplenty, however, as John Studholme entered, said "Elo" and watched his guitar fall off to a resounding KERRANG!

And on top of that, joining them toward the end of a typically twisty absorbing set was a young saxophonist answering to the name Ian Penman (though not to several others offered from the back of the hall).

Last and, frankly, least came The Tiller Boys — actually only one boy plus his guitar and tape machines.

He never looked up, just plugged in and stood there making noises. Interesting to start with but, after 20 uninterrupted minutes of it, I wasn't too upset to see that last-train time had come around once again.

Paul Du Noyer

Throbbing Gristle Cabaret Voltaire

Prince Of Wales Conference Centre

Seeing only half of Cabaret Voltaire's set through an administrative error was the least of my worries. I missed Rema Rema altogether so I touch my toes in apology.

Despite the shallowness of their singles, the Cab Vols are in the process of growth and they're picking up cogency and depth. Like the essential Joy Division they've stuck to their course, experimented, re-evaluated and by insuring their development they've ensured it. That they've frequently fallen flat on their faces is a crucial part of that process.

They're intense: musicians swim under minimal lighting and their ever-changing slide backdrop detracts the eye from human involvement. The accent, strenuously pulled away from Cabaret Voltaire as people, falls squarely on their music... and that almost transcends into dense mantras. There is a definite feeling that the listener is somehow an intruder.

There's mystery here, the crackle of a gutted jungle and solitary animal rumblings. The inevitable impact is disorientation.

Cabaret Voltaire create an electrical snowstorm from which they loose tack too quickly; they are suffocatingly concrete and their musical asparagmo tilts into tediousness.

Ultimately they splodge and it's the price for their exertions.

After Voltaire, Throbbing

Gristle materialise as a primeval thump. Their music burns like a house on fire.

The problem is that their musical chit-chat seldom graduates into firm discourse. The impression is that TG aren't bothered whether their efforts go wrong. The product is trash music that's as disposable as their daff fluorescent suits.

Lead personality Genesis P. Orridge's work at the current Hayward Gallery annual exhibition co-exists with interesting but often conceited artistic endeavours while staying free from stuffiness. His is a corner where the baffled punter can browse and giggle without feeling awkward; P. Orridge, amongst all possibilities for artistic credibility, introduces a discount showroom ambience with his plastic-catalogue documentaries of letters, postcards and the cat-next door.

His subjects in music he insists are also commonplace. Titles like 'Fed Up' and 'What A Day' corroborate this assertion but the audience tonight is markedly art school. It's as if TG's music is consciously 'on exhibition' and that's the contradiction.

The appeal just isn't as universal as P. Orridge would like to think.

Throbbing Gristle are mirrored by the stagnant stroke of lightning that's their symbol. They solidify and refrigerate their music and haul it out from time to time. It takes effort to listen to them and they nourish only if you're willing to plug in and feed.

Finally there's something very humorous about Throbbing Gristle. Their suits and their name is part of it. P. Orridge's robotic ham-acting is part of it and, strangely, so is the band's apparent seriousness (but they're biting hard on their lower lip!).

This isn't the present or future of anything. "De-conditioning the way we're educated" — the continuing genesis of P. Orridge.

Pete Archer

The Cadets

Glasgow

The songs merge into a haze. Bored, we watch bass vibrations kaleidoscope ash round the ashtray like magnets with iron filings.

Cadets singer Allan — chunky, luminous blonde in garish satins — moves like pseudo-W/Jayne County, special use of coquettish eyes and tiny mimes — an irritant, fire-eating burning spears across a sweatbox, sings/looks like a more arch Andy Ellison.

Band altogether very much Jet/Radio Stars: might similarly have scraped punk acceptance three years ago as post-glam aggressive, but are now just clever, ornate metal-pop, separate from the vogue, though still professional, accomplished, mature, suitable for time-warped lurid decadents.

The real star is Tim, engrossed on guitar, varying visually from Davy Jones as scheming villain in Monkees melodrama to sensible guitar-hero histrionics. The rest are a useful band, male model androïd in appearance, the vocalist bearable only on tape.

For their gripping, imaginative guitar interaction (Tim/Calum), several attractive songs, their polish and confidence, they at least deserve some attention, even if their sound mostly glazes into a nervous smog on extended initial exposure.

Besides, impartial witnesses assure me they're usually much better.

Pity the gig wasn't prestigious enough to merit their stripper/dancer/nurse fetishist. Did see some photographs though.

Glenn Gibson

TAJ MAHAL

From page 29

is it starting to get noticed. To a lot of black kids the blues and stuff is old music and it ain't hip and they don't want to be associated with it — it's Uncle Tom. In the States a black guy goes to see George Clinton but then he's also disco and everyone goes to see that. *Blues and Soul* will ask Clinton a lot of questions, whereas he'll only get five minutes in a black magazine."



When Taj Mahal tells you "there's no bag I'm in", he isn't jiving. At 37 the man is alive and well, has played with the champions from two decades of quality musicians, written music for films, got respect and made friends on every continent in the world, has investigated a myriad of cultures and learnt to express himself in several languages.

Keeping sane in the music industry is not an easy task; maintaining your solvency and your humility is even harder.

"I have a family home and a livelihood that satisfies me. I wish I had more time to grow things but I fish a lot, build model boats and aeroplanes. I do lead a good life, not without its ups and downs believe me, but I'm travelling in Europe when I could be steaming in an American city with five people trying to live on a hundred dollars a week sooo, y'know. America is a strange place."

"I don't subscribe to any organised religion, but I feel there are supreme forces acting within and without the soul and all the galaxies we're part of. I guess I have a philosophy, and we apply it to the band. We don't take anything that doesn't belong to us, and we try to treat people right so nobody can give us a hard time. I don't employ heavy people 'cos I've learnt you get repercussions from that."

"What it comes around to is just treating people right. That's all. That's the most you can do."

Musica para tu, musique pour toi, music for you or music tuh ya — you can say it any way you want, but Taj Mahal's way of saying it is an education. Can you believe the big blues in 1980? You've got it here. It shines like Klondyke gold, wraps its arms around you like a circle round the sun. The most recent evolution of Muthafusticus Modernusticus in comin' etcha in your town, in your time.

The buck dance doesn't stop here. It's only just begun.

RY COODER

From page 31

perfectly good song. There are some coon songs that are really racist, terrible songs — and you wouldn't wanna record them. But I figured that 'Shine' was a good song — and a very explicit song, not militant maybe, but it says what it says."

Does he travel a lot around the southern part of the U.S.?

"Some. The South is a drag basically. But I've been down there. I had to go down there a lot while I was doing the Tex-Mex thing. I had to go to Texas quite a bit, which was interesting."

Since he obviously loves a lot of the music that originated in the South, this is an odd revelation. Is it the people there, perhaps, that he finds a drag?

"Well, you can't separate one from the other, of course, but the music comes out of a lotta — you'd have to say, without being corny — a lotta problems and bad times for some people at the hands of other people. The legacy of that is not a good thing — and it's not really so much different now. The outward appearance may be different, see, and of course you have ghettos in the north as well as in the south and it's debatable as to which is worse..."

"It's hard to put into a few words. I mean everybody knows about race prejudice and everything that's been a very big problem in that part of the country. It haunts those people and it's with them today and they'll never get over it. A lot of damage was done, for ever and ever."

YOU shouldn't need any reasons by now to get yourself into Ry Cooder's music. But here's just four of them anyway: it's unbeatable artistry, its funky humour, its warmth, and the true introduction it forms to the century's most vital genre of popular music — without which I wouldn't be writing this and you wouldn't be reading it and we both still be living in an era of glib deceitful Broadway fantasy versions of real life.

And as good a place as any to start is 'Bop Till You Drop', his most urbane record to date, thanks in part to the digital recording process.

"What that does is it records a hundred per cent of what's there to be recorded. It doesn't harmonically distort and it doesn't cover up. So if you're playing something worth recording you'll sure get back what you play, and if you play something bad it's obvious. You don't hide behind that machine, I'll tell you. You can't be a slob and work with that thing."

'Bop Till You Drop' — the phrase is one of Jim Dickinson's salutations — is everything the reviews said it was: paramourly a record to be enjoyed. In the final tally though, it's Cooder's more pastoral albums — 'Boomer's Story', 'Chicken Skin Music' — that will truly endure.

But I'm being churlish. Ry Cooder doesn't know how to make a bad album. That's a natural fact.

JOE JACKSON

From page 20

"My songs have a greater significance than just my own personal happiness or unhappiness."

A lot of your songs are based on a desire to be respected. Those songs have now earned you a lot of respect from an enormous number of people. How much has your new material adapted to the fact that you're now far more successful, and that you're writing for a very much larger audience?

"Take 'Amateur Hour'. For me it's like no longer can I totally indulge myself musically because I have a huge audience watching whatever I do. I've got to accept the fact that there's always someone out there who's going to knock me whatever I do. There's a line in it that says 'Just miss one line, fall over, and you'll be left for dead.' That's my angle on it."

"Also I did a song on the album which is very important called 'I Don't Wanna Be Like That'. That's all about refusing to play the typecast role of 'the star'."

I feel the reason I've sold a lot of records is because people think they're good, right? Not because I'm gorgeous and I've got a big cock. I should think that I'm probably a very unglamorous person. I should think that on stage I'm very shambling and nervous, and a lot of things that a rock star shouldn't be."

That is true.

"Well I think that's alright, 'cos I want to be a real person. I don't want to do what's expected of me."

What is expected of you?

"In the States, they have an idea of people coming over from London — new wave-type bands — as being real rebels, really aggressive and all that. They were expecting me to be mean and moody and to walk out of interviews halfway, because that's the image they've got of the English new wave bands. The fact that I'm willing to be reasonable with people seemed to quite surprise them."

"There are various options you can go for. You can be a working-class hero like Jimmy Pursey, or you can be a Mick Jagger or a David Bowie. And when you get to that stage when you are 'a star' — when you've sold a gold record or whatever — people sort of expect you to move in certain circles, and I just don't want to know about that."

"I'd rather go down the pub in Camberwell where I've been going for years."

When I first met you six months back —

when things were just starting to take off — you said those exact words. If anything, you just sound more emphatic.

"It's very easy to get paranoid about it. I don't think I am because, unlike a lot of people who find what appears to be fairly rapid success, I've been doing it for years."

"Basically, I've had enough time to sort myself out."



Joe Jackson's getting famous fast. He's going through the music biz mangle with both feet on the accelerator.

For someone who hates stereotypes with a vengeance, he's getting a lot of pressure from all sides to slide into that mould himself. In some ways he already has, but only to the extent that keeps the rest of him in check.

Fundamentally, he's a musician, and a musician of enormous talent. He's prolific, observant, receptive and deservedly self-confident. He's got what it takes to keep moving upwards.

He also has one other prime asset — he's got his act under control. Very much under control at that.



Fred went for the interview with a new suit, a great set of references, a winning smile...

and bad breath.

Sorry Fred.



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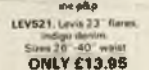
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PD05. Patch denim cut-off, recycled old and new Wrangler/Levi's etc. Sizes 26"-38" waist. **ONLY £4.95** inc p&p



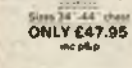
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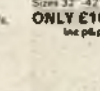
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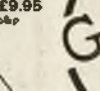
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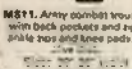
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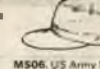
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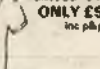
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LEV521. Levi's			
LEV526. Levi's			
MS01. Shirt			
MS04. Trousers			
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NW BOX — Scourge of North Kensington

Even when he was a child he was always different, never one of the herd. Nature had seen to that; it wasn't easy being born with an iron cross where other kids had ABC Minor badges and black hole where others had sinuses. The long greasy hair, the haggard features, the studded leather jacket... none of these got him accepted in the playground games of school.

He learned to struggle on alone; he took up bass, moved to Ladbroke Grove, got busted a lot... others called him a loser but he knew that one day he would overcome, that one day millions would tremble in fear and helpless laughter at the name of...

MOTORHEAD

That one day Chris Sewicz would write a 25 page pull-out version of 'The Lemmy Story' for NME, that one day the very name 'Lemmy' might replace 'Wally' in the hearts of the masses...

Can nothing stop the ascent of this small Austrian corporal to indomitable power? Will NME be giving away free B.52s albums next week? [yes] And are the pubs open yet?



ACROSS

- 3 An order from the Village People (2,4)
- 6 Original was by Barrett Strong, the reinterpretation by the Flying Lizards
- 8 'Stop Your Sobbing' and 'David Watts' are two of his songs (3,6)
- 10 Bad boys referred to Homicide?
- 11 & 4 A surfer dreams of punk?
- 13 Could be a Runaway, could be the queen of protest
- 14 Hull jigger (ansg. 2 words)
- 14 Cryptic City: Pinheads know (Isen, Omar Khayan backwards!)
- 17 Client of Dennis Bovell recently in Top 5 (5,3)
- 18 Respected U.S. jazz-rock aggregation featuring Joe Sample's keyboards and Stix Hooper's drums (3,9)
- 20 Oily discharge from the Starship!
- 21 Abbot's mate? Or that four-eyed new wave crooner?
- 22 Zappa album featuring guest appearance from Beefheart — or Galdof and Fingers working up a sweat? (3,4)

ANSWERS

DOWN

ACROSS: 5 Mick (Taylor); 7 'Live Killers'; 10 Darts; 11 Rich Kids; 13 Viv Stanshall; 15 Specials; 18 'Sherry'; 20 (Jonathan) Richman; 23 (Scott) Gorham; 24 War; 25 Attractions; 26 (Graham) Nash.

DOWN: 1 Millie (Jackson); 2 'Death Disco'; 3 Dickies; 4 Claps; 6 Crystals; 8 Radio Stars; 9 Graham (Nash); 12 'My Sharona'; 14 Talking (Heads); 16 (Mick) Taylor; 17 Scott (Gorham); 19 (Talking) Heads; 21 'My Way'; 22 Errol (Brown); 24 WEA.

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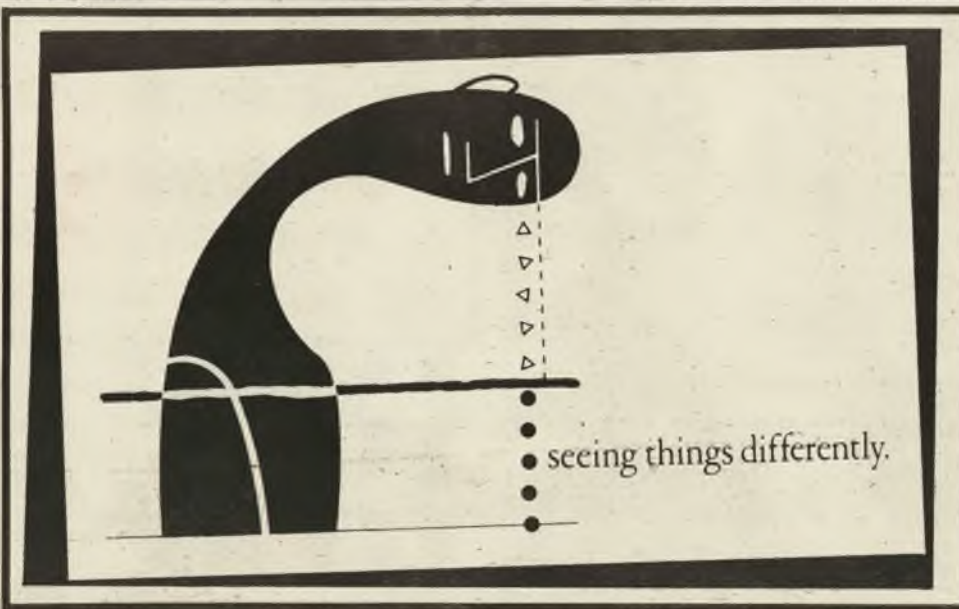
GASBAG

My God, this whole ego trip makes me mad. That Burchill bitch has been at the singles again — but don't think you caught me out, oh no, I saw that *Gasbag* address at the foot of the page. I'm fed up with these blatant attempts to incur the wrath of the readers. Don't think I'm going to fall for it. I've better things to do than scribble irate letters to *NME* ranting about how Joolie irritates my nasal cavities with her pleonastic attempts to obtain some form of politically radical chic. No doubt we'll have the usual uninspired epistles slagging off Joolies for slagging off Ian Dury/Sham 69/Patti Smith etc. because they're my fave/rave/they sing from the heart/there's no cause more worthy than... *et hoc genus omne*.

I'm bored with this type of letter because they tend to be so verbose and tangential; they progress exponentially toward meaningless pap, corresponding to *Gasbag*'s progression towards predictability. (YAY! — Eds.) So I'm writing to tell you I'd like to hear Nick Kent on Radio One's Tuesday chat show to know if his sounds as funny as he looks. Do you think that if I successfully attempted a transmutation to such a demigod, Elvis Costello would write songs about me? *Kerry-A. Huish (A Working Class Pseudo Intellectual) Newport.* P.P.S. I like Paul Morley. I wish he liked me. Like you? I love you, Kerry! This is the letter of the week. It's so casual and tolerant and... before we get to the sample/taken reason to hate Burchill part, the return to A Debate. A patchy letter, this, but it's our place to be casual and tolerant. — P.M.

NME is suffering from severe and embarrassing attacks of positivism. The Morley versus Reality debate is an example as perfect as Bob Geldof's rip-off of Mick Jagger (*Pdor start* — Eds.). If truly progressive, your paper should remain free from labelling. Surely even Morley's white stick can perceive for him that no act is inherently deviant — not even enjoying Status Quo. Reality can only exist relatively; therefore even Morley's participant observation during Quo concerts will be inadequate when attempting to determine reality for what he considers to be a deprived section of *NME* readers (if Quo fans read *NME*). Morley is only giving his interpretation of the phenomenon. For an observing Quo fan, such actions as imaginary guitar playing and head shanking may hold great meaning.

We can never be objective about any social interaction. Perhaps we should let Quo fans criticise Quo music, for if they gave a bad review the rest of us could be a little more certain. (*Poor end — not keen on these words 'bad' and 'certain'* — Eds.) *Ian Garinkel, Stockport.* O.K. Penman, had enough to drink? — P.M. We must disagree on the matter of Paul Morley misrepresenting the 'Status Quo' reality. Your remarks seem to imply both a distinction between 'criticism' and 'existence,' and the 'representability' of 'existence' in 'criticism'. 'Status Quo' are constituted in and through the discussions which refer to them — otherwise 'Status Quo' could just as well be a pack of dogs, a situation comedy, four dustbinmen, etc. 'Status Quo' is very 'real'. Morley wasn't trying to misrepresent the 'SQ' phenomenon as an illusion or an 'alternative' reality — that



would be like saying that a black pudding is false. He was simply trying to determine something beyond the usual press 'representations' of 'live' 'SQ'. I.e. the social obstacles and relations of contemporary 'rock'n'roll.' — I.P. The End — P.M.

I resent Burchill's implication that we lesser mortals require idols such as Ian Dury, Jimmy Pursey, etc. in order to give purpose and meaning to our miserable lives and that without them we would all just crawl back under a stone and die. Does she consider addiction to poisonous chemicals such as alcohol and amphetamines a better method of existence? Personally I prefer Dury's 'humble' approach to the public than her complacent, patronising aura of self-satisfaction, and I hope that ugly cretins all over the world buy the record and make it Mr. Dury's biggest hit ever, to prove the silly bitch wrong. *Angela Birkett, Preston.* Even if Ian's record was bought by every other person in the world it wouldn't make Julie 'wrong'. But, gosh, what it comes down to is that after the initial misinterpretation, misunderstanding and disagreement your readers don't half get irritated and ugly. Why, look at this charmingly composed letter Charlie. — I.P. + P.M.

Relating to your review of the Sex Pistols 'Some Product' album, CSM remarked that a large proportion of the album had been wasted by John Lydon giving his tedious and irrelevant thoughts. Up yours CSM! He's got a right to speak his mind ain't he? After all, he was the only Pistol who believed in his cause and knew what he was on about and justified this in his remarks. The best thing that ever happened to Johnny was breaking away from the Pistols. He has, and always will, say and do what he believes in. This made him the Pistols; as Jones, Cook and Vicious thought and did alike, at the demand of the public, as can clearly be justified by the 'Great Rock And Roll Swindle', a money making project. (You astound us — Eds.) Look what happened to the songs and lyrics of the Pistols — now they're all remakes of old crap. Johnny took his thoughts with him, that's what John Lydon's Public Image is different. It is

what he believes in, it is not a money making business but a prophecy. CSM your days are numbered. You are not living in today's society. Johnny is a preacher, a prophet and will be a martyr. Sod you critics, and leave this guy alone can't you! *D. Elson Bristol.* We know the worth of The Lydon declarations, and were occasionally called 'critics'. And Charles Shaar Murray, a Hero to us impressionable young-type typing fruits, a man whose perspective and prose inspired us to where we are today, was being sarcastic. So, for 'good' read 'bad', 'frontwards' read 'backwards', 'yes' read 'no' etc. Now go back and read the review again. Charlie Murray's days are not numbered, they're just hard to get through. But not as hard as poor lost Jimmy's. — I.P. + P.M.

I went to The Rainbow to see Sham 69. As so often before, we all know it was wrecked by skinheads. Before Sham came on the skins were kicking people in, turning around the place and

singing praises to their lovable National Front. Why wasn't there any security here? People could have been killed. Well, they got what they wanted — another premature ending to a gig. Pursey off in tears. While I was waiting for the train home, I heard a group of skins say 'We were really enjoying Sham, it's a pity it was ruined.' Well that's all very well, but you were running riot with your fellow mates. You did nothing to stop them.

Sham 69 were one of the greatest punk bands, no matter what criticism they have received. The Rainbow gig could have been brilliant. Sham's last stand was more like General Custer's. What a pity. That's life. *Paul Monaghan, London SE1.* At times like this it helps to turn to the darling Swell Maps — P.M.

I've been reading Swell Maps. I know your secret. Golden Cockrill. An uncharted librarian. Liverpool. I've been listening to Swell Maps. It's no secret — P.M.

I've been talking to Swell Maps, wore their badge for one night, and still have a rough tape they gave me in late '78 — and I still don't understand — I.P. Golden has actually changed his name to Gordon — Nikki Mattress.

Can I be the first to start the trilby backlash? *A Gopher, Ayr.* P.S. Is Ian Penman terminal? No, Ian Penman is 20 this week — P.M.

Who's Tim Buckley? *Big Jim Cooley, Nowhere near Lancaster.* Hang on and we'll let you know. Meanwhile here are some worthies digging deeper into the ramifications of the fake revolution of the last few years being quite sweet with their seriousness. — P.M. + I.P.

Traditional rock'n'roll is a packaged image. McLaren said that kids didn't buy the Pistols for their music but for the attitude. Like the Stones wasted and hairy or The Clash stark and bitter. What about the hours Jones spent practising on his own? What about the work that goes into making it seem easy? A new fresh approach requires not the presentation of a smooth finished product but the exposure of the hard graft, organisation and dynamics of a band — if you like the glorification of positive work and achievement (like the minor miracle of putting out a single on a self-created label) rather than the packaging of cool.

Why can't Penman and Gill write in English rather than the elitist cant they use now? New ideas are only acceptable if they're accessible. At present both these boys are unreadable — too much packaging, too little substance. *The Luddites, Bradford.* Ian Penman and Andy Gill have never met — P.M.

We, the introverted, minor consumeristic, privatised singletarians object most vehemently to the critical factor undemocratically expounded by Mayo Thompson — an obvious unrepresentative minor proletarian of insignificant Idiosyncrasies. We think *R. Supwoods and friends.* Who the hell's this Mayo Thompson? — P.M. Ask any banana — I.P. That shows how much you know about your fruit — P.M.

Post your most to *Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W.1.*

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark make Tubeway Army sound like Klaus Wunderlich. *Oswald Ardwick.* And I still say: Tubeway Army make 'making sound' sound like a post-capitalist mode of production. 'Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark' make making up group names sound like a post-surrealist arbitrary selection of significances — I.P. Gary Numan and Orchestral Manoeuvres are now laughing at you, Penman. For different sorts of reasons — P.M. Too vague, Morley — I.P. You can bloody talk — P.M. Yes, I am socially constructed in language and... — I.P. Yeah, you're pissed again — P.M.

I am distressed, upset and bloody angry at what Ian Page of 'Secret Affair' had to say for himself. It wasn't his big headedness — if you've got it, show it off I always say. It was how he said that if a punk went to their gigs they would tell him to fuck off. I saw Secret Affair at the Conway Hall. I paid to get in and thought that some of the money went to pay their way to end up with a single which led to an interview, in which they say that they would not tell me to piss off. It makes me sick.

They didn't tell me then. Now that they're sitting amidst the ever growing mod revival they feel safe to shit on the people that gave the demand for breaks for new bands, such as themselves. I hope he does tell a punk at his gig to fuck off. And I hope he gets his jaw broken (*We don't like you — Eds*) because I reckon there's a lot of people who feel like me and that would make them very happy. Still, whenever Adrian Thrills writes an excited article on a band, there's usually a backlash brewing. (Remember The Cure). I feel sorry for him, he's about the only decent journalist around, and now he's written an article that annoys me. *Cling-Clang, The Celluloid Trap, Surrey.*

Never feel sorry for Adrian Thrills. Every time we see him he looks to be the happiest man in the world. And Ian Page? For what it's worth he actually said that he wouldn't tell this imaginary punk to fuck off. Catch the difference? Take it from there and start again. Actually we've never been able to get to grips with those labels and uniforms and tribal ballet things. And as for putting Jimmy Page on the cover — we were all for it — P.M. + I.P. (Who's collapsed under the desk and is too drunk to carry on).

I'm sending back the Jim Page interview, oops. I meant slagging, because it was so boring. The reason for this is the prat who did the interview. What a big wanker he must be. What Salewicz forgets is that Jimmy Page is the best rock guitarist ever, from the best heavy rock band in the world. The best thing for *NME* (next to closing down) is to stay with all the punk/new wave/mod shit and not go near bands like Zep — because they're just too good to go in the paper you call a music paper.

I hope to God you don't send anyone to Knebworth, send him instead to see the 100th farewell Sham gig bore. Where his small mind can be at rest with fellow wankers. Don't have any more about Zep in your filthy rag or I will burn down *NME* and put an end to all of you! *Andy, London.* God bless you, Andy — P.M.

Readers check out the *Gasbag* rock psychiatry and phenomenological analysis free clinic



Letters edited and confusion confuscated by PAUL MORLEY (B. Pop) and IAN PENMAN (CSE fld).

7-ZERS

DONS DISGUISE

HELLO, hello, come right in and make yourself at home. We've got so much to yak about. 7-Zers is doing its very own part in promoting this wonderful new positivism. Led Zeppelin are wonderful! The Clash are wonderful! Genesis are wonderful! Public Image are wonderful! Everything is beautiful! Oh joy! (Oh God! — Ed).

Our man in the wellies and polythene bag Paul Morley reliably informs us that nothing whatsoever happened at Knebworth, although he was threatened by knife-toting Zep fans when he yelled for Joy Division. Well he's wrong, a baby was born, and 20 people were busted, but a Doctor informs us this was merely a coincidence. (Though quite why only 20 people copped it at Knebworth when the bust count at last week's Cambridge folk fest numbered in the 100s we'll leave you to figure out...). Anyway, promoter Fred Bannister was "pretty pleased" with it all and thought the crowd was, by and large, "pretty stupendous". Oh, and Led Zeppelin kinda dedicated 'Nobody's Fault But Mine' to 51-year-old Charles Sheer Murder of this parish...

So with nary a backward glance we find ourselves in the growlingly trendy Mudd Club New York, and the company of those of less than snow-white background. Observe Michelle Robinson, current Tony James dater, best known for her performance of finding Sid Vicious dead in her bed, and also Anita Pallenberg, fresh from her support role in 'Scott Cantrell plays Chicago's Greatest Hits'. Ms P was seen consoling herself on the shoulder of Mudd Club owner Steve Moss...

Still, never mind all that. Will New York ever be the same after *The Old Grey Whiz-z-z-z* arrives in the Big Apple next week? *The Gristle* will be there to record Patti Smith in concert at CBGB's before an audience of selected Patti fans (Yuk — Ed). Currently, Ms Smith is denying rumours that she and her beau Fred 'Sonic' Smith have just tied the marital knot. If this turns out to be true though we shall have to get used to a married name of Mrs Patti Smith.

Jimmy Pursey, self-styled 'punk rock star', this week signed a solo contract with Polydor. But fret not all you bondage types, Pursey will still be consorting with self-styled working class toasters Cook and Jones on something that will record its first single this very week and that will not now bear the handle of *The Sex Pistols*. "I woke up one morning and thought, 'ere I'm not a Sex Pistol,'" said Pursey to a Dot, who well understood the feeling. "So I'm not going to call the new band by that name"...

Fins ain't what they used to be: Those cuddly Members were less than overjoyed with their recent tour of Finland. Apart from an itinerary that could have doubled for a comprehensive crash course in Finnish geography, Tesco's Tearaways were rather miffed to find that they needed special permission from No Fun Central to have lager in their dressing rooms, while young female fans were also barred on the grounds that they might be led astray by the demon brew. Even the simple act of walking on stage with a can of beer caused promoters to tear large clumps of their hair out and cry out in dismay.

Further tribulations arose at their Helsinki gig when local Rockabilly rednecks indulged in spot of Teds v Punks aggression. "We couldn't wait to leave the



JOHN COOPER-CLARKE exhibits the flat top cut Dylan never had. Pic: Chris Lurca.

place," confessed Tesco as he flitted through the NME enclave. Camberwell's answer to Dr Alimantado mentioned, too, that The Members would tour America, Japan and Australia this autumn before returning to blighty, when they will go on a short 'holiday'...

Also in need of a holiday are Max Bell and Paul Rambali, as a result of their definitive detailing of the life and times of the Rising Sons of latter-day blues. Read centre pages and retire to the Costa Packet...

Can you help this man? Dennis Boveil — touted as the world's foremost everything — is launching a nationwide appeal to find a musical saw player to work on the new Janet Kay single. All hopeful chippies should ring Janice at 486 4489.

Perhaps first to call will be The Only Ones invisible second lead guitarist. The mystery man is former 'Oo roadie Barry who is helping out whilst regular Richard Durant is on holiday. Barry prefers to lurk well behind the amps whilst in concert and thus baffles large sections of the gathering.

After The Little Roosters were dropped from the March Of Mods tour at last moment, Roosters guitarist Gary Lemmin rang NME to blame 'fellow' MGMT band Secret Affair: "We blew them offstage at the Marquee, and they knew we'd have done it on the tour. They just shit themselves." Ian Page of Secret Affair replied that though the band wouldn't be dragged into a slanging match he felt that the Roosters would have done nothing to add to the harmonious atmosphere that is needed on such a package.

Camera work all but ruined The Specials' TOTP debut content as it was to dwell on static, some say dreary, lead singer Terry Staples rather than the frantic antics of band behind. Soon to be producer for the band Mr Elvis Costello was present during the programme's recording and at its close was seen to be enthusing over sections of The Boomtown Rats' 'Don't Like Mondays' video. In the mutual appreciation stakes, Darts were seen to applaud The Specials after their

miming and later The Specials were open in their Darts appraisal whilst at the generously subsidised BBC bar.

More Pops poop, not just any hobbledehoy can waltz into the, er, hallowed studio. In fact, jobsworths on the door are so tight with who goes in, that Korg's lead vocalist and all round person of restricted growth, James Warren, had no luck when he attempted to get into the recording with his wife! "Sorry guv," said the 'sworth, "if she ain't on my list she ain't going in..." At which point some creep of a floor manager chappy burst

concerned was the Copper at Tower Bridge...

Continuing on the streets of New York, let us report that Linton Kwesi Johnson is becoming a name to be dropped. Healthy sales of 'Forces Of Victory' are reported and that may compensate for him having to back out of opening for The Clash in California. However Johnson will be playing New York the end of August when he will sprout forth in Brooklyn at a gig in aid of SWAPO. That stands for South West African Peoples' Organisation and not one of The Mox Brothers.

guess which dust laden cut he remembered about. Ding Dong...

Yes, but, while all this was going on, Paul McCartney and the Brothers Gobb both decided to relieve their ecological consciences (and probably their tax bills too) by paying for an elephant apiece to be airlifted from an undernourished part of East Africa to a more bountiful plain in West Africa. The Gobbs stipulated that their mammals be henceforth known as Robin, Maurice and Barry, but there's not a jot of truth to the rumour that Macca wanted his to be called Linda...

Loon-pant idiots Hawkwind's latest album cover caused them a spot of bother last week, when that great organ of social concern the *Sunday Mirror* took it upon themselves to point out to leading retailers W. H. Smith's that the cover shows a plug wrongly wired. Smith's agreed with the Royal Society For The Prevention of Accidents that some folks might electrocute themselves because of it, and promptly withdrew all copies. A spokesman for the space rock relics said he couldn't believe that anyone would actually follow the diagram. "Hawkwind fans are too intelligent for that!" Oh yeah...

You may consider the business of massive Knebworth turn-outs overblown until you realise just what else Zep manager Peter Grant was contemplating. Among his schemes was a festival on Waterloo Station and another concerning the lower deck of an aircraft carrier with an indoor/outdoor concert...

Lastly — we unmask the masked man. At the weekend, Prag Vec had with them onstage a mysterious saxophonist blowin' free. This cool beret went under the handle of Reeds Moran. The following night the same spook was awaiting with Scritti Politti and going under the nom de plume Peewee Pasqual. Let us rip aside the facelard Reeds Moran, Peewee Pasqual and the fix bayonets with, Ian Penman, are three and the same! His horn knows no reality... watch it. Ian Penman is 3ft 10...



MICK JAGGER, beard, and Jerry Hall in Paris. Pic: Sipa Press.

forth with "You are here to bloody work you know!" Top Of The Pops is some heavy manners, Jim.

Editor Neil Spencer started to see the front cover and centre spread of our peace-setting Feb Mod special of 14th April staring out at him from T-shirts on sale in Carnaby Street. This is not the first time NME has surfaced decorating low rent clothing. Royalties for the rip-off gratefully received says our man from Ham Yard. Anyway, Mods are on the way out, it transpires; Stiff Records once more lead the way with a single by an eleven year old girl produced and arranged by Pete Townshend...

Courage Breweries took over one of their own pubs for an evening in order to give Chas & Dave a piss up. You'll remember that their 'Gench's' hit was first brought to public awareness by a Courage TV ad... amongst the buffet pie, mosh and jellied eels, Dalsy Hodges (Chas' mum) got up to sing 'Delilah' and other assorted favourites. The pub

In case you're losing sleep Linda McCartney's 'Suzi And The Red Stripes' 45 is apparently not produced by youthful hubbie Paul, but comes from the Wings/Lee Perry sessions that Perry has had at his Black Ark Studios ever since he took them back to JA for mixing. The album's worth of material involved just seems to have slipped the Upsetter's mind. Ah well, soon come...

Incidentally while we're with the Perry clan, the son of P. Mark seemed incredibly disturbed backstage at the Final Solution gig at the YMCA Conference Centre in London. Mark is a little confused at the way The Good Missionaries are turning out and is reliably informed to be 'quitting it all for good'.

Recent smash 'Ring My Bell' by Anita Ward nearly went the same way as The Wings tapes; it seems that on delivery of her album to the TK label HQ, producer Freddie Knight was told that, as the album was too short, did he have anything else? And

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Kanazawa
Tokyo
Kobe
Nagoya

Fukuoka
May
Fukuoka
Yamaguchi
Sapporo

to be continued...

