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POLICE EVIDENCE P 7/8
ON TRIAL AT READING P 34/8

NME CHARTS

Week ending 25th August, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (2)	We Don't Talk Anymore Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	1
2 (1)	I Don't Like Mondays Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	6	1
3 (3)	Reasons To Be Cheerful Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	4	3
4 (7)	Bang Bang.....B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	3	4
5 (4)	After The Love Has Gone Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	4
6 (6)	Duke Of Earl.....Darts (Magnet)	6	6
7 (9)	Angel Eyes.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	7
8 (8)	Gangsters.....Specials (2 Tone)	3	8
9 (15)	Ooh What A Life.....Gibson Bros (Island)	3	9
10 (18)	Is She Really Going Out With Him Joe Jackson (A&M)	3	10
11 (11)	The Diary Of Horace Wimp Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	5
12 (5)	Hersham Boys.....Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	5
13 (24)	Money.....Flying Lizards (Virgin)	2	13
14 (17)	Sweet Little Rock n Roller Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	14
15 (23)	Street Life.....Crusaders (MCA)	2	15
16 (—)	When You Are Young.....Jam (Polydor)	1	16
17 (16)	Morning Dance.....Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	5	12
18 (—)	Gone Gone Gone.....Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	18
19 (10)	Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous.....Abba (Epic)	7	5
20 (13)	Stay With Me Till Dawn Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	5	13
21 (20)	Gotta Go Home Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	3	20
22 (26)	Duchess.....Stranglers (United Artists)	2	22
23 (18)	Beat The Clock.....Sparks (Virgin)	5	6
24 (27)	Lost In Music.....Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	2	24
25 (—)	Strut Your Funky Stuff Frantique (Philadelphia)	1	25
26 (12)	Wanted.....Dooleys (GTO)	7	4
27 (25)	Just When I Needed You Most Randy VanWarmer (Island)	4	25
28 (—)	Reggae For It Now Bill Lovelady (Charisma)	1	28
29 (14)	Can't Stand Losing You.....Police (A&M)	7	2
30 (—)	If I Said You Had A Beautiful Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	1	30

UP AND COMING: In The Brownies — Billy Connolly (Polydor); Spiral Scratch — Buzzcocks (New Hormones); Madness — Madness (2 Tone); Cruel To Be Kind — (Nick Lowe); Cars — (Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet); Get It Right Next Time — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 27, 1974

1	When Will I See You Again.....Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
2	I'm Leaving It All Up To You.....Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)
3	You Make Me Feel Brand New.....Stylistics (A&M)
4	Love Me For A Reason.....Diamonds (MGM)
5	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted Jimmy Ruffin (Tamil Motown)
6	Summertime Sensation.....Bay City Rollers (Bell)
7	Viva Espana.....Sylvia (Soni)
8	Mr. Soft.....Cody Ray (EMI)
9	Honey Honey.....Sweet Dreams (Bradley)
10	Just For You.....Glitter Band (Bell)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 27, 1969

1	In The Year 2525.....Zager & Evans (RCA)
2	Honky Tonk Women.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	Saved By The Bell.....Robin Gibb (Polydor)
4	My Cherie Amour.....Stevie Wonder (Tamil Motown)
5	Make Me An Island.....Joe Dolan (Pye)
10	Too Busy Thinking About My Baby Mervin Gaye (Tamil Motown)
7	Early In The Morning.....Vanity Fare (Pye One)
8	Viva Bobby Joe.....Equus (President)
9	Bad Moon Rising.....Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
10	Curly.....Move (Regal Zonophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 28, 1964

1	I Have A Right.....Honeycombs (Pye)
2	Do Wah Diddy Diddy.....Mankred Mann (HMV)
3	You Really Got Me.....Kinks (Pye)
4	I Won't Forget You.....Jim Reeves (RCA)
5	A Hard Day's Night.....Beatles (Parlophone)
6	Tobacco Road.....Nashville Teens (Decca)
7	Call Up The Groups.....Barron Knights (Columbia)
8	It's For You.....Cilla Black (Parlophone)
9	Five By Five (EP).....Rolling Stones (Decca)
10	It's All Over Now.....Rolling Stones (Decca)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (2)	Best Disco Album In The World Various (WEA)	8	1
2 (1)	Discovery.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	13	1
3 (3)	Replicas Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	11	1
4 (5)	I Am.....Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	12	2
5 (4)	Breakfast In America Supertramp (A & M)	23	2
6 (10)	Street Life.....Crusaders (MCA)	6	6
7 (19)	Down To Earth.....Rainbow (Polydor)	2	7
8 (7)	Some Product.....Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	7
9 (9)	Morning Dance.....Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	7	9
10 (15)	Highway To Hell.....AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	10
11 (6)	Voulez Vous.....Abba (Epic)	17	1
12 (—)	In Through The Out Door Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	1	12
13 (13)	Parallel Lines.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	46	1
14 (11)	Outlandos D'Amour.....Police (A & M)	16	7
15 (16)	Bridges.....John Williams (Lotus)	9	4
16 (8)	The Best Of The Dooleys.....(GTO)	7	8
17 (—)	Slow Train Coming.....Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	17
18 (12)	Exposed.....Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	3	12
19 (14)	Live Killers.....Queen (EMI)	8	6
20 (21)	Communiqué.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	12	3
21 (17)	Night Owl.....Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	12	10
22 (—)	Manifesto.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	22	4
23 (—)	Tubeway Army.....(Beggars Banquet)	1	23
24 (23)	Do It Yourself Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	15	2
25 (27)	Risque.....Chic (Atlantic)	2	25
26 (28)	Welcome To The Cruise Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	3	26
27 (18)	Man!ow Magic.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	24	2
28 (29)	Rust Never Sleeps.....Neil Young (Reprise)	7	14
29 (25)	Teenage Warning Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros)	2	25
30 (26)	Bad Girls.....Donna Summer (Casablanca)	10	16

UP AND COMING: Drums and Wires — KTC (Virgin); Nils — Nils Lofgren (A&M); Eddie Cochran Singles Album (U.A.); Look Sharp — Joe Jackson (A&M); Into The Music — Van Morrison (Mercury); Take It Home — B.B. King (MCA).



Before and After. Above: Cliff THEN, just a hung-up, shock-up coffee bar Elvis imitator endearing teenagers' hearing with his battery of amplifiers. (Sorry, his battery amplifier). Below: Cliff NOW, idol of millions, hit recorder of 'Move It', 'Livin' Lovin' Doll', 'We Don't Talk Anymore' and countless others. This week the Chiswick Empire, next week the world!



US SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	My Sharone.....The Knack		
2 (2)	Good Times.....Chic		
3 (3)	The Main Event/Fight.....Barbra Streisand		
4 (5)	The Devil Went Down To Georgia.....Charlie Daniels Band		
5 (7)	After The Love Is Gone.....Earth Wind & Fire		
6 (8)	Lead Me On.....Maxine Nightingale		
7 (4)	Bad Girls.....Donna Summer		
8 (11)	Sad Eyes.....Robert John		
9 (16)	When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman.....Dr Hook		
10 (12)	Don't Bring Me Down.....Electric Light Orchestra		
11 (10)	Mama Can't Buy You Love.....Elton John		
12 (14)	Lonesome Lover.....Little River Band		
13 (16)	I'll Never Love This Way Again.....Dionne Warwick		
14 (15)	Let's Go.....The Cars		
15 (9)	Ring My Bell.....Anita Ward		
16 (13)	Gold.....John Stewart		
17 (18)	Goodbye Stranger.....Supertramp		
18 (25)	Bad Case Of Loving You.....Robert Palmer		
19 (20)	Suspicions.....Eddie Rabbitt		
20 (23)	Heaven Must Have Sent You.....Bonnie Pointer		
21 (17)	You Can't Change That.....Raydio		
22 (19)	I Was Made For Lovin' You.....Kiss		
23 (—)	Sail On.....Commodores		
24 (22)	Is She Really Going Out With Him.....Joe Jackson		
25 (—)	Pap Muzik.....M		
26 (28)	Hot Summer Nights.....Night		
27 (29)	Born To Be Alive.....Patrick Hernandez		
28 (—)	Driver's Seat.....Sniff 'n' The Tears		
29 (30)	I Do Love You.....GQ		
30 (—)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough.....Michael Jackson		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	Get The Knack.....The Knack		
2 (2)	Bad Girls.....Donna Summer		
3 (3)	Candy O.....The Cars		
4 (4)	Breakfast In America.....Supertramp		
5 (5)	I Am.....Earth Wind & Fire		
6 (6)	Discovery.....Electric Light Orchestra		
7 (7)	Million Mile Reflections.....Charlie Daniels Band		
8 (11)	Risque.....Chic		
9 (9)	Rust Never Sleeps.....Neil Young		
10 (18)	Midnight Magic.....Commodores		
11 (15)	First Under The Wire.....Little River Band		
12 (12)	Reality — What A Concept.....Robin Williams		
13 (10)	Cheep Trick At The Budokan.....Cheep Trick		
14 (8)	Teddy.....Teddy Pendergrass		
15 (14)	Rickie Lee Jones.....The Who		
16 (13)	The Kids Are Alright.....The Kinks		
17 (22)	Low Budget.....Wings		
18 (16)	Back To The Egg.....Diana Ross		
19 (21)	The Boss.....Original Soundtrack		
20 (20)	The Main Event.....Kiss		
21 (19)	Dynasty.....John Stewart		
22 (17)	Bombs Away Dream Babies.....Robert Palmer		
23 (26)	Secrets.....Crusaders		
24 (25)	Street Life.....Stephanie Mills		
25 (30)	What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'.....Abba		
26 (27)	Voulez-Vous.....Dionne Warwick		
27 (—)	The Cars.....The Cars		
28 (29)	A Night At Studio 54.....Various Artists		
29 (—)	Desolation Angels.....Bad Company		
30 (28)			

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

*Denotes Import

1	Switch.....Nancy Dee (Scoop)
2	Street Life.....Crusaders (MCA)
3	Move On Up.....Destination (Butterfly*)
4	Break.....Katmandu (CK*)
5	Dancing Lady.....Bill Summers (Prestige*)
6	Reaching Out.....Lee Moore (Source*)
7	I Don't Want To Be A Freak.....Dynasty (Solar*)
8	Risin' Love.....Pleasure Chest (Barzooka*)
9	Disco Trippin'.....St. Johns Assembly (RCA*)
10	Feel The Real.....David Benesh (Sisdevall)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: Quicksilver Soul Source, 38 Hanway Street, London W1.

REGGAE

1	Our Reggae Music.....Brown Sugar (Decca)
2	Princesa.....Albions (K&K)
3	Borders.....Greg Isaacs (I.G.)
4	Three Meets A Day.....Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
5	Like You Girl.....Al Campbell (JB)
6	Rice And Peas.....R. Stewart (L. Thompson)
7	Goodbye Little Men.....Sister Love (Cool Rocker)
8	Six Babylon.....L. Thompson (Strong Like Sampson)
9	Conversation.....Al Campbell (Soforno B)
10	Blue Moon.....Cornell Campbell (JB)

NEWS

Edited by
FRED DELLAR

STRANGLERS PLAN PUTSCH

Rats add Rainbow

FOLLOWING THEIR appearance with The Who at Wembley, The Stranglers are to embark on a major Autumn tour, commencing with a gig at Cork's Arcadia Ballroom on October 2.

Other dates are: Dublin Chariot Inn (3), Belfast Ulster Hall (4), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Derby Assembly Rooms (11), Lancaster University (12), Leeds University (13), Sheffield Top Rank (14), Birmingham Top Rank (15), London Rainbow (19), Leicester Granby Hall (21), Portsmouth Locarno (23), Manchester Apollo (25), Coventry Theatre (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Oxford New Theatre (29), Brighton Dome (30) and Cardiff Top Rank (31). Ticket price at all venues is £3.00.

The Stranglers new album 'Raven' is released by Liberty United on September 21 and features such songs as 'Genetix', 'Ice' and 'Shah, Shah A Go Go' as well as a 3-D cover on the first 20,000 copies.

BOOMTOWN RATS, already lined up to play three dates at Hammermith Odeon in September, have now added two further London dates at the Rainbow on November 4 and 5. Tickets go on sale this Saturday and are priced £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 and £2.00.

The band's 'I Don't Like Mondays' has sold in excess of 900,000 copies in Britain, but what has delighted Geldof and his fellow rodents is the news that the single is currently charting in Belgium, Holland, Germany and Scandinavia, providing the



Jean Jacques looks for Bridlington Spa on his trusty Ordnance Survey. Pic: David Corio.

Rats with their first Euro-hit. The Rats are still recording their third album in Holland but should have completed all the tracks by the end of next week.

Barry Andrews joins Iggy's Euroband

EX-XTC keyboardman Barry Andrews has joined Iggy Pop's new band, lining up alongside one-time Rich Kids Glen Matlock and Stevie Nicks, plus Klaus

Kreuger, the drummer who worked with Iggy's last line-up. The band is currently rehearsing and next week visits Monmouth's Rockfield Studios to record an album, produced by James Williamson. It's rumoured that keyboardist Ian

MacLagan will also be taking part in the Rockfield sessions and will be providing one song on the album, though most of the material is to be penned by the writing partnership of Matlock and Pop or by Iggy himself.

It is hoped that the album will be ready before Christmas, when Iggy will probably fit in some UK dates to coincide with its release, though nothing is planned at present.



Iggy looks for inspiration. Pic: Alain de la Mata.



Squeeze look for the exit (L-R): Glen Tilbrook, Jools Holland, John Bentley, Chris Difford, Gilson Lavis. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Squeeze slap'n'tickle

SQUEEZE, whose latest A&M single 'Slap And Tickle' is released this Friday (31), are now finalising dates for a tour that is expected to visit most major British towns.

The band recently returned from the States, where they toured with The Tubes, and are

currently in the studio recording a new album. A full date-sheet for the tour is expected in the next few days but it's already known that the first gig will be at Bristol Locarno on October 14, followed by one at Sheffield Top Rank (15), eventually winding up at Dunstable Queensway Hall on Saturday, November 10.

SLF liberate Malvern

IN THE WAKE of their free concert at Brixton's Brockwell Park this Sunday (September 2), Still Little Fingers are to undertake a 13 date tour commencing at Malvern Winter Gardens on October 5. Other dates are: Plymouth Polytechnic (6), Bristol Locarno (7), Blackburn St George's Hall (9), Portsmouth Locarno (11), Cambridge Corn Exchange (12), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (15), Manchester Polytechnic (16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Coventry Locarno (18), Kilmarock Grand Hall (20) and Aberdeen Capitol (21). 'Straw Dogs', the band's first Chrysalis single, comes out on September 21, while an album is to be recorded in November featuring material which the band is to preview on the tour.

Edinburgh finals

THE 'BIG DAY OUT' concert at Edinburgh's Royal Showground this Saturday (September 1), will commence at noon, when two Scottish bands, The Valves and The Cheetahs, play a warm-up spot. The Cheetahs are expected to go on stage at 2 pm, followed in the running order by Steel Pulse, Undertones, Squeeze, Talking Heads, a mystery guest and, at around 10.30 pm, Van Morrison, who will play through till midnight.

A special bus service from Edinburgh to the festival site will be leaving Platform A, St Andrew's Square Bus Station, every nine minutes, with extra buses as required. For motorists, the Showground is situated just off the M8 motorway from Glasgow and is well sign-posted. Parking for 20,000 cars is available.

The concert will take place on a unique, crescent shaped stage, designed by Orbit Structures, while a grandstand holding over 5,000 people will provide some cover in the event of poor weather.

September Senders

SOLID SENDERS are now a three-piece, with Wilko Johnson (guitar and vocals), Russel Strutter (bass) and Alex Bines (drums). After Reading they will be recording an album, while a tour begins in late September, dates confirmed so far being: Bournemouth Village Bowl (September 26), Leeds University (27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (29), Manchester University (October 3), Edinburgh Astoria (4), Dundee University (5), Glasgow Queen Mary's (6), Bradford University (10), Sussex University (12), London Music Machine (13), Surrey University (19) and Essex University (20).

Chords pack Rickenbackers



Chords look for the last one (L-R): Billy H, Chris Pope. Pic: Kel Edge.

SOUTH-EAST London Mod band The Chords begin their first-ever tour in September to tie-in with the release of their debut single 'Now It's Gone'/'Don't Go Back' on September 14.

Tour dates are: Huddersfield Polytechnic (September 1), Retford Porterhouse (6), Kirk Levington Country Club (7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), London Marquee (10), Sheffield Limit York Pop Club (12), Chesterfield Fusion (13), Manchester Factory (14), Barnsley Civic Hall (15), Westcliff-on-Sea Lindisfarne (18), Liverpool Eric's (21), Halifax Good Mood Club (22), London Marquee (25), Nottingham Sandpipers (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (29), City Of London Polytechnic (October 5) and Loughborough University (6).



Boston look for the bus queue (L-R): Fran Sheehan, Sib Hashien, Tom Scholz, Brad Delp, Barry Goudreau.

Yet more Boston

WITH BOSTON's dates at the London Rainbow on October 13 and 14 proving sell-outs and with few tickets remaining for October 15, an extra extra concert has been added on October 16. Tickets go on sale this week.

Also added is a concert at a new Scottish venue, The Royal Highland Exhibition Hall,

Ingleston, Edinburgh — Boston being the first rock unit to play the hall. Tickets for this gig are priced at £4.50, available from Glasgow The Apollo Centre, Edinburgh Usher Hall Box Office, Carlisle Pink Panther Record Shop, Dundee Cathie McCabe's Record Shop and Aberdeen The Other Record Shop. Postal applications are accepted at all box offices.



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Lew on Rye

LEW LEWIS Reformer, Carol Grimes, Local Operator, The Photos, The Ten Beats and The Blues Band, an outfit which utilises Darts rhythm section, provide the music at a free show taking place in the centre of Rye this Saturday (September 1) at 4.30 pm. A collection will be made in aid of Greenpeace.

Chic repeat

CHIC have added two dates to their tour — Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 5) and Brighton Conference Centre (7). Tickets for both shows are £5.00, £4.00 and £3.00 and are available on postal application from September 1.

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NEWS BRIEFS

SELECTOR, impressive at The Specials' Hammersmith Palais gig, will now be appearing at the Brixton Carnival gig on Sunday, September 2. The band are signed to 2-Tone Records and provide the B-side to The Specials' 'Gangsters' hit single.

JOHN COOPER CLARK is to play an 11pm gig at Edinburgh's University Old Chapel, Edinburgh, each night from September 2 to 8 inclusive. He also appears on BBC2's *Something Else* on September 15 at 6.30pm.

THE MEKONS have signed to Virgin Records and have a single, as yet untitled, readied for early October. A second single will follow before Christmas, while an album is planned for January 1980. Meanwhile, the band will continue to play benefits, one-offs and small clubs.

THE FALL are pencilling the final dates on a four week tour that commences October 22. The band appear at the Leeds Sci-Fi Fest on September 9 and the first confirmed date on their tour is at Swindon Brunel Rooms on October 23.

CLIFF RICHARD, currently at No. 1 with 'We Don't Talk Anymore', begins a UK tour in November, playing Oxford New Theatre (November 1, 2 and 3), Birmingham Odeon (6, 7 and 8), Liverpool Empire (10), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (14 and 15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16 and 17), Glasgow Apollo (21, 22, 23 and 24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28 and 29), Brighton Centre (30 and December 1), Manchester Apollo (5, 6, 7 and 8), Hammersmith Odeon (13, 14 and 15) and Coventry Theatre (18). A new album 'Rock'n'Roll Juvenile' comes out in September.

IAN GOMM, with his band The New Melo-Notes, leaves for his first U.S. solo tour on September 6. The former Brinsley Schwartz guitarist, who will be supporting Dire Straits on the tour, plays one date at London's Nashville on September 1.

JOHN STEWART, whose 'Bombs Away Dream Babies' recently climbed into the U.S. Top 20 album charts, appears at the London Venue on September 17 and 18. Tickets are £3.50.

THE HEADBOYS are set to embark on their 'Agent Provoca-Tour' which kicks off at Edinburgh Astoria on September 13, other dates being Kirkcubbin Country Club (14), Manchester Factory (15), London Rock Garden (17), Sheffield Lima (18), Nottingham Sandpiper (19) and London Dingwall's (21). The band's first album, 'The Headboys', produced by Peter Ker, will be released in early October.



THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS have now found a permanent drummer in Vince Ely, formerly of The Photos, and will be playing the London Lyceum with The Only Ones and Toyah on September 2.



THE GANG OF FOUR are to play a 45-date British tour commencing October 13. The Leeds rockers are currently working their way through a 30-date tour of the U.S. and Canada, playing half these gigs in the company of Buzzcocks. This east to West Coast trek ends on September 17, when The Gang Of Four return to Britain in time to see the release of their first album, now scheduled for October 5.

DOLL BY DOLL have parted company with bassist Robin Spreatico, his replacement being Nick Whiffen, formerly of The Pylons. The band go into Sarm Studios during September to record their second album, which bears the working title 'One Cold Vibe Don't Stop Dis, Ya Boogie'. Doll By Doll tour Europe in October.

THE YACHTS will be guests on the forthcoming XTC tour, which commences at Manchester Apollo on September 11. The band have just had a single titled 'Box 202' released on Radar.

LOCAL OPERATOR, special guests on the Penetration tour, play club gigs at London's Nashville (September 13) and Chelmsford City Tavern (16). A new single 'Law And Order', one of the band's most popular stage numbers, is to be released shortly.

THE RASSES have added two more dates to their UK tour — London Dingwall's (September 4) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (24). Support for the tour is King Sounds and The Israelites.

ASWAD, Misty and Bongo Danny with The Enchanters play a one-off concert at Bradford St George's Hall on September 7. The concert, titled 'Unity In Progress' is the first of a series aimed at the unification of reggae musicians in order to forward the music and create more opportunities for younger musicians.

HERMAN BROOD, the Dutch rocker who recently featured in a romantic entanglement with Nina Hagen, appears at the London Lyceum on Sunday, October 14. Tickets price £3.00 are on sale now.

SORE THROAT are to play three nights at New York's CBGB's as an "energy guider" for the band's forthcoming UK tour, which starts on September 28 and visits 30 venues. Support band on the tour will be The Spiderz, a Dutch rock outfit who recently completed a new album at Rockfield Studios. Sore Throat's debut album 'Sooner Than You Think' and a single, 'Flak Jacket', will be released to coincide with the start of the tour.

WARM JETS are playing at three London venues during the next few days — at Clapham 101 Club (August 31), Music machine (September 4) and Marquee (6).

Radio Simone

ONE-TIME 'High Priestess of Soul' Nina Simone will be giving two concerts at London Festival Hall on September 11 and 12. The shows, presented by John Martin and Capital Radio, follow Nina's first Stateside dates in five years, during which she played a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Tickets for the shows, which start at 8 pm, are set at £5.50, £5.00, £4.50, £4.00, £3.00 and £2.50. It is expected that a full European tour will be undertaken later in the year.



Nina Simone

Heep sack vocalist shock

URIAN HEEP'S charismatic lead vocalist John Lawton, who has been with the band for three years and nobody around here has ever heard of, has been sacked following a band meeting held last Thursday. It's understood that the rift between Lawton and the rest of the band has been growing for some time but things have come to a head following the recording of an album, produced by Jimmy Miller. Heep have completed 12 tracks of the recording but now all Lawton's vocals will have to be wiped and replaced by vocals from the band's new front man — whoever he may prove to be. At present, no one has been lined up for the job and Heep are to commence auditions in an effort to find the right singer.

A single featuring the new vocalist will be released before Christmas and the band will return to live work in January, going out on a 10th anniversary world-wide tour.

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1	1	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53	31	30	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
2	2	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04	32	31	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.00	3.75
3	5	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44	33	32	KAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
4	3	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44	34	33	ROCKY SHARPE — RAMA LAMA	5.29	4.04
5	7	J.J. CALE — S	5.00	3.75	35	33	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
6	1	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81	36	34	KINGS — LOW BUDGET	5.00	3.75
7	16	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75	37	27	BLUE OYSTER CULT — MIMOSAS	5.29	4.04
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11	14	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24	41	36	CHARLIE — FRONT DIRT	5.06	3.81
12	12	RY CODDER — BOP TELL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75	42	41	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
13	22	O & KINGS — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44	43	43	GARY BROOKER — NO MORE FEAR OF FLYING	4.46	3.21
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17	15	ONNAMA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75	47	37	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
18	17	NEIL YOUNG — MUST NEVER SLEEP	5.00	3.75	48	38	JOHN MITCHELL — MANUS	5.00	3.75
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20	18	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05	50	51	THE KRAVCH — GET THE KRAVCH	5.29	4.04
21	23	COMING SOON — MIDNIGHT MUSIC	5.69	4.44	51	49	NEIL LOVIE — LABOUR OF LOVE	5.00	3.75
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The Long Yarn Of The Lore

A LONGSIDE THE habitually garish or else just plain boring film posters that currently besmear the walls of London, the advert for *Quadrophenia* stands out like a veritable 18 carat pearl in a hat-box full of Woolworth's trinkets. Beneath the amply-shaped letters of the film's title, in stark black and white stand the enterprise's main participants: Steph, the sallow dream girl next to Jimmy with the sheepish half-smile, while away to their far left impish Toyah Wilcox prominently pouts next to 'Ferdie', the hard-nosed, pill-pushing 'rude boy' of the film.

And yet of the nine figures in the line-up, the eye can't help but centre its gaze on the Ace Face, fourth from left, his dress, demeanour and overweening arrogance instantaneously drawing your attention to his lanky brittle frame. Head bowed ever so slightly, his snake eyes stare sullenly at nothing in particular whilst his dress sense alone — the tight fitting mohair job, three buttons and side vents — places him in a different league altogether.

After all, in a film touted as being the definitive statement on the mid-'60s mod culture, Ace as portrayed by Sting, the purists argue, is the only real mod amidst a proverbial sea of 'scooter boys' — the would-be mods of the time.

This consideration plus the fact that Sting himself carries off his role with chutzpah (in fact although he denies having seen the film, Sting's characterization of Ace as the ultra-stylish hoodlum well immersed in the acts of violence he perpetrates can't help but recall Pierre Clementi's role in Bunuel's '50s classic *Belle de Jour* — the two even dress the same, wearing full-length leather coats and carrying canes whilst their faces are similarly contorted into looks of continuous ruthless arrogance) has all in all consumed an image that is bound to catapult the Police singer/bassist into the realms of mega-stardom.

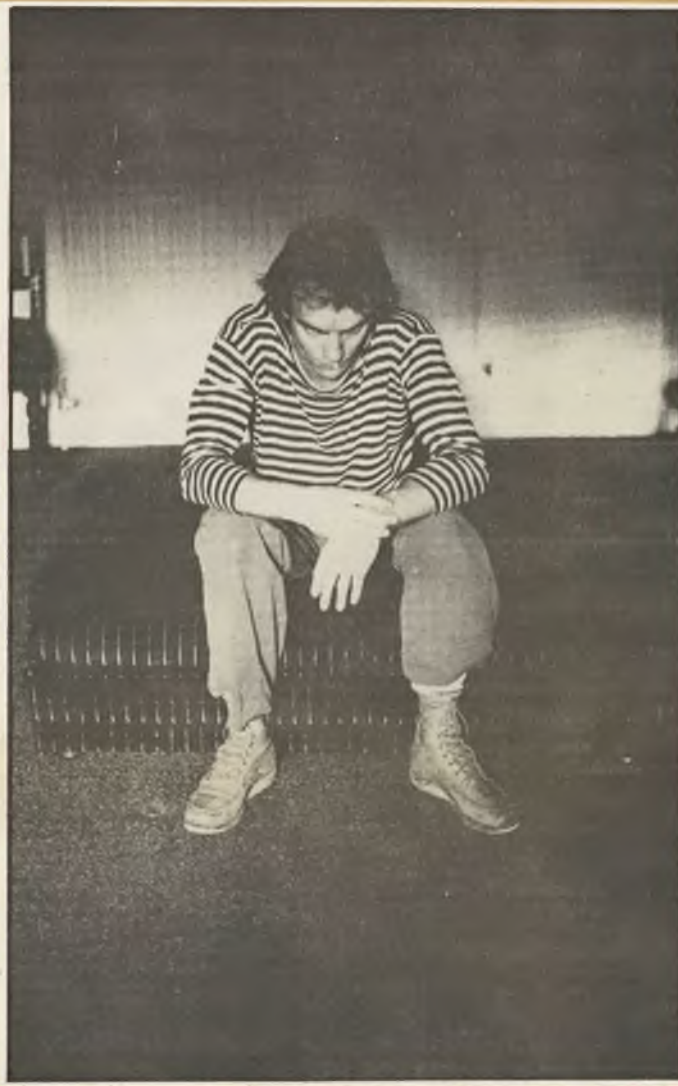
Having only ever encountered Sting in the most superficial of circumstances prior to an interview conducted last week, it struck me that the egocentric viciousness of Ace and Sting's own character (he'd always struck me as a mild-mannered sort) were at distinct odds with each other and that the vividness of Ace's character would cause him some personal grief in the long run. However, Sting himself is only too amenable about destroying my doubts.

"Ace is very much part of my own character. I have a very, very strong ego and those scenes — like that in the Brighton dance hall when Jimmy attempts to steal my limelight by dancing on the balcony — well, that look on my face, were that to have been a real situation, would be exactly the same."

"In fact, Ace is very, very much half of my character."

Police drummer Stewart Copeland, himself a man scarcely bereft of ego drive, readily backs up Sting's self-analysis: "Seeing Sting in *Quadrophenia*, every aspect of the character he was playing I could relate to him personally."

"The Ace character is very, very close to the personality I take on when I'm onstage. I will not be upstaged and it's become a very strong part of the human chemistry working in the band. Basically it's me vs. Stewart at times — we both have these enormous egos — and Andy (Summers, the Police guitarist) sort of coasts along over and around the two of us. The safety gauge factor is that Stewart, Andy and I are all too aware of the pitfalls of ego excess and have, whether consciously or subconsciously, 'ritualized' the whole process. So, like each time we get together Stewart and I have this heavy argument, say, right and the outset of the session so that we can get all that



antipathy out of the way and get down to constructive work."

Constructive work for the Police has been ignoring the grim early days when the band's name (Copeland is responsible for the christening) was 'Person Non Grata' amongst the hard-core punk crew and everything was an uphill struggle, ceaseless touring and a bout of recording from which the second album 'Regatta du Blanc' has been laid down, mixed and finished up well in time for its late September release date.

A single listen to the album displays a more evenly constructed and developed set of songs again with Sting taking the lion's share of the song-writing credits although Copeland is responsible for a third of the material. Two songs — 'Does Everybody Stare' and 'Contact' — are solo compositions from the latter whilst the title track, in a brisk, well-structured instrumental that became an established additional jumping-off point from 'Can't Stand Losing You' after countless live performances is credited to all three

Should we in these troubled times see THE POLICE as our friends? Anything they say is taken down as evidence by NICK KENT. PENNIE SMITH takes the mug shots.



participants, as is the albeit Sting-dominated 'Death Wish', which matches a convoluted 80 Diddley rhythm against a highly effective choir of Stings.

The latter's own songs, whilst striking home on all the most effective bases that made his best numbers on 'Outlandos d'Amour' work so well, tend to be more expansive, be they the straight-ahead ultra-commercial rock thrust of 'Message In A Bottle' (the next single), the roots reggae form of 'Walking On The Moon' which, like 'Roxanne', matches off a strident reggae on-beat against ringing chords instantly locking themselves into one's subconscious, or a number like 'No Time This Time', the archetypal 'road' song with an incredibly busy bass line or another inventive reggae construction with strong lyrics entitled 'The Bed's Too Big Without You'.

As the tape plays the songs, Sting struts about the room, proclaiming, "I think this is far more of a good dance album than the first one. That's one facet I'm really pleased about."

Talking about the Police's music, he proclaims that he sees the band as being purveyors of "hopefully great pop music... we are not definitively a 'pop' group. We make pop music."

When asked to define his perspective on the term 'pop', Sting immediately refers to the Beatles.

"I think you've got to use The Beatles as the ultimate yardstick for pop greatness. I certainly do."

Which at least displays an ability on the part of the band's perpetrators to get a salient angle on their own music. The Police, after all, are a group that has been dogged with all manner of what must be pretty disorientating snubs and bouquets. On the one hand, the new wave elite appear to regard them with an all-to-eager contempt, whilst the old guard — everyone from the Stones and The Who to Ted Nugent, for God's sake, tend to use them as the token 'new' band to give the glad-handed 'thumbs up'. To Charlie Murray, when he went on the road with Ron Wood and Keith Richards' New Barbarians, recalls periodically being asked by either the Two Stones or else Ian McLagen (who, it should be stated, has acted as the band's unofficial P.R. man for some time now, turning on a number of prestigious megastars — Richards and Jagger principally — to the 'Outlandos d'Amour' album) what he thought of The Police as though every mention of their name would cover up any hint of their ridiculously insular listening tastes and general ridiculous inability to latch onto what is really happening among the young groups, particularly the ones rising from their own long-deserted homeland.

Meanwhile the desperate likes of heavy metal icon Nugent inform our own Paul Morley of their unabashed love for the likes of 'Roxanne' and, after virtually every gig the band played on their last three U.S. tours, the likes of Foreigner or crass jazz-funk operators like Stanley Clarke would turn up backstage to offer verbal bouquets.

On the other end of the scale, the band are considered a shallow venture by many of their new wave peers. It's certainly a feeling that the band themselves are more than aware of.

As Stuart Copeland remarks: "That whole thing is such a drag, basically because I actually happen to really dig Siouxsie and The Banshees and when we've encountered each other at *Top Of The Pops*, my first reaction is to go over and say, "Hey I really liked your music." But they always behave so ultra-cool as if to actually confer with us would be tantamount to some grand display of heresy on their part. The same with Johnny Rotten and Public Image."

Copeland, by the same token, finds a lot of the old guard's back-patting anything but complimentary.

"I mean, when it got down to Foreigner and Boston — like we'd always make a point of going on radio in whatever town in the U.S. we happened to be playing in and after getting over the initial shock of confronting a 'punk' band quote-unquote who didn't vomit over the record deck or swear three times per sentence, the D.J. would ask us our opinions on the American rock scene and we'd of course, rail off against Boston and Foreigner etc. I mean, those names are so easy to roll off the tip of your tongue they were inevitable bait. So like in every radio interview across the States we'd be putting down those two bands in particular and then, all of a sudden, at some weird gig, like in Poughkeepsie (laughs) there were Foreigner backstage after the gig telling us how good we are. And it was hideous!"

Taking as objective an overview as possible on the band, it appears a fairly obvious

■ Continues over page

"I actually happen to dig Siouxsie and the Banshees. But they always behave so ultra-cool as if to confer with us would be some grand display of heresy."

■ From previous page

statement of fact that The Police have joined the ranks of Cheap Trick, The Cars, Blondie and The Knack as ambassadors of accessible 'New wave' — basically the music that scarcely deserves to be considered new wave as in 'innovative' or 'original' but instead functions on the level of pairing off a strong, agreeable image with what can only be defined as 'sprightly, well-crafted late '70s pop replete with strong hooklines and a pristine sense of texturing'. The end result, whilst rarely if ever worthy of being described as ingenious, is certainly often very clever and devilishly catchy.

In other words, as Sting will only too readily agree, the Police are in the vanguard of punching out 'new' pop.

All of which is a mite disconcerting only if one bothers to check with Police mainman Sting's past. Born and raised in Newcastle Gordon Sumner got both his nickname and musical christening from playing in local trad jazz bands.

"The lay-out would be that in certain pubs there'd be a drum-kit, double-bass and piano at least so that anyone who fancied could jump up onto the rostrum and have a bash."

Having learnt the rudiments of first the double-bass and then electric bass, Sumner's juvenile visage would frequently be noted amongst ageing dye-hard semi-pro Newcastle jazzers. His youthful exuberance coupled with the fact that he was prone to wearing a baggy sweater sporting thick black and yellow stripes gave him a definite waspish look that naturally created the nickname.

"First it was the old trad, jazzers and then all of a sudden, it stuck. My friends called me 'Sting', literally everyone. Even my mother."

From casual thrump-ups at the local pub, the by-now locally renowned Sting came to lead a somewhat more youthful but nonetheless considerably more mature-in-age bunch who called themselves Last Exit (moniker gratis Hubert Selby's "Last Exit to Brooklyn").

A jazz-rock outfit they were according to their ex-singer/bassist, "the best band in Newcastle at the time. I mean, that's not a boast so much as a simple straightforward fact. We were the hottest band in Newcastle. Big deal, y'know (shrugs). My ego could scarcely be satisfied with that measly situation."

It was this dissatisfaction with the limitations of his environment that made Sting so readily follow up ex-Curved Air drummer Copeland's offer to come to London and form a band, even though he had a wife and child to support.

THE early days of the Police's incarnation make for depressing reading in retrospect. With French guitarist Henry Padovani making the band a three-piece, the unit were forced, due to financial shortcomings, to back up the goddamned Cherry Vanilla along with her guitarist boyfriend and a long-standing keyboard player compatriot, a move that alienated yours truly for a start.

This need to supplement a wretchedly low income also caused the group to dye their hair blonds for a Wrigley's chewing gum advert, not to mention providing Sting with the initial chance to display his photogenic talents, later exploited to the full in "Quadrophonia".

Musically the Police still had a way to go before they found the sound they were after. A recording session with John Cale as producer was little short of farcical.

At this point, the Sting-Copeland-Padovani unit was being added to via the inclusion of Andy Summers, who had encountered the Police rhythm section when the pair had worked, on a purely session-work basis, in a Gong spin-off project referred to as Strontium 90.



THE POLICE. l. to r.: Sting, Andy Summers, Stewart Copeland.

Summers kept in contact and, once witnessing the group live at the Marquee, quietly but determinedly chose to force his abilities into coalition with the other members. The band as a four-piece — both Summers and Padovani on guitars — was short-lived to say the least, lasting precisely one gig plus the hideous John Cale session, where Summers recalls: "Cale being so drunk all the time that he'd leap about, raving about literally the most ludicrous things we were playing. For example, at one stage I was bashing out the 'Whole Lotta Love' riff for a joke and Cale

dashed into the studio itself saying: "God, that's great, that's fantastic, we've got to record that."

Upon Padovani's departure (he went on to join Wayne County's Electric Chairs, a band he himself now fronts) the Police sound began to formulate itself. Sting, having first performed trad jazz, had been touched by rock more than immersed in it — but became very brisquely infatuated with the reggae 'on beat' rhythm and the myriad possibilities that reggae production — be it 'dub' or whatever — had to offer.



Copeland recalls Sting's conversion to reggae.

"One time we had a party at Sting's and I, kinds working on a hunch that he'd relate immediately to the music, brought along a bunch of Wailers' albums, some Burning Spear, some dub records etc. And sure enough, Sting just latched on immediately to the rhythmic slant of the music, all the possibilities.

Sting himself more than willingly nominates Bob Marley as a hero and appears genuinely touched when I remark how his vocals on "The Bed", a track from the new album, sound unerringly like Marley's. Another hero of the singer's is Kevin Coyne — "He strips it all down, makes himself naked. I have to be drunk to take it, it's so heavy."

In fact, one of Sting's plus Copeland and Summers' to a lesser extent, greatest protestations, is that they haven't been given any credit for actually choosing the support acts they take on tour with them.

"Yeah, that angered me somewhat. I mean, it was literally down to us that The Cramps were the support act. We saw them and flipped, so that's how they got over here."

For the next tour, the Police are bringing over a character named Wazmo Nariz from the States, an eccentric figure whom the band place in great esteem. The Police, by the way, have since their success made a point of headlining their gigs. This, drummer Copeland regards as the only feasible way of breaking new ground.

"Like I really believe that the old cliché of second or third-billing to Ted Nugent in the States as a means of gaining positive exposure is a piece of shit. Yeah, I mean what is the fuckin' point of going onstage and being booed off by 60,000 people who don't know who the hell you are and don't care anyway. Some managers say "Yeah, but you got exposure in front of 60,000 people". Bullshit!" The Police made of wooing the States has been going on for three tours now. At the last count, the band could sell out a 3,000 seat auditorium on average whilst the fourth shot should certainly see them doubling, if not trebling, that quotient.

As far as success and the money that comes with it is concerned, the band make no phoney displays about not meaning that much.

Sting himself positively relishes the fact that he and Stewart Copeland will have made a clean quarter of a million apiece by the end of the year. More than anything, Sting, at 27, has struck proverbial oil with his first London-based rock venture and the impatience of his character hasn't been tempered by the failures and previous ups-and-downs that Copeland and, most certainly Summers, a remarkably well preserved mid-30's session guitarist veteran, have had to deal with.

The group are a force to be reckoned with, deserving neither the contempt of new wave elitism nor the sycophantic blessings of many of the old guard, who consider the Police 'acceptable'. The group themselves certainly have few, if any, delusions of grandeur. They simply work out on their own ever-expanding precinct and don't force their music down your throat.

"Great pop" is Sting's aim. Roxanne, 'Can't Stand Losing You', 'Truth Hits Everybody', 'The Bed's Too Big Without You', 'Death Wish', 'Message In A Bottle' are just that. Frustratingly catchy, clever but rarely clever-clever, the Police maintain a musical profile that deserves its healthy modicum of respect. Put simply, they put out. Catch it or let it lay are the two options available. They've made their choice, I've made mine. The bell's in your court now.

"We'd go on radio in the U.S. and rail off against Boston and Foreigner. Then at some weird gig there were Foreigner backstage telling us how good we are. It was hideous."

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THRILLS

Nina Rubs Austrians Up Wrong Way



With These Hands: Nina shows off her flexible little fingers

ROCK STAR in TV orgasm shock horror! Yes, your favourite trendie and mine, Nina Hagen, shocked all sorts of honest, hard-working citizens by appearing on the Austrian late-night discussion show *Club 2* and "propagating homosexuality" and "showing the viewers the best positions for masturbation" (according to the "Kronen Zeitung", Austria's biggest selling newspaper).

So how did it happen? The newspapers advertised that the discussion would be about "Disco instead of Rock culture (sic)!", a harmless sounding subject, and one member of the discussion panel was to be Nina Hagen, the original Comecon-punk, as representative of the "modern rock-culture". She was joined by her guitarist, who was only referred to as "Ferdinand" and who appeared to be there mainly for Nina to snuggle up to.

They were pitted against a "poet" who became more and more drunk as the discussion rolled on (there is always plenty of wine on hand at these discussions, supplied by Austrian Television), the head of a political (liberal) youth group ("All political youth groups are fascist," said precocious Nina.), a 16-year old girl who admitted liking to go to discos sometimes, and who didn't get a word in edgewise during the whole discussion, a German female ex-hippie writer, and a conservative gentleman, who obviously was in for most of the stick, as well as the

Diskussionsteiler Dieter Seefranz, a well known celebrity in Austrian TV, who is already involved in a scandal for reading the TV news without a tie!

Lovely Nina was shocking enough with her pink hair, green eyes and bondage trousers, and she had obviously come to be noticed! She started off the discussion using such family-approved words as "fuck", "Scheisse" and "clitoris" and calling the "conservative" gentleman a "depperte Sau", which is Austrian dialect for "stupid swine". She shamelessly plugged the movie that she's just finished, and the tour that will bring her and the Slits through Austria soon. She also sang a few songs — "Future is now", which stated "1968 is over, 1977 is over", (although you wouldn't know it by looking at her), "Move Over" by Janis Joplin, and one other ditty, whose title she failed to mention and recited the lyrics to some she had just written. One new one, "Womans women", was the spark that got her going.

The really shocking part was near the end of the "discussion", where she insisted on talking about the problems women have getting orgasm before they have a houseful of children. She then started to show the viewers (albeit clothed) the various things that women do to achieve orgasm, and it being a live program, there was no way to stop her.

The unusual aspect of the programme for anyone not so bourgeois as to be shocked by her antics, was the fact that the proposed subject of the discussion was never even touched.

Heads will roll.

ROBERT GERETSCHLAGER

THRILLS

Van's Final Statement

"A name is a product. If the music is good, it's not really all that important who's playing it. Names are secondary."

— Van Morrison/July 1973.

Six years after making that statement to this writer, Van Morrison still hasn't changed his opinion. Furthermore he affirms that his controversial confrontation with our own Tony Stewart, namely, *The Last Interview?* (March 10, '79) was precisely that.

Yet, despite the imagery that has fermented over the years of Van Morrison being just about everything from a pained genius to a pain in the ass, his demeanour, whenever we've met, has never been sullen or truculent. And, when I encountered him over drinks in Stockholm's Alexander Club, following a near-faultless concert he'd given earlier in the evening,

he again proved affable, out-going and entertaining. "Basically," he said when trying to explain his own character, "I'm a very simple person. And, as such, I'm probably far too honest... too blunt when interviewed."

Despite certain encounters he'd much sooner forget, Morrison concedes that there have been many occasions when he has been fairly treated by the more perceptive members of the press, going so far as to argue that in some instances, perhaps he was as much to blame for the way a story has been angled as the writer.

"I reckon that anything that anyone wants to know about Van Morrison, they'll find in my records. And, if not doing interviews means that I don't sell as many records as before..." he pauses...

then, so be it. That's my look out."

A brave, though from my point of view, slightly misguided statement of intent. Though, at a later date,

Morrison intends to write his autobiography, at this juncture in his career, it's a question of out of the mystic and, as the title of his new album decrees, *Into the Music*.

That was obvious earlier that night when Morrison played. Devoid of any inbetweening frippery, as ever, Morrison's performance stands or falls on whatever interaction is established between performer(s) and audience.

The sheer magic of Morrison's music drifts across the warm night air, the audience (estimated at well over 5,000) suddenly warm to him. Not, because of any showbiz chicanery (they're just isn't any), but for his sheer presence and his ability to communicate on his own terms.

Chalk up another plus for artistic integrity.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Dead Kennedy Won't Lie Down

YES, Johnny Rotten, Joe Strummer, Poly Styrene and that lot may have made a contribution to the socio-political evolution of modern youth, but it took a Yank to actually represent the international pogo party in the election.

On August 7 Jello Biafra, lead singer of San Francisco-based p-rockers, The Dead Kennedys, announced his candidacy for the office of Mayor of San Francisco. The Kennedys, who are one of the most "political" bands on the West Coast, are currently riding high on the new wave charts with their debut single, "California Uber Alles." The song, a spoof on the state's ambitious hippie governor, Jerry Brown, attacks the current drift in American politics. Zen fascists will control you/Hundred percent natural/You will jog for the master race/And always wear the happy face.

The Kennedy's beer-drenched, pogo-mad live sets have been the main highlights of the Bay Area



new wave scene for the better part of a year. And Jello's candidacy has drawn together almost the entire new wave community.

Because of the recent assassination of San Francisco's left-wing mayor, George Moscone, by an extreme right-wing city councilman (and ex-policeman), the race is up for grabs. Mr Biafra enters into a field completely dominated by neo-fascist puppets of the big real estate and banking interests. He has

been using his candidacy to point out the basically anti-people policies being espoused by all the so-called "mainstream" candidates. A couple of lines in "California Uber Alles" sum up the worst fears Biafra is expressing in his campaign. Now it is 1984/Knock, knock at your front door. It is the suede denim secret police/They have come for your uncool niece.

JACK BASHER

THRILLS

Lowry



"We'll have to keep an eye on this lot — they're putting round the dangerous notion that rebellion against authority is something more than just a commodity to be packaged and sold to teenagers every few years."

Cruisin' For Bruisin'

COMPARED to what is going on in New York right now, the recent Gay Pride parade over here looks pretty tame. Not since the Stonewall riots has gay anger been so aroused.

The focus point for the current protests is a movie being shot on the NY streets by William Exorcist/Friedkin, called *Cruising*.

According to gay spokespeople who have had portions of the script leaked to them, the movie would depict all homosexuals as either crazed sadists or mindless ash trays.

Pacino plays a rookie detective stalking a brutal killer preying on an apparently endless stream of leather-trousered whipping dummies. New York gays obviously are sickened by this stereotype and are regularly descending on the set en masse to jeer and pelt the assembled extras.

And there are those who argue that the eventual release of the movie will lead to a

murder outbreak down on the waterfront.

A recent report in the *Village Voice* magazine appears to give this fear some substance. It quotes one of the cops in charge of controlling the scenes as frothing, "I think they all oughta be decapitated. These pansies are trying to act like men."

Also, inevitably, outsiders are turning up in opposition to the gays just for the battle. On the less active side of things, one leading NY gay novelist, John Rechy, is advising the community not to over-react, much as he despises the film content.

The word is out that this is the closest thing to a long, hot summer that New York has seen this year. And the *Village* is ringing with the rampage of gay people with anything but cruising on their minds...

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

Police Don't Stop The Carnival!

CARNIVAL! The Notting Hill Carnival — it's already become a part of history. A British Tradition and a tradition which causes untold paranoia. But in the heart of the carnival there's no cause for alarm. Stalls of militant Rastafarian literature nestle happily alongside Young Socialist Worker 'Trotsky Centenary' badges. The Black & White Riot Show.

I buy the thirteenth issue of Rastafari Universal Zion monthly *The Voice Of Rasta*, which starts beautifully — miles ahead of Fleet St. — "President Julius Nyerere, in I man's view, is an African problem or enigma; and I will show why," continuing with prose such as befits the carnival and puts *Daily Mirror* Editorial writers to shame:

"At the present moment President Nyerere should be riding very high — but is he? At this time, Nyerere is a socio-cultural quandary, quagmire, cesspool, ceptic pit, swamp, or something very similar."

There's an atmosphere which hits you immediately. Stepping innocently off London Transport, screams and sirens and steel bands assault.

The carnival is warpaint, feathers, brass skank, New Orleans steps, chicken wing humour, corn on the cob, Special Brew madness, dressage in a Babylon.

It all coincides. Street bands crinkle past your eyes, a twisting decoration of percussion, persuasion, perdition. Middle-aged Black mothers and grandmothers in Aztec fairy godmother costumes jumping along and banging empty spirits bottles to the tune of truckfuls of casual steel band bonhomie: the convoy of a community.

This year, the carnival is marred — as the radio says — by but one small outburst of violence. The youths got round to cashing in some of their empires at the annoying police presence. The bluebottles — all Victorian tucked-in chins and repressed Reichian uniform — responded to the thrown bottles



Your friendly neighbourhood bobby. (That's him with the silly hat). Pic: Chris Lurca.

with a typically paranoid riot-shield charge. Fourteen arrests, the radio says.

The carnival does get hot and full of pressure — though exactly what kind of pressure it's hard to say.

There's little trouble and a heavy police presence. You can go helicopter spotting, and compare scenes with those of last year's carnival as featured in Don Letts' *Ranking Movie* (see it). Or go Don Letts spotting, as seen under the Acklam Hall flyover sporting a nice line in leopard skin waistcoat (better believe it).

Or there's food stalls selling vital fish (no blood) and goat curry and dumplings and patties and Carlsberg. Special Brew badness, stalls selling pre-release social comment and knee-jiggling twelve inch disco straight from the cottage industry's cardboard box, spinning calypso, 'bluebeat originals', pavement dub.

Rival sound systems are set up along opposite sides of the Portobello Rd. terminus, trying hard and harder to out treble and out bass one another. Stink up into the speakers, corner yourself some territory — no one seemed to mind me doing this, dreadie — and just shade ya eyes against the Sons of Jah as the bass rummages through your alimentary canal, crackles along your central nervous system and burns through obtrusive hits of breakfast.

Eye up the diminishing quantities of vodka and rum. Sidle up to the proper Rastafarian contingent if you can stop them floating. Flirt around the smoky dooms and paperback stalls. The Rastas ("West Indian community ranging from a distinct, convincing religiousness through a hip street style to a pilthy middle-class takeover." — Idris Walters) just stand back and their looks say something like: If you're interested, you're interested, and

perchance you will purchase some pamphlets or a Lord of Lords Ethiopian T-shirt set in combination of canary yellow, sea green and dread red. If not, soon come.

An attitude of righteous, benevolent, cooled out expectancy. Soon come! Rasta! Try ask the lion!

It's not voyeuristic for we white youth to attend all of this. It's an opportunity to come to live terms with things usually talked about: the overhang of good old wan imperialism, the immigrant's arbitrarily imported from the Caribbean in the late '50s and flat out rejected by good old Gross Britannia (I'm alright Jack, ya better not hit my road!).

Just have fe check when two cultures clash! The Selassie posters, the steel band strut, the smells, the tastes, the sights, the slights, the badness and goodness.

IAN PENMAN

THIRDS

Cody:



THE NOTORIETY of Commander Cody, aka George Frayne, began and nearly ended in June 1968. It all came about, he told me, when "I got my masters degree in June '68. Two things were pulling at me — the country and western thing, and Art, but I was goin' to teach, I'd already got a job teaching at Wisconsin State University.

"There I was, driving down the freeway smoking a number, two more in my pocket, looking not unlike I'm looking now, only instead of the Christian Dior shirt, I'm wearing the funky T... doin' about 80. All of a sudden the car blew up, exploded in a ball of fire, skidded over into a mountain! I managed to jump out, a ball of flame engulfing everything I owned; my entire record collection, all my paintings that had won awards at festivals that summer and that's not the end of the story. The Pennsylvania state police come up an' take two joints out of my pocket, they take me straight to the Pennsylvania State Penitentiary, and put me in solitary confinement for two days. And that was the first narcotics bust the town, probably the whole goddam state, has ever known."

Thus spake Commander Cody: an engaging, ebullient, colourful and

James Brown

He was...is...and always will be
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Featuring 'IT'S TOO FUNKY' and his forthcoming
new 12" Single 'STAR GENERATION'

— STEPPIN OUT DISCO —

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH BRYAN MILLER

Not Just A Pretty Face.



extremely likeable character. His conversation inspires confidence, punctuated with sincere, hearty laughter.

And having just reached the ripe old age of thirty five, this cowboy's packed a helluva lot of living under his belt; a man of Quality and many achievements. His reputation emerged with the Lost Planet Airmen as veteran pioneer of the country and western trucking anthem 'Hot Rod Lincoln', and swinging eulogies to holiday lovers all over the world 'Smoke, Smoke, Smoke', and 'Seeds and Stems'.

Since then, he's lost several stones in weight, and several recording contracts.

The Commander's somewhat perilous reputation as the Santa Claus of boogie-woogie, rockabilly, country and western-swinging blues — you name it it's there — is immensely rejuvenating in finely measured doses but hardly takes him rampaging along the road glory-bound to stardom. Even so, he has one or two aces up the proverbial sleeve, one of which is a major contribution to rather unusual book.

The book consists of drawings, sketches, paintings and sculpture,

contributed by amongst others, Cody, Joni Mitchell, Ron Wood, Cat Stevens, John Mayall and Klaus Voorman.

Unfortunately there are only two sections of it in England; that containing Cody's inimitable style — paintings inspired by stills from old Hollywood movies, aircraft cockpits, and welded-tin sculpture — all of it very effective, some of it beautiful; and Wood's chapter, where his more orthodox style, ranges from perfectly captured unself-consciousness of children

(presumably his), to a sulky seductive, scantily clad lady presumably his.

According to Cody, "You'd think Joni would be into water colours and pretty stuff, but in fact she's a really dynamic artist." He should know.

Cody is anxious to return to the subject of rock'n'roll. Obviously the book will sell, but the fact remains that George Frayne is without his recording contract. And during their prime neither he nor the Lost Planet Airmen had a Big Hit, although they came close with their second and



Pic. Joe Stevens

most successful studio album 'Hot Licks, Cold Steel and Truckers' Favourites'. The fans are — in Cody's words — either "wasted, trash remnants like myself — old hippies who've survived. My new crowd is the young, drunken, radical, crazy, college crowd." Stern stuff from a man who used to drink Guinness for breakfast.

Optimism runs high as I realise once again that this affable geezer wears his talents like Joseph's coat: "Andy Stein (ex fiddler and tenor

sax-player for the LPA), is doing the sound track for the National Lampoon movies, and he's asked me to write some lyrics. National Lampoon, because of the success of Animal House, have been signed up to do 12 more movies, and the next one's gonna be called Jaws Three Equals Zero.

Seems to me the Commander won't be relinquishing his post for some time yet.

CHARLOTTE WYLLIE

THIRTEENS



The Lone Groover

Benyon




TWO SIDES OF

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C/W PRETENDER

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R.A.R. — U.S.A. YIPPIE!

LOOKING like it's been preserved in a time warp these last ten years, no. 9 Bleecker St., HQ of the Youth International Party, appears to lend total credibility to that old hippie legend "Tomorrow we must get organised."

Everywhere chaos rules. Large stacks of past issues of their newspaper *Overthrow*, formerly the *Yipster Times*, crowd the front entrance. Yippie badges litter the floor, posters advertising Smoke-ins and Be-ins cover the walls. "Would you buy a used Ford from this man?" accompanies a picture of Nixon.

Three weeks from now the Yippies are holding their annual Smoke-in in Washington DC, and the whole country seems to want details.

Fortunately the Yippies have finally realised there's something more important going on in the world than legalising their precious weed. (Impossible — Thrills Ed.) Even in America, land of the free and home of the brave, the ugly face of racism is beginning to show itself on the streets. When the American Nazi party marched in uniform, through Chicago's Marquette Park, earlier this year, the Yippies had been thinking of forming Rock Against Racism for several months.

Last September the first RAR gig took place in Columbus, Ohio, home of the Kent State massacre and the

strongest YIP chapter in the US. News had filtered across the Atlantic of the success of the UK RAR movement, and the idea seemed good.

Though the event only attracted 2,000 people, that number was enough to convince YIP to continue with the idea, and a spring planning session was held at Studio 10 on March 24th this year, as part of the Yippie National Conference.

As a result of the conference further RAR festivals have been held in Houston, Texas; New York's Central Park; and Chicago's Lincoln Park, scene of everybody's favourite police riot. These last two attracted crowds of 20,000 and 10,000 respectively, and a bill featuring mostly local bands playing r&b, rock, reggae, new wave, punk and salsa, was headlined both times by the Patti Smith

Group, minus Patti. Ms Smith talks a good revolution!

But RAR/USA continues apace. In NY, across the street from no. 9, Bleecker St., the Yippies have their own club, Studio 10, 150 yards from the Bowery and CBGBs. Studio 10 had strong support from Larry Kays, Patti Smith and other celebrities during its formative years. The night I was there the bill featured the Numbers, a dynamite jazz/rock fusion band from Columbus, Ohio. Veteran of Kent State benefits, they're keen to do RAR gigs. Lead singer Bob Kidney introduces one song, Bo Diddley's "You



Ellen Stiletto at Studio 10. Pic: Jessica Jason.

Can't Judge a Book by Looking at the Cover," as "the first song ever written for Rock Against Racism, though he probably didn't know it at the time."

Preceding the Numbers had been Chris Rush, a stand-up comic who looks like Kojak on acid and sounds like a mix of Richard Pryor and Lenny Bruce. And the evening was wound to a close at 4 am with some driving r&b from the Senders.

On June 30th Canada held its first RAR event in Edmonton, Alberta, and at the DC Smoke-in the music was interspersed with speeches against racism. Already five solid RAR chapters have been set up in the States, at Dayton and Columbus, Ohio; New York; Chicago and Houston. And plans are in motion to set one up in Choccolate City itself, Washington, DC. Future plans for festivals include one at Madison, Wisconsin, home of a fairly left-wing state government, on September 1st.

But all is not yet sweetness and light. The DC Smoke-in ended in a rain-soaked shambles after scenes of the heaviest police brutality for several years in front of the White House. After the 7,000

marchers had rushed the White House railing, 80 motor cycle cops formed a tight knit group and rode straight through the demonstrators. Splits between the Yippies and CAMP (a slightly more organised equivalent of the UK's Smokey Bear), who were organising the Smoke-in with the Yippies, were rife.

New York RAR were definitely in need of help when I left. Studio 10 having just been closed due to inadequate safety

precautions, the whole place being a potential fire hazard.

With 10,000 dollars needed for repairs, it'll be sometime before they can re-open. Alice, a member of the collective, promised free accommodation and sight-seeing tours to anyone interested in helping, especially carpenters or sound people. With Sir Freddie kindly offering cheap return flights for under £150, America doesn't seem that far away anymore. Anyone fancy a cheap few months in the States? It sure beats the shit out of Camp America.

TONY SMART

THRILLS

Benyon



I'm afraid he never lived to taste the fame his talent deserved, but now his publishing rights are restored to you I think we may see a sudden upsurge of interest in his work!

If America wants 'em, it can have 'em.



'SOMETHING THAT I SAID' THE EXPLOSIVE NEW SINGLE FROM THE RUTS!

VIRGIN RECORDS *Virgin* VS285

From the Evening Times (Glasgow). Thank you, Hammy from Glasgow.

SINGLES

THE RUTS: Is It Something That I Said (*Virgin*). The best song that The Ruts will ever have was recorded over two years ago by The Models and called 'Freeze'. But of course this group weren't too together then, just like most of today's real punks, and so there were no takers on Marco & Co's little epic at that time. But in these days of contemporary Teddy Boys there is a massive market for this, uh, hard line rock'n roll, but like the drippy, lame 'Babylon Burning', us old timers find all this just so much floorshow for the latecomers. Boring tune too. — DB

Ummmm... may I just point out that records like this are what happen when punk is crushed to death in a collision between H. Metal and P. Pop, that The Ruts ain't at all bad live, that it's very well produced, that... of shit. How's about we listen to something only slightly less boring? — CSM

EDDIE GRANT: Walking On Sunshine (*Isle*). 'Living On The Frontline' was a most splendid bit of crossover reggae and a well-deserved success for a geezer who's been consistently underestimated ever since his Equals days, but this is pretty much the same song except that it boogies instead of skanking, and that it bears a distinct family resemblance to 'Funky Like A Train', one of Oor Eddie's last Equalprods. Dan...? — CSM

Yes, just the same old problem of a record recorded in Stamford Hill suffering from what we scientists have come to term 'Yankeesdill Beta'. What with reggae easing in so firmly down nightclub way, me thinks perhaps Eddie hath blundered. — DB

JEREMY SPENCER BAND: Travellin' (*Atlantic*). This is what Ry Cooder's single would sound like if it was crappy instead of great — CSM

THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND: The Devil Went Down To Georgia (*CBS*). A passing Max Bell — for it is he — informs us that this passes the shitkicker test... and so we kicked the shit out of it. Ah ha also joke eh boss? — DB

You haven't stopped talking since I got in here. You must be vaccinated with a phonograph needle. This metaphysical Southern complication is a blinding hit in the YouEssA and it brings back fond memories of the very silly hippie Western fillum *Zachariah* — specifically Doug Karshaw's segment thereof — but it is unlikely to make much of an impact overere since Charlie Daniels and his band are all rather ugly and bearded, plus they wear cowboy hats all the time, even in the shower. — CSM

I hate people like that. — DB

HERBIE MANN: Jaco Dazz (*Atlantic*). Ah, from the title I

It's The Special Late Afternoon (after the pubs have shut) Chat Show. Your Hosts — DANNY BAKER and CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY.



Danny Baker's Single Of The Week

MIROSLAV VITOUS: New York City (*Warner Bros*) How heartening it is to know that someone, somewhere within the dank halls of record companies is actually on the case. From 1975 Warners drag back one of the most chaotic, whirlwind tracks from that barren year. Bear with me while Public Image and Earth Wind and Fire haggle over who owns the beat, whilst Donna Summer and Carla Bley haggle over who owns the voice. Let me tell ya, ain't a Disco in the country can put its hand on its heart with this one. The bugger is too confusing, too selfish, too precious. Dazz and Jisco get left way back as the man with the anagram handle shifts into a class of his own. All the speed and edge that the city in question holds is hurtled through the speakers and back, and although the term 'essential' is these days as worthless as a scoop on Saturnalia, those who pass on 'NYC' must throw their parties in Tehran. Two final parents in Weather Report and The Blockheads, Miroslav Vitous comes a major single of the week. — DB

Charles Shaar Murray's single of the week

First of all, may I just interpose in passing that a nomination of a second single of the week is in no way to be taken as any criticism, implied or otherwise, of my exuberant young colleague or his endorsement of Sid's cousin Miroslav and the latter's splendid and energetic waxing. However — as a supplement rather than a replacement — allow me to usher to the podium...

RY COODER: Little Sister (*Warner Bros*). Heavens, how embarrassing to have two Warners singles chosen for a special approbation (memo to the Warners promotion department: when are our nosebleeds gonna stop?). The only thing wrong with this Ryland P. object is that (a) our copy is as warped as the sensibilities of most Christians and (b) it's not 'Down In Hollywood' off the same sublime 'Bop Till You Drop' album. As it is, what we got is the upside of L.A.: outphase Strats, gospel harmonies, an old Elvis number, a dance groove and a voice that would be like moose farts on a muggy day if it was Leo Kottke instead of Ry Cooder but is anyway, just the same. Hear it twice, buy the album and if the penny ain't dropped you're on double secret probation.

deduce our Herb has been sneaking a peek at my first review phrase. Now look, the flute is not an instrument that appeals to any ears this side of the half century. Herbi Mann has fluffed jazz, he's fluffed reggae, ballsed up rock, and made a berk out of himself at soul. The latest nonsense from his lips of the pie-eyed piper is one of those appealing lightweight merry melodies that employ a clutch o' dames to asthmatically wheeze 'Alright' and 'Oh yeah' as if the years automatically shed back onto his balding pate. Currently Herbie is booked in at Mrs Strach's fine hostellery in Brighton where he is doing the groundwork on his Mod throw. — DB

Listen mate, nuffin wrong with flutes as long as Roland Kirk's playin' 'em. Unfortunately, Rahsaan isn't doing much of anything these days, and neither are...

WISHBONE ASH: Come On (*IMCA*). Flash pic sleeve, great Chuck Berry song, totally hideous, boring, useless, crappy, dull half-speed and slowed-down TURKEY of a single. Great value for Berry freaks who now consume their weight in Tuirol every solstice (maaaaaann) — CSM

Arrrrrrghust! — DB

GRACE JONES: On Your Knees (*Island*). A heartless disco but nevertheless all credit to the firesome musicians concerned. Except Grace. She has a voice that sounds forever winded and at least 30 years older than the rest of her face. Her lungy wobbles all but spoil this rather energetic bash. There's no need to especially check for Ms Jones, indeed it baffles me from whence she gets her 'reputation'. Banshee-esque lyric don't help either. — DB

Lovely biceps, though. — CSM

PAUL BRETT: Take Five (*RCA*). Ah! The old Paul Desmond/Dave Brubeck job transcribed for one chap with a load of acoustic guitars. Tastefully soporific (is it time for my wake-up call, Dan?) — CSM

QUANTUM JUMP: No American Starship (*Electric*). I don't know anyone who liked that godawful 'Lone Ranger' rubbish. It got up my hofter the way they played *TOTP* as it were all part of some mug-up home movie for those 'real musicians' watching in. On this release their bull is fully revealed as they feel the need to raise the charts standards with their own particular brand of 'progressive' kip. More of that stroked with rats-tail guitar playing from old moustache lips too. — DB

I dunno — you're coming over all tetchy just because they ain't made any jokes about pillowbiters on this one. Some people have no sense of humour — CSM

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Shout (*RCA*). Anybody my age could have told you (*They did* — DB) that a cover version of this song was what launched the appalling Lulu on her disgraceful career of hosting variety shows, divorcing members of the Bee Gees and exploiting David Bowie while wearing bowler hats. However, this venerable slice of Old Tyme soul music is still a trifle on the ultra-dynamic side, packing as it in fact does both parts of the original onto

one side of a BLOODY HUUUUUGE 12-inch while 'Respectable' and 'Tell Me Who' lurks on the B-side. If the Mod Revival doesn't account for a few extra copies shifted, then we're issuing an official Trand Statement next week demanding the burning of all parkas by the beginning of November. Speaking of which... — CSM

SECRET AFFAIR: Time For Action (*J-Spy*). Y'know how rock'n'roll spewed into the 1960-61 years with all that Bobby Vee stuff? Well, here we go again. Secret Affair play just so long as they don't have to sweat and Ian Paine gets a chance to whine about how he's been right about Powderpuff Power Pop all along. Well OK, so it's the national pastime right here, right now but let's not confuse mohair suits and whiskerless smiling chins with youth, rebellion, rock'n'roll and Paul Weller. Jeaz, with twittish

lala like this springing up my heart bleeds for Weller. I mean, how can you confuse the two, modsters? No, they can tread the water for now... but wait till the real sharks get back. — DB

Speaking of which... — CSM

THE BEACH BOYS: Sumatama (*Caribou*). Jesus, they don't like Mondays either. Personally, I don't like Fridays — CSM

That old ham Brian just can't face the fact that nobody is in the slightest interested in his pitiful laments. Thatsa sumatama boss? — DB

I wonder if I could buy back my introduction to you? — CSM

THE INVADERS: The Best Thing I Ever Did (*Polydor*). What was the worst? — CSM

You heathen bastard! Don't you think people are interested in the fact that this was produced by Jimmy Pursey and is an average rock song with affectations toward a hummable chorus that doesn't quite make it. Don't you? Well? Answer me, man! — DB

Anyone ever tell you that you've got the same initials as David Bowie? — CSM

NOEL: The Night They Invented Love (*Virgin*). Judging by this — not nearly as good a joke as her last one and off the album anyway (yaaaaawwwwwwwnnnn!) — they've improved it considerably since those early days. I mean to say, just last week — CSM

Shame on you, sir! Young children may be reading this — DB

UK DECAY/PNEUMANIA: Split Single (*Plastic*). Two would-be dour, angry Seditionaries bands who sound ridiculous amongst their gormless panning. Lyrics about how pathetic England is and how we are all in shit — y'know, real useful stuff. The type of punks who'll grow up into miserable old men moaning about the weather. Why don't you shape up? Pneumania have a lead singer who is totally obsessed with herself and how she hates the people who point at her as she walks along the street. Are you sure, girl? Sure they ain't just pointing out to their grandchildren that 'there goes a museum on legs' (Nazi T-Shirts too). — DB

Well, Dan, at last we can say without fear of contradiction that the four-year search for the two worst punk groups in the world has just been concluded. — CSM

DUCK AND DIVE: On Your Bike (*Pogo*). Warner Brothers' answer to Chas & Dave. As one not totally sure of the original question, all a chap can do is wonder where all these jolly Cockneys keep coming from. I thought they were all weighed down by worries about life in towerblocks. — CSM



Danny demonstrates some typical Millwall tackling techniques. Charlie doesn't know who or what Millwall is.





Since You Been Gone

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Rainbow

THE NEW SINGLE

Since You Been Gone

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM "Down To Earth"

B/W Bad Girls

(PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED - WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE ON ANY RAINBOW ALBUM)



More Singles. (These boys have a lot to say for themselves).

■ From previous page

Yes guv'n'r! Cor we're all cockneys nar days en we mate — B.A. Robertson

JOHNNY STORM: Come On Come On (Pye) If the '50s had really been this bad, there would never have been a '60s — CSM

Have I got news for you — DB (born 1957)

HERMAN BROOD: Saturday Night (Arista) Herm's album was entitled 'Herman Brood Is In A Bad Mood', but then we've just heard Nina Hagen's single and we reckon that he's gotten off lightly. (This is an allusion to the recent bust-up of Hagen and Brood. Rock music is wonderful: it means that the sordid affairs of foreign nonentities can somehow become relevant to the lives of young people in the UK). As forgettable a record as I've ever forgotten — CSM

Didn't I used to know your sister Copen? — Thijs Van Dijke Leer. (An APPALLING joke — Ed.)

RAINBOW: Since You've Been Gone (Polygram) Well I never. Sensitive heavy metal. Where's the guitar solo? I've just dropped all me mandies on the floor, man. Fahsands and fahsands of 'em. You can 'ave some if you help me pick 'em up, man. There's some Tuinol as well under the table, man — CSM

I have nothing to say about this single — DB

That's because you havn't listened to it, you coward! No bottle, mate! No bottle! — CSM

And One Blast On Gabriel's Trumpet Announces...

BOB DYLAN: Precious Angel (CBS) Listen, I know all you elder statesmen can write about this bloke till the prodigal son comes home, but as far as I'm concerned there's a lot to be said for those Roman Emperors. His elpees may still intrigue the five thousand, but let's talk 45 and let's talk about boring acoustic strummalongs. The reverse is unreleased I am reliably informed, but still sounds out of the ark. I'm not digging you out y'understand, Charlie, knowtawmean, but honestly... Bob Dylan? — DB

Gissabreak Dan, I shot me bolt on this geezer last week. (Was that democratic enough?) The B-side's not on the album azzitappenz, and it's more spirituality over a 'Green Onions' riff. Good singer, though, innee? — CSM

SQUEEZE: Slop And Tickle (A&M) Chartbusting Deptford Fun City munsters Squeeze have a clone of their 'Take Me I'm Yours' for the next on the nation's menu. A tad cluttered

and dry what with forty farsend fellas on a synthesizer and devoid of much of the melody that has caused them to be such big time swingers. — DB

Can I just say he played that while I was out of the room? — CSM

Belt up, Charlie. It's time to introduce our baby. Our disco/blues love child... — DB

BOBBY RUSH: I Wanna Do The Do (Philadelphia) Ah yes... the real, mutually agreed upon, dug and re-dug single of the week. First praised to a disbelieving community by Disco Dan when first available on import, 'I Wanna Do The Do' is blues power over disco surfaces, complete with heavy-duty mouth harp, from Bobby Rush. His credentials are impeccable, seen how he's the younger bro' of fabbo guitarist Otis Rush — whose records you don't have nearly enough of in your house if you 'cause I've checked! — and therefore you should be in a place where this record is played highly often. Watcha say, Dan? — CSM

Mr Baker left ten minutes ago, love — A cleaner

Oh well. Now over to Ian Penman in our reggae studios... — CSM

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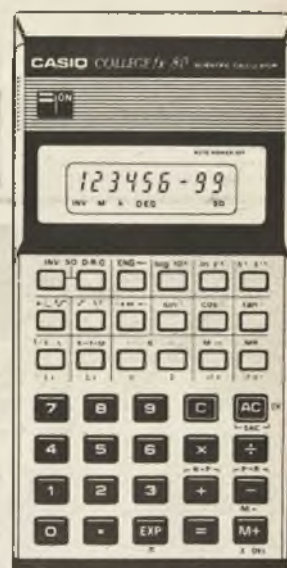
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The David
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Question by
JOHN
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The David
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Picture by
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SMITH

FALLING ON MY HEAD

HAVE YOU SEEN my badges?" asks David Cunningham happily. I nod. Nobody could fail to notice them against his sober blue pinstripe two-piece.

"I wear 'the' and 'flying', I never wear 'lizards'," he adds with a significant nod.

David Cunningham is, amongst a multitude of other things, the man responsible for The Flying Lizards, the group responsible for brittle interpretations of both 'Summertime Blues' and 'Money'.

Cunningham and I are sat in the park. The grass and trees are as green as they should be, the sun is going about its business in an enterprising fashion.

As Cunningham and I are in the park to discuss the fortunes, morals and aesthetics of The Flying Lizards I begin by asking why both the band's singles have been so similar in structure and presentation.

"Basically because of the personnel involved and the techniques used," he replies snappily. "Other bands have attempted to have a line-up that is suited to the end product, they have a definite end in mind. I, on the other hand, have no idea what a record will sound like before I start."

"I always liked 'Summertime Blues' and originally I wanted to do an Ike and Tina Turner version, lots of sex and very loud. Of course I ended up playing all the instruments myself. I didn't have a drumkit, I didn't have

anything except a guitar and a pile of cardboard boxes, and so it sounds like it does. It was the limitations of the technology. I didn't know I was making a pop record at the time."

David Cunningham is 24, was born in Eire, attended a grammar school where he failed his Art A Level but went on to study for four years at art school collecting a First Class BA Hons in Fine Art.

You are looking at a man who has a recording studio in Brixton but doesn't have a permanent home, a man who has produced Wayne County and The Electric Chairs, The Passage, and The Pop Group, a founder member of The London Musicians Collective, and a man who has appeared on *Top Of The Pops*. You are looking at a man, more obviously, who is of average height and build, has been going grey since he was 18, carries a black and chrome attache case, and wears executive sunglasses and cheap shoes. You are looking at a man who has been told that from the nose up he bears a striking resemblance to Paul Newman.

Meanwhile, taking the bit gently between his teeth Cunningham continues to talk on the subject of his latest creation.

"'Money' was different. 'Money' was designed for Virgin Records. Given a completely free choice for a single I would've liked to do something really extreme. But I knew if I'd presented them with something like that they'd have turned it down."

Like what?

"Just dreadful noise. I think there's definitely a place for dreadful noise, though it's certainly not commercial singles. When I was given the opportunity to make a really commercial single I wasn't following the formula of 'Summertime Blues'. Although it seems that way in retrospect, I was simply trying to approach a song in a way that interested me. And because I was using Deborah's voice, as I had to in order to retain the Lizards identity — and I was under considerable pressure to do so, not least from Deborah — this imposed some severe limitations... her vocal range is not what it could be."

So does he intend to make more Flying Lizards records in that vein, rather than David Cunningham records which are a very different kettle of fish, as anybody who has listened to his solo piano project 'Grey Scales' will tell you.

"David Cunningham records are for the connoisseur," laughs DC waggishly before adding in a more serious fashion: "'Grey Scales' is for a very limited audience. I don't want to shove the experimental down anybody's throat, because many people won't like it."

Maybe the Lizards are just a high camp joke then, an elitist joke even?

"Isn't Sham 69 elitist in some

respect, in the way that nobody except a small minority of working class youths are supposed to be able to relate to that music?" replies a cagey Cunningham.

"If you produced Sham 69 it would be elitist," I respond.

Cunningham laughs. "Are you suggesting that I'm inherently elitist?"

"I think you find all this very humorous."

He sighs in mock resignation.

"Yeah, I suppose so. This is all a concept. It's the group that isn't a group, and nobody's done that successfully since Jonathan King as far as I can see." (Oh — G. Numan.)

For the record there are normally three Flying Lizards. One is currently on holiday. Ordinarily this wouldn't matter, but this week it is imperative that Cunningham muster enough relevantly qualified men to make up the team as there is a *TOTP* to be filmed. Toward that end the lad has recruited Steve Beresford, an experimental musician of some standing, and Bob Black, the affable, handsome manager of The Electric Chairs to play drums, a duty he almost undertook fulltime for Gang Of Four.

So will Cunningham continue to make commercial sounding Flying Lizards singles in the future?

"In a very old-fashioned sense I imagine they'll be progressive in that they'll attempt to expand the boundaries of what people are prepared to listen to, and what gets into the charts. Progressive music is

terribly untrendy today, and the feeling still is that you can't get progressive music into the charts. But I've got a guitar solo in 'Money' that I think ranks alongside anything that was done in the '60s... well, perhaps not anything, but it's a guitar solo. I'm proud of it."

"I can't quite recall it," I say with as much tact as I can assemble.

"Oh, it goes SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS SHHEEDOOOWWWW NIATWHUT NIATWHUT NIATWHUT... like that; it's great," mimics Cunningham; and I recall the solo in question at the first NIATWHUT.

And what word on the soon-come Lizards album?

"I've been working out ideas for it. I should imagine that there will be something like 10 tracks in a similar vein to the singles, but I also envisage a lot of dub on the album. In fact, the whole second side may be dub."

"Are the motivations for making Flying Lizards records and David Cunningham records different?" I wonder out loud, hoping that they will be.

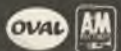
"Flying Lizard records are exciting, that's honestly the only motivation I have for making them. They excite me. David Cunningham records are boring. Their surprises are very low-key."

The wind is blowing quite purposefully now, and the sun is playing a silly game of catch me if you can with an impressionable group of young clouds. By mutual consent we decide to move.

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THE PASSAGE OF TIME IN OPEN G



A FEW weeks ago, in the middle of a full week for me and a nice Saturday for Shepherds Bush I met John Fahey, who is a tall sort of man to be a small sort of a hero.

John Fahey is now in his 40s, and his recent visit to these summery shores was the first since a minor major tour sometime in the '60s; the exact time of the tour is just one of the chronological details he has completely muddled away in his endearing appearance of ageing eccentric, dotty American academic.

As he talks, the subjects of the conversation roll away around and under you imperceptibly, disappearing and hopping off with a wifful chuckle.

John Fahey likes to talk; John Fahey likes to drink beer; John Fahey likes to play the guitar; John Fahey likes to do all of these things for long periods of time.

I'd misinterpreted the professional structure of the 'interview' and so, consequently, you'll never know all about the Library of Congress employment system, the history of the Swastika, the theories of Californian sloth and decadence, turtles, and so on. I even missed the best bits about blues with that darned tape machine.

Still, fond memories are stronger than Cr02 and John Fahey doesn't need to be dusted down. He's still dancing on his fingers and not falling over.

JOHNN FAHEY could be the world's finest concert acoustic guitar player (which is not entirely an aesthetic judgement).

He is often considered alongside the San Francisco upheaval of the late '60s (when all fruitcakes were full of mushrooms) or as some kind of 'blues/folkies' revivalist. In fact, the only other people who interviewed Fahey — as far as I know — while he was here this time neatly represent the poles of attraction: two Fat Freddie from *Dark Star* (a West Coast fanzine) and an earnest young technician from something called *International Musician* who asked questions about strings and things.

My aesthetically incongruous punkiness seemed at odds even to me.

But back to basics. John Fahey plays the acoustic guitar, informally and informally, perhaps 'better' than anyone else. If pressed for 'comparisons', things like Beefheart's early Magic Band, 'Lorca' & 'Starsailor' Tim Buckley, and Martin Carthy would win out.

What John Fahey plays on the guitar is a precipitous stylistic collage; he invokes and evokes, sorts through, choosing and nourishing. There are blues traces,

but no rigid blues structures; there are dances, requia, hymns, tone poems, protest songs, drinking songs, death songs, and transcendental songs.

What Fahey says of the guitar playing of country bluesman Charley Patton — that it sounds like something quite un-human, unrecognisable — could be applied to his own work. What you hear Tim Buckley sometimes do with his (one and only) voice, cutting away out of the seductive soundscape like he always knew there'd be something called dub, John Fahey does with his guitar.

John Fahey has made lots and lots of records; he can just about remember how many, but will probably never be certain. His first new recording for a long time is being released soon, and there are plans for Chrysalis in this country to bring back most if not all of Fahey's Sonet Records back catalogue.

Then everybody will be able to dip in. The songs on things like 'Requie', 'The Yellow Princess', 'Blind Joe Death', his Christmas hymns, his 'Fare Forward Voyager' pilgrimage, are a long trail, something characteristic and totally out of reach of the solo guitarist archetype.

John Fahey hits his strings and they don't snap back.

"IN TERMS of clubs, what is bigger than the Bottom Line?" John Fahey is talking about

playing in the United States of America; he played more gigs last year than he ever has. He's joking about the Bottom Line.

Jettlag crinkles in with Shepherds Bush traffic fumes, and the guy from *International Musician* finds out that

John Fahey only owns two guitars.

Fahey hitches up his ridiculously baggy corduroy trousers and plucks out a tiny little guitar from its case, cradling it like a baby.

"This is a Hawaiian guitar. It looks very antique and rusty," he chuckles and mutters one of a long series of inaudibles. "It looks like it's ancient, falling apart."

He locks it away again; he plays it later on that day, at his sole British gig this time round (the shameful Vanuatu), and it sounds ancient.

Now everybody's buying up dobroes and National Steels," John Fahey continues, "but they're so expensive. I had two of 'em, I gave one to Bukka White and he smashed the cones in it — very heavy player — there went that one. Then I had another one — an International — which I gave to him, and he died and I don't know what happened to it, didn't get it back."

Talk turns to his old Takoma label. Why'd he form it originally?

"So that there'd be an outlet for people like me. Large companies weren't interested. I was trying to make, let's say, steel-string American acoustic guitar into a legitimate concert instrument. I mean, there were people around playing them. If you can learn to play them... it deserves solo concert status, and I thought I'd reached that point."

When was this?

"Say about '58, '59... I borrowed 300 dollars, recorded an album, pressed about 100 copies — that was all I could get, I mean, I was out in the country, I didn't know" — another chuckle — "so I'd play at

parties, hawk the record, almost force it on people. I made another, a second, and a third; by the time I'd made the third record, a record distributor had heard it, liked it and was pushing it."

"I was still in college, studying philosophy, so I... er, hired a friend to do the business stuff. I never had much to do with it — just finding musicians, and mostly eliminating them."

Why had he started playing the acoustic guitar?

"Well, there was this park near my house, and I'd see these other guys playing guitar, and they were picking up girls... And so I thought, maybe if I pick up a guitar I can pick up a girl, get a girlfriend!"

"So I got a guitar... still couldn't pick up a girl. Learned to play a little bit of basic guitar, though. And I was listening to the radio one day — the country 'n' western station — trying to learn tunes off it so I could pick up girls," — chuckles, rambles away again — "never worked though, not even 30 years later!"

There follows the tale of his first epiphany — "It blew my head off. Y'know: what's that?" — upon hearing the bluegrass of Bill Monroe on the aforementioned C'n'W radio show. Charley Patton and Blind Willie Johnson followed, and other influential reference points came of his meeting with a record collector he met at a church youth club (where he was trying to "pick up girls, again"), one Dick Spotswood.

Much later on, his mixture of interests in writing, philosophy, theology and blues singers met in a book about Charley Patton. (Called simply *Charley Patton* and still available for 75p in the 'Blues

Paperbacks' series).

He explains his faith and following of Charley Patton: "This was the best blues singer that had ever recorded. While most other people were sycophanting around Gary Davis, people like that, Patton had died in '34. He'd left 47 records, the last few of which he was almost dead, and they aren't very good."

"But his early records..."

John Fahey gets out his guitar and demonstrates why Patton was such a special guitar player.

"I mean, there are licks that Charley Patton used to play that sound like gunshots — really hostile! One thing that is lost sight of is that back then this was all dance music — you had to get people dancing, so I try and do that too, really get the rhythm going."

"There were two kids of improvisation in this early country blues. There was rhythmic improvisation, where a guy would just do, uh, 12-bar blues, or 4-bar blues — 4 bars here, 4 bars there, exactly — monotonously! Patton, on the other hand would add beats... six bars, thirteen bars. In the thesis in my book I averaged them all out and it didn't come to twelve bar, but to thirteen, thirteen point five, almost fourteen, never twelve."

"See, what I'm saying is that twelve bar blues is kind of the intellectual construction, or like dissertation... It's like you were in the country hearing all these different types of music, and then you went away, and you tried to remember it, how they did it. In reconstructing it you would come up with twelve bar stuff — twelve bars exactly, city stuff. I mean, there are only three or four really good country blues singers, and it's because they're erratic, you never know exactly what they're gonna do — they're erratic but they never flip out."

"So by the time you get young white kids playing that stuff... We've heard it, but we didn't grow up in it, so it's natural for us to intellectualise it and come out with a thing called the twelve bar blues. For me, that's what I constantly try and escape, that precision. I don't mean technical precision — we're not trying to play crazy stuff, just exciting stuff, dance music."

"Someone like Blind Blake — I'm not sure he was a country bluesman, but he was great. I love early Blind Blake recordings. Nobody can play like him! His rhythmic structures are pretty close to twelve bar — but the riffs he's playing on the guitar are never the same. They're constantly changing, never identical."

"And when your young white boys try and play something like it they get kind of an archetype of the

Continues page 43

AND OTHER STORIES

JOHN FAHEY by IAN PENMAN

SILVER SCREEN

Ain't no love in the heart of a city

Manhattan

Directed by Woody Allen
Starring Woody Allen,
Diane Keaton and Mariel
Hemingway
(United Artists)

Even if Woody Allen's *Manhattan* were otherwise totally deficient, it would still rate an Oscar for 'Finest Performance By A City In A Motion Picture.' Coaxed along by cinematographer Gordon Willis and Allen himself, the city of New York is nothing less than astonishing in the title role, providing an alternately hilarious and agonising commentary on the doings of the fleshy beings in the movie. At times, the city takes over the screen completely: a silent Greek chorus with choreographed streets and buildings, cafes and doorways, parks and apartments.

Manhattan is unlikely to carry off as many awards and nominations as *Annie Hall* (even though it's a far superior film) simply because the rote system dictates that it'll be a few years before Allen will be entitled to claim again, but it represents a startling refinement of Allen's gifts as clown and moralist and as chronicler of the foibles of neurotic intellectuals. The broad boffo humour and Giant Yoks of his early films seem further away than the Jurassic era: it is well-nigh inconceivable that *Love And Death* was a mere

four years ago.

Once again, Allen re-enacts his eternal romance with Diane Keaton in yet another parallel universe: this time, he is TV scenarist Isaac Davis and she appears as the girlfriend of Isaac's Best Pal Yale, all flummery and Bullshit and wackiness. Nowadays, Allen has (thankfully) no need to depict himself as the fumbling sexual incompetent; though Isaac still delivers the patented Allen neurotic monologues, he is the most confident, assertive and successful surrogate-self Allen has ever portrayed on screen.

As the film opens, he's going out with 17-year-old Tracy (Mariel Hemingway), as heartbreaking a vision of warm, trusting innocence as ever graced a screen. Isaac is (as well he might be) simultaneously delighted and appalled by this affair; after all, he's not only old enough to be her father but older than your father! "I could beat up your father!" he exclaims to her.

Meanwhile, his ex-wife — who left him for another woman — is writing a book about their marriage which he rightly feels will hold him up to public ridicule, and he's falling in love with his Best Pal's mistress as well as being a close friend of his Best Pal's wife and his job writing TV comedy sickens him to the point where he jacks it all in to write his novel.

Isaac moves in a world

where people express their deepest emotions in terms of purest cliché — Allen and his co-writer Marshall Brickman still have a delightfully sharp ear for pomposity and psychobabble — and Allen has simultaneously added both edge and depth to his persona until, in Isaac, he has developed a character with the pathos and humanity of Chaplin's tramp and the sheet-lightning mouthmouth wit of Groucho Marx.

Keaton is Keaton is Keaton (again), but her character Mary Wilke is a far less sympathetic sort than Annie Hall. Allen's use of the 'repertory company' principle he borrowed from Bergman adds a cumulative resonance to the characterisation, but the hinge on which *Manhattan* revolves is not a regular, but Hemingway's Tracy. She is the personification of the dream of innocence and pure love: when Isaac rejects her in order to pursue his relationship with Mary and in order to soothe his prurient old conscience, much of the sunniness and warmth of the picture departs with her (a point effortlessly delivered by Willis' virtuoso black-and-white photography without any heavy-elbowed nudging from the writer-director).

When the tables are turned at the end of the picture and both Tracy and Isaac face the final choice in a climax straight out Chaplin's *City Lights* (Alexander Walker,



"You think our relationship's got problems — take a look at those guys on page 21." Woody Allen tells Meryl Streep the facts of life in *Manhattan*.

writing in the *Evening Standard*, got into print with that reference first — bastard!) Allen achieves the most marvellous moment in his entire cinematic career.

We see him over her shoulder in an agonising close-up: a mask of wry pain, irony and a burgeoning self-knowledge that makes things both easier and harder to take; we realise as never before that all the humour and the aggression and the drive are just parts of the armour. There ain't no love in the heart of the city.

Allen could've done this as

a "straight" urban romance sans Giant Yoks, but it wouldn't have been half so good. He could've played the whole thing for laughs as a standard screwball love comedy, and that would've been a bust-out as well.

Between you and me and the box-office, I think the myopic little runt is onto something. *Manhattan* is far and away the best picture that 1979 has delivered thus far. One hardly dares to consider what Woody has up his sleeve for the '80s.

Charles Shaar Murray

Rockers

Directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos
Starring Horsemouth, Dirty Harry, Burning Spear and Jacob Miller
(Osiris Films)

Even the casting of *The Comedy Of Heavy Manners* that is *Rockers* was obviously carried out by director and writer Theodoros Bafaloukos with a wry, ironical humour.

In fact, for a large percentage of the reggae musicians and studio personalities who make up



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the players it's closer to type-casting.

Our hero, the rankin' drummer Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace, for example, is renowned amongst the roots Kingston set for being something of a heavy dude. One notices the relish with which young Leroy gets into the fight scenes.

The plot, hardly structured at all when shooting started but simply permitted to follow the filming's flow, concerns the efforts of Horsemouth to become "the hardest salesman in town" and establish an alternative record distribution network in JA.

Until, that is, some strictly Mafia operators rip off his transport, a battered motorbike on which he's had a lion of Judah painted.

It's a good, very funny, often cartoon-like movie that embraces the whole gamut of comedy from slapstick (Horsemouth frequently has a certain stoned Chaplin-esque quality about him) to fairly serious satire: the necessary subtlety of female operations in the strictly macho Jamaican society or the contradictions of being a heavily street-wise Dread — Horsemouth, for example, delivers a stock righteous Rasta anti-violence rap and then goes off and mashes up the Babylonian ones — suggest a fine, shrewd perception on the part of Balafoutos.

Actually, maybe it's a bit pointless singling out a Horsemouth or a Jakes as

excellent, previously unrealized actors. All those years of getting off on the staple Jamaican movie fodder of Sergio Leone — there are definite suggestions, as in the neatly cut sequence where Horse and the lads do the archetypal Jamaican Walk to the rhythm of Peter Tosh's "Steppin' Razor" that Balafoutos is also steeped in the tradition of the spaghetti Western — and Kung Fu movies have taught all the cast the correctly stylish way of carrying themselves.

Is it as good a film as *The Harder They Come*? Not really. It lacks the continuous deeply textured feel of Perry Henzell's movie — though that sense is by no means lacking totally from *Rockers*.

Still, why you should worry too much about that? In a few months time it's inevitable that the two films will be showing together as a perfect double bill.

Chris Sawieicz

Buck Rogers In The 25th Century

Directed by Daniel Haller
Starring Gil Gerard,
Penula Hensley and Henry Silva (CIC)

A warning to devotees of the science fiction film: the words "A Glen A. Larson Production" are a rough translation of the Vegan expression "god-swful. Avoid at all costs."

Larson is the man who can



"And the winner of this week's inter-galactic arm-wrestling competition is Gil Gerard, aka Buck Rogers."

be held responsible for the hilariously dreadful *Rattletrap Imptactica*. This current venture not only features the same plot, but a heaping handful of the same sets,

which is as laudable a concession to the energy crisis as has been seen anywhere since the glory days of Hammer and that glorious year when Jess Ackland

appeared on *The Troubadours* on three different occasions each time in a different role.

A simple, stirring tale of an astronaut who spends 500 years frozen in a cloud of *deus ex producer* gas and, once thawed out, becomes involved in Larson's standard plot (the one where an alien diplomatic mission turns out to be a covert invasion), *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* has been acclaimed as an unpretentious film without any nasty messages. In fact, its ideological core is quite straightforward: the modern American military male is the highest and most noble form of life that the uncouthed aeons have ever produced: that women are either fatales (like the 'seductive' Princess Ardalla) or cummies (like reliable, sisterly Col. Wilma Deering), that in five centuries humanity will still be thinking in pure Cold War terms (with 'Earth' representing America and 'aliens' being everybody else), that when the power elite congregate in their antiseptic domes and the rest of humanity are radiation-crazed mutants, the viewer should be encouraged to identify with the military elite... yeah, no message. Just pure fun.

Naturally, you get hi-budget sets and lo-rent script and acting, cute robots and a bit of Bond-style double-entendre to go along with the harem costumes so Dad and Junior are both kept amused; you get a plot with enough holes in it to fly a mothership through, you get the same special effects that you find in all the Grade-B space movies... you get bored.

There appears to be a theory circulating among the Larsons of this world that SF is a genre which will happily accept lazy, cynical writing because its audience is primarily composed of idiots, small children and trash-aesthetic freaks who just adore lousy scripts. Surely it's not unreasonable to demand that film-makers acknowledge that SF requires both a sense of wonder and a few genuine challenges in order to function as a workable form. It's also worrying that this most exploratory field of all should be almost exclusively populated by blind reaction masquerading as harmless fun. *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* is the kind of SF that John Wayne would have been proud to endorse.

Why fling this fifth at our space kids?

Charles Shear Murray

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LUTON
MIDWINTER
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHEND
SOUTHAMPTON

TODAY
WORTHING
FROM SEPT 2
BIRMINGHAM
BIRMINGHAM
CAMBRIDGE
CAMBRIDGE
CHATHAM
CHICHESTER
CROBY
DERBY
GLOUCESTER
GRANDSTAND
HARLEY
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MANCHESTER
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GOD LOVES HERMAN BROOD



Record Mirror 11th August

Melody Maker 4th August

HOLLAND'S first bona fide rock'n'roll star is very much an outsider wanting in. But, unlike others, he dispenses his weren't-born-an-American complex rather well, mainly because his language and life-style are so steeped in the myths into which he wants to write himself that ultimately he is the authentic article. Brood is in love with the sor-did glamour of his past condensed into a single word: "Huntin' for kicks and chicks/And messin' around" ("Never Enough") and in the self-explanatory title "Champagne (And Wine)". But Brood is at his best — and that's very good indeed — when he approaches his legend direct, as he does on "Rock'n' Roll Junkie". It's one of the few songs which doesn't lose points for using those over-worked words in its title.

Y' see the Euros have this fascinating fixation with that whole dirty needles in the bathroom romantic death trip and so any hint of a Dutch Lou Reed and, man, do they run, run, run.

Except Brood's no idle copyist. He digs his own dirt and sees life through the fractured lens of his own experiences. Wild Romance are a timelessly crack rock outfit. On every cut they play sleazy, smoky night club rock 'n' roll exuding dead-on street-kool and cut glass class.

As the man says, it's a hit on the head and a knock on the knuckles, which can't be bad. But it's much more than that — it's also a touch of stained class from the first rock 'n' roll singer-songwriter to have emerged from the continent in years. + + + + +
MIKE NICHOLLS

Sounds 28th July

As he said in my interview with him the other week he doesn't love rock 'n' roll more than pulling off a burglary or a bank job, but there's no doubt he does love it. His gig in Berlin Nina Hagen fixated crowd. Drawing just enough applause for a encore after a 21-song set he came back refreshed and thought he might as well do another ten while he was there. It's a shooting-rapids turmoil of love, violence and death. Not what you and I know 'out on the street' (where we do the shopping and wait for the bus) but someone else's convincing reality.

Zig Zag August Issue

"Two years wasted. Injection, injection, chemist break-ins, everything. When finally threw the hype away. When out how many times to 'shut' figured average of five times daily. With an 15,000 times! I looked down at my arm and wondered why it was still hanging on!"

Hermann was on 'H' for eight years. (That's nothing really, like all good doctors I've been dropping 'and' since I could talk.) And drugs play a big role in his music as titles like "Dope Sucks" "H" and "Never Enough" indicate. But Brood offers more, he's been squeezed out of the Springsteen-Parker mould.



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INDEPENDENTS



As the powerful established record companies sink ever deeper into 'crisis', small independent record labels reach unprecedented heights of activity and success, providing the major labels with tomorrow's signings and the rest of us with some of the best and most radical rock music of the times.

PAUL MORLEY & ADRIAN THRILLS investigate the wonderful and often whacky world of living room recordings, piggy bank budgets, dadaist design, and unlimited ideals. Modern it is...

1. UNDERSTANDING WHAT'S HAPPENING

THE GESTURE

LET'S make it start somewhere, and the best place is with 'Spiral Scratch', Buzzcocks' EP, black and white in every sense of the word, was recorded in the last few days of '78, and released on the New Hormones label in the first few weeks of '79. At the time it seemed a move of exciting audacity: in retrospect the release was one of the most effective and decisive impulses in rock'n'roll history.

Richard Boon and Howard Trafford's logical but eccentric decision to do it themselves was a clean cut away from the exclusive rock mystic worlds, where the processes of delivering a record to the outside world was a carefully kept secret. It was the anchor in an accumulative effect that means in the latter months of '79 if you really want to know where the rock'n'roll pulse beats quickest and loudest you look to those labels easily labelled as 'small'.

"It indicated something," recalls Boon, New Hormones director and Buzzcocks manager. "It was a pointer. A gesture... people saw it happen. Like putting the cheap polaroid picture on the front sleeve was in a way a tactical move, showing you could do it cheap. To illustrate possibilities in that way was not an overriding factor. The determining factor at the time really was that we had a bunch of songs that we liked and that we thought other people might like too. It was fun and it was exciting."

Whilst the dual prong of Sex Pistols and Clash must have had more overt influence on the superficial aspects of the punk demystification, 'Spiral Scratch' and New Hormones had more practical effect. Early emergents may have

moaned about tradition and the state of rock, but they were quick to submit to the major labels with little consideration to alternative routes. The assumption was that to affect major change it was necessary to work from within.

"I will tell you a story," continues Boon, "in which the figure of Malcolm McLaren looms large. It was on the 'Anarchy' Tour in Manchester, Buzzcocks with Clash and the Pistols, and McLaren was telling me to get my finger out concerning the labels, how he for the Pistols was getting together with EMI and how Clash's manager was talking to Polydor. But after the gig the band talked it over and we felt that it was not what we wanted to do, that we weren't really prepared to sign for a major label, but we thought it would be worth putting out a record. So it was just a matter of phone calls and borrowing money and we did it and showed it could be done. It was out of reluctance because we didn't want to go to a major label. It felt like it might be inspirational. But at the time we were just worried whether we were going to sell the original 700 pressing and be able to pay back the money we'd borrowed. It felt like that... but also there was a bit of whether it sells or not, we've made an illustrative move."

"Its success was a real shock." Over the early and middle months of 1977, with repress after repress, the sales of 'Spiral Scratch' reached 16,000. It was then discontinued, becoming a collectors item. With its recent re-release, it sold over 30,000 in the first week, pushing it into the best seller lists. The ironies are best left alone.

THE LULL

The narrow minded eagerness for the punk instigators to merge into the mainstream was potentially damaging. Punk rock's intentions may have been to do devastating

destruction to rock's ways of life, but the methods of communication became mundanely traditional. The anger of the Pistols and The Clash prompted unknown numbers to make music but their sucking to tradition — thanks to their managers, who wanted the waves of the turmoil to be ugly not far reaching — imposed an immediate dead end on manoeuvre.

These groups' abrupt, albeit controversial, tie in with major



The home-made disc that launched a thousand others: Buzzcocks' 'Spiral Scratch'. Initial pressing 700, sales to date over 40,000.

concerns meant that after the commotion there was a definite lull; a solidifying. The implication that the only way to express and assert was to go through the tightening, feeling big business routines was hardly encouraging. Everything could have dried up.

THE MISSING LINK

The latter parts of '77 were the hangover. Punk rock had made minimal interference, although at the time it seemed to be major. Unprecedented numbers of new groups were forming, but there seemed nowhere for them to go. Little labels, nudged by what were

then courageous independents like Stiff and Chiswick, and the opportunity to release the first slight collection of punk practitioners who were 'unusable' for the establishment, eased into view — Manchester's Rabid and London's Small Wonder, dealing with obvious eccentrics and punks. The unstable compromises and fitful developments of such people were indicative of times to come, as was their encouragements of oddball, often exciting, enterprisers.

There was little, though, that suggested the massive decentralisation and diversity that was to come. Organisations like Rabid seemed like quirks that would quickly flop out of view.

Those were the days that cries of 'punk is dead' were almost valid. The savage twist that was necessary to alter the structure of rock'n'roll, something that could contemplate the activity of those who expected to change something from within, had not happened. Nothing had emerged that could change or rival the reactionary series of major labels.

The missing link between 'Spiral Scratch' and the present burgeoning could well be said to be The Desperate Bicycles. "They did seem to carry on what we had done," decides Boon. "We showed what could be done and they revealed the facilities."

Although the establishment of the major-minor labels is down to enthusiasm, haphazard vision and tender idealism the numbers of new singles released every week on one-off labels is rooted directly in the Bicycles calculated exercise in producing a single. Going through the motions. Their 'Medium Is Tedium' EP was released mid '77.

Other lone explorers were chancing the risky waters of singles production, but none were as well publicised or as mannered. Desperate Bicycles formed

themselves to make a record. The concept of the music, of technique and sound, became less important than the possibility — the accessibility after all these years — of actually contributing to the rock'n'roll whole. The influence of the Bicycles can be gauged from their effect of Scritti Politti and Swell Maps.

Politti acknowledged the Bicycles as a turning point and they themselves extended the principles. The sleeve of their 'Skank Bloc Bologna' EP contained a breakdown of the processes involved, and these were examined with more detail in the press — thus inspiring a new level of activists.

Swell Maps also point to the Bicycles. They were moved by them to release an EP on their own Rather label. They then collaborated with Rough Trade on the release of their second EP, discovered that it was possible to release an LP with little discomfort and along the way have offered their Rather label open to Steve Treatment and Cult Figures.

It was simultaneously that individuals and random organisations exploited the chance of expressing themselves, avoiding the fiddliness and censorship of the major labels. 1977 was a patchy preview of the demystification. 1978 was the phenomenon falling into place.

AND THEN THE DELUGE

There are independents (Stiff and Radar) and there are independents (Rough Trade and Factory) and there are independents (Rather and Company) and there are independents (Spec and Junta) and there are...

Again, it comes down to the word

Continues page 26 ♦

THE MAJOR MINORS (see overleaf)

3. WHERE WILL IT ALL END?

AWAY from the nine major-minors, the furious, unprecedented new activity rages on. From Paisley to Portsmouth, labels, bands and individuals with their own private and public visions are springing up with ever-increasing regularity.

It would be pointless to try being either exhaustive or definitive; there really is so much going on that we could quite literally fill the rest of the issue with the lowdown.

What follows can only be a selective guide to the present state of the labels game nationwide. Just an indication of the diversity, both geographical and artistic, that now exists. Just a few signposts of the demystification and general decentralisation of the recording industry — or part of it at least — in Britain. No longer do you need to be a millionaire, Rick Wakeman or live between the Watford Gap and the Weald to be able to make a record.

The most common launching pad for the majority of groups with a small reserve of cash, a modicum of perception and — above all — boundless enthusiasm remains the roughly recorded and readily packaged seven-inch single.

Some like it on their own label and have organised themselves accordingly.

Prag VEC's two singles have been on their own Spec Records. Two Portsmouth bands, The Frames and Addic, got together recently to form the Brain Booster label on which they both have since released singles.

The Au Pairs in Birmingham (021 Records) fall into a similar category as do The Glass Torpedoes on Merseyside (Teen Beat), the Dangerous Girls in Worcester (Happy Face Records), Vice Versa (Nutron) and Artery (Limited Edition Records) in Sheffield, X-S-Enemy in Coventry (Dead Good Records) and Tours in Poole, whose exhilarating 'Language School' single on their own Tours label is now being distributed by Rough Trade.

Then there are the panoramic regional concerns; labels established during the past year or so to showcase local talent.

Attrix in Brighton, who have put out singles by The Piranhas and Lost Lenore as well as the south coast compilation 'Vaultage '78', are a prime example.

Waldo's in Watford are another. They concentrate on elaborately-sleeved singles, four of which have surfaced to date from

The Tea Set, The Bears, Clive Pig and enigmatic electronics boffin Nigel Simpkins.

Storbeat in Harlow handle The Sods and The Gangsters while London's Soho label have put out The Nips' two singles and one apiece from The Jets and Passions.

Mute, now distributed by Rough Trade, is run by Daniel Miller of The Normal and, predictably, concentrates on synthesiser pop. In addition to his own product, a single by Fad Gadget is due while the recently-released Silicon Teens 45 'Memphis Tennessee' could even become a surprise hit.

In a similar vein come Company Records, a Lincolnshire-based amalgam of Robert Rental's Regular and Thomas Leer's Oblique labels and sundry others.

The fanzines, too, are getting in on the act. Since the Alternative TV flexidisc given away with *Sniffin' Glue* 12, Zigzag Records have released singles by The Addix and The Vice Creams while the Deep Cuts label has grown out of Johnny Waller's *Kingdom Come* zine in Dunfermline.

The fact that the current mod resurgence is basically something that came 'from the street' rather than from the major company moguls is already being reflected by some of the small labels.

The Numbers from Brighton have an EP out on Blastone Records, the Killermeters from Huddersfield a single on their own Psycho label and London's Substitute a single on Ignition.

With the distinct possibility of the singles market becoming gloriously

flooded, many people are looking towards compilations for the future.

Bristol's quality Heartbeat label have come up with the 'Alternatives' EP which showcases four local bands — Joe Public, The Numbers (not the Brighton band), the X-Cents and 48 Hours.

Along similar lines is the 'Alternative Paisley' EP on Spectacular Commodify.

But the most important move is probably that towards the compilation album. What, with the advent of the 'earcom' and the coming Good Vibes pic 'n' mixtures, the battles of the bands are moving well and truly into the world of the long player.

The best buy at the moment is undoubtedly the Liverpool compilation 'Street To Street' on the Open Eye label, but there are others worth investigating. Among the most recent are the live Bridgehouse mod album, 'Identity Parade' on Manchester's TJM and the South Yorkshire compilation 'New Wave From The Heart' on the Planet label, based in Doncaster.

It is perhaps significant that these compilations, rough and ready affairs that they are, do possess the one vital commodity that forces like EMI's 'Live At The Roxy' and Virgin's Electric Circus album lacked — immediacy. They catch the moment while it is still alive and breathing.

Independent intervention, it is worth noting in finishing, is not confined to the UK alone. Most of the real rock 'n' roll coming out of America today is on small labels.

The debut singles of the likes of everyone from Devo and Pere Ubu

to the B-52's and The Cramps all first appeared on home-financed independent.

More recently, there's been Nervus Rex's magnificent 'Don't Look' on The Cleverly Named Record Label, Teenage Jesus And The Jerks on Lust-Unlust, both The Theoretical Girls and The Static on Theoretical Records and The Girls on Pere Ubu's Hearthan label in Cleveland.

The wholesome pop of The Feelies, meanwhile, is going to be brought to you on a single on Rough Trade out on September 7.

You think that's the end? It's only the beginning. Just the beginning

DROPS IN THE OCEAN

Teenage Film Stars (Kings Road Records): Russell Harty and Nicholas Parsons — the men responsible for four ragged but wonderful singles as 'O' Level and The TV Personalities — ride again! And about time too! A single is awaited. Eagerly.

Prag VEC (Spec): Crisp, enticing rock band with exceedingly well-voiced female singer. Their second single 'Expert', though badly received, indicated their growing maturity and steady improvement.

The Passions (Soho): Though they choose to hide their emotions behind a clinical exterior, The Passions remain one of the most promising new bands to emerge in London this year. They have released only one single, 'Needles And Pins'.

The Nips (Soho): Formerly the Nipple Erectors, led by the infamous Shane of the once-shredded earlobe. They have mutated from the rockabilly-punk of their debut single 'King Of The Bop' to the R&B-edged hard pop of the follow-up 'All The Time In The World'. As Paul Weller once said: "Shane is the only true new-wave star!"

The Tea Set (Waldo's): Wacky art-beat four-piece from the St Albans area. Their 'Cups And Saucers' EP indicates both their diversity and the facile nature of the observations they make.

Piranhas (Attrix): Brighton's answer to The Members! Punk, but with easily discernable soul and reggae overtones. Despite the bait being dangled by the hungry majors, The Piranhas are to follow up their first single 'Jilly' with another on Attrix.

The Donkeys (Rheas): exuberant but slightly mannered new pop from Wakefield. Expect better than their recent 'What I Want' single next time out.

Essential Logic (Logic Records): their own label is being distributed by Rough Trade, following a brief sojourn with an unsympathetic Virgin. Two charming singles are soon to be superseded by debut album 'Beat Rhythm News'.

Ludus (New Hormones): bewitching, elaborate and precarious music fronted by the fragile Linder. Part of New Hormones resurgence: have invited Peter Hamill to produce them.

Thomas Leer/Robert Rental (Industrial): two colleagues, inactive for a while. Primitive and practical electronic pop, equally visionary, less influential contemporaries of Daniel Miller. Leer and Rental destined for a lot more than is apparent. Currently collaborating on LP for Throbbing Gristle's under-used Industrial label.

Daniel Miller (Mute): a shrewd catalyst for the imminent electronic pop overflow.

This Heat: Noisy brutes who push noises together to make sounds. They try their best. 'Long awaited' LP out now on David Cunningham's Piano Music label. Will they ever change anything?

Glass Torpedoes (Teenbeat): fizzy, frisky Liverpool new pop; flashy guitar tender vocals, still young and pale.

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From page 23

punk, which conjures up stagnant and negative images. The images associated with punk should be 'change', 'discovery', 'adventure', 'diversity'. In these respects what has happened in the last two years is the sign of where punk has grown. The effect has been that 'punk rock' as it has grown and spread, has changed things — more from the outside than the inside. Things are being said, things are being done, people who love the music, who need the music for more than money, are establishing themselves and gaining practical expertise.

There has been change: towards the immediate, vital and relevant. The major labels and the majority consumers cannot ignore or patronise the phenomenon for much longer because it is from the whirlpool that the new rock 'n' roll is continually emerging.

Early 1977, Edinburgh's Fast Product 'became a record label', and Geoff Travis's energy quickly outstripped simply running a record shop. They put out records that seemed to be the mainstream crude and crazy, capturing moments of electrifying transience. These singles were of the moment rather than any long term development. Diaries of events. Subversion more than investment.

Stuff such as The Mekons and Gang Of Four, the Small Wonder/Rough Trade Angelic Upstarts collaboration, the Rigid Digits and Stuff Little Fingers releases... these celebrations and damnations would never have appeared without the Rough Trades, the Fast. Months later, when the danger has passed, when the moment has gone, the major labels are prepared to chance themselves.

Their period of action must get quicker. Sometimes — as with The Slits and the Banshees — the moments are lost for ever.

New records were beginning to create new demands, not just pampers to old unstimulating expectations. The turnover increased, risks became greater, ideas expanded, more discoveries were made, more and more people realised that it was possible for them to act. As the numbers of small labels increased, so, correspondingly, did the number of groups putting out singles on one-off labels. During 1978, the ball rolled and collected; people could speak, did speak, contributed, maybe disappeared, maybe continued. Nothing was obvious anymore, not everything was in view.

By the end of 1978 it was something remarkable that had swung underway. The individuals who controlled the emotions and passions of the music were gaining control of the processes of presentation. The major labels were not effectively censoring what was available to the mass audience anymore; the implications of that have still fully to burst through into the open. Choice became massively unprecedented; the implications are staggering. Rock 'n' roll split into two during these times; the links between the so-called alternative and the mainstream remained only so that new groups becoming too successful were filtered through. The establishment is beginning to be genuinely used. There is less illusion than previously.

Tony Wilson of Factory Records doesn't pretend to ignore the practicalities of using the established, effective advantages of the big labels. 'The lifespan of a small label is going to be relatively small anyway. If a group on the label

becomes too big it is best all round to let the group go to a major and work from there. There are always new groups to take their place. A hugely successful group on a small label can kill a label, over-balance it."

Punk of 1976 was almost a false start. The true concerted, subversive revolution — and that may be a grim word, but no way has any of the Fun got crushed — happened in late '78, early '79... and is still happening

IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW

It has developed so that there are three or four levels of operation. There's the major-minors, the minors, the momentaries... The momentaries are solely group vehicles. The Minors — Waldo's, Soho, Attrix — are forming actual labels that could well be the Factories and Fasts of next year, or next month. These latter sections of the new rock 'n' roll, the most densely populated, attract small cult followings, but the potential is enormous.

The major-minors — we have to draw the line somewhere — those that are active, fashionable and influential, have evolved, thus far, as Faulty, Factory, Good Vibrations, Fast, Object, Small Wonder, Zoo, 2-Tone, and the kingly catalysts, Rough Trade.

The workings of these people has affected major change in the shape and scope of rock 'n' roll.

How profused the scene is now can be seen by comparing the wide, flexible range of events and speculation now with the rigid, limited chain that excited us so a couple of years ago; The Label, Stiff, Chiswick, Raw, etc. had negligible effect.

Records on the major-minors, the momentaries, the minors, are actually amongst, if not the, best

new rock 'n' roll of the year. Which is how it should be. From all over the land.

The major labels swooped onto punk rock with proper swiftness, and have exploited it none too damagingly, but the choice that the majors make, their new signings, are becoming increasingly arbitrary. Their choices are based on old perspectives. Creatively and culturally they are dragging further and further behind the times, and commercially their position is being threatened. They keep looking for the new Dylan, and are unable to really open their eyes. Although the numbers who buy and take notice of the new music of the smaller labels is comparatively small from their narrow, commercial point of view, it is tomorrow's audience.

The major's control of the new music — which eventually must come — will be nowhere near as total and as strict as they're used to. A real shift has occurred.

The majors appeared to have recovered their feet after what they hoped would have been the momentary punk turmoil, they filled their ranks with new entertainers and managed to lace the charts with stimulating new pop. But their machinery is too slow, their vision non-existent. For a start, they still rarely venture outside London. Everything has moved too quickly. The workings of the major labels offer the worst understanding of rock culture ever.

"The majors know what was successful or good five years ago," says Tony Wilson, "but they have got no idea now. They are struggling. But it's people like us who know. We're leading the way. We know."

WE KNOW. The music has moved (back) into our hands.

Enthusiasts like Bob Last (Fast), Tony Wilson (Factory), Terri Hooley (Good Vibrations), Geoff Travis (Rough Trade), Bill Drummond (Zoo), Steve Solomars (Object) intend to keep a good grip on it. To quote the ultimate enthusiast, John Peel, "Less experts, more enthusiasts I say."

These enthusiastic entrepreneurs, their passion and concern, is a symbol for the whole new rock 'n' roll phenomenon. It is their individual interpretation of the motives and myth of rock 'n' roll that shapes their label and reflects the true feelings of an era. Rock 'n' roll that moves forward. Rock 'n' roll that is now.

The major-minors are discovering new ways to do things, new ways to look at things. They are finding new ways to attract attention. Those new and radical entertainers already signed to major labels, who took to working from within, or who moved naturally from small to major, who mean something positive in today's scheme of things, are those whose ideologies and broad intentions are complementary to the vision of the small labels. The new labels, the groups and the music, reflect the speed of turnover, the extent of decentralisation and diversification, the flexibility of the new age; the separation between stagnant lethargic rock routines and contemporary vitality. They say something about the times.

The boss man from the major label, whose last big signing was Grand Hotel or Voyager or something, looks out at his assembled A&R men and minions gathered before him. He waves a bunch of beautifully designed, imaginatively packaged Factory Product at their confused faces. "Where's this coming from!" he demands to know.

And where the hell's it going...

ALBUMS



Slitrockers

Pic: Des Letts

"Nursery rhyme gothic?"

THE SLITS Cut (Island) SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES Join Hands (Polydor)

As The Slits sing-song: don't take it seriously.

The people who do take it seriously are those who look down their noses at the Banshees and chew the cud over The Slits. Not that I mind. I know what I like, and I know why I like it, and it's very personal.

Liking Siouxsie And The Banshees and The Slits may make me a bad person, but I don't feel a bad person. I may not agree with everything the needlessly cryptic Banshees and contemptuously mocking Slits have to say, but I love and like these records because they don't make me complacent. They confuse me and antagonise me, worry me and inspire me. They make me restless where other records make me comfy. They're works of ultimate, uncompromising selfishness, selfishness that pushes them outward not inward.

Both records are the works of scared young people trying too hard to make sense out of life. I can get off on that. There are passions on these records: love, hate, greed, vanity, ambition, jealousy, cruelty, tenderness. These records are not bland.

Which is something to say. Because the Banshees' potent skimming primitivism has been smoothed out as if wrapped in polythene and The Slits sound positively cultivated. Yet the passion is still there.

So now that everyone in the corner has dutifully discussed the warm currents running around the new periods of Dylan, Morrison and Newman, let's wake up and fall in love! After the academic titillation of those limping rock rebels — I like the stuff actually, but then I read Charlie Dickens — let's twist and shout, let's move.

After all, this is rock'n'roll. Room for everyone.

When Bob Dylan found God, The Slits found Dennis Bovelle. The latter affair is a far more momentous

occasion, at least if you care more about the sound of self-realisation in rock'n'roll than you do about the verses.

The images that revolve around my mind about other Slits in other times tend towards the messy but exhilarating, random but wounding.

The Slits' wayward growth has been sketched in through Peel sessions and scattered gigs. The low point of their difficult slide to the surface was in the closing months of last year, when futility seemed to have sealed their development. Their petulance then verged on self-parody.

If those jaded Slits had appeared on record, onlookers would have wondered what the fuss was all about.

Whatever happened in the early months of this year is mysterious but gratifying. It can hardly be merely Dennis Bovelle that has wrought such a radical transformation. Because 'Cut' is not just the old depraved Slits thread through the fracturing, layering Bovelle machinery; things have obviously been tidied up before Bovelle's contribution.

The things that have always been associated with The Slits — impatience, opinionation, playfulness — have not been lost or discarded, but with discipline have become more pointed and nurtured, allied to a curious lightness and disconcerting areas of soft whim.

How much of the new light and shade, high and low Slits is due to Bovelle is open to debate. Is this in fact a Dennis Bovelle record?

But debates are boring. The spins and shapes are consistently unpredictable, and the character of the record is indisputably Slittish.

Ten pieces, each an epic of contagious and gradual movement. 'Instant Hit', 'So Tough', 'Spend, Spend, Spend', 'Shoplifting', 'FM', 'New Town', 'Ping Pong Affair', 'Love And Romance', 'Typical Girls', 'Adventures Close To Home'. Titles created by The Slits with Palmolive: 'Adventures Close To Home' has already appeared on The Raincoats' first EP.

There are no straight lines,

easy rhythms and obvious order.

From the fractured masterpiece 'New Town' — totally different from the old dirge — through the sneer and snarl of 'Love And Romance', the nasty condescension of 'Typical Girls' and the wicked put-down 'So Tough' the sound swells, gathers, gropes and turns. It's no use waiting for it to settle down.

Art Up snaps and talks, compressing spiteful, sore words into extreme approximations of melodies. Harmonies flit mischievously with distorted prettiness.

Where Bovelle's technique emphasised The Pop Group's convolutions to an almost unlistenable extent, with The Slits the two styles complement instead of spiralling off each other.

'Cut' isn't laid back. It's mangled and savage, petty and contradictory: cultured depravity and nursery rhyme gothic pop.

Once upon a time both The Slits and the Banshees made music that burst at the seams. Now, everything's very measured.

With the Banshees there's less liberty and less detail. Whilst The Slits are bounding up and around, the Banshees have finished their personal exploration and are hovering.

The balances and marks of 'Join Hands' differ little from the devastating levels exploited on 'The Scream'. They're scuffling in a corner; increasing the melodrama, heightening the tension, smoothing away the scratches, leaning towards a saturated, exaggerated punk MOR.

The Banshees' passions, the clean stinging deliberation of the music — I will love it for all my life, but just about everyone else seems to hate it with obsessive despair — moves close to being formula.

This could be second LP confusion.

Whatever, they've levelled off. I can vaguely understand why people consider them ponderous and presumptuous, but I could never bring myself to agree. As a self-confessed Siouxsie and the Banshees sycophant I have to say that a lot of 'Join

Hands' thrills me. Side one's five songs. 'Poppy Day', 'Regal Zone', 'Placebo Effect', 'Icon', and 'Premature Burial' are all addictive Banshee mini-dramas with strange, deliberately incomplete structures. It's not a new Banshee trail, but it remains for me irresistible.

With these Banshee pop elaborations it depends on your feelings towards Siouxsie's concealed, over-exerted vocals; I like them, other people find her unlistenable. Side two is a mess; at best Sioux

endearing, at worst infuriating. 'Playground Twist' is one of my favourite singles of the year. 'Mother' puts unhealthy focus on those old Banshees stand-bys: fear, horror, the ghouliah and the unknown. A musical box tinkles through its pretty repetitive melody, Siouxsie menacingly intones in the dark, Supramundane?

Siouxsie and the Banshees are perhaps beginning to believe in themselves too much, in the wrong ways. If you want to be trite you could say we're roaming around 'Radio Ethiopia' areas. Such thoughts are not helped by the inclusion, after all this time, of the Banshees' legendary 'Lords Prayer'.

Where the Banshees can conjure up images of childhood traumas with simplistic accuracy, 'Lords Prayer' is simply a superfluous exercise in banal improvisation with defective chanting and ranting. I probably love it, but I'm not allowed to say that.

Such ventures are more unfortunate evidence that the Banshees are not only fiddling around in this dark corner of vague irrationality and distorted logic, but have locked the door behind them and thrown the key away.

For now, the Banshees are hovering. I fully expect them to fly off somewhere more fulfilling and radical. But then I'm biased.

Both these records will give you a lot of fun in lots of different ways over the years!

Paul Morley

DAVID JOHANSEN

In Style (Blue Sky Import)

With his first solo release David Johansen, the general consensus proclaimed, had made an album with one magnificent track, the epic 'Frenchette', sequestered amidst a morass of pleasantly raucous but sadly careless Stones soundalike riffs.

'In Style' however sees Johansen hot on the trail of AM/FM acceptability. The vaudeville rockouts of the debut album are still in evidence, principally in tracks

Pic: Pennie Smith



"Yep, nursery rhyme gothic."

like 'She', a relentless bop reminiscent of 'Between The Buttons' Stones, and 'Wreckless Crazy', a vintage Johansen-Sylvain number from their 'red' patent leather and communist flag days that will be the most immediately accessible song for old New York Dolls' fans.

But Johansen is concerned with working on a diversity of styles. There's straight-ahead high-grade pop in 'Melody', the album's opener which sounds like it would have made a perfect follow-up to The Foundations' 'Build Me Up Buttercup', cool jazz in 'Big City', a grand poean to Manhattan built on keyboards and sensuous saxophone interludes that remind one of a more positive 'On Broadway', and reggae in 'She Knew She Was Falling In Love'. Diversity continues with a very attractive love ballad, 'Justine', which Mick Ronson takes out with a beautifully understated solo.

The grand finale 'Flamingo Road' at first sounds a weighty, ponderous affair, far too dense and funereally paced to stomach. But given time, the song, built around two harsh, barren chords courtesy of Sylvain, takes on an identity that draws the listener right into its gloomy, blighted centre. Johansen's splenetic delivery, which may or may not be aimed at his ex-wife who last year jilted him for the lead singer of Aerosmith, helps the song build to a venomously bleak climax.

And that's it. Some might find Johansen precocious and overly sassy but he has a strong, effortless sense of 'humanity' in his work. I'm just hoping the next album will be called 'Beyond Style' because that's where Johansen really belongs.

Nick Kent

ROCKY SHARPE AND THE REPLAYS

Rama Lama (Chiswick)

Doo-wop — it's the real thing!

They've revamped and reformed: they've revived everything including themselves. Rocky Sharpe (And The Razors) — once, in '74, England's leading 'cult' pioneer of the flagging doo-wop phenomenon — has returned.

Older, wiser, a touch more jaded, Rocky Sharpe brings you 'Rama Lama' — complete with both detailed sleeve notes outlining the seven steps required to form your very own five-part tonal troop, and a lyric sheet that only lists the backing vocals. Entire songs, you'll understand, consist of 'Bop Bop Bop Doo-Wop STAMP Rama Ding-Doo' and other familiar phraseology.

Why so shape? It's made up of eleven immaculate standards — light, crisp, elegant, tastefully produced — one original track that sounds exactly like all the rest, and one striking piece of shobop/jazz/awing in 'Fools Fall In Love', that suggests it's been rifled from the score of some early '50s American Musical (and quite probably has).

And why so good? The secret's in the backline. Thinly disguised behind gaudy period ted suits and silly names lurks the stunning session force of Preston 'Sticks' Heyman, Nico 'Ace' Ramsden, Felix 'Arizona' Krish and 'Count' Ben Barson, better known as The Stapleton All-Stars.

Played loud enough, this album will knot your knees and cause you to attack your own hair with fistfuls of brilliantine.

It's doo-wop — it's the real thing!

Mark Ellen

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TOM VERLAINE

Tom Verlaire (Elektra)
Maybe it's only a fleeting impression, but an initial acquaintance with Tom Verlaire's quietly unannounced solo album suggests that he's getting lonely in that garret.

Verlaire still seems a lean and hungry man, and he's remained in the centre ring, on his own case, talking in brinkmanship terms but keeping his muse sharp and active. A likeable man he may not be, but an artist with a peculiarly appealing ascetic bent he remains.

Besides which, Verlaire's basic aesthetic hasn't altered appreciably this past twelvemonth. Fred Smith is still there on bass and the replacement of drummer Billy Ficca with Jay Dee Daugherty retains all the flexibility the songs demand, the freedom and friction between alternate states of sloppiness and razor sharp tension. Verlaire calls all the shots on guitars, keyboards, vocals and production (assisted by John Jansen, Bob Clearmountain and the ineffable Sterling Sound), while his own progress as a rhythm guitarist more than compensates for the loss of traded angles with Lloyd.

It's more and more apparent that Verlaire takes his art form seriously, but he obviously had some fun too 'cos for once the idiosyncrasies of his jugged

compositions are balanced by clean cutting dynamics and that genius for breaking new ground using old formulas. Starting with 'The Grip Of Love', an evocative spiralling staircase of sardonic imagery

and skeletal, deadpan hard rock, Verlaire reveals a taste for the direct rhythm. Nothing but nothing gets in the way of the punch.

The Hendrix archivist and session musician Allan



TV in the ice zone again? Pic: Andrew Kent

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Heartbeat (RSO)

It's always been my contention that Curtis Mayfield doesn't really sing but rather squeezes his voice out over a song. And because I'm a squeeze believer, I just don't believe that it's possible for Mayfield to turn in a poor on-record performance. If he fails, then either the song's wrong, the arrangement's a loser or the producer was a jerk. End of eulogy.

"Heartbeat", the first Curtum production for RSO, serves to prove my point admirably. A tale of three cities — it contains sessions recorded in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago — the album loses out on the tracks recorded at Philly's Sigma Sounds, where the aptly named "Harris Machine" (Norman Harris and Ronald Tyson) production reduces Mayfield to being just a sob (but not a sob) on a disco soundtrack, a human emotion struggling vainly to be heard amid games of sonic ping-pong, rhythm stick thrashings and hammed-up orgasms.

Bunny Sigler, who produced the New York sessions, also employs that sound like wayward Asdic on "What Is My Woman For?", though this particular horror is somewhat negated by Fred Wesley's strangely hypnotic arrangement, full of front and

rear brass riffs. 'Get Over The Bump' and 'You Better Stop', the other Sigler-Wesley-Mayfield collaborations, stick more to the business in hand. And, though oddly mixed — at times, Mayfield would appear to be accompanying the rhythm section rather than the reverse — are admirable dance records and maybe even more.

But it's the tracks self-produced by Mayfield on his Chicago homeground that make most sense. More gentle and warmer, they focus down on the voice, Gil Askey seeking only to compliment and not dominate with his trio of charts. So once more, the teardrop explodes and all's right with the world — especially when Curtis almost reverts to doo-wop on his 'Between You Baby and Me' duet with Linda Clifford.

"You're so nice, a lot of talent, I like it. You're so smooth and serious and I can be persuaded," she warbles. Understandable, of course. When Mayfield produces Mayfield, almost anyone can be persuaded.

Philadelphia 8, Chicago 10.
Fred Dollar

MANFRED MANN
Semi-Detached Suburban (EMI)

"There she was, just a-walking down the street singing DO WAH DIDDY DIDDY." Very odd, but these were the Swinging '60s, after all. The guy's only got to follow her, singing ditto, and they're set up for life. They probably deserved each other.

Uh huh, it was the Man-freds — and now, courtesy of this '20 Great Hits Of The Sixties' compilation from EMI, you can revel in that and 19 other such gems of bespectacled British beat, ten a side and nicely wrapped to boot.

This is my cup of meat. From 'Mighty Quinn' to 'Hubble Bubble', 'She La Le' to 'Semi-Detached Suburban Mr James', the Manfred Mann group stuffed the years '64 thru '69 with a stream of inspired, intelligent pop music, and the best of it's all here.

The big problem was, of course, that they looked too sane and boring to either enrage or infatuate the way most of their contemporaries did. Like The Hollies, themselves 25-hit wonders.

Mr. Verlaire Unwraps

Schwartzberg assumes the drumming mantle for the side's most slippery moments. 'Souvenir From A Dream' is almost a re-run of the Television story, a warped, crumbling picture built on hatred of the chemical obstacles that obscured their progress, yet it revolves around full-blooded melodic block chording which is entirely lush and comfortable. Verlaire's own keyboard playing, bubbling tinny organ and dense piano, draws out the soft parade of bitterness and exorcises the nightmare.

'Kingdom Come' has more in common lyrically with the courtly metaphors and medieval otherworldliness of side two but that past is still biting deep when Verlaire sings the chorus 'I'll be breaking these rocks until the kingdom comes/And cutting this hay — it's my price to pay' — it becomes hard to believe that he was the insensitive, hair-shirted animal he was painted out to be.

By contrast 'Mr Bingo' and the inscrutable, slight but engaging 'Yonki Time' are jokey, albeit sarcastic. The former is probably a distribe directed against Verlaire's former employer Terry Ork. It utilises a slow, underhand rhythm and a zippy electric

blues top layer that sparkles with unusually pitched harmonica and sublime psychedelic excursions. Neat.

This equation of substance and content is all the more interesting on side two where Verlaire seems to have got the grisly details out of his system and is ready to take on a whole other frame of reference. Lyrically the thread of lovers' courtesies and strangely archaic environments is spun throughout four songs building up to the lump in the throat helplessness of 'Breakin' In My Heart' that closes the album on a peak of perfection. The style is akin to Television's most enigmatic excursions like 'The Dream's Dream' or 'Turn Curtain'. Verlaire's sparse cast list is regal, characters move like chess pieces in a cloud castle, all very spiritual in fact. Perhaps Verlaire has discovered religion too? He's certainly more elegant than ever before.

The expansion of Tom's structural vocabulary to include a metaphorical prison of the souls is not as pompous as its description makes it sound. The gist of 'Flesh Lightning' and 'Red Leaves' is simple enough, great driving, tuneful, inspired rock and roll with a myriad fine edges to

involve the listener beyond surface meaning. 'Red Leaves' is Verlaire doing what he does best, ripping the possibilities of the genre apart and reconstructing them anew. 'Last Night' is such an instance, the album's one straightforward compliment and heartfelt beauty. Cloying and delicious.

So far so good, n'est-ce pas, Tom? The pearls fall out in profusion all through but the last jewel is the proof. 'Breakin' In My Heart' is six minutes of Verlaire over-reaching his former self-restraint and letting the powerchange of suppressed emotions flood out like one huge, swelling wave. The excellent Ricky Wilson (B-52s) drives down the rhythm guitar beat while Fred and Dee close up the cracks letting Verlaire go free. It's sublime, a continuous loop of soaring acid crystal fret work, so jaunty and tense that it rolls off the neck like an alchemical explosion.

And the cover? It says a lot, with Verlaire's tenky, gawking frame looking the buyer in the eye and looking very happy with itself too. As well it might. He still sings like a kind of cartoon beaver but I've even got to like him for that. The ice has cracked after all.

Max Bell

Duffle-coat chic

they ended up as chart statistics more than the stuff Rock Dreams are made of. Offstage, the rumours went, they'd get up to capers like reading books and listening to proper music.

All the same, just as the Manfreds' '64/65' provided the theme for the ultimate pop programme 'Ready Steady Go', so their roll call of songs

developed into the perfect '60s soundtrack — pepped-up R'n'b ('got My Mojo Working') earnestly youthful protest ('With God On Our Side') and quasi-psychedelic weirdness ('My Name Is Jack'): the transition from monochrome beat to technicolour rock.

Needless to say, this album's attractive packaging

makes shameless use of the music's nostalgic quotient; somehow even the disembodied keywords "scooters" and "parkas" find their way on to the sleeve, though Manfred Mann reminds me more of bicycles and duffle-coats.

More to the point, this collection does commemorate the band's best achievements. 'Pretty Flamingo', sung by Paul Jones and with Jack Bruce on bass and harmonies, must be one of the most beautiful pop songs ever, and 'Fox On The Run', sung by Jones' successor Mike D'Abo, is a neglected classic (bass at this stage being handled by Klaus Voorman).

Also included are four Dylan numbers, for Manfred did a lot to persuade us the obscure American was just not hip, but listenable too — a curious parallel with Manfred's recent espousal of Bruce Springsteen's cause.

And what else? There's 'Ha Ha Said The Clown', 'Oh No Not My Baby' and, one of the few self-written hits, Paul Jones' witty 'The One In The Middle'. Plus a few more besides and readable sleeve notes by guitarist Tom McGuinness.

Get this or be ridiculous.

Paul Du Noyer



"Got the pills for your fever chills..." Pic: J.B. Schieff

it, sigh to it. But it isn't Habitat reggae.

A singing album that just isn't; it wriggles its way out of classification. The voice permeates the music, the music permeates the voice,

and the end circumvents the means somewhere in the middle. The one-drop horns, the dingy guitars and roaring bass refuse to sit still — the music on 'King's Bread' is contemporary deconstructed Jamaican soul music.

Doc 'Tado I & I Presume

DOCTOR ALIMENTADO
King's Bread (Ital Sounds)

Doctor Alimantado, I presume!

Doctor Winston (Thompson) Alimantado opens up his practice after a short time and time of rejuvenation and meditation in both this nation and t'other one.

If the unharvested field of er, unspecified herbs which surround the good physician on the cover of King's Bread, in anything to go by he must be quite fit; fit for quite what I wouldn't like to say.

Ital Sounds is Alimantado's own label, as will be known already by those fortunate enough (near enough Babylon's record stores) to happen across such pre-release titles as have been pre-released thereon.

['Pre-release': a semi-official import taster of a tune and its dub, which often ends up constituting the genuine commercial article itself. The reasons behind this operation must lead inevitably to discussion of another oft heard JA phrase, 'Soon come'. What does this mean? Soon come...]

'King's Bread' is something of a companion volume to the Doc's last collection, 'Best Dressed Chicken In Town'. Something of a new print, something of a similar collection. The roots and ends left over from that last album's zany, slanted dub-wizy pot pourri are tied up: 'Babylon Let I Go', 'Conscious Man', 'Jeh Love Forever', 'Mama Mama'.

These are carried off in different stages or states of

redefinition; it's a linear collection, it makes sense. An Ital jigaw — well rounded, well in place. Alimantado sings rather than talks, and there is none of the more abstract social commentary which 'Chicken' engendered. The Heptones lend a helping chorus, as does Marcie Henry.

It's a soothing sound, softly heavy: no broken ornaments or shattering dub barriers above your bedroom sound system. The music has all the reggae landscape's accepted, acceptable features in abundance, but they're muted, post-rainfall, treated to accentuate Alimantado's plaintive turn. The music is crammed with droplets, splashes, rapids, falls and even some tentative streaks of sythni-drum; you can sway to it, slowly skank to it, lie to

The success of 'Best Dressed Chicken' got the Doc a hospitable reputation of the highest order, and though I can't see 'Bread' doing as well, it certainly won't damage his (true) stardom; in fact, it's probably a wisely low-profile move designed to keep the man's head as much on his shoulders as in the ether.

(You can see he Himself The Doctor over advertising one of his greatest hits in Don Lett's 'Rankin' Movie, a bit over the top, a bit of cool burning in the pants.)

Now then, dread, how about some live action???

lan Penman
P.S. Ital Consumer's Guide Note: 'King's Bread' is literally the heaviest long playing record album we've come across in a long time — one of these thick, brick-like lumps of Jamaican music business craftsmanship that glides like a limousine on your turntable.

CHUCK BERRY**Rockit (ATCO Import)**

The first Chuck Berry album in many years and who'd've thought there'd be so little to say about it?

This is the album that Dave Edmunds refused to produce, and history will prove that he was right. It's a pity, actually, because if Edmunds had been able to beef up the backing tracks and persuade the veteran rock and roll huckster to put a little more wrist into his picking, the album might have survived three or four plays before starting to sound drab.

As it is, Berry produced the album himself, and despite the presence of Kenny Burrett on drums and Jimmy Johnson (a veteran of Berry's '50s glory days on Chess) on piano, the effect is strictly flyweight. The magical guitar sounds sloppy and listless, the vocals (irritatingly double-tracked nearly all the way through all the songs) are a mere caricature of the old sly bravado. The songs are populated with stick figures pretending to enjoy themselves. Depressing ain't the word.

A superficial gloss of warm familiarity surrounds the album like fine mist over the first play. A sympathetic listener can imagine the kind of energy-shove that'd make 'Move It', the opener, attain its objective, but after that the listlessness that seems to be effecting Berry spreads to the listener. 'Oh What A Thrill' scales the highest peaks of vapidly. 'House Lights' could be a groove bashed out by a gang of kids at the Nashville whilst 'Pass Away', the closer, is a genuine oddity. All in all though you'd need a lot of change out of what you're being asked to pay for this album to make it a worthwhile investment.

A more pallid contrast to the authoritative, triumphant Jerry Lee Lewis comeback album of earlier this year could hardly be imagined. Apart from 'Tulane' and 'Have Mercy Judge', Chuck Berry still hasn't written and recorded any decent new material since the end of the Golden Decade. Watch out, all you rock and rollers, gaze upon Berry and beware Chuck B.'s in schtuck.

Charles Shaar Murray



Hmmm, I guess he really don't like it. Pic: Pennie Smith

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS
Better Than The Rest (MCA)

Better than the rest of what? Better than the rest of George Thorogood's albums? Hardly. Better than the rest of America's blues-based white rockers? Fair enough, since Johnny Winter's mostly out to lunch when he doesn't have Muddy Waters keeping him in line and J. Geils ain't really in the R&B biz any more. Better than most of MCA's standard product? Certainly, but that isn't saying an awful lot.

What we got here is a case of the old "megillah record" company snaps up rights to five-year-old demos by Hot Act and whacks 'em out to capitalise on current success syndrome. The fact that this stuff dates from '74 is only acknowledged on the sleeve in the smallest of small print, and — understandably enough — GT and his current label Rounder Records (Soney

over here) are well pissed off, especially since George's real new album is being readied for release around Christmas.

Briefly, despite the presence of Ron Levine — a far more articulate and agile bassist than current incumbent Billy Blough — this album is way, way below Thorogood's present-day standards. It leads with its best shot on 'In The Night Time', a pitiless, sulphuric exercise in R&B dynamics which would make a more than reasonable single, but in general the '74-edition Thorogood lacks the ease, confidence and authority which makes rockin' out Destroyers-style such a major pleasure for us blues-loving folks. This music is young and noisy and it tries hard (way too hard on numbers like Eddie Cochran's 'My Way'), but all in all, my rock and roll yardstick says it up measureth not.

Charles Shaar Murray

IMPORTS

One of the hottest import albums around right now is the American version of The Clash's debut shot. Still titled 'The Clash' and sporting pretty much the same sleeve as that issued in Britain, the disc is an Epic release rather than a CBS one and features 15 tracks, including 'Clash City Rockers', 'Complete Control', 'White Man In The Hammersmith Palais', 'I Fought The Law' and 'Jail Guitar Doors', none of which appeared on the UK version.

To make way for these culled-from-singles cuts, 'Dany', 'Cheat', 'Protex Blue' and '48 Hours' have been sliced, though there's added compensation in the form of a free single, 'Groovy Times' / 'Gates Of The West', both Strummer-Jones originals from the 'Cost Of Living' EP, produced by Bill Price. Also there's an inner sleeve that comes replete with pics and song lyrics.

But, despite the excellence of Strummer and Co's offering, I shall be surprised if Stateside sales exceed those of 'Night Eyes' (Warner Bros.), a solo album by Danny Douma, a guitarist-vocalist whose last Job Centre assignment was with Big Wha-Koo. Not that it's the most mind-blowing affair currently bearing the obligatory MCPS stamp — fact is, that it's just another extremely well produced chunk of LA pleasantness, easy to live with, easy to live without. But it comes decorated with quite palatable contributions from such as Mick Fleetwood, John and Christine McVie, Amos Garrett, Lindsey Buckingham, Garth Hudson and Eric Clapton and it seems unlikely that WEA, so well versed in the alchemist's art of turning California tin into chart gold, will fail to find a suitably sweetened single with which to make an initial

breakthrough.

Personally, I'd lay my chips on 'Hate You', a truck-on-downer that has Clapton sliding most persuasively while the Mac elect to become the year's most expensive rhythm section. The opening 'Hurt To Pride', which comes medium-tough, and 'Doncha Break My Heart', a dum-de-dum drift and dreamer which benefits from David Woodford's acrid sax, would also seem to possess the kind of potential all American A&R men dream of when anticipating next week's assault on the airwaves.

But as me ol' mate the Vicar of Bray once said, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Marlena Shaw obviously subscribes to this theory. Once a jazz singer of some portent, she's given more than a nod or two in the direction of funk and disco throughout the years — but the first side of 'Take A Bite', her latest CBS release, would seem to indicate a wholesale sell-out. Produced by Meco Monardo and Tony Bongiovi, two names guaranteed to strike terror into the hearts of rockers everywhere, it's a non-stop disco medley, arranged by Harold Wheeler, which utilises 'It Was A Very Good Year' to link such items as 'I Thank You', 'Touch Me In The Morning' and 'Love Dancin'.

Side two is more acceptable, Marlena ringing the changes on mainly self-penned songs, arranged by Bobby Bryant and interspersed by what she chooses to call 'Shaw-biz' raps. Oddly enough, this side contains one of her strongest bids for the Travolta trophy in a song titled 'No One Yet'. But then, this is a funny old world, ain't it? I still can't figure out why Columbus didn't fall off the edge.

Fred Dollar

BOOTSYS'S RUBBER BAND**This Boot Is Made For Funk-N (Warner Brothers)**

Hot Doggit, I gotta connect. Dance the Super Hip-Notic, the Trans-A Phonic, the Mobitastic. Get down with The Rump Child, the Sleepin' Bootys and The Bun Dance Kid. (Note on the album sleeve: "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Listening To This Album May Cause High Butt Pleasures.")

Bootsy's back — and if the funk gets too hot for your rump, turn the other cheek. He's brought the entire Parliament, Funkadelic, Brides Of Funkenstein, Parlet, Bun Patrol experience along with him and it's no wonder that

they all sound the same these days. They all share the session fees, and every song is a joint Bootsy/George Clinton composition.

What else can I say, except that 'This Boot' is six more stacks of juicy, wriggling, g-leetric, jivey, butt-twisting, pure funk boogie music, that in a matter of minutes it gets tedious as hell, that it cuts less than zero without the obligatory gross-out visuals and that the cover's so tacky that, in the wrong light, it recalls Zappa's 'Overnite Sensation'.

Have a fast attack, blow you funk alarm, wave your jam fan, see ya at Boot Camp!! Shake yours. Don't wait if I'm late.

Mark Ellen

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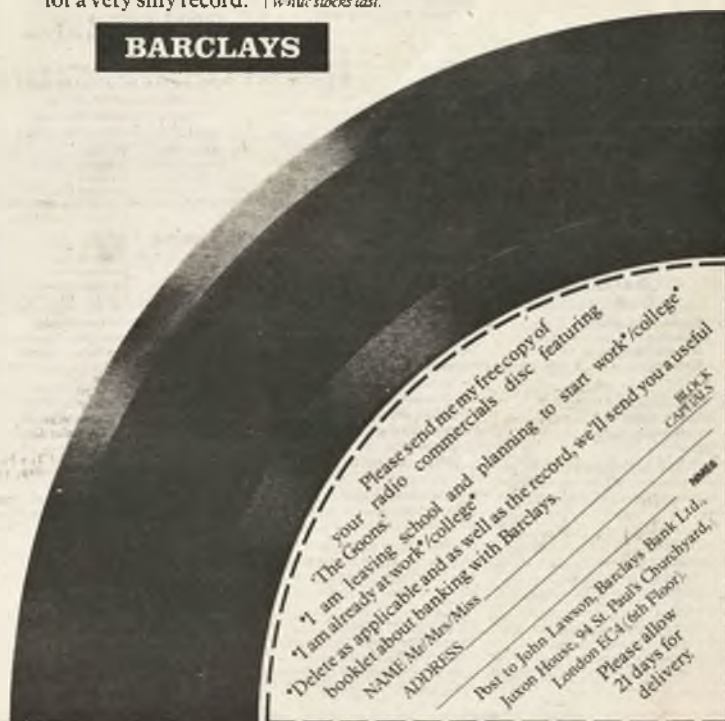
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BARCLAYS



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Aylesbury Friars: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Birmingham Barbarella's: Starjets
 Birmingham East Birmingham Hospital: Rikky Cool and the Icebergs
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Au Pair
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Clinic
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
 Blackpool Viking Hotel: Dave Berry & The Cruisers (until September 5)
 Bradford Princeville Club: Dogwatch
 Brighton Buccaneer: Lilletes, Gohinski Bros
 Bristol Club 78: Paul Maine / The Recover
 Bristol Crown Callar Bar: Free Flight
 Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Castleford Bradley Arms: Proposition 31
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Money
 Colne Union Hotel: The Bombers
 Eastleigh Crown Inn: Salsor Fie
 Glasgow Court Down: All This And More
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: Snapshots
 Haydock Bitter Suite
 Heyes Adam and Eve Club: Fire Edit
 Hayle Peconne Hotel: Lip Service
 Hildesheim Alexander Hall: The Shattered Dolls
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: George Melly
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: March Of The Mods Tour?
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Matchbox, Hers & Now, Blank Space, Horrible Nerds
 Leeds Football Club: Selector
 Leeds Live Wine Bar: The Vye
 London Brixton Spiv: Paul Rogers and Paul Spanton
 London Camden Dingwells: Local Operator
 London Clapham 101 Club: Thriller
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Red Beams & Rics
 London Deppford Albany: The Subterraneans, The Leopards, Red Tape, The Flatbackers
 London Edgware Whitchurch Boys Club: The Wimps
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: Charlie Ainley and the Misdemeanours
 London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: The Cannibals
 London Islington Hope & Anchor Lee Fardon & The Legionnaires
 London Kensington The Cricketers: Lacey's Affairs
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kensington The Nashville: A Tandrop Explodes / Echo & The Burnymen
 London Knightsbridge Pizze on the Park: Martin Taylor & The Basics
 London Marquee: Low Lewis Reformer
 London Notting Hill Old Swan: Lies All Lies
 London Soho Pizze Express: Neville Dickie Trio
 London Tooting The Castle: Tich Turner's Roaring '80s
 London Victoria the Venue: Sad Cafe
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Footwearers
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
 London WC2 Bunters: Perfect Strangers
 Manchester The Factory: Blackie Bullet, President HIR
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Red House: Hot Snax
 Norwich Boogie House: Agony Column
 Norwich Cromwells: Spooky
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Hormones
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Medium Medium
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffe
 Port Talbot Troubadour: Invaders
 Poynton Folk Centre: Heather Whittaker
 Sheffield Limb: Shake
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Hollywood Wines
 St Albans Horn Of Plenty: The OK Band
 St Helena Railway: Mistress
 Swanses Brangwyn Hall: The Dooleys
 Tonbridge The Harvester: En Route
 Wellingborough B.R. Social Sports Club: Hounddog

Friday

Aberdeen University Union: The Squibs
 Basildon Double Six: Teen Barts
 Birmingham Barbarella's: The Invaders
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Elzabethan Dancers: The Tractors
 Bishop's Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Abandoned Vehicle
 Bournemouth St Stephen's Hall: Ambs.
 Leas
 Brighton Alhambra: The Tinsels
 Brighton Hanbury Arms: Woody & The Splinters / The Chels
 Brighton Lewes Road Inn: Gine 'N The Rockin' Rebels
 Bristol Bridge Inn: Free Flight
 Cambridge The Aims: Hollywood Wires
 Castleford Bradley Arms: Agony Column
 Chelmsford Rock Club: Deep Throats
 Cheltenham Arts Centre: Here and Now
 Astronauts, Mob
 Chester Arts Centre: Gary Boyle Band
 Coventry Dog and Trumpet: Kilde Band
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
 Dudley JB's Club: Straight 8 / The Dez-zlers / Starjets
 Dunoon Queens Hall: Snapshots
 East Reford Porterhouse: Shake

Fylde Folk Festival, Lancashire: Gary & Vera Assey / New Victory Band / Bill Coddick / Pete & Chris Cox / The Taver-ners / Bernard Wrigley / Mucham Wakes / Roy Harris / Oydin, etc.
 Hanley The Place: Bitter Suite
 High Wycombe Town Hall: J.A.L.N. Band
 Katering Windmill Club: The Beershank Band
 Kirlavington Country Club: Cowboy International
 Lincoln Theatre Royal: Heathcliffe
 London Acton Kings Head: Paz
 London Acton The Windmill: Lies All Lies
 London Brixton Spiv: John Corbetta
 Affinity Orchestra
 London Camden Dingwells: Axis Point
 London Clapham 101 Club: Warm Jets / En Route
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Stage-right
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Pressure Shocks
 London Fulham Golden Lion: On The Air
 London Fulham Greyhound: Live Wire
 London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: The Clones
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Immig-rant
 London Kensington The Nashville: Mad-ness, The Working Boys / The Vapours
 London Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Lewisham Black Bull: Crazy Cavan 'n The Rhythmic Rockers

Saturday

Basildon Double Six: Dogswatch
 Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: Quartz
 Birmingham (Kings Heath) Here & Now: The McCalmans
 Birmingham L.S.D. Club: Here and Now, Spitz Energi
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
 Bishops Stortford Rhodes Centre: Caroline Roadshow
 Blotley Wilton Hall: Matchbox
 Bournemouth Unity Club: Rikki and the Cufflinks
 Brighton Dome: Shadows
 Bristol Crown Callar Bar: Sneak Preview
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Sunstroke
 Castleford Bradley Arms: Agony Column
 Chipping Village Hall: The Whaling Snails
 Darlington Town Hall: Razorters
 Durdet JB's: The Invaders
 East Reford Porterhouse: Straight 8 / The Dazzlers / Roy Sundholm Band
 Edinburgh Rock Festival: Van Morrison / Undertones / Chieftains / Talking Heads / Steel Pulse / Squeeze
 Gravesend Rod Lion: Boyce Band
 Harley The Place: Bitter Suite
 Haywards Heath Martlet Hall: Hank Mizell

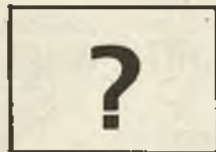
Sunday

Arundel Mill Road Car Park: Short Stories
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Zero 4
 Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Eat
 Brighton Buccaneer: The Firenhas
 Bromley The Northover: Bill Scott and Ian Ellis (lunchtime)
 Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: Chris Barber Band
 Castleford Bradley Arms: Agony Column
 Chiddingfold Six Bells: Lilletes
 Coventry Swansell Tavern: The Beers
 Croydon Fairfield Halls: Shadows
 Glasgow Burns House: All This And More
 Hayes Red Lion: OT Band
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brixton Brockwell Park: Still Little Fingers/The Cool Notes/On Eyes/Spill
 Sports/SUF Free concert

Croydon Fairfield Halls: Shadows
 Grangemouth International Hotel: Those French Girls
 Hatfield Red Lion: Chris Barber Band
 Hayes Red Lion: The OT Band
 Wford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Liverpool Eric's: Here & Now
 Liverpool The Crown: The Clarke
 London Becondonday Apples & Pears: Stan's Blues Band
 London Camden Dingwells: Blitz Krelg, Network, Chicks
 London Charing X Vespas: Squire
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Skiffinks
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band, Jakkie
 London Jermyn Street Maunkberry's (4 days): Andre De Biels
 London Knightsbridge Pizze on the Park: Neville Dickie
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The OK Band
 London Piccadilly Aphrodites: Johnny Ray (for week)
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Strand Lyceum: The Invaders
 London Tooting The Castle: Slater Ray
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Gosforth Hotel: Arthur 2 Stroke, The Moss Toys
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalhir
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Nils Lofgren
 Poynton Folk Club: Pete Royle / Terry Walsh / Pat Ryan / Steve Turner / Joe Beard
 Sheffield City Hall: Boney M
 Southend Zero 6: Musicians Workshop

Edinburgh, Saturday: Van Morrison

Talking Heads, A. N. Other



Pics from top left clockwise: Pennie Smith, (no credit), Mike Stone, Rob Hall, Paul Canty, Carlo Chinea.

Edinburgh's "big day out" starts at noon with the Valves and the Cheetahs. The Chieftains take the stage at 2 p.m. followed by Steel Pulse, The Undertones, Squeeze, Talking Heads and a mystery guest. Van Morrison should come on at about 10.30.



Cheetahs, Valves, Chieftains

Tuesday

Aldershot Princes Hall: Dana
 Bath Tiffany's: Whitewing
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Kater
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Birmingham Thursdays: The Fantastics
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Key Russia
 Edinburgh: Aquarius: Another pretty Face, The Ettes
 Flint Raven Hotel: Seventeen
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Nils Lofgren
 Leicester Jazz Club: The Jester
 London Camden Dingwells: Royal Res-see, King Sound and The Javelinas
 London Canning Town The Bridge House: Tich Turner's Roaring '80s
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lowdown
 London Marquee: Shake
 London Old Kent Road Thames A'Becken: Stan's Blues Band
 London Soho Pizze Express: All Haig Trio
 London Wembley Arena: Boney M
 London W.C.1 Silly Club: Perfect Strangers
 Midhurst Crown Inn: Hollywood Wires
 Norwich The Barn: Here & Now
 Sheffield Limb Club: The Small Hours
 Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Walsall Dirty Duck: Brujo

Wednesday

Belfast Ulster Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Gine 'N The Rockin' Rebels
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Gosport John Peel: Hollywood Wires
 Grangemouth International Hotel: Bastille
 Leeds 'F' Club: Another Pretty Face
 Leeds Marquis of Granby: This Is It
 London Camden Dingwells: Madness
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Brainiacs
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: The Dazzlers
 London Hemmersmith Swan: Squire
 London High Wycombe Nag's Head: The Photos
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free Beer
 London Marquee: Merton Parkas
 London Notre Dame Hall: Here & Now
 London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
 London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk & Blues Showcases
 London Victoria The Venue (5 days): James Brown
 London Wembley Arena: Petli Smith Group
 London Wimbledon Nelson's: Red Beans & Rice
 Malters Chequers Inn: Rikki and the Cufflinks
 Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Any Trouble
 Manchester Factory: Property Of... Rara Dayke, God's Gift
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: Rikie Lee Jones
 Newport Stowaway: Shake
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwalhir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Poynton Folk Club: Dr. Sunshine's Pavement Show
 Sheffield Penthouse: Tynah
 Solihull Golden Lion: The Clinic, Zero 4
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Nils Lofgren

Undertones, Steel Pulse, Squeeze

London Marquee: Low Lewis Reformer
 London Plumstead Green Man: Ear-thbound
 London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk & Blues Night
 London Southall Hamborough Tavern: First Aid
 Manchester New Century Halls: Merton Parkas
 Manchester (Seddlsworth) Civic Hall: The Sic / The Treatment / Ian Dagger
 Manchester (Stolybridge) Commercial Hotel: Any Trouble
 Manchester The Factory: Tandrop Explodes, Echo and the Burnymen
 Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Desmond Dekker
 Newcastle Mayfair: March of the Mods
 Newport Village Club: Writz
 Norwich Boogie House: Dogswatch
 Nottingham Sandpiper: Starjets
 Oldham Civic Hall: The Dooleys
 Oxford Caribbean Club: English Subtitles
 Oxford University and City Arms: The Injections
 Scarborough: Penhouse: The Accelerators
 Southend Top Alex: Street
 Sunderland Mecca Centre: Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Chords / The Small Hours
 Tadmorden Town Hall: Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders
 Truro William IV: Lip Service
 Uxbridge Unit One: Salsor Fie / Black Dog
 Yeovil Camelot Suite: Thieves Like Us

Liverpool Eric's: March Of The Mods Tour
 Liverpool Moonstone: England's National Sport
 London Camden Dingwells: Axis Point
 London Clapham 101 Club: Dry Rib, Oxy and The Morons
 London Clapham Two Brewers: The Cannibals
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Energy
 London Fulham New Golden Lion: Pete
 London Hammersmith Swan: V.I.P.s
 London Norbreck Castle: Zero
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy Karioff Band
 London Plumstead Green Man: Hol-lywood Wires
 London Soho Pizze Express: Neville Dickie Trio
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Waterloo Wellington: Squire
 Manchester Cheetham Hall Library: Prop-erty of
 Manchester The Factory: Madness
 Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Desmond Dekker
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Shake
 Milton Keynes Wilton Lake: Russians
 New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Earthbound
 Newcastle-on-Tyne Spectro Workshop: Iron Curtain
 Newark Palace Theatre: Wrecked Angle, Paradox, Gaffe
 Norwich Boogie House: Cowboy Inter-national
 Oxford Oranges and Lemons: The Shapes
 Sheffield Radio Hallam Festival: The Dooleys
 St Austell Riviera Lido: Lip Service

London Camden Brecknock: Sad Among Strangers
 London Camden Dingwells: Stan's Blues Band, Terminal Snack Blues Band
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Remus Dawn Boulevard
 London Charing Cross Road Duke of Buck-ingham: The Invisibles
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Nuthin' Fancy
 London Finchley Torrington: Mor-risley/Mullen
 London Lyceum: The Only Ones
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: Heary Grey
 London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon (lunchtime)
 London Plumstead Green Man: Spider
 London Woodside Park Youth Club: The Wimps
 London W.1 Portman Hotel: Dan Harper Quartet (lunchtime)
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 Newcastle Red House: Not Snax
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow: The Mor-tals, The Angels
 Nottingham Sandpipers: Here And Now
 Poynton Folk Centre: The Water-sons/Martin Carthy
 Southport Theatre: The Dooleys
 Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse (lunchtime)
 Wollaton Nags Head: Russians

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out



MARQUEE

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.30 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MINORS

Thur 30th & Fri 31st Aug (Adm £1.25) LEW LEWIS'S REFORMERS Plus guests + Ian Fleming	Mon 2nd Sep (Adm £1.50) SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS Plus guests + Jerry Floyd
Sat 1st Sep (Adm £1.00) THE VAPORS Plus support + Ian Fleming	Tue 4th Sep (Adm £1.25) SHAKE Ex-Razillos Plus guests + Joe Lung
Sun 2nd Sep (Adm £1.00) STRAIGHT 8 Plus support + Mandy H	Wed 5th Sep (Adm £1.75) MERTON PARKAS Small Hour + Jerry Floyd
Thur 6th Sep (Adm £1.00) WARM JETS Plus support + Ian Fleming	

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLER'S TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday August 30th A TEARDROP EXPLODES + ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN Friday August 31st MADNESS + The Cheqs	Saturday September 1st ROUGH TRADE NIGHT SWELL MAPS + Red Crayols + Barracudas Sunday September 2nd IAN GOMM & The New Melo-notes + Support
Monday September 3rd ORIGINAL MIRRORS + The Nurses Tuesday September 4th MERTON PARKAS + Support	Thursday September 6th THE ROYAL RASSES + King Sounds & The Israelites

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROW W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-503 6071

VESPAS

ARE ON THE MOVE FROM FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 7th at

NOTRE DAME HALL

MEDIVAL FAIR IN RYE

Fair starts 2.30

then 4.30

LEW LEWIS CAROL GRIMES BLUES BAND LOCAL OPERATOR THE PHOTOS THE TEENBEATS

Saturday 1st Sept at Rye Fair
(1 mile outside Rye)

NINA HAGEN BAND

THE PACK
THE NO-DETTES

LYCEUM (STAND, NC)

SUNDAY 9th SEPTEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3 (OOLING VARI) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL: 035 3315
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, 200 FLEET STREET, TEL: 033 3351, PATRICK BOX OFFICE TEL: 040 2245
CRICKET ON RECORDS, 2 ALBERT TOWN RD, NW1, TEL: 465 0006

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight

CAMDEN HIGH ST OFF, (MARKINGTON, CRESCENT TUBE, NW1)

Wednesday August 29th STRAIGHT 8 + THE DAZZLERS + ROY SUNDHOLM	Monday September 3rd DOGWATCH + First Aid
Thursday August 30th SPLITT RIVITT + Live Wire	Tuesday September 4th WARMJETS + LONESOME + NOMORE + Bickin
Friday August 31st SORE THROAT + THE PARANOIDS	Wednesday September 5th SQUIRE + V.I.P.S. + THE LEGEND

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

THE DAZZLERS

NEW SINGLE: 'FEELING FREE' CB 338

ON TOUR

London Music Machine	August 29 (With Straight 8/Roy Sundholm)
Dudley JB's	31
East Retford Portierhouse	Sept. 1
Clapham 101 Club	4*
Fulham Golden Lion	5*
Manchester Apollo	11 (With XTC/The Yachts)
Sheffield Top Rank	12
Wolverhampton Civic	13
Peterborough Werrina	14
Guildford Civic	16
London Rainbow	17
Bristol Colston Hall	18
Edinburgh Odeon	20
Newcastle Mayfair	21

*Solo appearances

LIMITED EDITION PICTURE SLEEVE

DOGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURS 30

LOCAL OPERATOR

SUN 2 R&B NIGHT WITH:

STAN'S BLUES BAND

TUES 4 FROM JAMAICA

ROYAL RASSES

SUPPORTED BY
KING SOUND & THE ISRAELITES
WED 5 MADNESS NIGHT!

MADNESS

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM ROAD, LONDON NW1 01-267 4967

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday August 30th THE YOUNG ONES + FLEXIBLE DUSTINS	Monday September 3rd MODS MONDAY THE CROOKS + THE MODS
Friday August 31st STAN'S BLUES BAND	Tuesday September 4th THE ROARING 80's + Support
Saturday September 1st THE INMATES + Support	Wednesday September 5th THE SAVOYS (Ex Young Bucks, Ex TRB)
Sunday September 2nd ROB + Ricky and the Prefects	

WINDSOR CASTLE

309 HARROW ROAD, W9

Thurs August 30th THE KIDDA BAND + Support 50p Adm	Sun Sept 2nd THE FOUR KINGS Free
Fri August 31st RIKKI COOL + THE ICEBERGS 50p Adm	Mon Sept 3rd WORLD SERVICE Free
Sat Sept 1st RED BEANS & RICE + Mice 50p Adm	Tues Sept 4th THE ANDY BECK BAND + Support Free
	Weds Sept 5th KAY RUSSIA + Colours Vision Free

WESTBOURNE PARK TUBE 01-286 6403

PTARMIGAN

Live! at

THE ROYAL OAK WHITEHALL

Saturday, Sept 1st

THE ROTARY CLUB PORTSMOUTH

Sunday Sept 2nd

Really made me squeak!
— Tony Blackburn

(Band Enquiries Emsworth 3537)

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside GR New Barnet)

Thursday August 30th

SPECTRUM

Friday August 31st

VIVA

Saturday September 1st

EARTHBOUND

Sunday September 2nd

LAST RESORT

Tuesday September 4th

DESTROYER

AP's failure

IN BRITAIN

TO PLACE YOUR ADS IN THE LIVE PAGE

RING 01-261 6153



HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday August 30th LEE FARDON & THE LEGIONAIRES	Monday September 3rd YOUNG ONES
Friday August 31st IMMIGRANT	Tuesday September 4th THE CRITICS
Saturday September 1st LIVE WIRE	Wednesday September 5th INMATES
Sunday September 2nd RED BEANS & RICE	Thursday September 6th INMATES

MMH PRESENTS

Nils Lofgren

PLUS LIVE WIRE

Friday 14th September 7.30pm
Rainbow Theatre London

Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from box office tel: 01 263 3148/9 and usual agents

ROCK EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT
at The Lobster Factory

THE ADAM & EVE
830 Unbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex.
London's Newest Rock Venue
- Charington's Beer

Thursday August 30th Machine Age New Wave FIRE EXIT + THE SCARS Free singles for the first dozen people through the door Admission £1.00	Thursday September 13th Contemporary Psychedelic TIGER ASHBY Admission £1.00
Thursday September 6th Mod Night SMALL HOURS Admission £1.00	Thursday September 20th THE SATELLITES + London Pride Industrial R & B Admission £1.00

36, 196, 207 buses stop nearby
All Events Start 7.30 pm. Bar till 11 pm

Rhythm and Blues to move your shoes

SPLIT RIVITT

At The Music Machine
Thursday 30th August

NOTRE DAME HALL
LEICESTER SQUARE WC1

OUTLAW CONCERTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH DINDISC PRESENT

REVILLOS

PLUS Another Pretty Face
THURSDAY 6th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm

TICKETS £2.00 AVAILABLE BY POST FROM OUTLAW CONCERTS 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 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Grey gloom gathering, and beer-cans underfoot. The blue denim army encamps and plants the tribal flags, but proudly. There's a terrible queue for the toilets.

Oh God, it's Reading again.

But the festival freak is a hardy character, voracious in his appetites and obscure in his pleasures. Why does he come, how can he enjoy it? I don't know, but he must; and I'm moved with a vague admiration. It's possibly no coincidence that most people seem to be here for Motorhead.

It's three o'clock, it looks like rain and we've got eight solid hours of music ahead, starting from NOW.

First up on the right-hand stage come a five-piece Glasgow band called Bite The Pillow, winners of this year's *Melody Maker* competition. They play a worthy set of dour, sturdy poppish rock, all to a tepid reception of course; but that's the fate of festival-starters everywhere. Next!

The Jags are no conspicuous improvement, but undoubtedly think they are.

They get to work with their brand of brash, conceited, clenched-teeth pop music — very busy and determined, tough and pointless. Like all these purveyors of 'clean, intelligent pop', the Jags are faultless on specifics, but boring in sum total. And they do sound awfully like Elvis Costello.

It was with some relief that I anticipated Punishment Of Luxury, preferring their attempts at individualism to the competent anonymity preceding them.

Sadly, two factors conspired to detract and distract from Punlux's set, the first being that it finally started to rain.

The second problem developed soon after, when the defective elements in the audience decided that can-throwing would be a good idea.

Instantly forming two camps — the punk cretins and the non-punk cratins — the grinning twerps were hurling their cans. Party Sevens not excluded, around with gay abandon. Not surprisingly, the casualties were usually the non-combatants caught in the middle.

Ironically, the disturbances served to undermine the band's contrived, nightmarish isolation.

Feeling obliged to drop their inscrutable stage images and intercede with calls to "cool it" and "there's enough pigs out there to fight, don't fight each other", Punlux were compelled to perform without that habitual and cynical insularity — and were the better for it.

By the final number, 'Brian Bomb', their cold and strappy rhythms had accumulated an undeniable strength and effectiveness.

But the old obstacle remains: how does a group like Punishment Of Luxury, or the following act Doll By Doll, achieve the right kind of dark and concentrated intensity amidst all that remote, day-lit vastness? Is a big festival geared to anything other than straight-ahead boogie, high on the volume and low on the visuals?

Whether Doll By Doll meant very much to this crowd is hard to say. Certainly the only real response came as Jackie Leven promised 'The Palace Of Love' would be the last number; and he looked strangely pleased by the huge ironic cheers his announcement drew.

But then, it hadn't been a set for pandering or making concessions anyway; especially blatant was their

technique of dawdling, simply standing there in between songs, so aggravating the popular impatience as if intent on drawing out the crowd's latent hostility.

I found Doll By Doll's performance impressive and imposing; their music is impassive but emotional, full of emotions felt yet barely expressed.

Perversely, the sun chose this of all sets to beam benignly down.

And The Cure were pretty good too.

Looking as though they were actually pleased to be there (the first to pull off that stunt all day) the Three Imaginary Boys dispelled any reservations about their occasionally specious obscurity. And they did it by producing a highly attractive noise, bright and undemanding but without being facile or particularly orthodox.

Finishing up with 'Killing An Arab', and then called back for the day's first encore, The Cure may have been Friday's truest success in terms of unknown-quantities-making-good.

Five down and four to go.

With two stages working alternately, the acts quickly follow each other; which is admirable in principle but just a little gruelling in practice...

Thankfully, Wilko's next. There's nothing I'd enjoy better right now than a blast of dirty old R'n'B and, bless 'em, that's just what The Solid Senders are in the mood to provide.

In encouragingly good voice, the demonic nutter leads his band (just Russell Strutter on bass and Alex Bines on drums) through a set of the sort there's no arguing with.

From 'Dr Dupree' through 'She Does It Right' to 'Back In The Night', Johnson pumps out the vital sound, the very heartbeat of rock 'n' roll — only breaking his chilled silence to announce the Dylan encore: 'Well he may have got religion but I can remember all the way down Highway 61'...

And so, it seemed, could everyone else.

But now, as the dusk approached and the big stage-centre video screen opened for business, it was time for the chief matter at hand — and that means Motorhead.

'Overkill!' cried Lemmy, and he hadn't have added another word all night. Up to their gun-belts in hell-fire smoke, wild-eyed and fangs bared — this, one felt, was it. And God it was horrible, the unloveliest noise in creation, filthy and thick and defiantly void of any redeeming feature save the integrity of its own unrepentant grossness.

"Ah well, fuck the PA," decided the debonair frontman. "This is 'No Class'!"

And it was. And yes, everything was louder than everything else.

Of course, there's an appealing purity to the concept of Motorhead, and their unpretentious good-time honesty is vastly preferable to any other brand of Heavy Metal I know. But enough, as they say, is enough, so the reviewer deserted his post for a swift beer and dead-animal buttie.

I could have missed them switching to an acoustic madrigal for viola, flute and triangle, but somehow I doubt it.

As if to provide a strategic lull between Motorhead's onslaught and the official bill-toppers, came The Tourists.

A cluttered-looking outfit in post-mod pre-hippie '60s wear, they bounced with ragged enthusiasm through a very well-received display of clever, vintage pop. Led on

vocals by Peet Coombes and vivacious Anne Lennox, their music seemed too full of ideas to possess sufficient direction. Opening with 'Blind Among The Flowers' they included the interesting 'Useless Duration Of Time' and the naggingly Beatle-ish 'Loneliest Man In The World' and enjoyed themselves a lot. Can't say I did.

Which leaves us with our headliners, The Police.

In his parka and Bob Marley badge, singer Sting immediately took control of the proceedings and duly led the band to their predictable triumph.

Live, The Police can harness their energy like a coiled spring. They run through songs of uninspired conception, but with brilliant execution, full of space and rebound.

Somehow they've contrived an immaculate blend of orthodox rock with reggae and boast, above all, one of the best new white voices I've heard in years.

And yet The Police's music doesn't move me. They could, on paper, be the perfect group but, for me, their sound doesn't live. It's hard to know why.

Taking in 'I'm So Lonely', 'Fall Out' and 'Message In A Bottle' the trio excelled without any noticeable difficulty — a clean commercial machine, a success.

'Roxanne' and 'Can't Stand Losing You' were duly brought in to begin wrapping up the set and, for that matter, the first day.

Can't go home now, please?

Scummy Saturday by Ian Penman

The rows of temporary accommodation are a soggy watermark on something like a sheet of times gone by: the sorry spectacle of a repressed grand 'dream' turned sour — the last, soft spasms of a collective consciousness rooted in '60s liberal gobshite progressiveness.

It is a lumpy adventure constructed around frozen movement pretending to keep the 'youth culture' trek moving. The trick is to keep you eyes shut and try to ignore the sober 'one-mind' atmosphere of the numbed thousands, shrivelled up steeping-bag moths spaced around a solitary Calor gas flame, burning up and going out onto a plain of cosmic stop.

Pond'ring the intricate mazes of mud, they obey, silently viewing in a polythene torment; buried there in deep Reading to redeem themselves and perish.

And keep a welcome in the bad trips tent!

The '60s' metaphysical liberals chant in unison: *They're (we're) just looking for some truths, man!*

There aren't any sillybugger 'truths' to be found, and the underlying assumptions in the (a) social organisation of something like the Reading Festival stink to high heaven, as well as riding opposite to what could possibly be considered as all healthy or radical in current beat music.

The form is decrepit, malignant, and designed around the cult of the performer in all its glorification of things mostly male: a time-wasting jigsaw puzzle of hackneyed poses, hollow lyrics, pretty colours, jaundiced jems.

Who isn't sick to death with such morose complacency? Who finds the least bit of tolerance?

Reading The Curse Of The



A Scorpion



Trick with Edmunds and Ralphs



M. Head go up in smoke

The dialectics of such festivity haven't shifted from a sickly regressive, spineless sediment of hippy lightheadedness (language constructed around too many tabs, *measaaan*...); this persons's Saturday view of it found a patch of dreary, scummy acts that didn't touch upon what we phenomenologists term 'reality' as it is socially lived.

The whole signified cultural stagnation: a scrap broth of oafish, forlorn, thoughtless entertainment; a childish exhibitionism which couldn't possibly help, heal, smash, or change a thing. It doesn't even begin to try. *How pathetic!*

The staggered running order was obviously planned to make personal or critical departures, omissions or misses literally irrelevant.

Who cares if Thin Lizzy were replaced by The Scorpions? Is there any point in speculating on how relatively nauseating the respective HM fabrics might be?

Are tight leather trousers psychologically pseudo-relative? Do you wanna boogie?? Yeah???

At the bottom of th bill lurk token 'quicky' starters, cruelly exposed to the light of the early afternoon — mouldy socks at the bottom of a laundry basket.

Acts like the poppy, silly Yachts and the sloppy, silty Root Boy Slim; neither of which seemed to have any reason to come to one end of a large field and make noises at an audience of one thousand and one raincheaters. In small clubs either could construct some manner of personal tableau — like it or loath it — whereas at Reading they just evaporated.

The Yachts were like apply scrumpers — frisky but harmless; and Root boy Slim a tedious Chamber Of Horrors gimmick. In common they have potential for Children's Hour pop shows.

The Movies started off the day's buffalo hunt proper with a curt display of moderate stamping and hoofing, antiseptic constructions and shiny socks, enough rusty 'rock' obviousness to warm the cockles of an HM heart.



Sting



Wilko



Gillan

Fighting Friday by Paul Du Noyer

Festival Rock'n'Roll Tomb



A Snake



A Wild Horse forgets his strides



Mollies queue for the bog

They seemed completely pointless: why are they doing this grubby '74/'75 pastiche?

The gap bridged, on trundled the annoying might of the species Likely Lads, represented by Bram Tchaikovsky and Gillan.

Little to choose from, little to comment upon, such units fulfil the measly criteria they have set themselves: they function.

There is, to sum up the oeuvre in the words of Sam Beckett: "Nothing to express, nothing with which to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express".

That's it exactly: It sounds like they feel they're obliged to play 'rock and roll'. Blamblamblam. Zero minus. Crotches thrust forward, amplification maximum, larynges stretched. The verb to boogie... infinitely...

Cheap trick play a professional, 'humorous' strain of Butlins boogie, manipulating their energies more craftily, but just as tediously as their British counterparts. Two of them are all cheek-bone and candy floss hair, the others gooly and stobbish; one axis is supposed to level out the ludicrous other — I'm not sure which yet.

Their 'witty' wisdom is just a perfected, packaged over-kill, the twee accentuation of their chosen profession. Famous boogie men Dave Edmunds and Mick Ralphs came on for an afternoon jam, and simply served to heighten the obvious obviousness of it all.

At least one NME critic dozed off (did he fall or was he spiked?).

Heavyweight skanking champs Inner Circle provided the only glimmer of lively music throughout the whole waa, woolly affair. They looked as though they had a purpose beyond upping their bank balance, looked as though there were

ARE YOU READY TO READ!!!

Are you ready to sleep and dream.

And it's another instalment in the long term Rimbaud-ish experiment to understand the attractions of the open air festival: to get to grips with that huge expanse of rock that has given up its fight and is content to soothe itself into the complacency of no return.

And it's another calm lifeless day at Reading, and it's another depressing day of mediocrity, smugness, submission, habitualness and punctuality. And 20,000 people flock back every year in some formal lemming gesture.

As somebody said: Reading is a readies' reunion. Everything else is accidental, incidental... the crowd, the music, the posers, the critics.

The kind of thing that goes on at Reading actually died in 1975. Honestly.

Sunday had some bright moments. How could it not? Rock and roll is too great and potent not to be able to pierce the lingering misplaced muck now and again.

But mostly it was just stimulating, gratuitous and ersatz vitality; a flow of pseudo-rock energy that enhanced nothing but the stunted egos of the performers. It was the whimpering of the safe and stubborn, sadly incurious slaves to the discarded ritual of domination, submission, good times, hard times, women, boogie and it's a long way to.

This isn't rock'n'roll. This is an epitaph.

All Photographs by George Bodnar

enjoying the audience/performer relation, clowning about and played spiky dance music.

Only during their brief set was it possible to see any potential in the open air event: the light fading, bonfires burning, illegal smells lingering, legs skanking, the police being insulted and the onstage sound considerate and multi-sided.

Inner Circle affect the weather by playing rather than working, and got possibly the best reception of the day.

Everything then jumped straight from Inner Circle's jolly, Jumbles' jump music straight into the Nietzschean psycho-drama of foreign hubgoblins, The Scorpions.

They were the last act on.

Steve Hackett must have opted out or else the NME critic had been spiked — and the least tolerable of all, with their supremely distanced and contemptuous thunder'n'strutting.

The only relation between such a group and its audience seems to be a sado-masochistic one; I'm not sure which way round yet.

Their language is formalised Heavy Metal, the bottom line, basic and bombastic, urged on by its own esineine fury, and little else.

Road construction crews are as equally noisy, but paid less.

'Festival' is nothing but an inflated reference to traditional rock perspectives, this year like any other yesteryear's box of ancient and concealed images and noises.

No conversation, no intimacy, no thrills.

Who says it's good to be alive (reviewer)???

The Molly Hatchet Band were, typically, the ashes of a music that burned itself out just as soon as it flared and grunted into existence.

Their comfortable macho-meanness, their affable mellow excess and their ability to rewrite Lynyrd Skynyrd's two songs into less than one, to play this remnant as many times as they were allowed, and simultaneously acclaim Reading as the centre of the rock'n'roll universe could well have made them...

THE GREATEST GROUP THAT EVER PLAYED THE READING FESTIVAL!!!

Apart from the obvious headliner hits, The Molly Hatchet Band were the day's success.

Wild Horses, The Climax Blues Band, Terra Nova, Speedometers — these square people from the new straight society — were also safe, conditioned and vacant enough to suggest that any one of them could well be the greatest group that ever played etc.

David Coverdale's Whitesnake's joyless, fundamentally insouciant and desperately insipid heavy (that is: accurate, composed, and LOUD) rock is the archetype predictable and uninspired underground pop music that gives something like Reading its regressive durability.

Whitesnake are less about rock'n'roll than about the web of comradeship, the cult of familiarity. Whitesnake music is consoling and in a way superstitious. It is short-sighted, self-congratulatory and hackneyed.

But it is not rock'n'roll. It is MOR. It is not teenage music. Sure, teenagers like it; but it is ignorant, naive and harmful music. It doesn't inspire, suggest or create. It confirms flawed notions.

This music stays put, and so do its followers. Music of apathy.

Like Reading is a celebration of apathy.

The Members burst into this depressing pool of unchallenged and unchallenging beliefs with a set of positive and revelational spirit. Along with the classicism of Nils Lofgren and the broad intention of Peter Gabriel, they were the only activity of the day that reflected NOW.

They were tight, varied, mocking, fallible, ebullient and DIFFERENT. They moved different, looked different, were impolite, childish and genuinely progressive.

Faced with proper dance rhythms the majority of the audience stood still. The Members never stopped leaping and jumping; posing, not with sexually repressed narcissism, but for the sheer hell of it. Nicky Tescos sang songs of confusion, corruption and adolescents with anger and frustration, with the heart as much as the body.

Their songs may not be the most revolutionary nor sophisticated of the time, but they are sharp, tough and packed with ideas. They're distinctive and extrovert. And such things are acutely noticeable when a group like The Members play in such moribund company.

Two new songs — both amongst the best Members' pieces so far — indicate the versatility of the group. 'Romance' is spacious and spritely pop-reggae; spaces in the right place, rhythm fluid, guitars crisp. 'Gangwars' is impassioned, subtly anthemic and a hell of a charge.

The Members seemed small and charming next to the gargantuan, immaculate, meticulously rehearsed Whitesnake/Wild Horse/Speedometer/Molly Hatchet beasts. But the group had individual, genuine

dynamics, passion and desire.

Pop music is the music to be alive by: right now it is music to make the body and/or mind dance. The Members brought some flashes of this to Reading. It was, significantly, well out of place. But I, and one or two others, were glad of it.

Peter Gabriel's apparently unsettling decision to appear at Reading was admirably honest and to the point. He simply wanted to shout to the world that PETER GABRIEL IS STILL ALIVE!

Gabriel shrewdly surrounded himself with skilful and careful musicians, including Genesis' Phil Collins (who received the equivalent of a John Wayne Oscar standing ovation) and the old Van Der Graff well-tung sax man, Dave Jackson.

Gabriel's satisfaction is problematical. The Reading congregation undoubtedly look to him as the God of progressive rock, and this, with the 'skeleton in the cupboard' presence of the adored Collins, meant every little twitch, flick, raise of the eyebrows and cuddle with Collins was reverently cheered.

Peter Gabriel's transformation over the years has been an admirable systematic move away from sophisticated banality to music that is searching and special.

He is a rare example of an artist from the smug, defusing early '70s who has achieved contemporary vitality.

He is a man of change — which is why he will always be worth looking towards. Who knows how many of his audience have stayed with him, appreciating the changes for the better in his personality and perspective. The cheers for Collins suggest very few.

Peter Gabriel is quite an important link though.

His set was a slick showing of the cosmopolitan penetration, extravagance and introspection of late '70s Gabriel, offering few glimpses as to where he is sliding next. It wasn't a show to analyse, and it degenerated into a pointless celebration of Genesis ghosts: Collins and Gabriel duetting on 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway', and doing everything but holding hands.

The crowd were in heaven. I was in the photographers' pit.

I can think of few entertainers who could replace The Ramones as the saviour / reason for my visit to final day Reading, except The Undertones, The Distractions, Joy Division.

And Nils Lofgren! Last thing replacement for the naughty Ramones. Lofgren played a set as short, sweet and intimate as the Wembley triumph.

It was much the same selection of beautifully structured, discreetly entwining modern masterpieces that he touched at Wembley. 'Keith Don't Go', 'Steal Away', 'Rock'n'Roll Crook', 'Going Back', 'Heart Of Fire', 'Come To Dance', 'Incidentally It's Over!', and the classic, 'Back It Up'. Seductive, sensitive and poetic, even in the freezing open air.

That I forgot where I was is a testament to Lofgren's genius. He can overcome any obstacle and pull the listener in. The word is soul. The word is greatness.

Soul and Greatness at Reading is not common. The 19th Reading Festival ended with the passion emotion and individuality of great rock'n'roll. A suggestive, distinctive contrast to the redundancy and reactionary neutrality that Reading symbolises and revels in.



Baby Crockett



A daft Policeman



Tescos: "Oh no! Not that bunch of deadbeats!"

**Smug Sunday
by Paul Morley**

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

NEXT Autumn, the Social Committee of my college intend promoting a few concerts featuring name bands. The only thing is — none of us have any experience in this sort of thing. And because it's a new venture for the college as a whole, none of the previous committees has a clue either. Obviously we have to get in touch with agencies etc. — so is there any information outlet you can perhaps put me on to?

MIKE GALLACHER, Dundee College Of Education.

● You best move is to get yourself onto the mailing list of *College And Club Circuit*, a magazine which is sent to college social secretaries free of charge by Hilary Hayward and Megan Green, Circuit Magazine, 44 Rothchild Road, London W.4. The mag is published about eight times a year and lists up and coming to... while recently issued was the *Circuit Directory*, which the editors claim, provides more info on bands and how to book 'em, than even their own agent know! They add that the directory's function is no longer just to provide prices — it seems the flexibility of the touring business makes nonsense of the firm quote — but who to give details of each band's

agency, management, record company and potential touring status. Many different types of act are included — clowns, folkies, new wavers, headbanging heroes, dance troupes, DJs etc. — though some bands, such as Wings, prefer to be left out simply because they don't intend to tour the college circuit in the immediate future. Any further advice on band booking, legal matters connected with such activities etc., can be obtained by either dropping a line to Hilary Hayward at Circuit or by phoning 01-995-3023, between 11 am and 6 pm. But make sure you're a genuine Social Sec., stoned nuts who just want to know where their favourite gang of guitar thrashers are playing next will be severely dealt with!

OKAY, now X-Ray Spex have gone the way of all flesh, can we have the discography? **SPEX FREEEX, Watford, Herts**

● The first Spex single was 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' / 'I Am A Cliche' (Virgin VS 189) which emerged in October, 1977. Then came a label switch to EMI, which resulted in the release of 'Day The World Turned Day-Glo' / 'I Am A Poser' (INT 553, April 1978), 'Identity' / 'Let's Submerge' (INT 563, July 1978), 'Germ Free



X-Ray Spex: In Memoriam

Adolescence' / 'Age' (INT 573, October 1978) and 'Highly Inflammable' / 'Warrior In Woolworth's' (INT 583 March 1979). The band produced one album, namely 'Germ Free Adolescents' (EMI INS 3023, November 1978) during their brief lifetime, though they can be heard rendering 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' on EMI's *Roxy Wc2* (SHSP 4069) live album and *Virgin 10* 'Guillotine' LP (VCL 5001).

I'VE GOT a 1967 mono, psychedelic rock (at its best) album by a band called Tangerine Dream, whom I believe are English. It's on Fontana TL 5448 and is called

'Kaleidoscope' — but who was in the group and did they make any more albums? **MICK TONLISON, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.**

● Still trippin' after all these years. Mick? Y'see, the album actually called 'Tangerine Dream' and is by one of the two late-'60s outfits known as Kaleidoscope — the other being the David Lindley band that played the Newport, Rhode Island, folk festival in 1968. After all, who in their right mind would call a band Tangerine Dream? I haven't got the album so I'm not absolutely certain who played

on it — but my 1969 edition of 'Alphabet' lists the band's line-up as Pete Dahrey (lead singer and songwriter — from Harrow), Eddie Pomer (guitarist and Dahrey's co-writer — from Action), Danny Bridgman (drummer — from White City) and Steve Clark (bass — from Southall). They made a second album in 'Faintly Blowing' (Fontana STL 5491), and then, trying to confuse punters even further, re-emerged as Fairfield Parlour — but that's another story!

A TWO-PART question for you regarding the sadly defunct Pretty Things. Firstly, did the Pretties ever get any singles into the U.S. Hot 100? If so, can you list dates, positions and so forth? Secondly, I believe the band made a film with Norman Wisdom in the '60s. Who else was in the film and was it any good? **JAMES CAGNEY, Smethwick, Warley, W. Midlands.**

● Sad to say, the Pretties never made it in the States and didn't tour there until 1973, one reason why none of their records even got into that top 100. However, they did provide part of the soundtrack for 'What's Good For The Goose' (1968), a film

which starred Wisdom, along with Sally Geeson, Sally Bazeley, Derek Francis and Terence Alexander — a truly dreadful affair about an assistant bank manager who does his nut over an attractive female hitch-hiker. Also, between 1967-70, the Pretties recorded a series of four, mood-music soundtracks which the De Wolfe film company placed upon albums. But none of these were generally available to the public.

CAN YOU please list all available-in-Britain Muddy Waters LPs? My local shop will only order them for me if I provide the catalogue numbers etc.

A. HALL, Haltwhistle, Northumberland.

● As you are obviously a man of impeccable taste, I was delighted to check through my dog-eared *Music Master* on your behalf. Its 735 pages revealing that the said Mr. Morganfield currently has five albums available here, these being: 'I Can't Get No Grinding' (Chess 6310 129), 'Hard Again' (Blue Sky 81853), 'I'm Ready' (Blue Sky 82235), 'Muddy Mississippi' (Waters Live) (Blue Sky 83422) and 'Back In The Early Days Vols 1 & 2' (Syndicate SC001).

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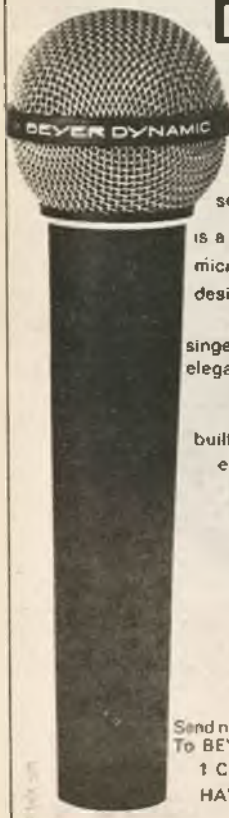
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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

IT'S ARGUABLE that more damage is inflicted on records by well intentioned cleaning routines than from any other single reason. There's a plethora of record care products on the market ranging from the simple to the pseudo-scientific. Using nothing at all will probably be preferable to investing in a good chunk of these. With in excess of £5 now being asked for the average album it certainly makes sense to keep your records in good condition. The more sophisticated your system the truer this is.

clear of debris. A slightly unfair test, perhaps, but with the normal amount of dust one wipe was enough for each playing. Another useful aspect of the brush is its limited anti-static capabilities.

I found the Zepee brush a useful aid to record care, reasonably priced and simple to use.

Next we come to a rather unique way of cleaning your records from **Disctracked Audio Ltd.** It's a 'gel' which you spread over the record, wait for it to dry, peel off and magic — the dust and grit comes off stuck to the coating.

Bernard Futter and Jeff Hill suss out the price of clean records

New addition to the Hifi team Jeff Hill has been looking at some of the record care products on the market.

First up is the **Record Dust Lifter** from **Zepee Instruments Ltd** who produce a wide range of quality accessories starting with an anti-static record cloth at about £1. The **Record Dust Lifter** sells for about a fiver and is designed to actually lift dust, grit and other detritus from the record surface. This instead of leaving the usual line of guff across the disc.

It is a simple but effective design consisting of an aluminium cover and wooden holder with a double row of fine conductive carbon fibre bristles.

I tried the **Dust Lifter** on a number of my LPs scattering them fairly liberally with an array of undesirable matter, far more than one would normally expect to see on your average vinyl. After three or four good wipes each, the records were left pretty well

This is for use when your records have really got grubby and no amount of brushing will rid the disc of its unwanted visitors.

The prescribed operation is relatively simple: Just lay the record on the outer lid, pour a quantity of the fluid onto the record surface, avoiding the label, spread evenly with the sponge applicator supplied, wait the said 60 minutes or so for the coating to dry, then peel off with the aid of a strip of Sellotape or similar and there you are, clean and shiny vinyl.

I followed the instructions to the letter on the first side and behold there was my record minus ash, crumbs, etc. Immediately playing the record I noticed a few pops and bangs which were not there before. On closer inspection I noticed that a few tiny shreds of the dried coating had been left on the vinyl — not easily seen at first. Also there was a small build



POW! The Zerostat anti-static gun works like magic — or does it? Pic: Andrew Houston.

up of 'gunk' on my stylus. However, these few offending pieces of coating were easily removed by dabbing them with a strip of the Sellotape. So check carefully before playing your records.

The gel also took a good 1½ hours to dry, a mile longer than stated, which means a three hour wait to clean one record. I tried reducing the amount of gel used by about one capful on the next side and this time it dried in about half the time and worked just as well.

So, if you want to bring your dirty, gritty records back to their one time pristine state, then the **Disctracked** works quite well. A little messy and you do have a longish wait, though.

One of the most annoying and sometimes frustrating problems for the audiophile is static, which brings me to the third contender — the **Zerostat** anti-static pistol, which has been available now for a number of years.

Briefly, to quote the manufacturers, the **Zerostat** pistol is used to neutralise static charge of either polarity on any insulating surface (e.g. gramophone records).

Surfaces within a radius of about 20 inches will be neutralised, whilst heavily charged areas may require several operations. In plain terms this means that it should get rid of those annoying 'crackles and pops', especially those you experience with new records.

The operation is simple in itself. After removing the LP from its sleeve, hold the record approximately 12 inches away from the gun and squeeze the trigger slowly, hold in for about 2 seconds, then release slowly — Voila!

The new records I used the gun on — giving them a 'squirt' straight from the sleeve when the static charge was at its maximum — needed two or three applications to obtain any appreciable reduction in static

discharge. I also tried using the gun whilst the record was on the turntable and found its effectiveness deteriorated, probably due to the earthing properties of the surface beneath the disc. Trying the same records about an hour later, I found I had to use the gun once again.

You can also give the perspex dust-covers a squirt after cleaning. It prevents the dust you've just cleaned off being attracted straight back again.

The **Zerostat** certainly gets rid of static discharge, but I feel that if you have a serious static problem the **Zerostat** is not enough on its own. You will have to use the gun in conjunction with other anti-static aids such as conductive tracking record brushes.

Garrard kindly provided the subject of the final test in the shape of their **Dust Master** tracking-arm type record cleaner, similar to the Cecil Watts 'Dust Bug' and Bib

'Groov Kleen'. Garrard did stress that the sample submitted for review is a prototype and has not yet reached the production stage.

The design is functional yet fairly pleasing to the eye. The tracking arm is made of black metal with an offset plastic brush holder. The bristles are of carbon fibre construction and easily cleaned off with a piece of Vello. The black plastic carrying pillar has a freely revolving top part with a groove to take the arm and a fixed arm rest.

The counter-balance is not adjustable, nor is the arm length. The playing height is also fixed which I found particularly annoying as very few turntables are the same height from the motor board. In use the arm insisted on skidding past the first half-inch or so of the record, no matter where I placed the unit in relation to the turntable. The same was true of the final inch of track.

The arm did, however, pick up the dust quite well on the part of the record it tracked over. We will have to see whether the final production model available shortly will have ironed out these teething problems. Price expected to be about £5.

Further information from:
DISCTRACKER
Zepee Instruments Ltd.,
15, Richmond Grove,
Surrey, Surrey (01 399 0966)
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JOHN FAHEY

■ From page 19

whole song, an archetypal
verse, and it's dull.

"I went through all this
stuff and gave it up, I didn't
have the talent.

"See the idea of a guy
sitting down in 1929, in
America — your writers on
blues never write about this
— the basic idea of a guy or
a band in the country sitting
down or standing up on a
stage in front of a concert
audience just never
happened. They were
playing dance music and
they were working for
barrelhouse owners who
were trying to sell booze! And the idea was to
stimulate everybody into a
frenetic dance and get drunk;
almost all of them did that,
except say Blind Willie
Johnson who played
religious music, or John
Hurt who just mainly played
around the house.

"The really heavy guys
who had this rhythm were
these dance guys. Let's
dance! — you had to say
that with the guitar. The idea
of the guitar solo back then
was not non-existent, but
was pretty rare.

"Now we get young white
boys playing concerts of
blues. I used to do it myself
until I noticed... there's
something wrong with this.
Leo Kottke can pull it off, and
Ry Cooder: great dance
music!"

IN THE CHARLEY Patton
book Fahey expands quite
a bit on the ideas outlined
above, especially on the
structuralisation of twelve
bar blues. One other reason,
he says, for the advent of the
twelve-bar was that the city
groups, as opposed to the
country individuals,
needed a much tighter basis
to play together.

The other interesting
aspect raised around the
country bluesmen is that of
religion and how the

majority of them suffered
from Kierkegaardian fatality
of the metaphysic — for to
defy the stifling weight of
Christian repression and
sing the blues was to go
directly against the heavy
religious upbringing most of
them had laboured under.
To sing the blues properly —
or rather improperly — in all
their sectional, sexual glory
was to risk missing out on a
Heavenly afterlife.

A good many of them
ended up like Western
civilisation's favourite
anti-christ, Nietzsche:
insane, decadent, dead.

John Fahey is still going
strong.

His new album, he
remembers, is called
"Melody McBad: Or John
Fahey Visits Washington
D.C.". It'll be his 19th, he later
decides.

He comes from Maryland;
he now lives in Los Angeles,
but has "never consented to
its reality".

John Fahey, perhaps the
best rhythm guitarist in the
world, played at The Venue
and nobody noticed, maybe
they were too busy getting
tailored out for Keith
Richards to play the 1,000th
anniversary of "Honky Tonk
Women" at Knebworth.

Maybe they weren't.
His concert was an
uncontrollable rush of
tunings, noises, lost chords,
yells, slides, yodels, scales,
bells, emptiness, deafness,
religion, and jokes.

As someone once said of
Tim Buckley's "Starsailor" —
the kind of music "you'd
play to clear the air".

John Fahey is a rock and
roll guitarist, that's what; he
plays dance music, drinking
music, vicious music, dub
music. He's the murkiest and
clearest, the cleverest and
dullest — unconcerned and
unaligned.

He's still composing
death-defying noise, and not
compromising.

Watch out for the echoes.

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If this is Thursday, and it's ten o'clock, it must be time for ...

Thursday morning — 11.30 am in the stumbling, screaming suffragette sensibility of post-punk, post first affair, pre-A Level Long Eatonian nearly 18'ism and something's missing.

I've just read Paul Morley's review of The Who occasion at Wembley. He's depressed. I was ecstatic, despite being virtually reduced to a de-oxygenated bone-bag on Gate B. What happened to the great organisation there, you bastards? And spending Saturday night in foetoid, passionless, solo, self-ostracised, self-love by the approaches to the M1. Here's two fingers to all the drivers that passed indifferently four freezing figures between the man-forsaken hours of 12.30 and 4.14. Saturday, August 18 was one of the greatest experiences of my 17 years on this bloody planet.

Qatensibly the most important feature of your eight quid's worth was the music. I always thought Paul and I looked for the same qualities in contemporary rural culture. Perhaps these qualities are realism / passion / compassion, perhaps they're not. But as far as I'm

concerned Mr Trampoline Man lacked all of these. The trampoline summed it all up — a BOF desperately in need of anything to give his corpulent, self-indulgent set some lift. Is this clinched and naive? The man can play guitar and possibly write very pertinent lyrics but I've caught none of his words and his music lacked excitement.

And this brings me to AC/DC. Crass maxims scream at me. I know AC/DC think guitars and microphone are just toys, I do believe in anarchy in the UK (for responsible freedom anyway) but at nearly merely 18 I also believe in er... um... err... fun, and this AC/DC most definitely were. Other groups find, define or refine your thoughts, AC/DC smash and smother them. Inevitable before and afterwards perhaps Paul, but a spot of self sacrifice to the chanting, dancing mass is just what the doctor ordered for a broken heart.

Oh well, scrap comments on the music of The Stranglers and The Who. How the hell can words do justice to some of the greatest and most vital rock 'n' roll I've ever experienced. Throughout The Stranglers set experienced a growing empathy with the music, a sense of being completely filled by the emotions of the instruments and lyrics, a feeling that peaked in the blissful ignorance of Toifer On The Sea, where I was carried, in the eye of the raven and with dancing feet of the voyage of the woman-ship.

From the first chord The Who became the sole reason for my existence, a fulfilment of every dream I've ever had, of every feeling of anger or injustice, or every smile and every kiss. By the 'Tommy' excerpt 'See Me, Feel Me' I was stranded on the farthest reaches of emotion, crying at the sheer intangible beauty of this thing called rock 'n' roll, then vibrant to its simple yet total life. When the music stopped so did I, stretched out, stoned in a puddle of water.

Yet this was only half of the magic of the occasion, the other half was the people, in a song called 'Non-Stop Dancing' by The Jam there's a line something like 'when



GASBAG!

you're dancin' all nite long / it gives you the feeling that you belong! If you wanted to dance Paul you would have been down at the front. The prat in the big black coat and white arm-band would like to say thanks to everyone who danced with him for being the best people in the world, especially the youth with the cider (who for some reason hated mods), all the punks at the front for The Stranglers, and above all the wench who stumbled into my arms during The Who. You were beautiful darling, just holding you and bawling 'Behind Blue Eyes' into your ear recaptured the passion of my first kiss.

And me? I saw man. He was playing a guitar, and the children danced at his feet, forever free, forever young. C. Exance, Long Eaton, Notts. £7.50 to be stranded on the farthest reaches of emotion, somewhere near the M1. I call that a bargain. But wait, are you sure it was man you saw and not Meher Baba? — PR

Never mind what happened to hungry journalism, what happened to hungry Gasbags? Are people so overfed with product that they have to turn to slugging off their fave weekly news rag?

I don't get it either. Chris, Plymouth, Devon. They aren't overfed with product exactly. It's just that at current rates they can't afford to relate to it anymore. — PR

I have a problem. In the past I have tried so very, very hard and spent vast sums of money to keep up with the current trends. I have been a Mod and a Rocker, a Ted, a Hippie and a Skinhead. My current scene is punk rock, maan, heavily into everything and everyone with street credibility (i.e. people no-one else has ever heard of). I'm also into bondage, depilation and Hemmeling.

Anyhow I'm confused, cos all me mates, see, are havin' their hair cut silly, donnin' these parka things and callin' themselves Mods again. Well I

don't know what to do see, cos I like to be original and this mod thing has already been done.

Now I feel alienated and have become uncontrollably violent, wakin' up in the night, havin' this urge to kick the dog. Nowadays I just hit people an sometimes I get me head bent in. Give us some advice or I'll do ya.

Soddit! I was gonna write a smart-ass one line. Albert Afterbirth, Hartlepool, Scunthorpe. Soddit! So was I. — PR

Dear Bag of Gas.

You are tedious and tiresome. You are absolutely juvenile (with a small j) with your artificial set-to: '60s music vs. new wave or whatever. Music (popular or not) is not a contest, a battle between the old and the young. Music simply is music.

You set The Undertones up to be the goodies and Led Zep up to be the wicked-out baddies. This can only be the result of too many young whipper-snapper hacks on your paper.

The Undertones/Sham '69 music is produced by a completely different youth and social culture climate than

that of Led Zep, Quo, Cream etc. (cont. p.94).

In the end, any of these bands' music can only be judged by its own terms. The sound of a guitar or the speed of a beat cannot be right or wrong in any sense whatsoever. It is merely culture critics/hacks who apply their own boring little definitions, and set (or try to set) trends, fashions, 'in', 'out', hit, miss etc.

When an NME writer writes up the Knebworth Festival, he isn't writing a critique of the thing, or how the bands played, he is simply slugging it off from a new wave perspective. The latter will one day be slugged off from another perspective by these farts I have in my sights.

The bands also will go through the same process, e.g. The Undertones will get bigger, boring and die — that is simply the way it is. Music doesn't date in itself. It is the music press which dates it.

I agree that some ageing, rattling bands (not always the bands one would think) should call it a day when it is. But we're basically selfish, so we go on going on.

Please try to show a more mature attitude in future. If

you don't, your cynicism (now almost total) will get the better of you and will eventually devour you. And I bet some of you are even older than me. Webby The Gricer (aged 28), Stevenage, Herts. Yes, but only nominally. — PR

Hi gang, guess who's havin' ytpnig lissins then? Miss B. Gotten, Shofordshire. Very good. Keep it up, Nick. — PR

I used to listen to the Pistols, the Clash, the Damned and even Sham 69 and I thought to myself, 'This is great.' I no longer take that view.

I now like Crass, or rather I pretend to do 'cos I have to like something. To listen to Jimmy Pursey is to insult your own existence. To listen to TRB is to insult the existence of thought. But nothing is so futile and pointless as to read the music press.

You may not understand my words but at least the feeling will be mutual. A Person Unknown, Worthing. You are suffering from an acute case of boredom. This is complicated by a sense of alienation from what is happening around you. Writing to Gasbag brings only temporary relief. Next time try suicide. — PR

We think popular music doesn't matter and you are wasting your time. You simply get euphone and make it what it is.

We should try to come out of the cul-de-sac white rock 'n' roll has got into, for ethnic music provides everything r'n'r does, and much more. There should be more purpose to life than living for the weekend, and then wasting it at Knebworth.

They say "Hope to die before I get old" has been adopted as an official r'n'r attitude is false, phoney and merely manipulating words.

Education cuts on the scale intended by the government will mean that your correspondents will be even more illiterate. Health cuts

might mean there'll be not more correspondents. Makes you think, dunnit? Bob, Dave, Dinc.

It certainly does. Or rather it would if I hadn't given up when I started listening to popular music. — PR

How is it that John Peel, CSM and others find the new wave / post new wave / whatever, so alive and good and fresh and exciting and yet find Bob Dylan's new album 'depressing', 'unpleasant' and 'hate filled'?

I have frequent orgasms over Fingers, Clash (early), The Jam, Siouxsie, etc. but generally the sentiments and attitudes of the new wave are equally hate filled and unpleasant and depressing, merely channeling frustrations and anger into looking after number one.

Let's not kid ourselves that the new wave has ever been anything to do with joining forces to make things better for us all (fighting

unemployment, prejudice, police abuse, exploitation, etc.) Mr. Dylan (or Zimmie), arrogantly speaking from what he feels is a position of salvation, is directing condemnation at the 'unbelievers' (which amounts to most of us). Unless we feel this stand to be justified, unless we feel threatened by what he is saying, there is no reason to feel anything but compassionate sympathy for him. That's not to say we are any better than him.

Established new wave acts speak from a position of material security rather than supposed spiritual security. I don't see them sharing that wealth (with a few noble exceptions). The attitude of the new wave is that we should help ourselves and, under capitalism, that attitude inevitably condemns all but the elite to material poverty (rather than spiritual poverty). Consequently Bob Dylan's emphasis on hell fire, and the new wave's selfishness, are equally negative.

Dylan's Christianity is at present very naive and he seems to be so totally indoctrinated that he is at the moment blind to the failings of the doctrine he has swallowed (though I shouldn't really judge him). When the man gets his hands on religion, his desire to organise and form rigid beliefs (in an effort to attain security) make him bigotted and unquestioning. Dylan has swallowed the whole chicken (or should it be pig) without first removing the guts, head, feathers, bones, etc.

He's therefore liable to throw the whole lot up again unless he has a very good digestive system (God this metaphor's getting out of hand). What I like about his new album is that it's so human (the best kind of music). To me it seems like the most naked he's ever been on record.

Mike Simpson (a believer of sorts), Sidmouth, Devon. Fine. Feel as free to judge Bob Dylan as he feels to judge you — PR

Dear Mr. Dylan "Oh you can read out your Bible,

You can fall down on your knees, . . .

And pray to the Lord But it ain't gonna do no good".

Please, please "Quit your Low Down ways". Andrew Miller, Arlington, SX. Chorus: "Oh you'll never get to heaven on roller skates. 'Cause you'll roll right past those pearly gates . . ." — PR



Your letters delivered by
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T-ZERS

SIXTY-FIVE hot dogs and 42 cans of warm carbonated beer later, T-zers is beginning to feel just a teensy-weensy bit queasy. A little too queasy, in fact, to don its best tribal regalia and join the hordes of mods, skins and Teds rampaging around Southend in a final desperate effort to relive the '60s before the '80s get going and it becomes time to start reliving the '70s.

But not too queasy to report that the annual Reading three day picnic was the very model of a dullsville bank holiday weekend. Why, so unremarkable was it that Dave Edmunds felt compelled to get on stage with Mick Ralphs during Cheap Trick's set, and some inebriated ligger (that's a hanger on to you) felt the urge to flatten Sting's toddling offspring as a way of saying thank you to The Police for being such a dazzling success. The biggest casualty of the whole affair was Speedometer's bassist Robbie, who accidentally stepped on a firework that was to provide the climax of their set, igniting the thing, and going up in flames for his sins. He was out of hospital 24 hours later with his hopes of making it big in the Kiss Spectacular stakes somewhat badly dashed.

Spare a thought for Australian showbiz figure Robert Stigwood. All that lolly and he still can't get his million pound yacht with a crew of 18 'sailors' accepted to the posh Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. But then who would want to be a member of a club that had the man behind the Bee Gees as a member?

The recipient of this week's Journalist Of The Week award is Robin Denselow, whose extra-terrestrial powers enabled him to review in the *Grauniad*, a John Cooper (no hyphen) Clark totally invisible to everybody else who attended last Tuesday's faberonee Speciale Soiree at the flyblown Hammersmith Palais. Also caught squinting at the absent apparition were John Rotten, Chrissie Hynde, Elvis Costello and Iggy Pop. Elvis Costello disguised himself as Elvis Costello so as to observe un-noticed The Speciale a/k/a his first production charge, while Ms Hynde, reportedly in a state of newt-like sobriety and stare-inviting dress, spent her evening availing fans. Rotten treated admirers to his famous scowl and all five foot one of the mighty Pop positively bristled with enthusiasm for his latest recording ventures with producer James Williamson and a band featuring Glen Matlock, Steve Nee, ex-T-Cer Barry Andrews, and Klaus Kruger.

Only last week the Ig's new band were rehearsing in Camden when things got so hot that firemen burst in through the window, hoses at the ready. All involved were a mite taken aback to discover the blaze was elsewhere at the time. You think we're making this up, don't you? There really is an Iggy Pop and he really did stroll into the Rough Trade record shop where Nik and Epic of the Swell Maps were filling in behind the counter and demand of them as follows: "Hey! Can you guys recommend some good English groups?" Like any self-respecting Map would, they sold him a copy of their album.

And keeping astride of things punky T-zers is relieved to hear the John Lydon (the same) is once again enjoying



Heavy Metal fans at Reading: Lunchie Bunsworth (above, right) balances the nose from Woody Allen's *Sleeper* on his bonce and, yes, the hook is phony too. Well-known HM connoisseur Nick Kent (below, left) digs deep before retiring to the bar while (below, right) a less staunch journalist retires hurt. Full Reading report on pages 34-35. All pics: George Bodnar.



the fate of any self-respecting iconoclast: getting his record banned. A court in Malta ruled that Pili's 'Religion' offended public morals and decency. Various sources describe Pili as "An" and "a joke." Malta is a tiny island in the Mediterranean. This is only the second time in Malta's history that it has happened. In 1960 an Italian record titled 'Nude' was also banned. Underneath, Pili have a new album up their sleeve called 'The Metal Box' and are currently trying to think up some sort of packaging concept for it.

We don't believe it either but it can't just be coincidence: *Generation X* are working on a third album, reportedly orientated towards "rock," and Mark Perry, recently on the verge of quitting rock for a career in primal therapy, is now back with former ATV cohort Alex Ferguson. There is talk of "mod" music.

Don Letts' half hour Super 8 special on The Slits, apart from being the source of the girls' album cover shot — a frolics in a mud bath — also features scenes of them looting supermarkets and one episode in which they walk into a *Bureau De Change* and, surprisingly, change their clothes. You wouldn't think that was so smart if we told you *Blonde On Blonde* had done it, would you? But then they wouldn't walk un-announced into the real location and start dis-robing.

Axe-wielding, dandruff-shedding Francis Rossi is the proud owner of a school of Japanese Koi Carp fish. They live in the pond at the bottom of his garden and they're specially trained to kiss his plectrum finger at the sound of an E major chord repeated 34 times in

succession... Poor EMI — so broke they had to flog half their shares to Gulf and Western — can't even spend it when they have it. After leasing all Phonogram's old Fontana Manfred Mann tracks for 'semi-detached suburban', the definitive Mann's Greatest Hits album, they set aside a mere £300,000 to ensure enough TV ad saturation to actually shift the product in quantities large enough to recoup the £300,000. But now ITV has decided to go on strike, leaving all those wonderful Manfred compilations languishing in the racks. If T-zers had a crocodile it would shed tears.

Monty Python's *Life Of Brian* and Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps* both opened in the same American city last week. The Python team and film censor James Farnham had to seek legal advice before granting a double A certificate in Britain after complaints about the film, originally titled *Brian Of Nazareth*, from the Festival Of Plight. The law was consulted in the aftermath of *Mary Whitehouse's* successful — it was finally upheld by the House Of Lords — bid to prosecute *Gay News* for blasphemy.

Whilst at work spreading the message of reverse evolution in Japan recently, the infamous Devo signed a number of clothes merchandising agreements with manufacturers in the land of money-spinning fads who were smitten by the apud's kooky dress sense. Any devotees who feel too old or too sensible to be seen in boiler-suit, diapers and thermal shades can console themselves with the news that amongst the first spate of videotapes to be marketed by

Time-Life Inc in America will be a half hour collection of *Chuck Statler's* Devodeos. Devodeos? Whatever they're called they'll be out in time for Xmas and won't feature a version of 'I Saw Boogi Boy Kissing Santa Claus'. A nationwide outbreak of spontaneous snoring reported when T-zers' fave newscaster Alan Freeman began his special personal choice Bank Holiday extravaganza with the deathless words: "Hi, music lovers! They've asked me to play four hours of my favourite records! We've got *Maggie Bell!* *Argent!* *Emerson, Lake and Pa!*" Click.

Yes! Carlene Carter finally decided to make an honest man of Nick Lowe. And no, you didn't read it here first. But contrary to what you may have read elsewhere, Van Morrison is still signed to Warner Brothers in North America. His current deal with Mercury is just for the rest of the planet. On the subject of Warner Brothers it was only when NME's resident collector of worthless status items Roy Carr brought up the subject that Morrison became aware that one of his recent LA Roxy gigs had been recorded for a live radio promo album. On the subject of Van Morrison — this is positively the last Morrison T-zeryou will be able to read before the Belfast Cowboy plays Edinburgh this weekend — we learn that the city has decided to fete his visit by re-naming a street after Morrison's 'Cyprus Avenue'.

The new *Clash* album, currently underway at a top secret location somewhere in the British Isles, features the first song written and sung by teen heart-throb Paul Simonon.

The much touted

Woodstock II turned out to be a damp squib, a tempest in a teapot, a fart in a blanket, a pig in (Get on with it — Ed). Festival producer John Morris comprehensively failed to find a location for his branchchild. Fifteen townships turned down the idea, and only Tiroga County agreed, that is if Morris deposited a ten thousand dollar bond on everyone who turned up to cover possible damages, rape, arson etc. that rampaging longhairs might commit. Morris reckons he'd have had to raise three billion dollars to meet this requirement. He's already wasted three hundred thousand dollars just looking for the site, but even if he missed the actual Woodstock anniversary he may still be in time to catch the forthcoming hippy revival.

The Ruskiies are getting awful upright over the proliferation of Western styled tee shirts being sported by young Soviet comrades. These shirts are either bought on the black market or bootlegged often with Western flags and symbols and group names like The Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin spelt wrongly. To counter this tool of capitalist imperialism the authorities are offering prize money to any enterprising Russian designers who can invent a suitably chic homegrown equivalent. Two things spring to T-zers' mind. One: Zap and the Stones are marginally cooler than the Bolshoi Ballet. Two: The hippest thing on Western tee shirts these days is Soviet style graffiti.

At the annual CBS convention at London's Grosvenor Hotel there was precious little sign of the back-slapping that has characterised these bashes in the record industry's recent boom years. Instead a CBS majordomo got up in front of his A&R men and brandished a fistful of Factory Records. "Where's this coming from? Why haven't we got it?" he enquired of his cowering staff, who responded by parading their bright new bops *After The Fire* and *Bruce Wolley*, who might just catch on if Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson and John Hiatt all died tomorrow.

Homicide, the group who were supposed to have played the Rock Against Communism tea party the other weekend, would like it to be known that they didn't actually play, and had absolutely no intentions of doing so anyway. They were asked to play by NF organiser Joe Pearce, but refused when they discovered what the gig was promoting, though their names nonetheless appeared on the bill. "None of our lyrics have anything to do with right wing politics," complained guitarist Ian Marchant, to T-zers, "and we certainly didn't play that gig." Our reporter, unable to gain access, was led to assume they had played by various witnesses, who obviously haven't learned to identify one white supremacist band from another yet.

And so without further ado, we turned to punky tykes The Dickies, variously described as "a joke" and "a bad joke", who are at this very second hard at work in an LA studio trying to think up a title for their next album. So far they've come up with 'Nighmare Alley' and in a moment of pure perspiration, 'Dawn Of The Dickies'. The boys however say they're open to suggestions. If you have any suggestion to make to The Dickies feel free to write to The Dickies, A&M Records, 1416 North La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90028, USA.

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