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JAKE BURNS ON A SLOW FUSE

Centre pages

NME CHARTS

Week ending September 22, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks	Highest
1 (2)	Cars.....Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	1
2 (1)	We Don't Talk Anymore.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	1
3 (9)	Don't Bring Me Down.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	3
4 (5)	Street Life.....Crusaders (MCA)	5	4
5 (10)	#1 Said You Had A Beautiful.....Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	4	5
6 (3)	Bang Bang.....B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	6	2
7 (12)	Love's Gotta Hold On Me.....Dollar (Carrere)	3	7
8 (6)	Angel Eyes.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	4
9 (7)	Just When I Needed You Most.....Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	7	7
10 (4)	Money.....Flying Lizards (Virgin)	5	4
11 (11)	Gotta Go Home.....Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	11
12 (22)	Reggae For It Now.....Bill Loveley (Charisma)	4	12
13 (18)	Strut Your Funky Stuff.....Frantique (Philadelphia)	4	13
14 (8)	Gangsters.....Specials (2 Tone)	6	7
15 (19)	Lost In Music.....Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	5	15
16 (13)	Duchess.....Stranglers (United Artists)	5	13
17 (23)	Salt On.....Commodores (Motown)	2	17
18 (14)	Cruel To Be Kind.....Nick Lowe (Radar)	2	18
19 (14)	Gone Gone Gone.....Johnny Mathis (CBS)	4	14
20 (15)	Ooh What A Life.....Gibson Bros (Island)	6	8
21 (—)	Live On Stage (EP).....Kate Bush (EMI)	1	21
22 (—)	The Prince.....Madness (2 Tone)	1	22
23 (27)	Time For Action.....Secret Affair (I Spy)	2	23
24 (—)	Message In A Bottle.....Police (A & M)	1	24
25 (30)	Boy Oh Boy.....Racey (RAK)	2	25
26 (—)	Since You've Been Gone.....Rainbow (Polydor)	1	26
27 (—)	Tomorrow's Girls.....UK Subs (Gem)	1	27
28 (—)	Don't Stop Till You Get Enough.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	28
29 (17)	After The Love Has Gone.....Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	8	4
30 (—)	Slap And Tickle.....Squeeze (A & M)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

You Can Do It — Al Hudson (MCA);
Nights In White Satin — Dickies (A & M);
Back Of My Hand — Jags (Island);
Something That I Said — Ruts (Virgin);
Sexy Cream — Slick (Fantasy);
This Time Baby — Jackie Moore (CBS).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 17, 1974

1	Kung Fu Fighting.....Carl Douglas (Pye)
2	Love Me For A Reason.....Osmonds (MGM)
3	Annie's Song.....John Denver (RCA)
4	Y Viva Espana.....Sybil (Sonnet)
5	I'm Leaving It All Up To You.....Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)
6	Hang On In There Baby.....Johnny Bristol (MGM)
7	You You You.....Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
8	Queen Of Clubs.....K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jive)
9	When Will I See You Again.....Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
10	Na Na Na.....Cozy Powell (Rak)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 17, 1969

1	Bad Moon Rising.....Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
2	Don't Forget To Remember.....Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	In The Year 2525.....Zager & Evans (RCA)
4	Je T'Aime.....Mel Non Plus
5	Natural Born Bugle.....Jane Birkin & Serge Gainsbourg (Fontana)
6	Too Busy Thinking About My Baby.....Humble Pie (Immediate)
7	Viva Bobby Joe.....Marvin Gaye (Tama Motown)
8	My Cherie Amour.....Stevie Wonder (Tama Motown)
9	Good Morning Starshine.....Oliver (CBS)
10	I'll Never Fall In Love Again.....Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 18, 1954

1	I'm Into Something Good.....Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
2	You Really Got Me.....Kinks (Pye)
3	Rag Doll.....Four Seasons (Philips)
4	Have A Little Faith.....Honeycombs (Pye)
5	I Wouldn't Trade You For The World.....Bachelors (Decca)
6	Where Did Our Love Go.....Supremes (Stateside)
7	I Won't Forget You.....Jim Reeves (RCA)
8	The Crying Game.....Dave Berry (Decca)
9	As Tears Go By.....Marianne Faithfull (Decca)
10	Oh Pretty Woman.....Roy Orbison (London)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks	Highest
1 (1)	Discovery.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	16	1
2 (4)	In Through The Out Door.....Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	4	2
3 (2)	Slow Train Coming.....Bob Dylan (CBS)	4	2
4 (17)	Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	4
5 (3)	I Am.....Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	15	2
5 (9)	Street Life.....Crusaders (MCA)	9	5
7 (8)	Best Disco Album In The World.....Various (WEA)	11	1
8 (7)	Breakfast In America.....Supertramp (A & M)	26	2
9 (19)	Pleasure Principle.....Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	9
10 (24)	String of Hits.....Shadows (EMI)	2	10
11 (5)	Voulez Vous.....Abba (Epic)	20	1
12 (11)	Parallel Lines.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	49	1
13 (18)	Midnight Magic.....Commodores (Motown)	3	13
14 (13)	Outlandos D'Amour.....Police (A & M)	19	7
15 (20)	Night Owl.....Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	15	10
16 (6)	Replicas.....Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	14	1
17 (—)	Menilow Magic.....Barry Menilow (Arista)	25	2
18 (—)	Oceans of Fantasy.....Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	1	18
19 (16)	Morning Dance.....Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	10	7
20 (10)	Down To Earth.....Rainbow (Polydor)	5	7
21 (25)	Bridges.....John Williams (Lotus)	12	4
22 (14)	Some Product.....Sex Pistols (Virgin)	8	7
23 (29)	Into The Music.....Van Morrison (Vertigo)	2	23
24 (21)	Highway To Hell.....AC/DC (Atlantic)	5	10
25 (—)	Eddie Cochran Singles Album.....Eddie Cochran (United Artists)	1	25
26 (15)	The Best Of The Dooleys.....(GTO)	10	8
27 (—)	War Of The Worlds.....Jeff Wayne (CBS)	41	2
28 (23)	Welcome To The Cruise.....Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	6	19
29 (27)	Live Killers.....Queen (EMI)	11	6
30 (12)	Manifesto.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	25	4

UP AND COMING:

Shooting Stars — Dollar (Carrere);
Cut — The Slits (Island);
Fear of Music — Talking Heads (Sire);
New Horizons — Don Williams (K-Tel);
The Adventures of Hershman Boys — Sham 69 (Polydor);
Rainbow Connection IV — Rose Royce (Whitfield);



The world is going mad. Highest singles chart entry of the week (apart from a Kate Bush EP which is best forgotten) is Madness' 'The Prince'. Here we see Suggs, with hand on brow, studying the record's meteoric rise while his colleagues affect casual unconcern.

US SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks	Highest
1 (11)	My Sharona.....The Knack	16	1
2 (4)	Sad Eyes.....Robert John	4	2
3 (12)	Good Times.....Chic	4	2
4 (6)	Don't Bring Me Down.....Electric Light Orchestra	4	2
5 (10)	Salt On.....Commodores	4	2
6 (18)	I'll Never Love This Way Again.....Dionne Warwick	4	2
7 (5)	Lead Me On.....Maxine Nightingale	4	2
8 (3)	Lovesome Ladies.....Little River Band	4	2
9 (14)	Don't Stop Till You Get Enough.....Michael Jackson	4	2
10 (12)	A Bad Case Of Loving You.....Robert Palmer	4	2
11 (13)	Pop Muzik.....M.A.	4	2
12 (3)	After The Love Is Gone.....Earth Wind & Fire	4	2
13 (15)	Heaven Must Have Sent You.....Bonnie Pointer	4	2
14 (18)	Rise.....Herb Alpert	4	2
15 (7)	The Devil Went Down To Georgia.....Charlie Daniels Band	4	2
16 (11)	The Main Event/Fight.....Barbra Streisand	4	2
17 (21)	Driver's Seat.....Sniff 'n' Tears	4	2
18 (16)	Goodbye Stranger.....Supertramp	4	2
19 (22)	Born To Be Alive.....Patrick Hernandez	4	2
20 (17)	Let's Go.....The Cars	4	2
21 (25)	Cruel To Be Kind.....Nick Lowe	4	2
22 (19)	Bad Girls.....Donna Summer	4	2
23 (20)	Mama Can't Buy You Love.....Elton John	4	2
24 (—)	Spooky.....Atlanta Rhythm Section	4	2
25 (30)	Lowin' Touchin' Squeezin'.....Journey	4	2
26 (28)	The Boss.....Diana Ross	4	2
27 (27)	I Do Love You.....S.Q.	4	2
28 (—)	Dim All The Lights.....Donna Summer	4	2
29 (—)	Get It Right Next Time.....Gerry Rafferty	4	2
30 (—)	Where Were You.....Logo	4	2

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks	Highest
1 (1)	In Through The Out Door.....Led Zeppelin	16	1
2 (2)	Get The Knack.....The Knack	4	2
3 (3)	Candy O.....The Cars	4	2
4 (4)	Breakfast In America.....Supertramp	4	2
5 (5)	Midnight Magic.....Commodores	4	2
6 (6)	Risque.....Chic	4	2
7 (8)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson	4	2
8 (7)	Discovery.....Electric Light Orchestra	4	2
9 (9)	I Am.....Earth Wind & Fire	4	2
10 (10)	First Under The Wire.....Little River Band	4	2
11 (14)	Slow Train Coming.....Bob Dylan	4	2
12 (12)	Rust Never Sleeps.....Neil Young & Crazy Horse	4	2
13 (11)	Bad Girls.....Donna Summer	4	2
14 (16)	Dionne.....Dionne Warwick	4	2
15 (13)	Million Mile Reflections.....Charlie Daniels Band	4	2
16 (17)	Free Free.....Ashford and Simpson	4	2
17 (15)	Cheap Trick At The Budokan.....Cheap Trick	4	2
18 (18)	Teddy.....Teddy Pendergrass	4	2
19 (19)	The Boss.....Diana Ross	4	2
20 (20)	Secrets.....Robert Palmer	4	2
21 (21)	Real Live.....Robin Williams	4	2
22 (23)	What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'.....Stephanie Mills	4	2
23 (24)	Street Life.....Crusaders	4	2
24 (25)	13.....Chicago	4	2
25 (22)	Low Budget.....The Kinks	4	2
26 (26)	The Cars.....The Cars	4	2
27 (27)	Rickie Lee Jones.....Rickie Lee Jones	4	2
28 (—)	Labour Of Love.....Nick Lowe	4	2
29 (29)	A Night At Studio 54.....Various Artists	4	2
30 (—)	Evolution.....Earl Zee (Greensteaves)	4	2

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

*Denotes 7" only. † Denotes Import.

(1)	Don't Stop Till You Get Enough.....Michael Jackson (Epic)
(2)	Can't Live Without You.....Tamiko Jones (Polydor)
(3)	Sing A Happy Song.....O'Jays (Philadelphia)*
(4)	It's Called The Rock.....Edwin Starr (RCA)
(5)	Street Life.....Crusaders (MCA)
(6)	Happy.....Red Express (Quicksilver)
(7)	Feel The Real.....(re-mix) White Label
(8)	Dale Vu.....Pauline O De Costa (Pablo)*
(9)	Switch.....Benelux & Nancy Dan (Scope)
(10)	Jump The Gun.....Three Degrees (Arista)

Chart supplied by: Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1

REGGAE

(1)	Ethiopian Lation.....Blood Relatives & Ivren (Greensteaves)
(2)	She & I.....Black Uhuru (ID-Roy)
(3)	Jah Love Is With I.....Johnny Clarke (Greensteaves)
(4)	Big Big Pollution.....Barry Brown (Third World)
(5)	Rumours Of War.....Tuff & Jah Sticks (Art & Craft)
(6)	Ras Manki Come.....Augustus Pablo (Daddy Cool)
(7)	Steppin' Back Style.....Jah Thomas (Strong Life Sampson)
(8)	Stop In Jah.....Hugh Mundell (Bellistic)
(9)	Ivory Girl.....Thomas White & Lee Perry (Hit/Run)
(10)	City Of The Wicket.....Earl Zee (Greensteaves)

Chart supplied by: Greensteaves Records, Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, London W12

NEWS

EDITED BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

OYSTER CULT SET FOR AUTUMN TOUR



BLUE OYSTER CULT bring their brand new show to Britain in November, for a series of major concerts at leading venues — including a string of four nights at Hammersmith and an appearance at Edinburgh's new Exhibition Hall venue.

The tour, promoted by Straight Music, marks Cult's first visit to this country since April last year. It opens at Brighton Centre on November 1, then plays Stafford New Bingley Hall (2).

The itinerary continues at Leeds Queen's Hall (4), London Hammersmith Odeon (5, 6, 7 and 8), Southampton Gaumont (9 and 10), Manchester Apollo (11 and 12), Leicester Granby Hall (13) and Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (15).

Tickets are priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 at Brighton, Hammersmith, Southampton and Manchester; and £4.50 only at Sheffield, Leeds,

Leicester and Edinburgh.

They are available now for all concerts, but there is some variation regarding method of purchase, as follows:

STAFFORD — From Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham), Sundown (Wolverhampton), Mike Lloyd Record Shops (Hanley, Tunstall and Newcastle-under-Lyme), Lotus Records (Stafford) and Piccadilly Records (Manchester);

LEEDS — from Queen's Hall and Virgin Records; **LEICESTER** — from Granby Hall, De Montfort Hall and the Advance Box Office in Town Hall Square;

EDINBURGH — Apollo (Glasgow), Usher Hall (Edinburgh), Pink Panther Records (Carlisle), Cathie McCabe Records (Dundee) and The Other Record Shop (Aberdeen).

Tickets for Stafford, Leeds, Leicester and Edinburgh also available from Straight Music, 1 Monro Terrace, London S.W.2. **BRIGHTON, HAMMERSMITH, SOUTHAMPTON** and **MANCHESTER** tickets may be obtained from the respective venue box-offices and through the usual booking agencies.

Parkas take to the road

THE MERTON PARKAS have now set most of the dates of their first major British tour. Those confirmed are Cromer West Runton Pavilion (October 5), Halifax Good Mood Club (6), Jacksdales Grey Topper (7), Cardiff University (9), Nottingham University (10), Bath Pavilion (11), Keele University (12), London Chelsea College (13), Poole Wessex Hall (14), Bristol Romeo & Juliet (15), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (16), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (18), Dundee University (19) and Glasgow University (20).

More dates are being set through to the end of October, and these will include a major London appearance. As reported last week, their second single 'Plastic Smile' comes out tomorrow (Friday), followed by their debut album 'Face In The Crowd' in October — both on the Beggars Banquet label.

REST OF THE NEWS WAVES

Stranglers: one gig added, one is nixed

THE STRANGLERS have added another date to their UK tour next month — it's a special show at Liverpool's 2,000-capacity Romeo & Juliet on October 22, presented in conjunction with Radio City to mark the station's tenth anniversary (tickets £3).

But promoter Harvey Goldsmith's plans to present the band at Newcastle City Hall on October 10 have been thwarted by the local council. A spokesman said that, although The Stranglers have acquired "a new air of respectability" following their appearance with The Who at Wembley and a number of venues have now lifted long-standing bans on them, Newcastle — admittedly after lengthy deliberation — has again refused to accept them. An alternative venue in the North-East is now being sought.

● **ANGELIC UPSTARTS** are going out on a major tour, starting October 5 — details expected next week. They'll be supported on all dates by The Wall, whose new single 'Kiss The Mirror' is issued by Small Wonder on September 28. The Wall also have gigs in their own right at Oxford Oranges & Lemons (tomorrow, Friday), Bradford Royal Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Bradford Royal Centre (September 30).

● **THE TALKING HEADS**, who played the Edinburgh Rock Festival on September 1, will be returning here in November for a full tour — dates to be announced shortly. Meanwhile their new single 'Life During Wartime' is released by Sire Records on October 5.

● **JOY DIVISION** have been booked as special guests on the upcoming Buzzcocks tour (October 2 — November 11), prior to which they play London Kensington Nashville (this Saturday) and Manchester Factory (September 28) in their own right.

Southside in return visit

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & The Asbury Jukes, who returned to Britain last month — after a lengthy absence — to play with Zeppelin in the two Knebworth concerts, are coming back in the autumn for a tour. And their itinerary takes in two London appearances — at The Venue in Victoria (October 4) and the Rainbow Theatre (27).

Reason for this swift return is that they're anxious to promote their new album 'The Jukes' and single 'All I Want Is Everything', both released this week on Mercury. And they'll be given a further boost on October 3, when BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' screens film of the band performing live in America.

Provincial dates, expected to number about six or seven, are still being finalised by the Bron Agency and will be announced next week.

Ruts: 15 extra

THE RUTS have added another 15 dates to their extensive UK tour, which began last weekend — making a total of three dozen gigs over an eight-week period. The extra shows are at Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (September 24), Cardiff University (October 1), Nottingham University (3), Colchester Essex University (4), Portsmouth Locarno (9), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (11), Leicester University (16), Plymouth Clones (29), Exeter Routes (30), Sheffield Polytechnic (31), Hull University (November 1), Dundee University (2), Glasgow Strathclyde University (3), Dunfermline Kinema (4) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (5).

Special guests throughout the tour — except Brighton Poly on October 6 — are The Flys, whose new EMI album 'Flys Own' is released on October 12. Both the LP and the tour introduce the band's new drummer Graham Deakin — formerly with John Entwistle's Ox and Frankie Miller — who has replaced Pete King in the line-up.

THE SELECTER SPELL IT OUT

THE SELECTER (and that's the official spelling, not Selector) are playing a short headline tour to coincide with the September 28 release of their first single — titled 'On My Radio', it's on the currently successful 2-Tone label. Dates are Blackpool Norbreck Castle (tonight, Thursday), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (Saturday), London Kensington Nashville (Sunday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (September 24), Sheffield Limit (25), Chesterfield Fusion (27), Bristol Trinity Hall (29), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (October 3), Canterbury Art College (4), Huddersfield Polytechnic with Madness (6), Plymouth Montrose (8), Exeter Routes (9), Bournemouth Town Hall (11), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (12) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (13).

Electric Ballroom switches on

LONDON'S Electric Ballroom in Camden Town — which closed as a regular rock venue over nine months ago, due to soundproofing problems, and has since been used only spasmodically — officially re-opens on a twice-weekly basis later this month. Over £30,000 has been spent in extensive improvements, which now meet with all statutory requirements, and promoters' Straight Music have been contracted to handle bookings for at least a year. A spokesman said

that Straight's policy will be similar to their Roundhouse and Lyceum shows.

The season kicks off on September 28 and 29 with Adam & The Ants and Classix Nouveaux. Other confirmed headliners include Madness (October 12), The Selecter (13), The Ruts (19), John Lee Hooker (21), The Inmates (27), The Revillos (November 2). Penetration who switch from the Lyceum on the same date (4), Pere Ubu (10) and The Human League (11).

Cure found to restore Siouxsie's ailing tour

SHOXSIE & THE BANSHIES this week finally set out on their British tour, which had failed to get off the ground on the scheduled opening night ten days earlier, due to the sudden walk-out of group members John McKay and Kenny Morris.

In their place, Siouxsie has now co-opted the services of former Slits drummer Budgie and The Cure's guitarist Robert Smith. In fact, The Cure are special guests on The Banshees' tour, which means that Smith will be playing two sets in each show.

Both replacements are for the duration of the tour only, and permanent new members will be found after the British outing ends. A spokesman said that a large number of musicians applied to fill the vacancies but, in rehearsals,



Left to right: ROBERT SMITH, LOL TOLHURST, MICHAEL DEMPSEY (The Cure); BUDGIE, STEVE SEVERIN, SHOXSIE

Budgie and Smith "shone above all others."

Although the band had hoped to pick up the tour at Oxford last Friday, followed by Liverpool on Saturday, it wasn't possible to resume until Monday night. Accordingly, Oxford New Theatre has been re-set for September 26, and Liverpool Empire on September 30

(which means that Taunton Odeon is cancelled). Tickets bought for the original dates are valid for the re-scheduled gigs — or refunds can be obtained, if desired.

Otherwise, the tour continues as per its originally announced itinerary, though Rema Rema will no longer be playing as second support at some venues.

MUSIC BY POST

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CHOCOLATE DROPS IN



HOT CHOCOLATE open their lengthy autumn tour at Oxford New Theatre on September 27 and 28, followed by Taunton Odeon (29 and 30), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 2 and 3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (6), Norwich Theatre Royal (7), Liverpool Empire (9), Derby Assembly Rooms (10), Preston Guildhall (11), Aberdeen Capitol (13), Edinburgh Usher Hall (14), Glasgow Apollo (15), Newcastle City Hall (16 and 17), Middlesbrough Town Hall (19 and 20), Croydon Fairfield Hall (21 and 22), Brighton Centre (23), Ipswich Gaumont (28 and 29), Peterborough ABC (30 and 31), Halifax Civic Centre (November 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Hanley Victoria Hall (5 and 6), Blackpool Opera House (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Manchester Apollo (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (10), Eastbourne Congress (13), Portsmouth Guildhall (14 and 15) and Coventry Theatre (16).

TEENBEATS GO ON SAFARI

THE TEENBEATS promote their debut single — a revival of The Troggs' hit 'I Can't Control Myself', just released on the Safari label — with gigs at London Harrow Rd (tomorrow, Friday), the first-ever matinee for teenagers at London Fulham Greyhound (Saturday), London Waterloo Wellington (Sunday), High Wycombe Negs Head (September 28), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (27), Weymouth Good Mood (29), London Canning Town Bridge House (October 1), Sheffield Linkin (2), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (3), Hayes Adam & Eve (11), Manchester Poly (13), Kingston Poly (20), Nottingham Sandpiper (25), Unbridge Brunel University (28) and Manchester University (Nov 7).

Tourists lose their way

THE TOURISTS have added a major London date to their upcoming tour — at the Lyceum on Sunday, November 4. At the same time, they've made substantial changes to their itinerary — with gigs at London Harrow Rd (tomorrow, Friday), the first-ever matinee for teenagers at London Fulham Greyhound (Saturday), London Waterloo Wellington (Sunday), High Wycombe Negs Head (September 28), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (27), Weymouth Good Mood (29), London Canning Town Bridge House (October 1), Sheffield Linkin (2), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (3), Hayes Adam & Eve (11), Manchester Poly (13), Kingston Poly (20), Nottingham Sandpiper (25), Unbridge Brunel University (28) and Manchester University (Nov 7).



Judas: book now for next March

JUDAS PRIEST this week confirmed details of a major British concert tour — but if you fancy seeing them, you'll have to wait six months, because it's not until next March! They say they wanted to announce it early, in order to give the punters ample time to book tickets, which are on sale October 1. Meanwhile, their live album 'Unleashed In The East' — recorded in Japan earlier this year — is issued by CBS this weekend, and the first 25,000 copies include a free three-track EP.

The 1980 tour comprises Bristol Colston Hall (March 9), Manchester Apollo (10), Sheffield City Hall (11 and 12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Southampton Gaumont (16), Aberdeen Capitol (18), Edinburgh Odeon (19), Newcastle Mayfair (20 and 21), Liverpool Deeside Leisure Centre (23), Stoke Trentham Gardens (26) and Birmingham Odeon (26 and 27). Ticket prices are £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 at all venues — except Hammersmith (£4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50), Leicester and Stoke (both £3.50) and Newcastle (£3).

CIRCUIT ROUND-UP

● **CHAS & DAVE** have added five more dates to their major UK tour, reported last week — at London University Union (October 12), Pugham Church Farm (13), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (18), Newcastle University (19) and Keele University (November 8). Southend Quills (tonight, Thursday) is now cancelled, and Hull University moves from October 19 to 9.

● **FOXY**, the five-piece Miami band whose powerful stage act has made them one of the top live attractions in the States, will be making their British debut early next year. They set out on their first European tour in January.

● **GEORGE McCRAE** is here for a brief tour of the club circuit, visiting Leicester Bailey's (all three weeks), Brighton Sherry's (September 24), Doncaster Romeo & Juliet (25 and 26), Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel (27-29) and Birmingham Bailey's (October 1 for a week).

● **THE SCREAMS**, a four-piece Illinois band whose style is not unlike that of The Cars, are being lined up by MAM for a debut UK club tour in November — dates to be announced shortly. They'll also be seen on BBC 2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' during their visit.

● **LANDISFAIRNE** have added another date to their autumn tour, opening next week (see Gig Guide) — it's at Canterbury Kent University on October 4.

● **MAINLAND**, whose new single 'No Money' is issued by the Christy label on September 28, support Leo Sayer on his extensive UK tour starting this weekend.

● **THE DUKES** — the new all-star band featuring guitarist Jimmy McCulloch (ex-Wings), guitarist-vocalist Miller Anderson (ex-Keef Hartley and T Rex), keyboard man Ronnie Leashy (ex-Stone The Crows and many others), bassist Charlie Turnahai (ex-Bebop Deluxe) and drummer Nick Trevinick (ex-Tom Robinson) — play London Camden Dingwalls on September 28, as a trailer to a major British tour later in the autumn. Their debut album 'The Dukes', just released by Warners, includes guest drummer Stuart Elliott as Trevinick had not joined the line-up at that time.

● **FLEETWOOD MAC** will not now be coming here this autumn, as was hoped. But they are officially confirmed for a tour of the Far East and Europe between February and June next year, and this will include British dates.

● **JUDIE TZUKE** has added four more dates to her headlining tour, reported last week — at Poole Arts Centre (September 29), Colchester Institute for Higher Education (October 9), Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (18) and London Victoria The Venue (23).

TOURS



KOTTKE'S KONCERT

LEO KOTTKE flies into London next month to headline a one-off concert at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on Sunday, October 21 — promoted by Straight Music and Martial Arts. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agencies priced £4, £3 and £2. Kottke's visit ties in with the weekend by Chrysalis this weekend of his new album 'Balance'.

Weird foursome

FOUR BANDS associated with the Independent Weird record label — The Astronauts, The Mob, The Androids Of Mu and Zoume — are playing a series of free gigs during the coming week under the package banner of 'Weird Tales'. They visit Liverpool Eric's (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel (Friday), Manchester Mayflower (Saturday), Oxford Oranges & Lemons (Sunday), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (next Monday), Canterbury Art College (Tuesday) and Brighton Buccaneer (Wednesday). There's a subsequent free show at London W10 Actlam Hall on October 8.

LATEST

● A new Peter Hamill album titled '9H7', recorded at Rockfield Studios and featuring 11 new tracks, is released this week by Charisma.

● 'Move It To The Music' is the new Gonzalez single, released this weekend by Sidewalk in both 7" and 12" versions. It was written and produced by Pete Ballotte (see Elton John story). The band will shortly be announcing details of an autumn tour.

● **Boney M's** current hit 'Gotta Go Home' has been ripped, so that the coupling 'El Lute' now becomes the A-side — and effectively their new single! Reason is that this track is top of the charts across Europe. The group's new album 'Oceans Of Fantasy' is out this week.

● A Linda Lewis single '109 Jamaica Highway' comes out on October 6 on Arista — it's taken from her new album 'Hacienda View', for release on November 9. Same label issues the latest Three Degrees album '3D' on October 12.

● The debut album from Capital Letters titled 'Headline News', is released on the Greenleaves label on September 28.

● The new Whitesnake album 'Love Hunter' is issued this weekend by Liberty United. It consists of ten tracks, all but one being originals, and it precedes their previously-reported British tour opening on October 11.

● **Orbisia** are back in business. They have signed a new recording deal with Buddha, and are currently laying down tracks in the studios, with The Emotions providing back-up vocals.

● This week Monarch Records issue Peter Savaridze's self-penned single 'The Far Pavilions', inspired by the best-selling Penguin book of the same name by M. M. Kaye.

● Two albums by the long-defunct Faust, now collectors items which have been changing hands for up to £40 apiece, are being reissued in their original form by Recommended Records. They are 'Faust' and 'Faust So Far', first released by Polydor back in 1971.

● 'Survival', the previously-announced new album from Bob Marley & The Wailers, is now officially set for September 28 release by Island. It's preceded this weekend by the single 'So Much Trouble In The World'.

● On Atlantic, Bette Midler releases her single 'Hang On In There Baby' (September 28) and album 'Thighs And Whispers' (October 5). Same label has signed Chuck Berry and issues his LP 'Rockit' on October 5.

● **999** have been signed to Radar Records, who release their single 'Found Out Too Late', on September 28, with an album to follow.

● Yes go into the studios early next month to record a new album with Roy Thomas Baker, the first time they have used an outside producer. Steve Howe's next solo album is due for November release by Atlantic.

● **Patti Smith Group's** new single, out this weekend on Arista, is 'So You Want To Be A Rock'n'Roll Star' taken from their current album 'Wave'.



AGOGO



Fat Larry, Slick debut

FAT LARRY'S BAND, who entered the NME chart last week with their single 'Looking For Love Tonight', play a ten-date British tour next month — and they'll be co-headlining with their Fantasy Records stablemates Slick, who had a recent Top Ten hit with 'Space Bass'. Slick's follow-up single 'Sexy Cream' has just been issued, along with their album 'Space Bass'.

The double-header tour, which marks the UK debut of both acts, kicks off at **Doncaster Queensway Hall** on October 4 — then plays **Nottingham City Hall** (5), **London Southgate** (6), **Leeds Warehouse** (7), **Doncaster** (8), **Brighton Top Rank** (10), **Bournemouth Maison Royale** (11), **Swindon Brunel Rooms** (12) and **Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel** (13). The venue for the October 14 gig, probably a major London show, has still to be announced.

Tops slot top spots

THE FOUR TOPS arrive in the UK next week for their regular autumn tour, promoted by Arthur Howes. Tickets for the London concert go on sale October 8, priced £5, £4, £3 and £2.50; elsewhere tickets are already on sale, but at varying prices. Dates are: **Southend Queen's Cabaret Club**

After The Fire trek on

AFTER THE FIRE begin a major tour next weekend in support of their first CBS album, which comes out tomorrow (Friday) — it's called 'Laser Love', which is also the title of their current single. The band can be seen in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on October 9, and their gig schedule comprises:

Folkstone Lees Cliff Hall (September 29), **Horsham Capitol Theatre** (30), **Cardiff South Glamorgan Institute** (October 2), **Uxbridge Brunel University** (3), **Hull Institute of Higher Education** (4), **Durham New College** (5), **Sunderland Polytechnic** (6), **Southampton University** (7), **Wolverhampton Poly** (10), **Oxford Poly** (11), **Stafford North Staffs Poly** (12), **Bristol University** (13), **Glasgow Strathclyde University** (16), **Dunoon Queen's Hall** (17), **Edinburgh Astoria** (18), **Aberdeen University** (19), **Dundee Technical College** (20), **Abchurch Concor Club** (21), **Nottingham City Hall** (22), **York College of Ripon & York St John** (31), **Manchester UMIST** (November 2), **Keble University** (3), **Portsmouth Poly** (6), **Bournemouth Dorsset Institute** (7), **Bary Bindles** (8), **Lampeter St David's University** (9) and **Sheffield University** (10).

NON-STOP LEWIS

LEW LEWIS REFORMER start a new tour (or is it one overhauling tour?) at **Bristol Polytechnic** on September 25, then play **Shrewsbury Cascade Club** (26), **Leeds University Hall** (27), **Cardiff University** (28), **Birmingham University** (29), **Swansea West Glamorgan Institute** (October 2), **Coventry Warwick University** (4), **Kirklington Country Club** (5), **Newcastle University** (6), **Loughborough University** (10), **Nottingham East Anglia University** (11), **Nottingham Sandpiper** (12), **Bradford University** (13) and **Portsmouth Polytechnic** (16). More are being set.

(September 27-29), **Windsor Blazers** (30-October 6), **Sheffield Flights** (8-13), **Birmingham Night Out** (15-20), **Purfleet Circus Tavern** (21-27), **Nottingham Commodore Suite** (28), **Stoke Jollies** (29), **Cleethorpes Bunny's Place** (31), **Poole Arts Centre** (November 1), **Ush Sturdust Club** (2), **Eastbourne Kings Country Club** (3) and **London Drury Lane Theatre Royal** (4).

WYNETTE CONCERTS



TAMMY WYNETTE was this week confirmed for a dozen major concerts around Britain in November. Nashville's First Lady highlights her visit with a show at **London Drury Lane Theatre Royal** on Sunday, November 18, and the other venues she visits are **Ipswich Gaumont** (9), **Peterborough ABC** (10), **Nottingham Theatre Royal** (11), **Liverpool Empire** (13), **Middlesbrough Town Hall** (14), **Glasgow Apollo** (15), **Portsmouth Guildhall** (17), **Slough Fulcrum Centre** (21), **Paignton Festival Theatre** (22), **Oxford New Theatre** (24) and **Bournemouth Winter Gardens** (25).

CHET ATKINS DUE IN

CHET ATKINS, probably the most respected of all country guitarists, visits Britain next month for the first time in several years — and his short tour is highlighted by a concert at the **London Palladium** on October 28. He also appears at **Middlesbrough Town Hall** (22), **Sheffield 'Seaside Special' Big Top** (23), **Belfast Grosvenor Hall** (25), **Southend Cliffs Pavilion** (27) and **Slough Fulcrum Centre** (29), with the possibility of one or two more gigs being slotted in. The dates tie in with the October release by RCA of his new album 'The First Nashville Guitar Quartet'. (Incidentally, Atkins is also Vice-President of RCA Records Nashville).



DRIFTERS ARE BACK

THE DRIFTERS have arrived back in Britain for their usual extensive autumn tour, which this year runs for three months. They've just signed a new recording deal with Epic, who are releasing their single 'Pour Your Little Heart Out' (written and produced by Biddulph), which is featured in the new Joan Collins film 'The Bitch'. First

confirmed dates are **Birmingham Night Out** (all this week), **Walsley Theatre Club** (week from this Sunday), **Stockport Quakers Club** (October 1 and 2), **Farnworth Biggins** (13-16), **Ux Sturdust Club** (10-13), **Luton Cesar's Palace** (14 week) and **London Grosvenor House Hotel** (27). Remaining dates to come.

WRITZ BLITZ

WRITZ have lined up another string of gigs to promote their upcoming debut album for Electric Records, due out next month. They visit **Shrewsbury Music Hall** (tonight, Thursday), **Durham New College** (Friday), **Aberdeen Ruffles** (September 25), **Dundee Ruffles** (26), **Preston Polytechnic** (28), **Liverpool St Catherine's College** (29), **Leeds Ford Green** (30), **Sheffield Poly** (October 3), **Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College** (5), **London Fulham Greyhound** (7), **London Twickenham St Mary's College** (10), **Coventry Warwick University** (12), **Reading University** (13), **Newbridge Memorial Hall** (14), **Oxford Poly** (19), **Sheffield University** (25), **Stafford North Staffs Poly** (26), **Southampton University** (27) and **Cardiff Trinity College** (31). Their recent gig at **London Music Machine** was filmed, from which an hour-long cinema movie is to be premiered in London shortly.

Boyce's bonanza

MAX BOYCE follows his 35-date spring tour by undertaking an even longer outing during the autumn. He has concerts at **Llandudno Astra** (October 10), **Inverness Eden Court** (12 and 13), **Buxton Opera House** (15), **Black Pavilion** (19), **Exeter University** (20), **Bedford Burnaby Centre** (21), **Nottingham Theatre Royal** (22, 23 and 24), **Oxford New Theatre** (26 and 27), **Preston Guildhall** (November 1 and 2), **Irvine Magnus Leisure Centre** (3), **Edinburgh Usher Hall** (4 and 5), **Aberdeen Capitol** (8 and 9), **Dundee Caird Hall** (10), **Glasgow Pavilion** (11, 12 and 13), **Newcastle City Hall** (15 and 16), **Barrow Civic Hall** (17), **Southport Theatre** (18), **Gloucester Leisure Centre** (22), **Swindon Oasis Centre** (23 and 24), **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (26), **Hull New Theatre** (December 2 and 3), **Coventry Theatre** (5 and 6) and **London Wembley Conference Centre** (7 and 8).

Singles coming by Jam 'n' Sham

THE JAM'S next single will be 'Eton Rifles', planned for October release to coincide with their fourth album and to precede their nationwide tour — and they can be seen performing it tonight (Thursday) at 11.30 pm, when BBC-2 repeats the Manchester-based programme 'Something Else'. . . . SHAM 69 celebrate their reunion and comeback concerts, announced last week, by issuing a new single titled 'You're A Better Man Than I' on October 19. Both The Jam and Sham are on Polydor.

Idols on parade

SCREEN IDOLS, who are supporting Darts on their current UK tour, have been signed to EMI's newly-formed Cobra label — and their debut album 'Premiere' and single 'Blind Man' are being rushed released. The band's personnel includes ex-Spiders From Mars drummer and U-Boat leader Woody Woodmansey, together with former *Love Star* starlet Tony Smith. Also in the line-up are guitarist Ched Sheesman and bassist Geoff Appleby (both ex-Monitors) and singer Michelle Neddus.

● Top French rock band Telephone have an English-language single out this week on EMI. Titled 'Fan Divers', it comes in a limited edition — pressed on telephone-shaped red vinyl.

● Early October sees the release by Trojan of the album 'Love Affair' by Marie Pierre, in comprises seven brand new titles, plus re-mixes of her singles 'Walk Away', 'Can't Go Through' and 'Nothing Gained'. Producer was Dennis Bovell of Mute.

● After hearing it played on Radio 1, Stiff Records have taken over the distribution of 'Couldn't Believe A Word' by The 45's on the Chopper label, whose initial pressing has now sold out.

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RECORD NEWS

Elton elpee: disco victim

ELTON JOHN'S long-awaited new album 'Victim Of Love' is released by Rocket on October 12, exactly a year after his last LP 'A Single Man'. Recorded at Musicland in Munich, and mastered in Hollywood, it was produced by Pete Bellotte — co-producer of Donna Summer, and closely associated with the so-called 'Munich sound'. The LP, which marks a totally new direction for Elton, comprises Johnny B. Goode, Warm Love In A Cold World, Born Bad, Thunder In The Night, Spotlight, Street Boogie and Victim Of Love — all Bellotte compositions, apart from Chuck Berry's classic opener. The sleeve features a new study of Elton by David Bailey. (Who's David Bailey?). The LP's title track is issued as a single this weekend, coupled with 'Strangers'. Elton left on Sunday for a two-month tour of North America, his first there since summer 1976.

EAGLES SET FOR LONG RUN



THE EAGLES' long overdue follow-up album to 'Hotel California' is at last finished, and it's being rushed released by WEA at the end of this month. Titled 'The Long Run', it contains ten new tracks, was produced by Bill Szymczyk, and sells at £5. Two of the titles, 'Heartache Tonight' and 'Teenie Jai' are issued as a single on September 28. But despite this disc activity, it doesn't now look as though The Eagles will be coming to Britain until 1980.



SPYRO GYRA follow up their 'Morning Dance' hit with an album, released by Infinity Records on October 5, titled simply 'Spyro Gyra'. In fact, this was actually recorded before 'Morning Dance', and released last year on their own label in the States — but it proved so successful that it was picked up by America's Anshel Records and eventually sold 200,000 copies there. Now it's being made available in Britain, together with a single from the same period called 'Shaker Song', which comes out on September 28 in both 7" and 12" form.

● Precious Little, whose debut single 'Ain't Got No Balls' suffered a radio ban earlier this year, has her follow-up issued by DJM on September 28 — it's a revival of Mike Sarno's 1962 chart-topper 'Come Outside'. Precious' recording name hides the identity of former Reflections and Second Generation singer-dancer Dee Eldridge.

Zappa's concept

FRANK ZAPPA's new album, out on CBS tomorrow (Friday) is 'Joe's Garage — Act 1'. It's apparently the first of three 'acts', and the other two will be released as a five double set of some time in the future. On the same day and label, there's a double LP from Weather Report called '30' — three sides live, the other studio.

● From Jet Records tomorrow comes a new single from Birmingham five-piece Magnum titled 'Changes', to be followed by their album 'Magnum II' on October 19.

● Among albums due out in the next couple of weeks on the Epic' couple of labels are 'Identify Yourself' by The O'Jays and 'Frenétique' (both on Philadelphia International), 'Shake Hands With The Devil' by Kris Kristofferson (on Monument) and 'On The Wall' by Michael Jackson (Epic).

● Streetband's second album for Logo Records 'Dilemma' is released on November 9, and it's hoped that lead singer Paul Young — currently being treated for a throat infection — will have recovered in time to promote it.

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THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	BOB DYLAN - SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04	31	28	FRANK ZAPPA - JOE'S GARAGE	5.29	4.04
2	2	LED ZEPPELIN - IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75	32	28	HARDY NEWMAN - DOWN AGAIN	5.00	3.75
3	15	CARY HERRMAN - THE PLEASANT PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75	33	28	RANDY CRAWFORD - RAIN SAK	5.00	3.75
4	3	SUPERTRAMP - BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53	34	27	ASDA - VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
5	4	CARTER, WINGS AND FIRE - I AM	5.29	4.04	35	28	LIVE WIRE - PICK IT UP	4.78	3.53
6	6	VAN MORRISON - INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40	36	28	SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY - THE JUBES	4.65	3.40
7	5	CRUSADERS - STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44	37	30	POPPY GALLAGHER - VOP	4.79	3.54
8	9	F.I.G. - DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24	38	45	ROXY MUSIC - MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
9	10	DAVEY H - OCEANS OF FANTASY	5.00	3.75	39	33	ALAN PARSONS PROJECT - EVE	5.00	3.75
10	19	SHIRAZ & THE BANISHERS - JOHN RAMBO	5.06	3.81	40	28	OMNES RAINBOW - WHITE TRAILS	5.29	4.04
11	10	TALKING HEADS - FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75	41	37	CHIC - DISCO	5.00	3.75
12	7	SPYING GLASS - MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44	42	31	NEIL YOUNG - RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
13	8	POLICE - OUTLANDOS	4.78	3.53	43	32	THE STRAITS - COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
14	11	JUDY CEZUNE - WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40	44	40	SAD CAPE - FACADES	4.99	3.74
15	12	J.J. CALE - S	5.00	3.75	45	35	TUBEWAY ARMY - THE FIRST ALBUM	5.00	3.75
16	17	BY GODDER - GOP THE YOU DROP	5.00	3.75	46	36	ROCK LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
17	23	DOWNA SUMMER - BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75	47	34	B.S.F.	5.00	3.75
18	24	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20	48	38	BOB DYLAN - AT SUOORAN	7.99	5.99
19	25	COMMODORES - MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44	49	41	B.B. KING - TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
20	13	SILTS - CUT	5.00	3.75	50	44	ROSE ROYCE - RAINBOW CONNECTION	5.00	3.75
21	22	JOAN ARMSTRONG - STEPPING OUT	4.78	3.53	51	50	SKY	5.25	4.00
22	18	BLONDIE - PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74	52	42	NELS LOFGREN - NELS	4.78	3.53
23	21	CLIFF RICHARD - ROCK 'N' ROLL JUVENILE	5.29	4.04	53	43	DAVE EDWARDS - REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
24	20	TUBEWAY ARMY - REFLEXES	5.00	3.75	54	47	KINGS - LOW BUDGET	5.00	3.75
25	14	JOE JACKSON - LOOK SHARP	4.78	3.53	55	39	WHO - THE KIDS ARE AWAY	9.04	6.54
26	16	BRAND X - PRODUCT	4.65	3.40	56	46	SQUEEZE - COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
27	16	RAINBOW - DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81	57	51	ROBERT PALMER - SECRETS	5.00	3.75
28	29	SPARKS - MERSHAM BOYS	5.06	3.81	58	57	PAT TRAVERS BAND - LIVE	4.63	3.38
29	29	AC/DC - HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75	59	48	CHARLIE - FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
30	29	ION VERLAINE	5.00	3.75	60	49	HERMAN BROOD	4.80	3.55

Forthcoming Alterations
 * Julianus Bob Marley: New Barts: Barry Manilow: Boudin, Leo Sayer: Jody Watley: Robin Turner: Yes: Eagles: Marlon Parks: Foreigner: Judas
 Priest: After: The Free Cheapest: London: Proton: DC: Who: The Jam: Sex: Green: Mx: Status: Gun: Silver: 1979: Backstreet: New: JK: Sade: New: L.A.
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 & THE
 ASBURY JUKES**



WOODY ALLEN

More Films About Buildings And Women

WOODY Allen is not a funny man. Like many other major comic talents, he's an introspective man, not dour exactly but certainly quiet and thoughtful, shy and retiring.

Born Allen Stewart Konigsberg 44 years ago, Woody Allen has progressed from radio and TV gag writer, through nightclub stand-up performer and wacky film actor, to movie director of stature.

He loves his native New York and he loves music, particularly modern and trad jazz. He also loves writing but he doesn't enjoy making movies — not until it's all over and he has the satisfaction of knowing that most of what he's filmed is making people around the world laugh.

His comic heroes are Bob Hope and Mort Sahl, for a mixture of character, material and delivery. He has written two Broadway plays, written and directed eight films (starring in seven of them), made three comedy albums, regularly contributed to the *New Yorker* magazine and had published three collections of humorous essays. "I don't want to achieve immortality through my work," he once said. "I want to achieve it through not dying."

His early films — *Take The Money And Run* (1969), *Bananas* and *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex* — are characteristically endearing slapdash revues, hit and miss affairs never hinting at the incisive marriage of form and content to come with *Sleeper*, *Love And Death*, *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, his most recent movie.

His characters are becoming increasingly less nervous, neurotic and graceless. Woody Allen is beginning to believe in himself. So much so that, last year, he had the temerity to make *Interiors*, a 'serious' film in which he did not appear. It is not his best film but Woody is a perfectionist and he'll keep trying.

He shuns the celebrity lifestyle — he loathes the West Coast and couldn't be bothered to pick up his Oscar for *Annie Hall* — and seems happiest when playing clarinet in his jazz band on most Monday nights.

In his penthouse apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue, Woody Allen spoke to Marc Didden. It was a Sunday morning, the day after Woody had finished editing *Manhattan*.

With Interiors, was there any conscious intention to 'do an Ingmar Bergman', to prove that Woody Allen could make a serious movie?

Woody Allen: "*Interiors* is a story that came to me in different parts. Some characters came to me years ago, some parts of the story, too, but none of it materialised. As a matter of fact I have always wanted to make serious films — in addition to comic films — and when I got the opportunity and I felt the time was right, *Interiors* happened to be the first one that I made. I would like to think it was successful enough so I can make more of them, which would mean that I would just have to make amusing films. I simply think that I have enough ideas in my head to make a serious film now and then. I was not trying to prove anything. And when I say 'serious', I only mean a film that is not primarily intended to make the audience laugh."

Do you rate 'serious' films higher than comedies?

"I myself do but I always receive an enormous amount of criticism when I say that. People don't like the idea, it seems. But it's really personal taste. A lot of intelligent people would tell you that comic films are in fact more 'serious' than a lot of so-called serious films. But I just don't feel like that. I prefer serious films."

You must have had a hard time making Take The Money And Run and Sleeper, then.

"No, of course not. Those comic films come quite naturally to me. I hope after a while the serious ones will become somewhat easier for me, too. I may say I'm quite experienced at making comedies, so it would not really be hard for me to make one right now. If I have somehow succeeded in making

A Conversation With Woody Allen By Marc Didden

Interiors a decent movie it is because I have some knowledge of theatrical construction. I'm very conservative in my view on story-telling. Films without a story and a good construction are often very boring films. Certain masters like Fellini and Bergman can, of course, break the rules. They can make films without obvious construction. But I haven't that kind of confidence in my talent. I feel I could make a funny film without any plot in it and I could invent enough funny things to make sure the audience enjoy the film but I surely do not have that skill for serious work."

As a person who handles such an abstract thing as 'Laughter', do you ever attempt to rationalise it, to analyse what makes people laugh?

"No, no — not at all. Laughter and making people laugh are completely instinctive things to me. I never try to know why people laugh at this or that. I just notice that sometimes they do and sometimes they don't laugh at something I thought was funny. But, of course, I decide when I want something to be funny. I could have told the whole story of *Interiors* as a comedy but I decided not to do so. It all depends on your point of view. When *Interiors* first came out I feared the audience would just sit there and wait for a joke that would never come. That's what always happens to funny film-makers. The serious ones never have that problem. I hope *Interiors* has cleared the way for me and next time there will be a little less surprise when I announce a serious one."

In many of your films you make fun of real or would-be intellectuals while at the same time you are the very prototype of an intellectual film-maker yourself, even quoting heavily from literature and film history in your own movies. Do you feel any contradiction there?

"I agree completely. There obviously is an ambivalence within me that attracts to the pleasures of life, but on the other hand drives to a more intellectual way of living. I am not from now on trying to make any Ingmar Bergman films. Bergman can take care of that. I really don't think I should ever have said in interviews how much I admire Bergman."

"If *Interiors* has to be compared to something I really think it's much closer to bad O'Neill, bad Chekhov or bad Stringberg than bad Bergman. Conflicts between people, in life and in movies, used to be much more physical than they are now — Chaplin, Buster Keaton used to hit each other on the head all the time, fall over, lose their trousers. Now characters

Continues over 8



From previous page

talk about what's going on in their minds. Conflicts happen inside people, which makes it rather hard for a film-maker to show what's going on in their minds. Bergman developed a personal, visual vocabulary to do that. I have not, unfortunately. When Bergman photographs somebody's face for two minutes, for some reason it's not boring. Everybody is fascinated. I would not dream of doing that. That's one of the reasons I don't like being compared to Bergman, although it doesn't really bother me. A critic that doesn't see a difference between my film and Bergman's is just not sensitive enough to be allowed to talk about movies. It's like those people who own an Al Hirt album and pretend to be 'very much into jazz'. They just have no sense of distinction."

In *Manhattan*, telling use is made of George Gershwin's music yet in *Interiors* there is virtually no music. How important to you is music in movies?

"Music in films is a problem to me, just like colour or photography are problems. In the beginning I had no real views on that. I was just happy to string some jokes together and make people laugh, but since I feel a little more confident at making films, I decided to use music more creatively. In *Sleeper*, although that was a film set in the future, I used very old music which I played with my own jazz band. *Sleeper* was a slapstick movie, so I used slapstick music. In *Love And Death*, which came after *Sleeper*, the Russian music dictated itself. Then in *Annie Hall* there was just no music. I couldn't think of any reason instead of... well, putting

Woody and Diane Keaton



And Woody and Mariel Hemingway



"A critic that doesn't see a difference between my film and Bergman's is just not sensitive enough to be allowed to talk about movies"

music in a movie. In *Manhattan*, of course, music is very important, because in this particular movie it really makes a contribution. It helps to establish the romantic vision of New York that I try to put across in the film. So my vision on film music is that it makes no sense if it's just there because films happen to have music. It really should be one of the means to tell your story and I've only grown aware of that since *Sleeper*."

Do you shoot your films on location for economic or artistic reasons?

"The main thing is that when I started out, no young director that respected himself would shoot on backlots or sets because that was considered old fashioned. You had to take your camera into the streets, into apartments, into cafes — just like they did in Italian or French films. I've always kept

doing that but I'm not sure I will never turn to a set in a regular film studio. It has its advantages, you know. For the scenes in the country house in *Interiors* we really had to chase a whole family out of a particular house. We took all the furniture out and redecorated it. We had to build an elevator outside to get all the equipment to the first floor. It would really have been much simpler to build a set."

I don't see your Oscar statuette here. Did you give it away?

"No, but I'm certainly not a memorabilia person. I know it sounds horrible but winning that Oscar for *Annie Hall* didn't mean anything to me. I have no regard for that type of ceremony. I just don't think they know what they're doing. When you see who wins those things — or who doesn't win them — you can see how meaningless this Oscar thing is. It has

nothing to do with artistic merit. It's a sort of popularity test. When it's your turn, you win it. Sure, it must mean something to United Artists, because it means more money. But I'm not concerned about awards or anything. Once a film is finished it doesn't stick with me. You know when Tennessee Williams said that the problem with writing plays is that they have to be produced, that's exactly how I feel about films. Once you're writing them you're already bored with the subject. When you're shooting it you've already outgrown it and your mind is occupied by your next project. Getting an idea for a project is really the most wonderful part of the whole process. You really are in love with your subject at that stage."

Were there any offers to star in other people's movies after your appearance in Martin Ritt's *The Front*?

"Yes, but I only accepted Ritt's offer because the subject matter [the blacklisting of screen writers during the McCarthy era] appealed to me and because Ritt agreed to film the whole thing in New York. But all the other scripts that are sent to me are really awful. If something good comes along I might have another try, but you should see the garbage I find in my letter box. Really insulting stuff. Very stupid, unfunny 'comic' material that is seldom more than infantile. Not that I think I'm too good for comedy — I really don't see myself as a serious actor — but I think I can do better for myself than the nonsense I'm sent."

Much like Robert Altman and some European directors, you tend to work with a repertory company that almost always includes people like Diane Keaton and Tony Roberts...

"Diane Keaton is a limitless actress. If you're doing a heavy movie, a musical, a funny movie, no matter what it is she can do it and do it very well. So I like the idea of always working with her. Also, because she's a close friend of mine and one of the very few people whose advice I take seriously. She even chooses the titles of some movies I've made. I wanted to call *Interiors* something like *Night Visions*. She hated it, she thought it was too heavy, too Bergmanesque. And she suggested *Interiors* which is indeed a much better title. You might say I rely on her to a degree. If she thinks a script is no good I might very seriously not make the film. Also, working with people you know so well really saves you a lot of time while you work."

"I'm not sure I like Diane so much, though, in other people's films. I can't say I like *Looking*

Continues page 53

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THRILLS

On The Road With The Clash. p.15



Climb every mountain: The Clash get back to nature US style.

Clash Take The Fifth

WHEN The Clash is in Chicago there's enough people there to suggest America is waking up, even if the band still fall the wrong side of novelty for a lot of them. A lady journalist asks sweaty Joe Strummer what advice he would give Americans to improve themselves. "Eat less" he replies. There's a lot of one line pokes to the gut on this tour.

The Clash's first date, in Minneapolis, was, reported the *Minneapolis Star* "hardly transcendental".

"What's transcendental mean?" wonders Paul Simonon. Mick Jones isn't too sure. They needn't worry. The Clash Take The Fifth' tour thus far has shown new songs and new energy. New Clash songs, Strummer explains to the lady journalist, are a long way from early Clash songs. "Those old songs are great and we still do them but we have moved on".

Clash in Minneapolis was a split-around-the-edges, breaking-amps, Strummer-biting-Simonon-in-frustration, non-stop, a-little-unfit, angry-at-everything-and-nothing show. Clash in Chicago was a harder, louder, Simonon-singing, Jones-with-an-acoustic-guitar, leaving-the-stage-parting-each-other's-back show.

The Chicago audience was great, the band decide, and The Undertones, opening on this Clash tour before American revivalists such as Sam and Dave, Bo Diddley, and David Johansen, went down just as well.

Radio, which dictates the country's tedium, is pretty smutty in Chicago. A celebrity DJ who was set to interview Mick Jones on the biggest local station blew it out because he'd had a hard night snoring coke and bedding a girl. Mick Jones couldn't believe it. "To think I shook his hand and was dead nice to him." "You Slut", digs a passing Kosmo Vinyl. Later Mick Jones told the DJ exactly what he thought of him as David Johansen crawled to the guy. Clash crawl only so much.

Chicago's night clubs are many fold. The club called Huys beas Minneapolis group The Girls on. Four Walters to Clash's Denis The Menace. At one o'clock they're playing their first set of random weak electronic twisted pop to about 75 enthusiasts. The second set will be about 3 o'clock.

Buzzcocks fell foul of this routine when they played their Chicago gig at Mother's. They went on around midnight, ending their crude and unenjoyable set about 50 minutes later, and had to leave the club ultra-swiftly. The Gang Of Four, drunk in separate corners of the club, just groaned and laughed at the fleeing superstars.

After The Girls at Huys a visit to Neo, which will stay open till dawn. They play the sort of records you'd love to hear at a gig or club in Britain but never do. You want to dance to Clash, Undertones, Madness, Specials, M. Magazine, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Joy Division, Sham 69, Sex Pistols, in Chicago? Well you can. You won't hear much new home grown Chicago music.

People will drive 500 miles from Kansas to Chicago to see The Buzzcocks and Clash. There's plenty of people hidden away in America who want to hear what we want to hear. Slowly the balance is tipping over and the current flood of British groups in the country is doing a hell of a lot to help it.

So what else? Mick Jones had been shaking all of hands, John Maher has been drinking all of Pernod. The Gang Of Four have been doing a lot of driving and forgetting about politics. Topper Headon has been drinking a lot of beer. The Undertones have been taking a lot of pictures, the Blockheads' Mickey Gallagher will be playing keyboards in New York and also on their third LP which just needs mixing. Paul Simonon has had to go to hospital for a check up on his back because he can hardly move. The best tomato juice I ever tasted was in Detroit. Been moaning a lot.

PAUL MORLEY
THRILLS

The Harrisburg Syndrome

Nuke News By Dick Tracy

THE MAYOR of Harrisburg wants to establish a "sister cities" relationship with Hiroshima because "of the common concerns of the people of both cities over the dangers from nuclear technology."

Pennsylvania Commerce Secretary James Bodine has another idea. "I think Three Mile Island is becoming a tourist attraction" and suggests the State uses a "hard-sell promotional campaign to capitalise on this attention."

The investigations carried out into the Harrisburg incident have revealed what one report describes as "a catalog of design deficiencies, equipment failures, operator error and inadequate regulation and inspection." The Presidential Commission, established to look

into the incident, listed a number of factors involved which are laughable and frightening at the same time.

For instance, one of the operators, "a big man with a large belly that hung over the instrument panel," blocked indicators showing that two crucial pump valves were closed.

Then there was the computer printout, like a flight recorder, which jammed for 90 minutes at the height of the crisis. Another complicating factor quoted was that Operators had to don face masks and respirators and were thus unable to talk to each other.

This kind of absurdity was stacked alongside more serious allegations against Babcock & Wilcox, who built the Three Mile Island reactor. The Commission was told that the company had ignored memos from their own engineers warning of

■ Continues over

ELVIS STILL DEAD SHOCK

Drugs Probe — Doc Probe

REACTIONS to the news that Elvis Presley died from a drug overdose vary according to where you stand. The hard core fan turns away in horror from the idea that their idol was anything but pristine pure.

But the news came as no surprise to the drug culture. To be Elvis Presley, in your late 40's, you not only had to be taking something, you had to be taking one hell of a lot of it. The speculation had been going on ever since Presley's death. It was ironic that it took America's ABC-TV network to confirm the rumours. The one question that neither side bothered to ask is why anyone should be interested.

Well, it's the nature of stardom. The public is fascinated by the minutest detail of a star's life, and a star's death is far from being a minute detail.

Certainly, this is the principle ABC worked on last Thursday night. With the dogged drama of a Woodward/Bernstein spectacular, investigative reporter Gerald Rivera laid out the results of a year long investigation into Presley's death. Using emotive words like 'cover-up' and even 'murder', Rivera laid out the evidence of Presley's massive pill habit. Flashed up on the screen were details of the man's giant cocktails of speed & downers. On the evidence the surprise wasn't that Presley had died, but that he had lived as long as he did.

Key testimony came from Presley's step-brother, David Stanley, employed at the Presley mansion. "I saw Elvis using drugs daily. If he didn't get them he'd become extremely upset. One time, in L.A., a doctor wanted to shut him off. Elvis got mad and pulled out a .45. He started threatening to go out and rob a drug store. After that the doctor didn't try anymore."

On the night of his death Stanley's brother, Mickey, also employed at the Memphis mansion, took Presley two packages of "medication". Between them they contained something in the region of 16 pills, a mixture of quaaludes, valium and assorted barbiturates.

Despite having taken enough downers to polio a horse, Presley still couldn't sleep. Eventually, according to live-in girlfriend of the time Ginger Alden, Presley vanished into the bathroom. Alden went back to sleep. A few hours later, she found him dead on the bathroom floor rapidly turning blue.

Nobody disputes these facts. According to the ABC investigation team this was the point when the cover-up came into operation. The implication made by ABC is that the Memphis mafia and the Shelby County Tennessee Health Officials conspired to conceal the fact that Elvis had OD'd. Their motive seemed to be that, if the Presley image was tarnished by the truth about his drug



Pic by Andre Csillag

habits, it would not only be a world disaster, but could also hurt Memphis' lucrative, Elvis based, tourist trade.

The heart attack story was first given out by County Medical Examiner, Jerry Francisco and universally accepted until ABC started digging.

With the urgency and drama typical of a US news show, Rivera and his team delivered the shock horror facts with rapid fire delivery.

All notes, reports, and photographs of the autopsy and death scene are missing.

The contents of Presley's stomach were pumped out and destroyed without any attempt to analyse them.

Dr Eric Muirhead, Chief Of Pathology at the Baptist Hospital in Memphis, attributes Elvis' death to combinations of "uppers, downers and pain killing drugs".

Another physician present at the autopsy, Dr Noel Fiore, said that Presley "most probably died of an interaction of several drugs".

None of the seven other doctors present at the autopsy has ever agreed with Francisco's conclusion that Presley died of a heart attack.

In ABC's opinion, resident Dr Feelgood at the Presley court, George (Dr Nick) Nichopolous was the real major villain. Between January and August 1977, Dr Nick

had presented some 5,300 assorted pills to Presley. These included amphetamines, quaaludes, tumol, nembutal, codine, pheno barbitol and even diazepam, an alarmingly powerful morphine preparation, normally only given to terminal cancer patients.

Authorities in Tennessee reacted swiftly to ABC's revelations. Memphis' D.A. Hugh Stanton ordered an immediate criminal investigation. Police Chief Winslow Chapman, placed Nichopolous under 24 hour police protection "for his own safety". It appears that fans had already started labelling Dr Nick "the man who killed Elvis".

There are others too who decided to get in on the act. Ginger Alden, repeated her claims that she had been Elvis' secret fiancée, while ex-bodyguard Red West, co-author of the book *Elvis: What Happened*, which first drew attention to Presley's marathon pill popping, declared publicly that he felt vindicated.

What nobody seems to have bothered to question is why Elvis consumed narcotics in such horrendous quantities. The closest to an answer comes in a statement from David Stanley.

"Nobody ever said no to Elvis Presley".

MICK FARREN

THRILLS



Nuke News

From previous page

exactly this type of accident.

"Incidentally, the company has recently been awarded the design contract for the boilers at Torness.

The implications were spelt out by a spokesman for the NRC, the agency responsible for keeping watch over nuclear power, who said: "Up to Three Mile Island, the perception was that we were dealing with basically a responsible industry that shared our concern about these dangerous machines and could be relied on to do what was needed. Now we're questioning that."

But the most telling indictment comes in a report by *Village Voice* writer Paul Cowan who went back to Harrisburg to talk to the people there.

He found they were "deeply affected by the trauma of the near-meltdown" and that now "uncertainty is woven into the ordinary fabric of daily life." Local doctors have had a rush of patients, anxious that their condition may be related to the Three Mile Island incident. The use of sleeping pills has rocketed and many people are engaged in "purposeless, no-directive behaviour". A "valium scene" has developed, and even the doctors have not been told how much radiation was released. As one put it: "We can't tell people whether their symptoms are physical or psychosomatic." The company's plans to re-open the reactor are greeted with anger and the whole area's political life is being changed as the local inhabitants become involved in an increasingly militant, broad-based struggle against the utility companies.

Looked at from their perspective, the pairing of Harrisburg and Hiroshima makes perfect sense, as they now find themselves a kind of test case for a nuclear accident.

Currently, a group of insurance companies have pooled their resources to place £70 million in reserve for possible nuclear damage suits.

They fully expect claims to be made over the next 20 to 30 years.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Jobs For The Boys

HOW ARE Lew Lewis and his estimable Reformer spending their current three-week lay-off? Discussing which 'name' producer to use on their next waxing? Preparing themselves for the odd photo session? Wondering how to spend their advance?

None of these, actually. According to bassist Johnny Squirrel, he and drummer Buzz Barwell will shortly be visible on Southend pier, prepared to tell you your weight for a reasonable fee.

Owing to the lamentably small number of people prepared to shell out for R&B vinyl, it seems that Reformer are only really solvent when on tour. Rick Taylor (guitar) is approaching the local Job Centre with an open mind, but what about Lew, Johnny?

"I think he's doing a bit of car dealing — I haven't seen him for a couple of days. It certainly stops you getting complacent."

You've started a train of thought there, John. Thrills can think of several bands who'd be vastly improved by the odd fortnight selling 'Kiss Me Quick' hats.

HARRY GEORGE

THRILLS

Zig Zag Almost Dead Shock

PREPARE TO shed your tears... all ye who enter here. *Thrills* is saddened to report the closure, after ten years active service, of the popular magazine *Zig Zag*.

Youthful, handsome, hirsute editor Kris Needs entered these hallowed portals to spill the beans last Friday. Apparently, the tribulations that beset *Zig Zag* in recent months are attributable to the financial insolvency of the distributing and publishing company Phoenix, a body who specialised in whizzing small magazines to the far flung corners of the British Empire.

Phoenix, a company based in Notting Hill, were afflicted by association with their largest selling publication. *Zig Zag* relied on the advertising revenue from the major record labels but eventually ran into an insurmountable cash-flow problem when said companies were late with the moolah. In itself there was nothing unusual about this financial strain but Phoenix were stymied by the current government's refusal to continue their aid of a yearly grant designed to assist in a job creation scheme for artistic projects.

Under Callaghan's mob the grant

never seemed in jeopardy but the recent election of Swiss conglomerate Thatchi and Thatchi queered that pitch good and proper.

The problem has far reaching effects for the entire fanzine cottage industry in Britain because Phoenix were responsible for the distribution of nearly all the small papers, from *Ripped and Torn* to *Jamming*, from *Chainsaw* to *Summer Salt*. *Zig Zag* scents potential salvation in the form of two interested London backers but a figure not unadjacent to £6,000 is required to get the ball rolling. According to Needs: "We're not dead yet but the future looks grim".

Indeed it does. With Phoenix being wound down and its staff made redundant the prospects for the lesser known fanzines are dire. As from now all such papers will be stranded in the place where they're produced, independent distributors being costly and thin on the ground.

Phoenix's main attraction to *Zig Zag* et al was that, as Needs remarks, "they didn't make a lot of money on fanzines but they provided an invaluable service in helping to reach the widest possible audience."

SID BAXTER

THRILLS

Blackmail Corner



As every clean, smart and arrogant young person knows, a true Mod is very particular about his clothes. He owns at least six devastating mohair suits, and whenever one of them even gets the faintest crumple or speck, it's right off to the dry-cleaners to get that crisp, dressed-to-kill look immaculately restored. But when all six of the mohairs are grubby and besmirched... then even a pair of true stylesetters like Ian Paige and Dave Cairns (the two in the middle) of *Secret Affair* have no alternative but to dress up in women's clothing until the mohairs (sniff) are done. To which we at Thrills can only yell "OY! RENE! ARM!"

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Sad Café's new album, "Facades", is on sale now at Boots for £4.14* - 85p less than the Recommended Price of £4.99.

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Proud To Be Wimps

The Wimps, l to r: Jeremy, Bob, Rick, Rog, Saul.



THOUGHT my boyfriend was wet until I discovered The Wimps. The wettest thing since non-disposable nappies.

The band, all under 18 and still at school are, Rob Metcalfe on vocals, guitars; J Rosenberg and Rick Marshall, bassist Saul, J's brother, lat 15 the youngest member of the band), and Rog Hyams on drums.

Matthew their typical six-foot-nine-stone butch roadie told me: 'The Wimps have been going for about two years now, playing at school halls, and youth clubs. They don't like gigging much, it just isn't worth the time.'

But, funnily enough their most memorable gig was one lunchtime at Henrietta Barnett's School for Girls. 'They were leaping around, dancing down the aisle of this immense assembly hall full of trophies and plaques. They were certainly the most receptive audience we've had'. The proceedings from their recent debut single.

'Hamburger Radio', went to various charities. The record, on their own label SNIFF. (with strangely familiar logo), was recorded at 'Granny Studios', literally one of their grandmother's lofts converted into a four-track studio.

'We hope to expand on the label side of things with other signings,' said Matthew surprisingly, 'we already have Guy Jackson, a boy from school, interested in making a single with us. Eventually we'd like to bring out a collection album of all the bands from our school.'

According to Matthew, Haberdashers school in Eistree, Middlesex, 'is full of intelligent middle-class rebels who want to show their parents that they are not about to conform without a fight.'

The Wimps new single will be 'At The Discotheque', due out in October or November.

ADELE-MARIE CHERRESON.
THRILLS

Little Pieces Of Eight



THOSE AGING thumpsters The Pistols, came hairs-breadth close to becoming Britain's first band to pass comfortably through a six-inch hoop... twice. Currently on tour in Sweden, their first gig in Rotneors was brought to a chaotic halt, as an eleventh-hour tip-off revealed a bundle of dynamite stashed not a million miles from the stage. The device failed to go off pop because the battery was flat.

The following night at Götterberg's crowded swingerie, the Lobo, there was a second bomb-scare. Pandemonium ruled as cops and dogs appeared suddenly half-way through a manic set with instructions to clear the building. This time the search revealed nothing, but a spokesperson states that the crowd got their kroners-worth. Their forthcoming single will not be a retreat of 'Bits And Pieces'.

GUNNAR GETMEAGUN
THRILLS

More Nukes: No Riot In Edinburgh

IN FRANCE there have been street riots, and in Sweden two governments have been toppled over similar issues.

Last Saturday's march in Edinburgh, organised by the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace (SCRAM), attracted between three to seven thousand people, depending on where you read about it, receiving widespread coverage and doubtless much public sympathy.

After a stroll down Princes Street, and a tour of cobbled alleys in Edinburgh's bohemian quarter, the mixed crowd of cheerful dissenters arrived in a field known as The Meadows where many of them, after a hilarious speech by leader Mick McGahey, fled the threat of an impending Roy Harper.

In a marquee near the stage you could be horrified or inspired by a selection of slide and photograph exhibits; involve yourself with a wide range of vaguely related, post-hippy political / ecological organisations; buy badges, stickers, leaflets and bricks; or try the ubiquitous organic food, stuffed with roughage and natural

goodness.

From the platform various councillors, and luminaries from the larger, moderate organisations explained their divergent perspectives, everyone's favourite joke being, 'if it's safe put it into Westminster'.

The marchers' three objectives

were all dealt with: the nuclear power station planned for Torness; uranium mining in Orkney; and waste dumping at Mullwharchar.

A girl from Denmark brought news of great victories in Europe. Actress Julie Christie lay in the grass taking notes. Loudon Wainwright stood around talking to people.

Professional idealist and lapsed hero Roy Harper provided light relief with three songs; one disagreeing with Nietzsche, another one on the Metaphysics of social revolution, or something.

It all ended with a Ceilidh, featuring gentle laments and ballads of social repression from the

industrial revolution.

I left in time to see Dr Who.

GLENN GIBSON.

THRILLS

Anyone interested can contact SCRAM at 2A Ainslie Place, Edinburgh 3.



Benyon Lone Groover

John Cooper Clarke
author of 'Directory 1979' will be making a personal appearance on Friday 21 Sept. between 5-8pm at Magic Bus Bookshop, 10 King St., Richmond, Surrey to sign copies of his new book. Everyone welcome.

'Directory 1979' is published at £2.50 by Omnibus Press. Distributed by Book Sales Limited, 78 Newman Street, London W1P 3LA.

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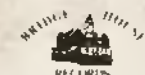
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Now lets see, this one is Moore

Moore v Lynott

READERS WITH long memories may recall that one of the ramifications of Gary Moore's departure from the leathery ranks of Thin Lizzy was a paired set of exchanged threats between the aforesaid Moore and the legendary Phil Lynott to the effect that if Lynott wanted his vocal contributions to Moore's 'Back On The Streets' album erased, then — in a matching fit of pique — Moore would demand the removal of his guitar tracks from the current T. Lizzy offering 'Black Rose'.

Does this mean that the copies of both 'Streets' and 'Rose' in the possession of international Lizzy fandom have now achieved the status of collectors' items? Has an era in fact ended? Are leather trousers uncomfortable in hot weather?

The answer to these and many other vital questions asked on the Thrills telephone is "Lemme call you back". 'Back On The Streets' is currently being prepared for US release, but not by MCA, who had that honour in this country. The lucky winners in this case are Jet Records, whose proprietor Don Arden (See T-zers last week) has just become Gary Moore's new manager.

The US version of 'Back On The Streets' has — in fact — been stripped of all audible contributions by Lynott, according to MCA. Does this mean that the album's inner sleeve photo — the one of Moore alongside Lynott on stage with Lizzy — has been removed?

Apparently not. Instead, the photo in question has now become the front of the album, though it is not currently known whether Phil has been — by some stroke of airbrusher's wizardry — eradicated.

However, the plangent tones of Moore's disgustingly rare and vintage Les Paul are still audible on current pressings of 'Black Rose'. For whom this represents a victory, no-one is currently prepared to venture an opinion.

B. GORRA

THIRTEEN

Round 2



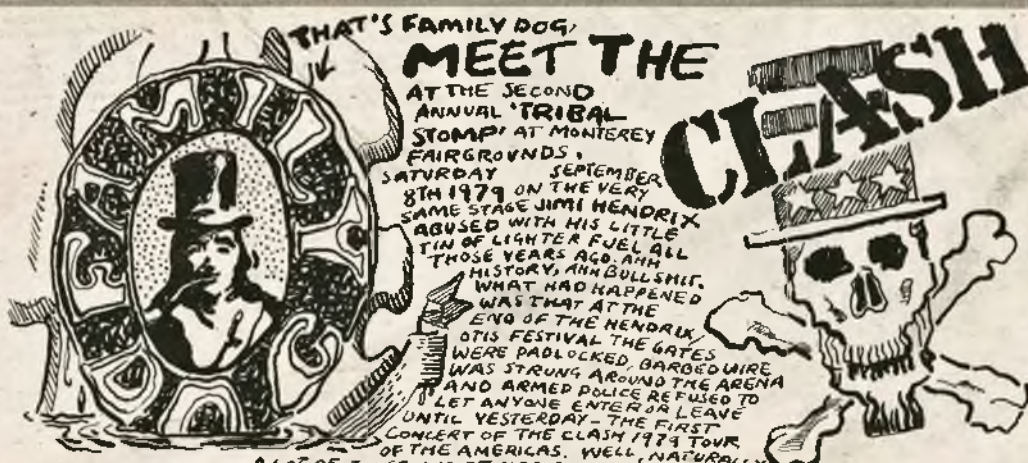
and this one is Lynott.
Both pix: Chalkie Davies

The Clash are on the road in the USA and Ray Lowry is right there with them. He'll be presenting his, uh, unique reports for as long as he or the tour lasts.



Clash USA '79

By Lowry



Part of the Clash Crew T-shirt design

IT WAS STILL 1967, AND THE REALLY CLEVER ONES HAD GARVITATED TO THE BACKSTAGE AREA WHERE THEY HUMPED MASSES OF SPEAKER CABINETS AROUND OR LISTLESSLY ESCAPED IN PRIVATE HELICOPTERS BUT THE MORE IMPRESSIONABLE MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE CARRIED ON APPLAUDING AND SHOUTING "RAAT ON!" OR "OH BROTHER!" AT ANY ONSTAGE ACTIVITY. AFTER YESTERDAYS UNLOCKING THE FIRST SURVIVOR TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THOSE FROM OUTSIDE WAS THE LEGENDARY WAVY GRAVY, STILL AT HIS ZINGY BEST AFTER SO MANY YEARS, HE STUMBLED AROUND DRESSED IN A SANTA CLAUS OUTFIT AND DEMANDS THE ANSWER TO THE ALWAYS PERTINENT QUESTION "WHAT DOES DIDDY WAM DIDDY MEAN?" WHAT A CAT, HUH? WHEN THE CLASH ARRIVED TO PLAY TO THE DAZED SURVIVORS THE MORE LIVELY ONES GATHERED ROUND TO MARVEL AT THEIR BIZARRE DRESS AND PHOTOGRAPH THESE OUTRAGEOUS ENGLISH GUYS HAIRSTYLES



YOUR PUNKY ROKERS SORTED OUT WHICH FOOT BELONGS ON WHICH ARM THE GANDARE INTO ANOTHER NUMBER AND HE'S GOT TO WORK OUT HIS COMPLICATED REACTION ALL OVER AGAIN. WHEN THESE PEOPLE GO ABE THEY DON'T POGO BUT PULL OUT A SUN AND WIPE OUT THEIR NEIGHBOURS. THE HILLBILLY CAT AND EDDIE COCHRAN IS THE MISTS OF ANTIQUITY AND ROCK AND ROLL MEANT WOODSCHOCK.



"WELL, CATCH THESE GUYS, HUH?" AND NATION SPEAKING WITH FORKED TONGUE UNTO NATION THE DOZEN OR SO STRETCHER CASES WERE LAID OUT IN FRONT OF THE STAGE AND APTAT FROM JOE ELY'S SET WERE SOOTHEO, RATHER THAN INSPIRED TO ANYTHING STRENUOUS. DESPITE CONSTANT REASSURANCES THAT THE ARENA WOULD FILL UP FOR THE CLASH THEY PLAYED TO AN AUDIENCE SIZE THAT WOULD HAVE HAD HIFLER THINKING TWICE ABOUT INVADING HIGH GARNET, NEVER MIND ENGLAND, IF HE'D DRAWN AS WELL AT NUREMBOURG. CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE THEY WERE, STILL, THEY DID THEIR BEST TO GODDAMWELL GOP WHEN THE CLASH CAME OUT. THIS IS PUNKY ROK, HUH? WELL LEMME JES SHOW THESE LAHMYS WHUT US AMERICAN PUNKY ROKERS KINDO! YESSURR. OUTMAYAW BOAM. UNFORTUNATELY, BY THE TIME YOUR PUNKY ROKERS SORTED OUT WHICH FOOT BELONGS ON WHICH ARM THE GANDARE INTO ANOTHER NUMBER AND HE'S GOT TO WORK OUT HIS COMPLICATED REACTION ALL OVER AGAIN. WHEN THESE PEOPLE GO ABE THEY DON'T POGO BUT PULL OUT A SUN AND WIPE OUT THEIR NEIGHBOURS. THE HILLBILLY CAT AND EDDIE COCHRAN IS THE MISTS OF ANTIQUITY AND ROCK AND ROLL MEANT WOODSCHOCK.

BUT THE ICE HAS BEEN KICKED THROUGH AND THE SNOW IS GOING DOWN THE ROAD ADIECE THE LIAISON BETWEEN BAND AND PROMOTERS INCIDENTALLY WAS A FOUNDER OF AMERICAN R.A.R., AND RUNS A POLITICAL ROCK MAGAZINE ALONG THE LINES OF TEMPORARY HOARDING. UNFORTUNATELY HE UNDERMINES THE CREDIBILITY OF HIS GOODWORKS BY ACTING THE COMPLETE ACID CASUALTY. WATCH OUT FOR THAT BROWN ACID, MAN. NEXT WEEK. MINEAPOLIS AND OTHER MISPELT AMERICAN TOWNS, THE NOISES IN THE NIGHT, THE POSTCARDS HOME (COMING, HONEST) AND WHAT'S BEHIND THE FEAR AND LATHING, BEHIND THE WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? BEHIND THE RAHT NARCE TUN MEET YUH? MEANWHILE, BYE FROM THE

TRIVIAL STOMP



From the New York Post (August 23). Sent by Roo and Oak fresh from Broadway.

Finally, if you do not mind travelling to Manchester or Liverpool, you could see the enigmatic Gary Numan, who recently, with the aid of Takeaway Army, got to No. 1 in the charts with "Are Friends Electric?"

Comin' soon to a Col. Saunders in your area! Spotted by Neil 'Ratbrain' Ratcliffe, computer programmer, in 'Burnley's Evening Star'.

Concepts For The Modern Age Contd:

INTER-REG AND BEYOND

ONCE past the strict Capital Radio security it was up to Studio 4 where The Rasses — the latest in a series of prestigious

visitors from Jamaica — were engaged in putting down five tracks soon to nice up the airwaves via David Rodigan's new Capital Radio

Show Reggae Festival. The riddim tracks had been laid, the bush was burning and around the Studio The Rasses backing band the Israelites were relaxing.

Only Prince Lincoln Thompson Jr., alias Sax, the founder and lead vocalist of The Rasses and his assistant arranger, ex-glee singer and Studio One keyboard wizard Paul Dixon aka Pablo Black aka Pablo had arrived in Britain so far. The other vocalists who provide the multi-textured free-flowing harmonies of the Rasses — Johnny Cool, Cap and Sister Laura — were stranded in Miami due to Hurricane David, along with Prince Jammy who'll be mixing the sound at the shows.

Sax and Pablo sat at the mixing desk with an itel dish of dumplings and fish listening to 'Jungle Fever', evidently fully recovered from the previous night's show. "It could have tighter," said Sax. "but I & I had a very long harrasing period coming over from Jamaica. We didn't really get to rehearse for more than an hour but still, it was alright and the rest of the shows will be better."

We'll have to wait for their Rainbow show to hear the Rasses in their full glory, but Prince Lincoln's athletic and distinctive vocals were sufficient to carry the swing at both Dingwalls and the Nashville. Watching and hearing him voicing the tracks for the Capital Show was an education. "Straight inna it, from the top," said Pablo quietly and straight inna it it was as Sax voiced each riddim in rapid succession with virtually faultless vocal precision.

Sax has been singing from schooldays and has never had any formal vocal training; "It's jus' a natural vibration, all self training," he says smiling.

Thirteen years have passed since he took his first step into the JA recording business with a group named The Tartans. They worked at several studios and eventually split up after a spell at Duke Reid's Treasure Isle Studio leaving Sax to

pursue a solo career as Prince Lincoln at Studio One.

It was during his short stay at Brentford Road that he cut the Studio One classics 'Daughters Of Zion' and 'True Experience', the latter being recut as the title track of their new album. He also established a strong friendship with the Studio musicians, including bassist Bagga Walker, master-guitarist Ernest Ranglin and Pablove, with whom he's worked since the inception of the Royal Rasses.

"In dem time deh, artists used to sing fe jus get a fame and neh really look pon the music as a business or as a means to really support his efforts," said Sax. But as an aware and wise youth the next step was to move into the production business for himself, and in 1974 The Royal Rasses came into being with Cap, Johnny Cool and Cedric Myton, who is now lead singer with Congoes.

'Love The Way It Should Be' was their first single release and it didn't go well in Jamaica with no machinery for its distribution. Only a couple of hundred copies were pressed and the group trod from shop to shop trying to sell it.

"It stiff, them ways deh fe really deal with music," says Sax. "I couldn't keep just releasing songs so, because you'd find other people could mek more money outa it than even myself. So we have to hold off for a time and wait till the t'ing built proper."

Even if 'Love The Way' wasn't a success in JA its release here established the music of The Rasses alongside The Abyssinians and The Royals firmly within the 'much sought after' category. 'Kingston II' was their next masterpiece and some time after that 'San Salvador' was heard on Coxson Sound System and it was learnt the Rasses had an album set for release.

During the long gaps between singles Sax hadn't been idle, and besides working his little vegetable farm and fishing he'd been working on his new concept... wait for it! ... INTER-REG, which was

unleashed on an unsuspecting public via a Warrior Disco 45 entitled 'Unconventional People', which became a featured item on the disco scene.

Hearing that black Americans don't like reggae Sax set himself the task of originating a different style of music which would "mek them dance to reggae..."

"As a composer of music, I like my music to appeal to everyone, the entire world, and in order to do that you can't just make a music and tell yourself the people should like it. Every region or every country have a type of beat that it's accustomed to, so it is very hard for you to impose upon them another beat en' expect them to accept that. The real goal is to combine beats and make a music that has a combination of beats that can involve a wider area. That's how Inter-Reg came about."

To both Sax and Pablo music is an ocean so immense no one man can swim across it and though some may prefer The Rasses' original music, none can deny their music has developed organically and maintains the sensuous distinctive Rasses sound. In comparison the crass musical fusions of Peter Tosh and Inner Circle pale into insignificance.

To date all the Rasses work has been concentrated on the studio, and their latest album, though described by Pablo as 'a whole heap of work', was recorded and mixed in less than a week. This is their first venture in 'show business', said Sax, as the Rasses have never performed onstage in JA and the thought of performing before crowds of up to 100,000 on the European tour could be a pretty daunting experience. Not so, 'cause says Sax, "I'd always vision of the day when I'd be entertaining so vast an amount of people."

I await eagerly the Rainbow show and also the final chapter in the 'Harder Than...' series called 'Harder Nuh Rass', a Jammy produced dub set of 'Experience'.

PAUL BRADSHAW



Lead Rasse Prince Lincoln Thompson (left) opens a cup of tea with keyboard wizard Pablo Black. Pix: Jean Bernard Sohier.

the REVILLOS

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On ROBO-BEATING

Hi-Fi HARRIS
On GUITARING

FAY FIFE
On SINGING

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6 LONDON
15 MIDDLESBOROUGH
21 MANCHESTER
22 LIVERPOOL
28 DUNDEE
OCTOBER
5 BIRMINGHAM
6 NOTTINGHAM
12 EGHAM
13 NORTHAMPTON
18 SHEFFIELD
19 RETFORD
20 STERLING
26 PLYMOUTH
27 TORQUAY

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Notre Dame Hall
Rock Garden
Factory
Eric's (2 shows)
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Porterhouse
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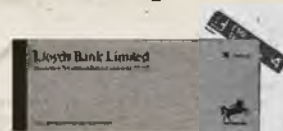
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At the sign of the Black Horse



Siouxsie and Severin look to the future. Pic: Fin Costello.

1. There Was I, Waiting At The Church...

IT'S THE LAST thing we imagined happening, particularly in the totally underhand manner it did. We knew they were unhappy to a certain extent. . . . "We were unhappy with them as well!" The equally aggrieved but more overtly hostile Siouxsie brusquely interrupts her cohort Steve Severin's comparatively soft-spoken train of pained summations.

"In fact," Severin continues, "during the rehearsals for this tour we were asking them: 'Are you still happy with the situation as it stands? Do you feel like you want to do this tour? Do you still want to carry on?'"

"Because tours generally — certainly this tour took a good three months of pre-planning to set up, so a lot was obviously at stake and if there were serious conflicts, then they should have spoken up at the very outset."

"But they always replied 'Yes, we want to do it', until it was taken for granted that the band, regardless of any possible conflicts that might occur during the tour, would see it through in its established four-piece set-up."

The topic under discussion should be obvious enough. On Friday, September 7, Siouxsie and the Banshees arrived in Aberdeen for the second date of a month-long tour instigated to promote the second album release, 'Join Hands'. Although Aberdeen was the second 'official' whistle-stop, the Banshees had performed three gigs immediately beforehand, the first two being low profile warm-ups.

Even at these warm-up dates, a certain tension could apparently be noted at times. A guitar intro would suddenly cut short vocalist Siouxsie's between-song verbal rap. Occasional percussive slice-ups would throw the singer's timing off. Still, this was nothing compared to what lay in store at Aberdeen.

The tensions that culminated with the rushed exit of guitarist John McKay and drummer Kenny Morris from Scotland and the Banshees' line-up are documented elsewhere. Another fact worth noting, though, is that the pair's bizarre scramble for a south-bound train could clearly have crippled the band's financial standing beyond repair, not to mention bankrupting their promoter Dave Woods.

The £50,000 (an approximate sum quoted by Severin) invested in the tour had been raised partly by Woods, but more so by the band themselves, who invested all monies earned from 'The Scream' album and 'Hong Kong Garden'. So far, the whole debacle has

NICK KENT feels the wrath of Siouxsie Sioux and Steve Severin

caused all parties to forfeit something close to a stiff five grand in deposits on the halls for the five cancelled gigs.

SIOUXSIE AND Steve Severin readily related their side of the story to me in the NME review cell last week.

So when do they consider the seeds of dissent to have been sown, and what triggered the first signs of this antipathy off?

Siouxsie: "It was in a way there all along." Severin: "Yeah, in a way it was an integral part of what we did. There's always been that kind of tension there simply because both Kenny and John literally walked into Siouxsie and the Banshees and they could never quite get over that — especially John, because he'd seen the band onstage."

"We realised this though, and were constantly trying to make him feel a part of the group while letting him express himself musically as he desired."

"Probably recording 'The Scream' was the first really traumatic time for the band, simply because it was our first record."

"The Scream", the pair now feel, was not the achievement it should have been. Certainly something was lost somewhere between the tracks laid down in the studio and the end result on vinyl. Siouxsie takes up the topic.

"Well, me, Nils and Steve were totally aware that 'The Scream' as it finally came out was not what we wanted, but John and Kenny either weren't aware of its failings or wouldn't admit it."

Severin: "Yeah, because after 'Staircase' and 'Playground Twist' (the two singles following 'Hong Kong Garden') John was talking about getting Steve Littlewhite back because he felt our attempts to find another producer more suited to our sound were getting less and less successful."

Although Siouxsie and Severin initially disagree about the degree of friction going on, the fact is that 'Join Hands' was recorded in a fragmented fashion.

Siouxsie: "With 'The Scream' the traumas were caused because we were always there in the studio and pressures would rise naturally."

In the wake of the split that rocked the music business, NME investigates

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES

2. Can't Get Away To Marry You Today...

IT'S IRONIC that Siouxsie and the Banshees' latest album bears the title 'Join Hands' when half the group just ran away two dates into their biggest tour yet.

But those close to the Banshees could see it coming. What caught everyone on the hop was the time they chose to do it.

At the moment no one knows the exact reason John McKay and Kenny Morris ran out at such a crucial point over such a trivial matter — their refusal to sign autographs at a record shop promo appearance. Their only comment was to Banshees manager Nils Stevenson as he caught them speeding off in a cab outside their Aberdeen hotel: "We can't take the pressure."

And with that the cab roared away.

The pair are now in hiding. At first it was thought they were with Rema manager Linda Tricker. John McKay's girlfriend, but other rumours now have them in Paris. It seems unlikely they are going to join either PIL or The Psychedelic Furs, as early theories hinted.

No explanation has been issued to mystified group or public — and the Banshees have made no attempt to penetrate the veil of secrecy. As far as they're concerned McKay and Morris are ex-Banshees.

So as motives are not forthcoming, one can only think back and try and find a reason.

Accompanying Siouxsie and the Banshees on the two warm-up dates for the stricken tour — Bournemouth and Aylesbury — it was quite noticeable that Kenny and John's presence within the band had grown into a practical self-isolation. While Siouxsie and Steve plus Nils, tour promoter Dave Woods and driver/bodyguard Mick Murphy, laughed and chatted as a busload of mates would, the pair at the back kept an aura of icy disdain. In the past McKay and Morris only

KRIS NEEDS plots the points of departure of Kenny Morris and John McKay

usually opened up to anyone else when pissed or stoned. After Bournemouth, a particularly bad gig due to poor sound, the duo loosened up considerably and, during a two-hour walk along the sea front in the early hours of the morning, said things which, looking back, take on a distinctly different light.

It was the usual sort of stoned conversation but there was no mistaking John's general tone — change was gonna come.

McKay has always seemed to despise the trappings which went hand-in-hand with the Banshees' music being accepted by large numbers of people. He wrote large chunks of both Banshees albums' music,

usually to the ideas and lyrics of Siouxsie and Severin. And this was his main concern. John McKay spoke about the new album not so much as a proud parent, like Siouxsie, more a scientist quite pleased with latest developments.

The last ever formal interview conducted with the four Banshees took place a few weeks ago for *Zigzag*. Then, John McKay took a large part of the conversation with concise thoughts on the themes behind the album and its general cohesiveness.

That night on the cliff, though, his tongue loosened and with no record company surroundings to inhibit him, he expressed several doubts. Doubts about including 'The Lord's Prayer' on the album,

taking up 15 minutes of side two as it does.

In the interview he said: "It's really important to have 'The Lord's Prayer' on this album. We probably won't do it on the next tour, only on occasions when we feel like it."

Yet out on the cliff he spoke of the track as more of a filler — even though it was the first piece the group ever performed, the song they've closed their set with for over two years.

Maybe John's feelings towards the 15-minute cut weren't helped when 'Infantry', a solo piece of guitar mood-music which was to have followed 'Prayer', was left off.

McKay talked as if a great change would happen to the group by the next album: "The next step will have to be in a very different direction," adding warily, "I'm not sure how it will happen."

Obviously I took this to mean a different element creeping into the Banshees music. At the time...

From these talks the fact emerged that just weeks before the tour John had engaged a solicitor to establish his position within

the band and its contracts, adding fuel to Siouxsie and Steve's theory that the departure was pre-planned.

Kenny Morris had obviously been feeling "the pressure". During that last interview he remained almost mute for half an hour, then suddenly launched into a trembling diatribe against the interviewer for saying that the group got drunk in a past article. The fact that the article was trying to present a different side to a much-maligned humourless image seemed to escape him.

And next time I saw Morris he was drunk. It was the Throbbing Gristle night at the YMCA gig series. This man was clearly disturbed and vehemently expressed his desire to branch out into other fields.

"I've got other tools in my toolbox I want to use. I don't just want to be a drummer."

He added that many of his aspirations lay in art (painting and all that), not New Music and all that.

It was probably McKay and Morris who fed the popular image of "those morose Banshees" in their lives out of the lights. It got worse. Apart from his outburst on the tape, Morris asked Nils if this

reporter could be kept away from the tour because he was "too silly". He barely concealed his disgust when Siouxsie laughed or talked about animals, which is often her wont.

Nils: "On the boat to Belfast Kenny complained about Siouxsie being silly. I said, 'Ah I want from this tour is some fun'. Kenny went mad, throwing his arms up in the air, and said, 'Fun? Some of us have personal lives to have fun in. Other members of this team are so involved in this group they've got no personal life'."

"They were just pathetic. The band were growing apart. John and Kenny were going off into ga-ga land, totally abstract nonsense."

What, with the band? "With life in general. They seemed to become more immature. I always had hopes for John, until he got tight in with Kenny. The more he got involved with Kenny the more Kenny fucked him up."

"I thought we could resolve things on the tour. I thought it would obviously get better if the band were forced together. But they never made the effort."

The rest of the Banshees were aware of the McKay-Morris discontent to the extent there was a confrontation during four rehearsals. John and Kenny were asked if they wished to continue playing with Siouxsie and the Banshees. Their reply, according to Steve, was affirmative and committed.

Now we await their next move with interest. One thing's certain, they can't work for financial gain for some time, yet, and no money is heading their way.

Meanwhile Siouxsie and Steve were sighted in a Barbican pub last week, celebrating their first day's rehearsal with two new stopgap members, Budgie and Robert Smith from tour support band The Cure, who'll be doing a set with his own group before taking the stage with the Banshees.

Budgie was an immediate choice for Kenny's drum stool, having so impressed with The Slits, who he also joined at Very Short Notice when Palmolive left.

The mood in the pub was relieved, adventurous and optimistic. As Siouxsie said: "Isn't it great not to have a pair of old women moaning away in the corner?"



Kenny (left) and John ponder theirs.

Pic: Philippe Carly

but at least when we disagreed over something it would be argued over face to face right there on the spot between the four of us."

Severin: "But with 'Join Hands' the process was almost completely different because it would be us going in first and recording backing tracks and then Siouxsie would go in and record her vocals. So on one level there'd be none of that out-and-out bickering, but on the other hand the animosity would take the form of behind-the-back bitchiness."

This bitchiness Siouxsie in particular considers a factor in the group's ultimate fragmentation, coupled with a disinterest in Banshee projects on McKay and Morris's part that manifested itself in everything from refusal to participate in interviews through to non-appearances at 'Join Hands' mixing sessions.

Siouxsie: "I was involved very much in the final mixes whilst John and Kenny weren't — partly as a matter of policy, but more because they'd lost confidence in themselves as far as matters of judgement were concerned."

McKay and Morris by this time were living together. Severin recalls: "John and Kenny would be away, just disappear for three or four days at a time, then turn up to hear the mixes done in their absence and you could hear them just out of earshot muttering 'They're not doing it right'."

Siouxsie, never one to beat about the bush,

expands: "I think that it is of paramount importance that you get across that they'd worked up a nice little marriage with each other and that they'd travel up their own arseholes with each other and console each other! That's when the trouble really started, when they became really, really fucked up!"

Venomous words, but wasn't the Morris-McKay pact per se a show of force to balance out a potential Siouxsie-Severin pairing?

Severin quickly replies: "Not at all, because Siouxsie and I are no way a unit unto ourselves. It was the whole operation and John and Kenny went off on their own. They'd antagonised Nils and Dave Woods on a business and touring situation, just everyone was alienated."

Siouxsie: "Even our sound man was closer to them than the rest of us put together."

Still on the subject of this pact that McKay and Morris appear to have instigated, if there was no direct enemy to confront within the band set-up, then what was the basic thrust for their antagonism?

Siouxsie again answers: "I think basically it was an inferiority relationship, two people feeling inadequate, feeling less important and joining together to build up a single strength."

Yet John McKay, although a late-comer, immediately established himself as a vital ingredient in the shaping of the band's music. His guitar playing formed a dominant textural dimension to the spartan overall sound, while

his riffs and chord progressions provided the vital form around which the other three Banshees functioned.

Severin views McKay's work with the Banshees in retrospect thus: "As far as coming up with the tunes, it was John certainly. But when it came to matching the lyrics with the music then it was down to us. All arrangements were always a group effort."

Yet ultimately what strikes one as so bizarre is the undeniable fact that the Siouxsie-Severin-McKay-Morris axis from its very inception up to the last days before its sudden splintering, appeared to be the perfect example of a practical group democracy.

Every aspect, from the long, lean stretch without a record deal through to the Polydor deal, commercial success and the stolid adherence to facing the media as a four piece, shaped the Banshees as a band whom the most rabid of their detractors had to appreciate for their headline commitment to a unity of intent, purpose and vision.

Now, with the participants sliced in twin in a manner that the remaining pair can only view as sabotage, it's fairly easy to sympathise with Siouxsie's venomous declarations and, in particular, Severin's very real shocked sense of betrayal and pained bemusement.

As far as Siouxsie is concerned, that former unity of intent was in one vital respect

superficial.

"A vital factor of the Banshees for me and Steve was always that there be an element of risk involved. It goes back to that original 100 Club gig in the sense that when we did that, we laid all our cards on the table. We went up on that stage knowing full well that we'd probably come off looking complete clowns. And although that gig was a one-off and we never wanted to repeat the same thing again, we still wanted to create a situation which embodied that same feeling of taking risks, of going out on a limb, of working against the odds."

"But John and Kenny could never bear to take that gamble, to break stride. John is just utterly humourless, a dilettante who would never dare make a fool of himself. And Kenny was just into the group on a voyeuristic level, wanting to be part of a 'punk phenomenon'."

Severin: "From now on I'd be very very wary of having permanent members after this tour. It could very easily be a case of me and Siouxsie working on a short-term basis, using interesting players to create something quickly, something very spontaneous."

"That's the feeling I have now, possibly due to having been jilted by two people we've worked with solidly for two years and who I really thought I knew. But the more I think about it the more I see it as being the one sure way of staying fresh, of destroying the idea of a group as a marriage."

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IT'S A STREET LIFE IN THE CRUSADERS

IT'S THE MID-1950s in Houston, Texas, east of Galveston Bay and west of the River Colorado, and some of the local folks are having themselves a party and a celebration. It's a graduation party for four fine young boys who are the toast of the neighbourhood since they left Texas Southern University in Dallas.

The boys are joining in the fun but their minds tend to wander towards an unknown future. Outside in the hall there are bags full of luggage and strangely shaped hard black cases containing their instruments, their most valued possessions and four tickets to Los Angeles. The folks don't pay too much attention when Wilton, Nesbert, Wayne and Joe get up quietly and leave the room — they're too busy laughing and hollering and getting stoned on the bourbon and the Mexicali hot pepper sauce.

But back of the house somewhere a radio is picking up the rebel sounds of DJ Vernon Chambers and you can just hear the strains of a well-worn rhythm and blues tune come up through the speakers and drift across the floorboards. The sax man on this date is sweating and blowing, sweating hotter than the ribs and chilli and blowing harder than the breeze that floats in over the Gulf of Mexico and stops short in the backyards of Baytown, Matagorda and Humble.

What's he playing? The teenagers exchange knowing glances and leap around to that big beat. Over the rhythm the sax man is swinging, a big fat tenor swing, like Ben Webster, Illinois Jacquet and Coleman Hawkins. All ears tune in to that crackling jump music, the fast blue notes, the gospel chords and the feel like the boys sometimes get in church on Sundays when the preacher lets it all just rip and the pews are stomping. What is that sound? Church? Gospel? Soul? It's the sound of the Texas heartland. It's...

DUNSTABLE, England. A sultry September evening. On the Queensway Hall stage a band called The Crusaders is pumping out a slice of their musical heritage. I think you know what they're playing. It's 'Street Life', the single from the album from the band who show just about every other popular cross-over act where they came in. And I don't mean Chick Corea/George Benson/Spyro Gyra cross-over either, because just for once the statistics and logistics speak volumes. We're talking success and talent and fairy tales that come true.

The fact that The Crusaders' single and album are riding so high up the jazz charts (number one), the disco charts (number one) and the common-or-garden 'rock' charts in England and America and a lot of other places you never heard of is ample testimony to the lasting power of popular talent. When a group of 40-year-old guys with as many records as summers under their collective belt reaches that many people then you know there isn't a chart invented yet gonnie hold them down.

And when that particular group already looks on the supreme slot in the jazz count-down as its own property, already has a track record that includes playing for or with Steely Dan, Joni Mitchell, George Shearing, Marvin Gaye, Diana Ross, The Jackson 5, The Rolling Stones, Barry White, Jimmy Smith, Sara Vaughan, Buddy Rich, Bullitt and... you get the picture.

WHILE FACTS and figures often tend to confuse the past, in The Crusaders' case some knowledge of their heritage and unity — as a partnership stretching back a quarter of a century — helps shed light on a phenomenon that encompasses over 30 band albums, eight solo discs (ex-founder member and trombone player Wayne Henderson included) and a sound which has always defied fashion. This 'sound' is part of the phenomenon of Crusaders' Texas jazz, an immediately recognisable and unique style that barely pays lip-service to the accepted standards propagated on the East and West Coasts, and which has actually been sophisticated by the change from the acoustic to electric mode that the band underwent in 1970.

Forget the phenomenon and consider the irony of mass success. The kids dancing to The Crusaders in Dunstable probably couldn't care less about straight jazz. Their introduction to funk is strictly via the disco market. This is their night out, a time for drinking a bit too much, showing off the clothes and the hair styles that match their favourite entertainment. This is a disco crowd, and you

don't need a degree in social studies to reach that conclusion. The London audiences may have been equally enthusiastic but no way were they better dressed; for the kids in Dunstable — average age around 17 — this was an occasion and not just a step to whatever comes next in the funk calendar.

It's only the critic who scratches his head and says yes, fine but 'Street Life' isn't all the band have on offer. It's only the critic who wonders if they ever heard the band with Wayne Henderson or had even heard of The Crusaders the first time they headlined in Britain, before an American tour with the Stones, at the New Victoria. It's not only the critic, however, that sincerely hopes this new found crowd will check out The Crusaders for their past as well as for the present.

Right now, these people are going ape-shit, bananas, nuts. There are no drugs in the house. Nevertheless, these fans are experiencing a Crusaders Jones, won't stop 'til they get enough, etc. Elsewhere the same thing is happening. 'Street Life' is one major sound on the street, it comes a-tcha like an insidious octopus, out of every boutique, every hairdressers, every window in town. At the end of their set the band and their singer Randy Crawford are mobbed for the first time in their career; they never ever got a reaction like this at the Newport and Pacific Jazz Festivals, or inside the El Club in L.A., the Roxy or the Manne Hole.

Fact of the matter is that the last time The Crusaders stoned an audience on such a roots level was probably 20 years back, when they were The Swingsters, or The Nite Hawks (N.H. after Nesbert Hooper, the drummer), or The Modern Jazz Sextet. As The Jazz Crusaders the band went through the '60s in a state of perpetual motion, recording for Dick Bock on the Pacific Jazz label, and a state of permanent stasis.

Those were the days when 20,000 sales were considered exceptional for a jazz band. Because The Crusaders have always sought to perfect a rhythmic black and blue funk devoid of pretension, have seldom flirted with the avant garde, they managed to obtain a loyal following but little sustained critical encouragement. Their Gulf Coast moods were too accessible for the highbrow elite who sought to impose their standards on the listening public. So for the sake of more acceptance, more experience and more money the individuals in the band sought out session work and evolved a master plan, a strategy that recognised the immense untapped reservoir of buyers in the rock field who didn't usually bother with jazz.

In 1970 the band dropped the prefix 'Jazz' and signed for Motown and then Blue Thumb/ABC. By the time the latter was taken over by MCA The Crusaders were heading for a popularity as significant as that of James Brown, The Commodores and Funkadelic. Probably the only black artist to have crossed over to more people than them is Stevie Wonder.

The bitch of it is that they still play their own kind of jazz.

AT MIDDAY the Holiday Inn, Swiss Cottage is bustling with the kind of pointless business peculiar to large hotels. As well as the usual crowd of vulgar, over-dressed tourists, there is every indication that this is a Rock and Roll Hotel. Nina Hagen steps out of the lift in her punk chic and all heads turn. Hey, the American supergroup Boston are gathering in the foyer. Fat, white, bearded and hideously self-conscious of their status.

The Crusaders and their wily manager Sid Garris have just got up and troop bleary-eyed to the poolside cafeteria. My impression is that the band have had it up to here with journalists, they're tired of being asked inane questions, of being insulted by wholesale critical ignorance and bandwagon jumping hacks. One well-known Fleet Street writer on a popular tabloid had her first brush with the band, outside the single, via a hastily digested biography delivered 20 minutes prior to their meeting.

For me, the ice has already been broken. I'd met the band the week before in Dunstable and spent the post-gig small hours in Gullivers with Joe Sample. Sample is a more intense man than either Stix Hooper or Wilton Felder, he answers the bulk of the questions in a ponderous precise manner, putting as much effort into his speaking as he does into his piano playing. He is very much a man under pressure, the turmoil of a prolific recording schedule having taken its toll on his system in the shape of peptic ulcers. Though The Crusaders are an equal unit, it's Sample who bears the brunt of their compositional activity. He's responsible for the music on the single and is the chief co-ordinator of the partnership

■ Turn to page 56, funk fans



Hooper and Felder do that Chic thang

Pic: David Corio

Max Bell meets the latest overnight disco sensations



Above: Stix Hooper. Right: Wilton Felder. Left: Max's feature. Below: Joe Sample. Pic: Chris Horler.



FOREIGNER

head games



'HEAD GAMES' THE NEW ALBUM FROM FOREIGNER

Three years ago two Englishmen met in New York.

One ex Spooky Tooth the other ex King Crimson.

They formed a band called Foreigner.

Today it is one of the top selling bands in America.

Head Games, their new album, tells you why.

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Previous Albums:

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NEW SINGLE
"DIRTY WHITE BOY"

SINGLES

In the blonde corner, Debbie.
In the brunette, Patti!

Let's Make This A Clean Fight Girls

JULIE BURCHILL

THE B GIRLS: Fun At The Beach (Bomp). I should find The B Girls charming — they are the sound of Bermuda shorts, after all — but instead I regard them as one would a magazine that one has already flicked through. Their toy guitars twang and their

arteries act hard as the girls tout a little of that good old West Coast empty-headedness and pit-pony vision; they're Canadian, but they were born for Bomp where nothing has happened since Mama Michelle was Girl Of The Year. Still, singer Lucasta can at least write a subtle forgery of a cute '50s tune, which is more than The Ramones have managed in years. In fact this is a good band for senile Ramone fans who badly need weaning; The B Girls are like girl Ramones, minus Nazi jokes, track marks and ugly faces.

"I wanna stay out/And have a weigh out," they sing. What is a weigh out? Is it anything like a weigh-in, when all the girls jump on the scales and ridicule each other? "Down at the beach tonight!" Actually they sound a little old to be having a rave-up on the sands, unless it's one of those OAP charabang Awaydays to Eastbourne; hey guys, here comes Nancy in her striped canvas wheelchair?

You may be interested to know that Cynthia the bass player (the fiancée that Bebe stole Stiv from, if you please) recently informed a friend that Debbie Harry has agreed to go into the studio with The B Girls and Ellie Greenwich to cut some tapes. Beat that, fight fans!

BLONDIE: Dreaming (Chrysalis).

PATTI SMITH GROUP: So You Want To Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star (Arista). In the blonde corner, Deborah Harry of Hawthorne,



New Jersey. Her second, Chris Stein, is rubbing her down with dollar bills and taking photographs of her with a hidden camera. In the brunette corner, Patricia Lee Smith of Pittman, N.J., being read to from the memoirs of Anais Nin by her second, Lenny Kaye. Miss Smith, you may remember, originally entered the fighting profession with the aim of becoming Muhammad Ali's mistress, and has often told reporters that fame and fortune are no substitute at all for the love of a good (or bad, or indifferent) man.

Deborah Harry used to have the lush voice, a voice of the texture people would have you believe shrill old harpy Ronnie Spector had, her and the rest of those pulp fiction Fifties. A voice full of sex and padded-hip-nudge humour, when every syllable winked "Hi, you must be the guy from Securitor with my little gift" — a gold-hearted, gold-haired gold-digger.

Her voice sounds now like too many long nails have trailed carelessly across it, like too many long knives have found a haven in her back. Her defensiveness has damned up her soft sexiness; it's a damn shame, a big loss, but one she encouraged by trying to live down to all the leers, but not standing up for herself. From the cartoons, novellas and vignettes of that first great album to today's serving by sitting and waiting — her singles are always concerned with hanging on telephones, losing love, picturing this or

at the weigh-in

that, wishing and hoping and dreaming.

Her mind may be lazy these days, but her Product hormones are always at it — churning out track after skimpy track, shoving them onto albums and stretching them out on singles, each flick of the creative wrist backed up and fortified by that beauty (Debbie and Chris love video so: this is why their band is split down the middle).

Blondie seem to conduct their business pretty successfully that way, but here's the first time their record-breaking reflexes have carried through into performance; everyone involved sounds as though they left the bath running back in their abode. Debbie mouths the obligatory sophisto-ingenue lyrics (song credited to her and Stein, as is the B-side — very greedy) and to hide her yawns the song has been given a pseudo-Spector tune and production: pathetic, weighing its trill, shrill treble against Spector's 50-thousand-leagues-under-the-Statue-Of-Liberty boom.

Blondie, for all their sales and years, sound running scared. Spector treated the recording studio as his kingdom and the control buttons as his henchmen: Blondie have started to act like harassed immigrant tenants who can't wait to see the back of the wretched place.

Debbie Harry hasn't done right by her main asset — her looks — but she has looked after it admirably. Patti Smith doesn't even wear the Emperor's New Clothes these days; just a few tatters of rage that used to be protective, plush cloaks of enthusiasm and imagination, her gifts. On her way to where she is now she built up a lot of bad "Karma". I blush to call it, through a constant and unhealthy interest in dabbling with violence chic — Brian Jones-as-Nazi T-shirts, poems saying what fun rape can be, the wearing of embroidered American army jackets celebrating the losing side's prowess as lover, drinker and fighter in Saigon. She has since reaped a harvest of broken necks, dead affairs and bottle-slashed brothers, the grief of which she has several times relieved by kicking foot-level photographers in the face.

So you can imagine how I laughed when I heard on the news the other night about how a large part of the 60,000 strong Florence audience Smith and her pet musicians

were playing at, rushed the stage in rage when one of the organ grinder's monkeys raised the American flag during a song. Smith was left indignant and scared. You really would think that a girl who claims to read the Bible so much would know about God's plagues and mysterious ways.

So it's no surprise that the injured innocent has released the old Byrds song. It's a smart, sweet little song, wise and witty and almost wonderful when The Byrds sing it, but Smith declaims and denounces and beats her dreadful chest so much that she makes listening to the song a hideously embarrassing experience. Look at me, see how I suffer, pity me for getting what I chased after for so many years!

To my mind, there are few things more sick and obscene than people who say that money or fame brought them unhappiness. They're the kind of people whose lives mess up the world, the kind of people who will admit responsibility for none of their actions. They should leave life alone.

All Smith can do these days is whine, and all Blondie can do is grin and bare it; they're both pretty ko'd. But luck is a Lady, and she prefers blondes.

SABREJETS: Radioland (Blueport).

MIKE, SLOT AND BUMPER: Amazin' R'n'B EP (Blueport).
THE REDS: Whatcha Doin' To Me (A&M). The first and second are good-tempered I-Married-A-Museum old rockabilly, and the last is bad-humoured Yank punk, ha ha — Punk the Pel Parrot, flattering fat guitar-minders, telling them they're pretty boys and have just as much right as talented people to express themselves. Let's not get elitist about the Rock, and let's not knock it either! This is the Year Of The Child, after all — let's adopt everybody who's in a band, rebellious, lovable little sods! Let's tickle them till they chuckle and squeal, let's buy their crap till they simmer and act coy — coochie cool! Let's all join hands and dance around the magic microphone!

Sorry! I actually like these three records more than any here because the first two are blue and the third is green and creative people need pretty walls to stare at.

DENIECE WILLIAMS: I Found Love (CBS).
DEBBIE JACOBS: Undercover Lover (MCA).

JANICE HOYTE: When I Fall In Love (UA). Deniece, Debbie and Janice, meet a few familiar faces from the huge and ever-growing one-hit harem — Cheryl, Anita, Aimi, Alicia, Chantal and Tina Marie — God, can't you tell by their exotic labels that these girls are

individuals? Come and join them, the more the morbidder; you can all sit around planning out which working men's clubs you're going to eke out your lives in after the Hit's been and gone.

BARBARA STREISAND: The Main Event (CBS).
TATA VEGA: If Love Must Go (Motown).
CAROLE KING: Move Lightly (Capitol).
BARRY WHITE: Love Ain't Easy (Unlimited Gold). Singers have a huge card up their sleeve. If they have a strong / emotive voice, they can persuade millions, the contents of continents, that he or she, the singer, is sensitive, or intelligent, or that they think sometimes.

Of course this is usually a dupe. Sooner or later most singers "let go" of some facet of their person or career — they lose control of the material they sing, and are egged on by greedy record labels to make asses of themselves singing fad songs; their voice gets shot; they start to look old, their face doesn't fit so their records don't sell; they suffer a private scandal that soon becomes a public attraction; even if they are songwriters too, they gradually dry up and are soon reduced to scrabbling for decent songs with more hardened hit-hunters; often they take to

Continues over



Lightweight Debbie. Pic: Kel Edge



Heavyweight Patti



Round Two

From previous page

drink, and unravels slowly and painfully, often on front pages.

This is when they pay the piper for their pipes. Dorothy Squires is probably the most shocking example of what becomes of a singer who loses hold of his image, with P.J. Proby, Elvis Presley and Sinatra hot on her down-at-the-heels.

Here are a mere four, from the dozens that decline a little more each week, to whom the release of these ill-formed records may later be shrugged away as just one little death in a long line of helpless omens.

Demise does not recognise credibility gaps or barriers; schlock is the commonest of common denominators, setting upon rock singers, soul singers and crooners alike. It's frightening to think that Carole King once wrote songs like 'The Locomotion' and 'It Might As Well Rain Until September', and that she handled herself so well at such a young age — why can't she keep her career correct now? She seems never to have heard of the word "discerning", trailing her

voice through a short bore, trying to be sexy like she's heard Carly Simon do it — dicing with disco, too.

Tata Vega made a great record two years ago — no, three — called 'Full Speed Ahead' on which she was so lively she made funny "waugh waugh waugh" quacking noises in the interval between gabbling the words full pelt; she sounded full of the joys of a recording contract. Here she's just about drags herself through a sloppy ballad, aided by an even sloppier male person.

Where have all the Brett Rockjaws gone? Even the brutally beautiful Butler Mountain, Barry White, wants to be loved for his boring mind lately. Forget the heavy breathing and the underwear rap, Barry's forever tired and emotional these days — rumour has it he's even considering an encounter group! Just think, at one time Barry was practically the male Mynah Bird! ... but now Mynah and he will never marry.

The awful Streisand discovers disco in the guise of the theme from her new crummy film — written by pathetic Paul Jabara, of all people. No doubt all the old morons in America will really fancy themselves to it, and do

the dance of the desperate divorcee in dark discotheques all across the nation. Film scores really stink these days, there used to be no music better.

Streisand's co-star in *The Main Event*, by the way, is the clapped-out Ryan O'Neal. Singularly charmless couple, aren't they?

TINA CHARLES: You Set My Heart On Fire (CBS).
THE CARS: Double Life

(Elektra).
DANA: I Can't Get Over Getting Over You (GTO).
THE DOOLEYS: The Chosen Few (GTO).
ELTON JOHN: Victim Of Love (Rocket).
THE DRIFTERS: Pour Your Little Heart Out (Epic).
ARCHIE BELL AND THE DRELLS: Strategy (Philadelphia International).

THE O'JAYS: Sing A Happy Song (Philadelphia)



and cajoles the public quite horribly, she has never sounded so desperate — she is a nostalgic school-dancehall cornette, in no shape to impersonate a clean disco machine; they're moronic bores these days, anyway. Pinning this record on her is like forcing non-virgin status on Julie Andrews in *The Americanization of Emily*, like lipstick on a nun, like forcing a fat, futile foot into the brittle glass slipper it just can't wear properly. Tina, stop making yourself into a minor obscenity — hit records really aren't worth it.

The Dooleys started off copying Brotherhood Of Man (who in turn were of course apeing Abba) and transcended it brilliantly with 'Wanted' (the most dynamic record since 'Sweet Gene Vincent') in the same way that B.A. Robertson duped Ian Dury. This is their first reggae record; of course it's appalling, like all the black pastimes white morons tend to glamourise...

like 'I got rhythm, who could ask for anything more?' American Black music is currently at the lowest fall pride ever came before — just think of a taste the gems just strolling by 18 months ago! Where are they now? Well of course they ran out, like their ancestor Motown did, and left a whole bunch of puppets with a taste for the good life. The O'Jays, The Drifters and the Drells demonstrate tragically here what people who spend their life taking down and churning out other people's ideas (be they secretaries or singers) end up like — as transparent and ten-a-penny as a roll of Clingfilm; lucrative when fresh, out-moded when less.

Dana discovers Julie London — you wouldn't think that would bode ill for anyone, would you? She has the Zen calm crooning backers, the piano as cool as the ripples made by ice thrown in gin, a sax that's learned its place in the school of hard shocks: it's just that she's such a dumb and unimaginative player, sort of the Sally Geeson of the singing world, that any number of noble influences could sit on her for a single's time and she'd never detect the germ of inspirational fervour in any of them, not even of that supreme Art Form the Torch Song, parroted here.

She's so hypocritical, her and her mealy-mouthed Catho princess spiel; it's obvious that this kind of song is intended to be sung through a choke of smoke, leaning on a seamy-stained bar, eyeing a black piano player, wearing a wisp of something off the shoulder, drinking hard... Dana on the rocks!

Why, rumour has it she even allows NME in her house these days. That's what I call dangerous living.

International). What's wrong with this picture? Well, all these people should have made, and have in the past, gorgeous or at least good records, and haven't here, what's more, 'personas and track records considered, they all reek of downward mobility. For the '80s sake, disregard both criteria of camp and of credibility — both are equally glib and un-illuminating — and just accept that these people are pop, if nothing else. Pop people have a massive, staggered responsibility, and because it's so loose and unrecognised they rarely live up to it. These people have all been fine, but today, oh dear, they're so legless they can barely walk the line.

Elton John has his picture took by another ex, David Bailey, and hopes you won't notice the difference. This is another ridiculous whitey "disco" water-tread; John's winning streak obviously left with Taupin, though his lyrics were naive and blowsy — at least he tried to win the attention. This record just assumes it'll sell because Elton John touts it; a Bellote song, with synthesizer, crummy lyrics and no tune. Elton John is gloriously rich and medium nice, so I wish him a happy and luxurious life, but I wish he'd quit putting out records altogether than put out empty imitations of ones.

The Cars always try to make the point that it is better to get one's kicks and feel suicidal than to not get them and feel murderous (copyrighted, if you please). Here they try to act like elegant coma cases again, but get closer to Mr Plod the Policeman — their mistake is that they attempt general philosophy instead of youngish love.

Tina Charles — a kind of poverty-stricken girlish Elton John — re-vamps an old innocent early '70s pop song of hers and plasters it in identical 'I Feel Love' synthesizers. Her once strong and sweet voice screeches

Siouxsie And The Banshees available now Mittageisen

(Metal postrock)

(Gewidmet John Hartfield)

Reunion beginnt
mit einem Glas Quecksilber
Fernsehen flimmert
für noch eine Nacht
Flinten beladeten die Augen
der sitzenden Familie
„Metall ist stark, Metall will scheitern
zerstört nicht wenn geschmiedet und rein“
„Metall ist stark, Metall will scheitern,
Metall regiert in meinem Meister-Plan“
Mit mechanischem Ruckeln

plücken die Taschen Uhrzähne
zum Mittagessen Freitag
im Rückspiegel folgt „Derzeitigung
zurück muß ich kehren
meine liebe Maschinen“
Es beherzigt unser Leben,
Es bringt kein Heil
Ich schreibe ein paar Zeilen
Das Wetter hier ist fein
Doch bröht es Tag und Nacht
Durch Lautsprecher

German translation: Dore Woods

b/w Love In A Void

UK TOUR DATES

GUEST ARTIST **THE CURE**

FRIDAY 21st SEPT APOLLO THEATRE MANCHESTER
SATURDAY 22nd SEPT WINTER GARDENS MALVERN
MONDAY 24th SEPT ST GEORGES HALL BRADFORD
TUESDAY 25th SEPT SOPHIA GARDENS CARDIFF
WEDNESDAY 26th SEPT OXFORD NEW THEATRE
FRIDAY 28th SEPT GAUMONT THEATRE SOUTHAMPTON
SATURDAY 29th SEPT PAVILION HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
SUNDAY 30th SEPT LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
MONDAY 1st OCT SPORTS CENTRE NOTTINGHAM
WEDNESDAY 3rd OCT POLYTECHNIC NEWCASTLE
THURSDAY 4th OCT MARKET HALL CARLISLE
SATURDAY 6th OCT PAVILION WEST RUNTON
MONDAY 8th OCT CITY HALL KINGSTON-UPON-HULL
TUESDAY 9th OCT GAUMONT THEATRE IPSWICH
WEDNESDAY 10th OCT BRIGHTON CENTRE BRIGHTON
THURSDAY 11th OCT ODEON THEATRE CHELMSFORD
SATURDAY 13th OCT ODEON THEATRE LEWISHAM
MONDAY 15th OCT ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH

THE MODS
Tonight's The Night · Let Me Be The One
Love Only Me

BEGGAR
Don't Throw Your Love Away · Broadway Show
All Night

MODS MAYDAY '79 THE MOD ALBUM

Four!

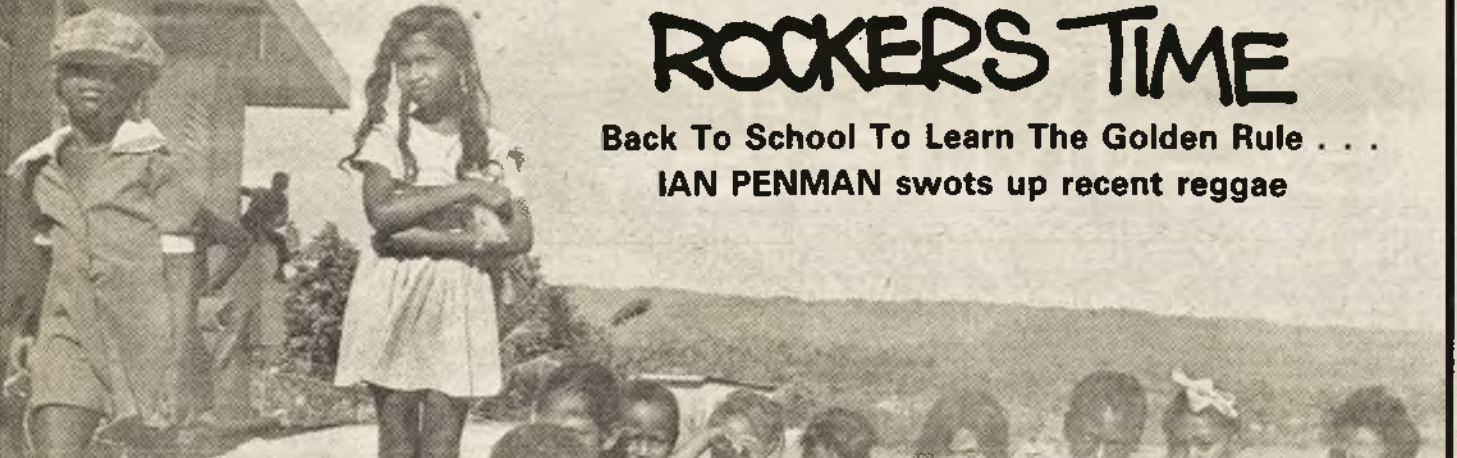


Available at £4 R.R.P.

ROCKERS TIME

Back To School To Learn The Golden Rule . . .

IAN PENMAN swots up recent reggae



RECORDS a yard, records abroad, records in the street, records from the people you meet! Nice up the consumer's dance if you have a chance. . . say so!

If you have, for anyone living broadside of Babylon (specifically: outside of London) the ratings and ravings of two pre-released imports from the Central JMs may seem rather outlandish. What does it matter to most of the population, for instance, that there is now a second, even whackier Glenmore Brown dub cut, 'Assack Lawn No 1 Dub', to Syllford Walker's 'Cienfuegos Is Godliness' (South East)? That although Glen's rape rewind is now quicker off the mark his spelling hasn't improved?

There's a new 12" from Mr Brown as well, 'Congo Natty Dreadlocks' (Wild Flower), which finds him in subdued frame of dub but tempting enough all the same.

Some people say that the dub of today has gone astray — but they don't know the sounds the way I do. Dub won't die a death so long as there are learned

funatics like Lee Perry are involved. This week's Perry come in the shape of one released 12" 'Don't Be Afraid' — George Faith (Wackies) and one pre, 'School Girl/Living My Life' by Michael Campbell/Keith Taxon (Black Ark Discs).

Perry creations are loomed musical pieces which the listener can contribute to, engage with and interpret as they listen. Working outside a definite shape, dub is assembled from various ideas and techniques, disciplines and trends — a process less of collage than *bricolage* (doing the job as an amateur, using whatever happens to be around).

This is what turns lyrically dreary or ideologically suspect tunes into refreshing affairs. Rising stars Black Uhuru, for instance, aren't Nobel Prize sorts in the lyricism depot, but the steady quality of their recent output can't be denied. 'Abortion' (Taxi), 'No No No' (Taxi), 'Rent Man' (DEB), 'Wood For My Fire' (DEB), 'General Penitentiary' (Taxi) and 'Plastic Smile' (D-Roy 12") are all fine

records, understated, hard and sparkling in the face of capital doom. 'Abortion' and 'General Penitentiary' are particularly sharp, but you'll have to stomach some dubious moralising in 'Rent Man' in the former.

'Head Corner Stone' — Roy Palmer (Corner Stone), 'Prophecy' — Dave Robinson (Ultrasonic) and 'Africa Shall Be Free' — Rupert Reid (Mandingo) all benefit similarly from the sheen of their dubbing.

In terms of originality, two, Michael Campbell newbies do very well. High School Diploma by Blackie Star (Dread At The Controls) is the spiciest talk over text I've heard in a long while — I'd quite give up on everyone but Michigan and Smile. Messrs Star and Campbell trick and treat us through a nippy fireworks dub and an entertaining tale of teachers, GCE's, lemonade and resurrection lessons. Jah Grundy (ho ho) on Resident Area (Dread At The Controls) keeps to pretty standard JA scanning around tenements, governments and other social

institutions, but nices up the area nevertheless. Education is a popular topic these days, and the subject is taken to its logical conclusion on an intriguing release from Robert Nesta Marley's Tuff Gong label, 'Children Playing In The Streets'. The group credited with this song go under the unfortunate handle of Melody Maker, but we won't hold that against them.

Especially as they all sound young enough to be brother and sister to the youngest ones. The children who comprise this vocal group are supposedly led by one of Marley's own sons, and the backing provided by them Wailers. What a family affair! A recommended purchase.

Two more essential — and would buy — records come from the sorely underrated ex-Heptone Leroy Sibbles, who has a 7" pre 'Blood In The Street' (Rock Jam) and a 12" release 'This World' (Bullwackies). The latter is particularly notable, a classic production from the New York Bullwackies outpost, whose devilish line

interpretation of the mixing sonade has been threatening to oust even Perry off my humble system recently. Even if their releases weren't so fine, I don't think I could easily resist the idea of someone operating out of a building called Wackies House of Music.

The Bullwackies All Stars crop up again on another classic, 'Joy And Happiness' by Earl Mundle & The Chosen Brothers (Dion) which is a perfect recording for all romantics to bridge the gap between Summer and Autumn.

On to 'Dreadless Time' (Errol T) — a Joe Gibbs production of long, scarily locks Junior Byles, which sounds not unlike early Parliament's 'Chocolate City' in its treatment of vocals, horns, and tempo. Tasty.

I owe Inner Circle a heavy debt for parking up my miserable day out at Reading. 'We 'A' Rockers' (Island) is one of the fumes which comprised their irrevocable intervention into that dark, satanic day but on record it loses urgency after the event.

The dub is, however, surprisingly accommodating.

I can't, however, accommodate the dub housing of Doctor Atimantado's 'Sitting In The Park' (Greensleeves 12"), a two year old interpretation of Billy Stewart's classic which is built around entirely predictable

entrances and exits, both vocal and instrumentally; the dub is it. What's up, Doc?

Two other Greensleeves disappoint a little more to experience, although a nearby hit comes down in favour of both. 'Love Is With I' by Johnny Clarke and 'Lova Don't Come Easy' by The Heptones. Both on one box for my tastes, especially as people doing both do things a little way different — Black Uhuru and

Edward Bullwackies current faves are reviewed in the same light. The Heptones did a good job and stayed 'pon by ranking hero Augustus Pablo, but it sounds relatively dated up against some of his recent productions — as does his appearance on the dub of Israel Vibration's 'Crisis' (Harvest 12").

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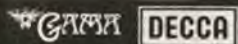
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L to r: Johnny Helmer, 'Boring' Bob Grover, Dick Slexia, Reginald Frederick Hornsbury, Zoot Alars. Pic: David Coria.



Piranhas: Moving In For The Kill

A CHEAP AND nasty joke about diminutive Piranhas vocalist 'Boring' Bob Grover is currently doing the rounds in Brighton.

The gag runs roughly along the lines of young Bob being such a weedy little twerp in his schooldays, such a creepy non-entity and all-round misfit that even the resident classroom bully boys would never descend to the level of dishing out a good kicking in his direction.

This Grover geezer was, by his own admission, such an insignificant speck of dust that he was the only kid in the school who was, quite simply, not even worth beating up.

His opinion of himself has hardly changed since. "I'm not a very interesting person," he sighs as we sit in the dressing rooms of Friars in Aylesbury, where The Piranhas had just completed a one-off support date on the Ruts' tour. "That's one of the most important things about us. We're all very normal, very boring people."

At which, a character by the name of Johnny Helmer picks up, Helmer shares lead vocal and guitar playing duties in The Piranhas with the shifty spiv Grover. His eyes scream 'Speak for yourself, bub!' from the other side of the room.

"At school, the two people that no-one would talk to were him and Reg!" he jibes indignantly, indicating both Grover and The Piranhas' portly bassist Reginald Frederick Hornsbury.

"They wouldn't talk to Bob 'cause he was too weird and they wouldn't talk to Reg 'cause he was too fat!"

Oh well, we've all got our problems. The thing that seems to set this bunch of likely Brighton beatniks aside from the rest of the human race is the inordinate, some would say excessive, amount of time they spend dwelling on and even glorifying life's little niggling hardships and idiosyncrasies.

If they sound like a bunch of old wives offstage, then you should see them when they're actually treading that hallowed catwalk. If Bob Grover and Johnny Helmer aren't whining about girl trouble, they'll be ranting

on about some physical inadequacy or deformity, moaning about the state of the band, work or family life. Scummy everyday reality as we grin and bear it.

"There's no point in romanticising about things," says John, who writes most of The Piranhas' songs with Bob. "That's just the way that things are. It's our Woolworth's and Crossroads cultural! Most people seem to lie when they write songs. We're just being honest about the seedier side of things as we see them."

"Most of the songs are about Bob's problems," proffers saxophonist Zoot Alars. "Every time he gets a girlfriend, he writes a song about her and then he chucks her."

THE PIRANHAS are the latest link in a chain of bands that began around the same time as X-Ray Spex, a chain that now extends through The Members to Squeeze. It is the line of contemporary comic punk/pop, where every song is a tiny playlet, the lyrics at best witty and incisive, at worst lightweight and banal.

With The Piranhas, the titles say it all: 'Boyfriend', 'I Don't Want My Body', 'Cheap And Nasty', 'Getting Beaten Up', 'Why Do We Do It?', 'Happy Families', 'Virginity', 'Work', and 'Yap Yap Yap', their soon to be released second single on the Brighton-based independent Artrix.

And, although they try to play it down, The Piranhas' wry humour lies at the core of their appeal.

"It's a kind of desperate humour," says a coy, cagey Bob. "You have got to laugh about the sort of things that we write about... otherwise you'd end up crying."

"But we're not a humorous group like the Albertos. It's nothing like that. I don't think that it's parody either. A lot of reviewers say that we parody things, but that's untrue. It's just like we've got a sense of humour so we've got a sense of humour. We're not making a comedy sketch."

I tell them I detect a lot of compassion in the lyrics too and John instantly agrees.

"Yeah, we don't take the piss out of anyone really. Sometime it makes people feel better when they hear our songs. It shows them they can laugh about things too."

"There was this really strange instance in Brighton where this thalidomide kid came up and said that he wanted to come up and sing 'I Don't Want My Body'. I was quite touched by it, but people would have taken something like that the wrong way. But at least he was showing that he could laugh about his problems."

"Anyway," mutters Bob, "even the most wonderful-looking people have something wrong with their bodies. I've yet to meet somebody who hasn't got some gripe about their body!"

were too hard."

"There is a reggae influence," adds John. "But there's a bit of soul in there as well. The reggae influence might come over in the playing but not in the lyrics. We do a reggae instrumental as the last number in the set, but we wouldn't dare sing to it. It would sound stupid."

"We're not a rock group" — Bob again — "We're not into powerchords and all that big sound. We're doing something a bit choppy."

"We've never been a straight punk

Adrian Thrills plunges in at the deep end

THE PIRANHAS Have been together for over two years.

They played their debut gig in June '77 at a Sod The Jubilee street party in Brighton, their imaginations fired by the then-burgeoning London punk scene as well as a few more unlikely influences — the Feelgoods, T.Rex and Alex Harvey plus a customary smattering of soul and reggae.

At first just a quartet, their line-up was soon swollen with the arrival of Zoot Alars on saxophone. The present drummer Dick Slexia took over more recently when the original sticksman quit through nervous exhaustion.

Confining themselves originally to Brighton venues they built up a solid local hard-core following. The music was, and still remains, a shaky hybrid of crisp, choppy punk and funkier white soul and dub rhythms, embellished neatly, but not belligerently enough, by Zoot's saxophone.

"We were terrible at first," states Bob matter-of-factly. "It was the first time that any of us had done anything. Our first songs were just three-chord bashes. And we never played anyone else's songs. They

band. We've always had trouble with the punks. A lot of them don't like us 'cause we're not blam-blam-blam! The only time that we do get a bit frenzied, it is more soul-like. We only ever sounded like a punk band in that we were very bad musically and all our equipment was so duff."

Once they began to achieve recognition outside Brighton, the knives started coming out back in their home town in the shape of the Anti Piranha League, a group of one-time supporters who promoted a vicious badge and poster campaign against the band.

"The APL started out when we got a bit too popular for all the Brighton venues, when people started getting turned away from our gigs," recalls John. "A lot of it also stemmed from the fact that a lot of people didn't like our manager. But, even now, you get a lot of people in London who think we started the APL ourselves as a publicity gimmick!"

Nonetheless, a certain amount of camaraderie still exists between the Brighton bands, though it is countered by an intense rivalry and a resentment in some quarters of the fact that The Piranhas, on the verge

of a major record deal, are far and away the most successful of the bunch to date.

"There always has been a camaraderie between the groups," says John. "You have to help each other. If someone is short of an amp, you'll lend them one of yours. We thought that all the Brighton bands were going to rise at the same speed, but it hasn't happened that way. There are a lot of bands in Brighton with good ideas, but none of them are professional enough to go out and gig properly. They haven't got the management to push them onwards."

BUT, for The Piranhas at least, things are looking bright. On the London circuit, their Marquee, Nashville and Hope And Anchor gigs are regular sell-outs. And the band have already taken their quirky and entertaining songs around the majority of better known out of town dives. Next stop the chart? I, for one, wouldn't bet against it.

They have also been lucky enough to grow at their own pace over the past two years, uncramped by the glare of the record buying masses, apart from one single — 'Jilly' — and three tracks on the 'Vaultage '78' sampler album.

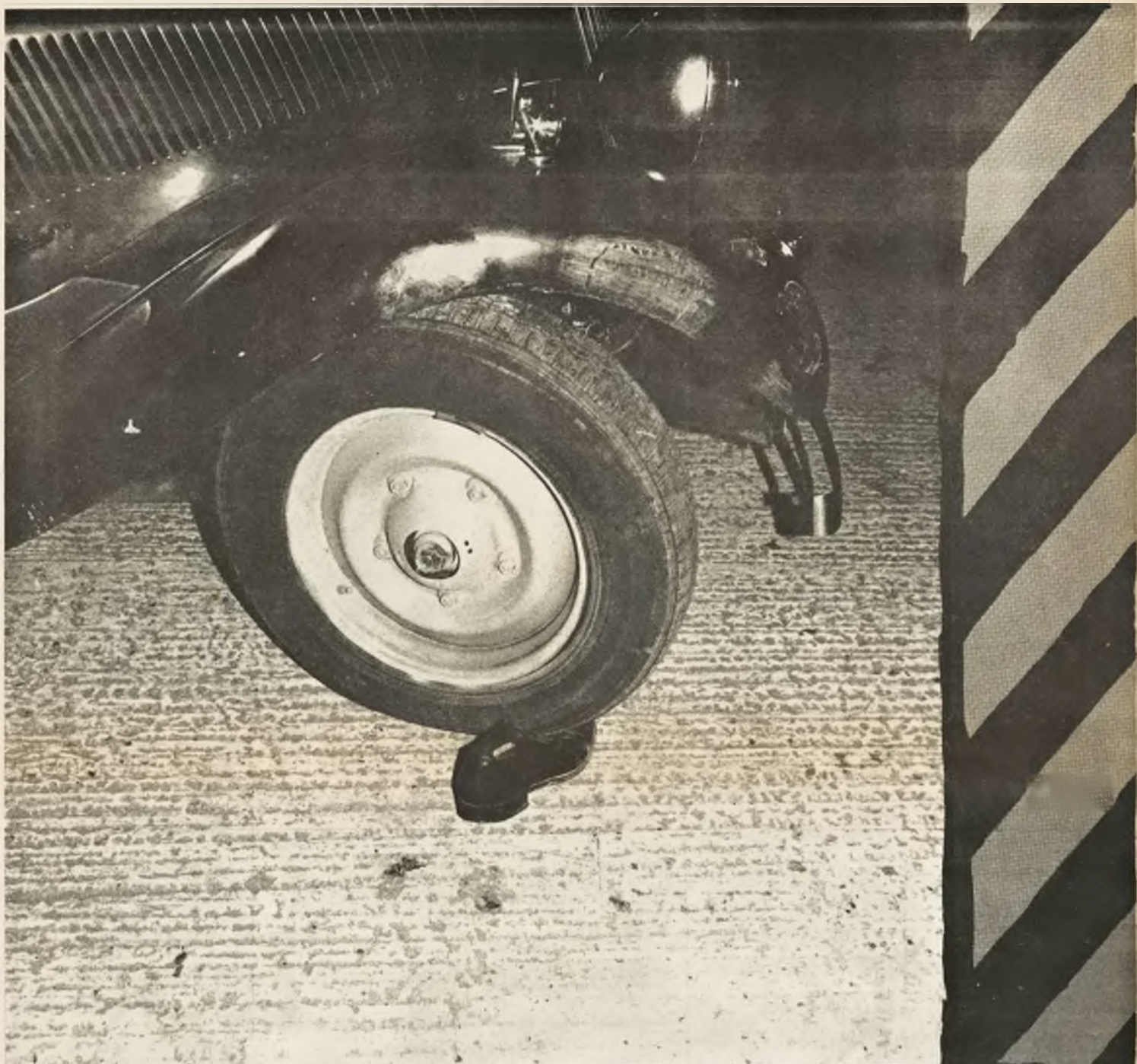
"It's given us the chance to work things out properly," says John. "You get a lot of band who are really big in London, but nobody has heard of them outside. I think that we have got a really big foundation in the provinces. And now, we're starting to build up a real London following as well."

However, cracking the illustrious clubs of the capital, muses Bob, is a matter of slide-rule tactics and strategy.

"What we've done," he says with a devious grin, "is to surround London and close in slowly from every angle. At first we couldn't get any gigs in London so we just played in all the suburban places, and surrounded the thing."

"We should put this chart on our wall at home detailing exactly how we're invading the place!"

The Piranhas could soon be snapping at the heels of the boys in the big leagues. Alan Mullery would be proud of them.



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PERE UBU

NEW PICNIC TIME

Max Bell catches a new wave with The Barracudas

THE Barracudas make punk rock with a capital J, fast, tight loony tunes that extol the virtues of 1965, neighbourhood girls and the ultimate surfari. The Barracudas are in search of that long lost curl which sometimes threatened to re-emerge in the latter part of the troubled seventies and whose sole raison d'être was based round the premise of having fun.

The boys in the band are young and wholesome. Two of them hail from the North American continent but we won't hold that against them. Lead singer Jeremy Gluck (real name) was born in Canada, bass player David Buckley is from Boston and is proud to boast a bloodline with the late Tim Buckley. Gluck and Buckley provide an ethnic angle to The Barracudas' seamless amalgam of surfably begal by an adolescence wasted listening to trash rock, garage punk and radical psychedelia. Pitted against these titans of teen are the English continent, guitarist Robin Wills and drummer Nickey Turner, ciphered via the homegrown kinetic synergy of early Clash, Buzzcocks pop and a mutual desire to re-introduce the words fun, goofy-foot and Quasimodo into the rock and roll vocabulary.

This combo has been building up for the big wipe out for most of a year. They've released the single 'I Want My Woody Back' (Woody being a wooden bodied station wagon ideal for carrying surf boards) on the independent Cells Records label. Although it's a fine enough slice of nonsense The Barracudas' real strengths lie in an altogether more potent style of chainsaw attack. They recognise that in the computer age our collective attention spans have been totally annihilated. So live they rely on an animalistic ferocious two minutes of zip guaranteed to stoke the most jaded palate.

In a way the surf angle is a red herring, the influences of Jan and Dean and pre-Pet Sounds Beach Boys mix comfortably with a respect for such early punks as The Seeds, Sonets, Standells, and an affection for the harmonic ingenuities of The Byrds and Love.



Barracudas check out the competition (L—R): Jeremy Gluck, Robin Wills, Nickey Turner, David Buckley. Pic: Chris Horler.

Sex & Drugs & Fish & Chips

Robin Wills, a cunning amalgam of Mick Jones, Johnny Ramone and Ivy Rorschach, explains what it is that makes four outwardly normal youths turn their backs on the promise of stardom via, say, Mod tribalism and attempt to present a new music inspired by an alien and distant culture. "The kids in Rough Trade don't even know that punk music was made in America in that period from '65 to '67. Punk now has taken itself so seriously. If you tell people to hate and destroy it becomes an obsession."

Gluck, Buckley and Turner take up the point. "Rock music has got to be optimistic and constructive, what the hell else is there? It doesn't change anything, you might as well accept that. The amount of politics and bullshit being dragged in is painful and boring. So if a group like us

wants to have a good time and sing about 1965 that doesn't make us thought criminals. We do what we do in the vain hope that someone somewhere will think 'Gosh, these guys are so stupid they're great.'"

The Barracudas are the last great group of the seventies and the first great group of the eighties, or at least the worst group of the eighties. We don't take ourselves so seriously that we have to have valid opinions on everything. The great punk rock of any time was slightly awkward and spontaneous; we might appear to be posers but after two minutes you'll see we're messy and having a good time. The audiences generally reach that conclusion too. People say how can this bunch of loonies expect us to like them but of course we do."

Right now The Barracudas are waiting for a major label to licence their single but contracts, albums and big money are for the future. By night they rehearse in a vacant Sunday School near Waterloo Bridge slap bang next to The Duke Of Clarence, a worthy hosteler who let the band build up a following in a minuscule corner of the room by the hot food counter.

Barracudas were one of the last groups to tread the Roxy boards and have supported UK Subs and The Clash in their time. Now they prefer to headline on a modest scale and gain momentum in their own right. They are out to prove that Jimi Hendrix was wrong when he vowed that "You'll never have to listen to surf music again" on 'Axis Bold As Love'.

"He said that in 1967 and now

here we are. He's gone off to the great beach in the sky. The sucker."

The Barracudas are upholders of an ancient tradition. Their ambition is to be the greatest punk group in the world, to be better than Jan and Dean and The Cramps. To that end they feature a score of excellent originals and some tasteful covers. 'Little Red Book', The Trashmen's 'King Of The Surf' and Tommy James' magnum opus 'Hanky Panky'.

The notion of a surf band in London that can get an audience of punks, skins etcetera and keep them jumping and smiling would be ridiculous if it wasn't true. For now it's sufficient to vouchsafe that the surfers are back, shooting the tube. Is that fantasy or reality and who gives a flying one?

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SILVER SCREEN

Don't look back

Old Boyfriends

Directed by Joan Tewkesbury
Starring Talia Shire, Richard Jordan, John Belushi and Keith Carradine.
(Artificial Eye)

DIANA Cruise (Talia Shire) is a clinical psychologist in Los Angeles. Her cheekbones grind overtime, high signs of high anxiety, her marriage breaks up and she snaps into a pile of tiny pieces. A rummage through old diaries and photo albums convinces her that the only chance she has of shaping up again is to replay three old love matches, involvements she's certain have been crucial in making her what she is now — or isn't.

Omigod, not another Hollywood psychodrama about sensitive, sincere and meaningful Americans having trouble relating their relationships. No. Not exactly. Not at all.

Diana's introspection becomes action becomes a long, listless drive across America in a revvy Pontiac Firebird: Denver, Minneapolis, Michigan and back to L.A. And this time Diana is playing hard, desperately, vengefully. To win.

Richard Jordan copes amiably as Jeff Turin, her hunky college lover,

separated from his wife but resigned to his lot in life. At least he's making movies — "something I always wanted to do." Trouble is, they're only advertising shorts for local politicians. And so it flows.

John Belushi (Animal House, half of the notorious Blues bros.) is brilliantly cast to type as the plump, greasy Eric Katz, the bane of Diana's high school days. Useta preen as the stud of the roost, useta play in a teenscream rock 'n' roll band, now he rents out tuxedos and plies the dingy Holiday Inns and lurid discos with a scruffy, rentariff combo. A sad and sorry man, still unable or unwilling to see the great divide between days and daydreams.

As for Lewis Van Til — he's dead, died a 'hero's' death in the Navy off 'Nam. An unexpressive actor finding himself for once in a role that actively demands unexpressive acting, Keith Carradine sparks as Lewis' mother-smothered, retarded younger brother: a tempting, naive and dangerous substitute.

So far, so fine thanks to Tewkesbury's fluent, forceful direction, with two splendid cameos from Buck Henry as a shortsighted but surprisingly efficient private eye and John Houseman as an old school psychiatrist along the way. Shire's own performance is hard to fault. She scrapes at

the not-so-niceties of Diana's condition with an emotional scalpel, makes a grim method of the apparent madness, seesaws displays of vindictiveness and vulnerability with compassionate ease.

But cast and cinematography are not the problem; *Old Boyfriends'* ending is. The film was originally written by Paul Schrader some time before he began work on *Taxi Driver*; was later reworked by him and his brother Leonard, was eventually given to Tewkesbury to do with it whatever she wanted. Somewhere down the line roles were reversed — the central character was initially male — and a satisfying, compelling inner logic was mislaid.

Tewkesbury's final frames simply aren't compatible with what has gone before, almost threaten to scupper the film completely. Why this failure to follow through, to fully develop the themes of psychological violence so deeply scored across the film's grain?

I've no idea. *Old Boyfriends* doesn't pretend to be a systematic 'feminist' assault on sexual prejudice, but its close still undermines its tacit and conscientious advocacy of a more sympathetic understanding of the female psyche. *Remember My Name*, another film, by another



Talia Shire and Richard Jordan, er, rework their relationship in *Old Boyfriends*.

ex-Alman understudy about another woman settling old scores, ended appropriately, as mysteriously as it had begun. *Name* was devastating, but *Old Boyfriends* is merely puzzling. A shame, but no reason at all not to see it.

Angus Mackinnon
P.S. *Old Boyfriends* is supported by Geoff Dunbar's exceptional 20-minute animation of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* play. *Ubu* catches the anarchic, explosive weirdness of Jarry's work in mid-flight, and boots it off again intact. Pere Ubu's David Thomas would probably like it. You might too.



A detail from Geoff Dunbar's brutal *Ubu*.



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"Gee, Mr Malle — when will I be old enough to do what they're doing on page 30?"
Brooke Shields, 13, as the fairly *Pretty Baby*.

Pretty Baby

Directed by Louis Malle
Starring Keith Carradine,
Susan Sarandon and
Brooke Shields
(CIC)

A SAUCY shocker? A provocative peeper? Neither. Even allowing for a few snips from the British censor, it's still incredible that this painstakingly conceived, beautifully photographed, utterly innocuous and stupendously dull film has caused such epilepsy amongst the so-called guardians of public morality here and in America. Just what, I wonder, do they think they're defending us from?

And why *Pretty Baby* when each week sees scores of other soft core porn flicks peddled onto the circuits? Why *Pretty Baby* when much more insidious garbage like *Bloodline* and much more exploitative sewerage like *The Stud* (and soon, of course, *The Bitch*) manage to avoid the dubious attentions of zealous pressure groups?

Poor little *Baby*. A scandal-sheet scapegoat if I ever saw one, the film purports to be a historically accurate depiction of the lives and times of Storyville, a red light district of New Orleans, in 1917. Whether it actually is or isn't soon becomes rather irrelevant as all *Baby* does is

dawdle coily inside a brothel run by a tough, hideously over-rugged old harridan, one of several period 'characters' who provide the film with its rare moments of intentional humour, and overrun by young women languishing in various stages of stockinged and camiknickered undress.

Baby is, I suppose, voyeuristic, but only in a half-hearted way; it almost seems to wish it wasn't, then just resigns itself to the facts of its fictions. It also fails to conceal gaping structural and psychological inadequacies.

The film defies any plot as such in favour of a drifting, detached and documentary style, but sadly there don't seem to have been too many interesting stories to tell in Storyville. Director of photography Sven Nykvist's interior work may be technically breathtaking, but it can't compensate for *Baby*'s profoundly uneventful lethargy. Reality is one thing, cinematic realism quite another, and it's surprising to see an old and often brilliant hand like Malle fall foul of such a glaring trap of his trade.

Meanwhile Keith Carradine's central contribution as the supposedly charismatic photographer Bellocq simply ensures *Baby* is stillborn. Carradine's stilted, ungainly

presence is sometimes welcome and well serviceable on screen (c.f. Altman's *Thieves Like Us* and, across the page, *Old Boyfriends*), but here he un-acts as only he can, and the film suffers, irredeemably.

By comparison Susan Sarandon's Hattie, an unhappy hooker who departs in search of a 'better' life, seems Shakespearian in its eloquence. And as for Brooke Shields — well, she's pretty and precocious but lacks the obvious ability of, say, a Jodie Foster, *Taxi Driver*'s under-age starlet.

A serious investigation into the rights and wrongs, the whys and wherefores of child prostitution? Good entertainment? Neither again. Don't bother with *Pretty Baby* — not because it "offends" (whatever that means), but because it's uninteresting and largely unsuccessful.

For unashamed softcore pornographers only.
Angus MacKinnon



Pretty Baby: Susan Sarandon gives Brooke some tips.

Meetings With Remarkable Men

Directed by Peter Brooks
Starring Warren Mitchell,
David Markham and
Terence Stamp

AS far as Eastern mysticism goes, I tell a few of the more end-of-the-pier Zen jokes now and then (that isn't one of them) but pass quite emphatically on the rest of the cosmic crew.

Unsurprisingly then, that Peter Brook's cinema adaptation of G. I. Gurdjieff's autobiography *Meetings With Remarkable Men* passed me by and dropped me off in the Great Sleeping Bag In The Preview Theatre Beyond: I couldn't begin to see it as anything other than a *Carry On* Epigrammatically.

The younger Gurdjieff (played by Mikić Dimitrijević) has a contemplative, pipe-smoking Warren Mitchell for a father — which was this unbeliever's first stumbling block. I know little of Gurdjieff's 'philosophy' — well, nothing in fact — and didn't after this film, except that

The Young Gurdjieff is Troubled. Papa is in the woodshed looking Enlightened. Gurdjieff asks about Death. Papa gives him a Xmas cracker reply, and from thenceforth G. is devoted to finding out 'why I am here.' I wondered the same thing myself.

Ian Penman

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A Young Berliner's Practical and Philosophical Guide To Electronics

ELECTRONIC MUSIC is nothing to be afraid of, although I know it's only a very natural, human attitude to be afraid of something you don't know very much about — especially these days when society and technology have both reached states of such complexity.

"Personally I think we need to have more trust, to have a more positive attitude. A new relationship is needed, if you like. For example, I am absolutely sure that electronic music is not cold. In fact it can be very warm. Just in scientific terms, the sound — no other instrument can get such a warm sound as some synthesizers. But it's a new, different kind of warmth and intimacy, which is why I suppose people don't trust it yet..."

The speaker is Peter Baumann, a taciturn, philosophical and determined man who's not, I'd imagine, easily or lightly crossed.

Baumann is 26 and has lived in Berlin all his life. His father, a contemporary classical composer, wanted him to learn music "formally" but he was reluctant to do so — "perhaps you learn better if you don't learn music and if you're not trained" — and instead joined a short-lived rock band when he was 15, playing organ. Two years later his parents moved to Munich and Baumann found himself in Tangerine Dream with Edgar Froese and Chris Franke.

"I'm not too sure why the music went the way it did. Maybe it had something to do with the drug scene in Berlin. The music certainly left some space for fantasy, mainly because it had no lyrics — although to call Berlin a centre of electronic music in those years (the early '70s) would be to exaggerate; there were really only a handful of groups playing the music.

"The synthesizer took time to emerge as the dominant instrument. Others — mellotrons, organs with echo chambers and so on — these had become so limited and limiting for us. We always wanted new and different sounds. To be honest, we didn't think about the music in terms of it having an audience, not in the beginning. We just played what we liked to play; we never cared about charts because we never expected to get into them."

But you did, with the release of "Phaedra" in February '74. "Yes, I was very surprised at its success. That record wasn't any more commercial than 'Zeit', not really. I can't explain it at all, in the same way that I can't give you precise reasons why Germany has made as much electronic music as it has. I don't know why."

"Maybe it has something to do with the lack of real, original rock music here. That is easily understood because Germany

lacked the necessary social situation for young people to make and play rock after the war; they didn't need to escape from their background, to fight against their parents. That all came much later, too late for making good rock music. Most German rock imitates English and American forms, for obvious cultural reasons, and also, of course, because German as a language is so difficult to write lyrics in..."

"But Tangerine Dream was mood music completely. It had

PETER BAUMANN talks intensely. ANGUS MACKINNON listens intently.

its particular strengths in the way the tension built between the musicians. It was, I think, very emotional at times, very tense."

DISSATISFIED WITH Tangerine Dream's progress, Baumann left for the first time just before the release of the live 'Ricochet' in November '75, only to rejoin following frank policy discussions and, perhaps more pertinently, the failure of his replacement Michael Hoenig (whose own 'Return To The Northern Wasteland' album on Warners is reasonably interesting) to find a fingerhold in the Dream scheme.

Baumann however left again in November '77 and, although he says he would be happy to produce one of Froese's solo albums, has no intention of returning.

"I had to leave. The major area of disagreement was over improvisation and composition. I felt we had learnt vast amounts about improvisation, but that we weren't using our knowledge effectively. For me there were too many structural faults in Tangerine Dream, too much was falling apart — which did not please me, since I was mainly concerned with the rhythmic side of the music. We were just repeating ourselves, not building on anything..."

Such impressions are confirmed by subsequent Dream recordings. 'Cyclone' was a wretchedly ill-conceived attempt to 'rock', whilst 'Force Majeure' might just as easily have been made in '74 as '78; Froese and Franke were effectively 'progressing' backwards.

In the meantime Baumann had released his own solo debut, 'Romance '78', in early '77 whilst still officially Dreaming. The contrast between its carefully constructed pieces and

Tangerine Dream's shapeless drifts of sound was marked. It has, though, taken Baumann over two years to record and release 'Trans Harmonic Nights', an album that's as approachable and emotive as it's modestly innovative.

"Why so long? Because working alone is very different and sometimes very difficult. It's a challenge, which is why I do it. I also wanted to escape completely from Tangerine Dream and its influence..."

To which end Baumann has supervised the construction of his own extremely sophisticated (and costly) Peragon studio in West Berlin and the establishing of an associated production company.

Baumann himself has produced Joachim Roedelius of Cluster's second solo album, the lyrical 'Jardin Au Fou', Conrad Schnitzler's 'Con', in parts an extremely imaginative and abstract electronic excursion, and Cluster's own, soon-to-be-released new album, which is rather more entertaining and incisive than either of the duo's collaborations with Brian Eno. A second Schnitzler album is also planned.

"I've learnt a lot from these involvements, but do want to be able to work more quickly in future. This album is called 'Trans Harmonic Nights' for a reason; it's transitional, a collection of different things..."

"In fact that's one of the reasons why I'm interested in electronic music. It has more scope, a wider vocabulary, I think — for the simple reason that it's not as fixed as other musics. Its expression is still very uncertain, very variable, only just beginning."

"I do know, though, what feeling my next album will have; it will be very future-orientated, but without being science fiction. I don't like to emphasise how 'modern' computers are, for example. No, I'm talking about social changes, changes in ways of living and how music can reflect those changes — because that, after all, is what musicians do; they put up images of their surroundings, of what is influencing them."

I ask Baumann if he had ever considered something along the lines of Kraftwerk's 'The Man Machine', wherein Schneider and Hutter seemed to be using elaborate (and rather self-conscious) musical and lyrical metaphors to make wider, ahem, 'political' points.

"Not really. Although I think Kraftwerk have done a very concrete job — they knew exactly where they were going and that album is really their end-point — I still prefer their early, more experimental albums. I like what they do with images, but don't feel related to it at all."

So what do you 'relate' to?

"I would say my own view of the future. This isn't something that's positive in the sense of enthusiastic, waiting for

Continues over

"I think people put too much emphasis on technology. I think more of a mental development is needed . . ."

From previous page

Messiahs to come or anything like that. But it's not pessimistic either. No, one year will follow another and the way people handle their existence on this planet will alter, as will the way the family is living, people are talking, working, using their free time.

"I also think the nature of individuality is changing. I see America as the dominant culture of these days, and I expect American society and those like it to become much more anonymous, although — it's a paradox — people will eventually become a lot closer to each other. Individuality as we see it won't be nearly as important."

Perhaps Jung was right, I proffer, perhaps we will see the resurgence of the collective, as opposed to the individual, unconscious, perhaps we'll even learn to let our souls breathe more easily.

"It's possible. If you have something that is as intimate as a soul, then you have to take a lot of care of it. In general I believe society is still in the Stone Age compared with what could be achieved on that level. Human potentials are enormous. Hypnosis, para-psychology — I'm sure they exist, but I'm also sure there's some kind of security system inside our brains that doesn't allow these things to happen now. People are not ready yet. They still have to struggle much too hard for much too long for even very simple comforts, necessities. This all takes up too much energy — but the world is definitely in a state of transition."

And what about technology, a favourite bugbear, and its part in all this? After all, you work with quite complex instrumental technology.

"I think people put too much emphasis on technology. I think more of a mental development is needed. I mean, the invention of the wheel was probably much greater in its impact on the world than the invention of the computer. The

collective mental development of society looks at what has happened up until now and tries different ways of adjusting itself, like a big body that is mutating very slowly.

"Ultimately it doesn't matter whether your society is capitalist or communist. The basic, fundamental aims are, I think, the same in all societies, despite their outward differences, and all societies are imperfect."

DOES LIVING in Berlin have any effect on your music, your attitudes?

"To some extent, but it's not a major feature. I travel as often as I can, I may well even move to America. You have to get used to Berlin, but sometimes you just can't believe you couldn't walk more than 20 miles in any direction without being shot at. That's quite strange, and seems absurd.

"But people get so used to their situations. You have to, otherwise you would go mad living in a city like Berlin. Ideas built The Wall, though, as much as people; you have to remember that and try and translate it into something. Do I just feel pure and naked aggression when I look at The Wall, or do I try and understand it?"

Your music, especially on 'Trans Harmonic Nights', seems relatively at peace with the world though, even if its use of sometimes quite unorthodox structures, rhythms and harmonies creates a certain edge.

"Yes, it is peaceful, and that's what I like. But there is that certain tension inside it, against itself. But it certainly shouldn't leave tensions behind it. It should be 'rested' and 'resting' music. I'm much more interested in the background of people's minds and the balance there between positive and negative feelings."

Your music isn't strictly 'background' itself — unlike, say, Eno's 'Music For Airports' — so how ideally should it function?



Pic: Jiri Furmanovsky

Is it lazy music for lazy people?

"You know I wouldn't agree with that. The fact is that you have to do a lot of work and preparation to set up the machines, to get what you want out of them. They don't just run themselves — not at the moment. Sometimes, of course, musicians play like machines themselves, on many disco records for example. Now that is insulting to them more than anything else. You should use drum machines instead if that's what you want, an exact number of beats a minute.

"But there is music for entertainment, there is intellectual music, all kinds — I don't think you can say what the musician should do or how he should function. He must be honest, however, to himself and to his intentions. If he only wants to make a lot of money, then he should play the stock market instead and leave music alone.

"As for my own music, I don't think my role is very important because I'm not very well known. Also, my music is slowly freeing itself from conventions. I'm not a drummer, a melody guitarist or even much of a keyboard player — I'm much too slow — so I tend to use the instruments' possibilities in a different way, tend to combine sounds in ways that are perhaps unusual. In this sense, of course, my music is like much other European electronic music; it's much more (pause) spiritually than academically intellectual."

"It's not that I'm afraid of other people and don't want to communicate, but more that I feel sometimes in a mass consumer society it all gets so bad that even two people can't talk to each other anymore.

"Music can say things, of course. It's not concrete communication if it's instrumental, it's undefined. I don't give my pieces names so that people can picture something definite, only because I like naming them; there is a difference. But I think my music will communicate best of all if people hear it when they're alone. It's certainly not party music."

But will electronic music 'take over'?

"There are certainly so many possibilities. Tangerine Dream did what they did very well for a certain period, but that particular type of electronic music has, I feel, been explored to the limit. It was influential, but is no longer.

"There is also the real, classical electronic music, then there is electronic music as additional music, as a texture, then there is music like Cluster's, a delicate balance between natural and electronic sounds — so people are using different electronic sounds for very varied purposes."

Like Giorgio Moroder in disco?

"Yes, that is one example of electronics applied to popular music, although his use of them is very, very limited. Moroder is a most intelligent guy, but quite a lot of his stuff is absolutely terrible, very unimaginative in any real way."

"It's like most American musicians' use of synthesizers. They just say 'Here's an instrument, let's optimise what we can do with it'. So they never produce anything very solid or consequential, just end up imitating other instruments."

"The same applies to lasers. You can't just buy one and immediately make it a part of yourself or of your music. It takes a long time to understand the technology creatively and make it more than just a nice taste, the strawberry on top of the cake. You simply cannot go into a shop and buy that knowledge off the shelf, only the device itself."

"The biggest difference, of course, is that electronic sound can be made almost perfect in the end. Place one sound wave next to another and they're absolutely similar. People are unsure of things that perfect, that aren't human anymore. But that attitude seems to me to be wrong. Why not do things as well as you can? The sequencer can play any rhythms, many rhythms in fact that we can't play. But these rhythms exist."

"The main thing about electronic sound is that it makes people listen. That's why it must reach a wider audience as levels of acceptance grow. We'll see . . ."

We already are, and the old litany of the newer electronic music goes something like this: (in no particular order) Tangerine Dream, Froese, Baumann, Michael Rother and La Dusseldorf (both out of Neu!), Cluster, Klaus Schulze, Kraftwerk, Bowie, Eno, The Residents, The Human League, The Normal, Cabaret Voltaire, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Gary Numan, Telex, Moroder . . .

And so, fitfully, The Big Bleep begins. It's pop, rock, disco, all sorts, all ways. It won't simply 'disappear'. It will have to learn a lot more than it knows at the moment about the means and machines at its disposal. It will be flawed, fascinating, facile; it might even be fun. To be continued . . .

"Well, they said anything could happen."

SMIRNOFF

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Remember, whatever happens don't overdo it

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GROWN UP STRANGE



Psychedelic Furs by Paul du Noyer

FROM THE undergrowth, tangled and damp and dark, the secret place where no one ever goes... that's where they grew, and took their form, and awaited their hour. And now it's here, and here they come, closer, unstoppable. But don't be anxious. The Psychedelic Furs love you.

"I'm in love with Beautiful Chaos, I'm in love with Flowers...We Love You The Psychedelic Furs."

What are they on about? What am I on about?

We're talking about one of the best bands around; a band whose music never fails to send my imagination AWOL, wandering away in a dozen directions of speculation and daydream all at once. The Furs are a rich and heady mixture, inspiring and unpredictable.

But over to you, Butler Rep (not so much the singer as supplier of voice noises): "The history of the group is we're all from South or south of London. We played places like the Roxy two years ago under the name of The Psychedelic Furs, and when the whole punk thing started it just struck us as being really ridiculous. It was so negative. From the whole punk movement only a few statements stick in my mind — and they don't make sense."

"We were against that from the start, so we just decided to go out and call ourselves The Psychedelic Furs. The two words together just summed something up, without actually meaning anything. You feel something."

The band, in those early days, comprised essentially of Butler plus brother Tim on bass, with guitarist Roger Morris and saxophone player Duncan Kilburn. A second guitar was added at the start of this year, supplied by John Ashton, whilst the long, dispiriting search for a permanent drummer ended only recently with the addition of ex-Photon Vince Ely.

And so, through those two long years, the Furs' sound was nurtured in near-seclusion, hidden away from the daylight. It grew up strange.

And others grew curious. As the past months saw more intense activity, so Business interest was slowly aroused. Perhaps in a fit of post-Conference determination, desperate to invest in some of that developing talent they've hitherto missed, it was CBS who moved in first.

And that's why we're whiling away this sunny afternoon inside the CBS building. In another room upstairs, the ink's still drying on a bundle of just-signed contracts. And that's why The Psychedelic Furs are feeling in such an expansive mood — that, and the copious quantities of company grub and celebration booze presently getting consumed.

Smack, spiv-dupper John Ashton, looks at the spread, and ponders the corrupting potential of success.

"This is how it happens, isn't it? You can get fat and obsessed so quick."

Vince: "I think we've come to an upper-class doss-house."

It's true that CBS and the Furs make a surprising combination, with its only vague precedent being The Only Ones. I wondered if the band foresaw any problems in signing straight to such a major?

"I don't think it'll make any difference," says John.

"As for pressures," adds Butler, "they signed us for the material we're doing. The first single will either be 'We Love You' or 'Fall' and the first album is going to be the material we're doing now. So there's no pressure on us, we do it our way."

In fact they describe their deal as "low fee, high control", extending to the choice of producer Steve Lillywhite.

"Obviously we want as many people as possible to hear what we're doing and that's why we wanted a big company instead of a small one."

GIVEN our culture's present preference for re-cycling over creativity, it's hardly remarkable that we've already heard the first murmurings of 'psychedelic revival'. We'd better stress that the Furs won't be there.

It's absolutely nothing to do with us," John affirms. "We're definitely not a revivalist band."

Butler: "We're not taking any

notice of fashions or trends and we haven't done in the past. Otherwise we would have called ourselves The Razorblades or whatever when we played The Roxy. We haven't tried to foresee trends; we've just done what we felt."

"We are 'Psychedelic' in that we have the attitude that was going on in the '60s — with bands like Pink Floyd when they were experimental and starting out. It was infinitely

better than what happened in punk and we've thought that from the beginning."

"All that we're taking from the '60s is a basic attitude that people, individuals, should be inventive."

"We have an attitude in which we believe as a band that you go on with an instrument and try to be as inventive as you can, within certain structures. I think we're out on our own, apart from the bands coming

along recently like Scritti Politti that are taking the same attitude."

"And the same thing goes for the lyrics. It's just experimenting with different things to say all the time. Nothing you say is final. Nothing is the best you will ever do."

"There was a time when I used to go on with lots of make-up, and that was just being silly. At that time we didn't really know what we were doing, but now we've got much more workmanlike; we are basically trying to say something, and something which is positive."

"We're trying to do something that we haven't heard before... and it requires much more work. But it doesn't freeze — we're never gonna play it the same two nights running. This band will never be like that, and CBS might hate the fact but I don't care."

John again: "And it shouldn't just depend on the band's attitude, it's the people who come and see us that we feed off. What do you feel about it, Duncan?"

"I'm falling off my chair," reports the saxophonist.

YES, BUT what are they like? Well it's The Velvet

Underground who spring to mind quickest, not least because of the band's apparent fondness for that 'Waiting For The Man' riff, although drummer Vince suggests The Stooges as a closer Parallel.

It's a very linear sound; it keeps steady and goes straight ahead. It's warm and romantic, in a mysteriously dark kind of way, and yet can flick around to show a face that's cold and foreboding.

Lined up in the gloom, the band seem disciplined and detached. Of the musicians, only Duncan Kilburn assumes occasional prominence as he provides the all-pervading sax, softening the guitarists' abrasive attack but strengthening the total effect — which is powerful at the same time as it's insinuating.

Butler, meanwhile, commands the visuals with a seemingly effortless elegance. Nearly ragged, but contrivedly stylish with it, the frontman strikes out his ground with studied indifference.

An impulsive performer, almost sullen, and facially rather like John Lydon (whom he admires and likes but thankfully never tries to ape), Butler considers his voice as "a sixth instrument" and he's keen to play down the importance of his role — either as focal point or, through his lyrics, as bearer of any group 'message'.

And it's true that I've always found the Furs' music more than rich in emotional content, even though I couldn't hear the words. It's also clear, nevertheless, that he takes his lyrics seriously — evidenced at our second meeting some days later when he presented me with a clutch of neatly transcribed compositions.

They're anything but bland: fantastical and elaborately venomous outpourings like 'We Love You' — a bizarre and sarcastic litany of bitterness — or 'Fall' or 'Flowers' or 'Pulse'. Or the compelling 'Sister Europe'.

Or the most fascinating piece of all, 'Imitation Of Christ' — the title suggested by an Andy Warhol film rather than Kempis' classic text of medieval Catholic piety. But the song is a savage attack on the religious mind. Blasphemous, but gorgeous in its imagery and instantly reminding me of Jean Genet (the 'Jean Genet' himself), it's the song which audiences seem to feel closest to: processional and decadent.

"Really, it's about a lollipop lady in Finsbury Park," explains Vince Ely.

"It's impossible to move this group in any one direction," Butler Rep concludes.

"It's like a stew," says Vince. "You gotta keep stirring it or it'll burn." And John, poetically: "It's like water — it flows. It happens — it goes."

Consider us gone.



Above (L-R): John Ashton, Duncan Kilburn, Roger Morris, Tim Butler, Vince Ely, Butler Rep.

Pix: Chris Horler.



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BLONDIE
Eat To The Beat (Chrysalis)
BLONDIES have more fun. They also sometimes sell more records. This puts our subject in a rather invidious position.

The temptation to sneer at Blondie's rise from trash pop pariahs to bona fide teenybop idols has not been widely resisted. That's what you get for making it all look so easy.

The fact that Blondie are merely fulfilling the fantasy they were first rooted in has been widely overlooked. They make good singles, it is grudgingly acknowledged. They make albums that contain good singles; that will be bought by many and remembered mostly for the singles.

This is no exception. Come Christmas, with by then perhaps two more hits to their name, grandparents all over the country will enter record shops and say that name. Blondie are that close to being a genuine pop phenomenon.

I don't want to belittle their labours by harping on the phenomenon's foremost aspects, but it's hard not to. As an album, *'Eat To The Beat'* ranks ahead of its immediate predecessors — a varied, rounded, more confident display of the things they do well and the things they insist on doing regardless.

But as a rock band Blondie cut little ice. Catching them live on their first tour supporting Television proved a big mistake. Debbie Harry's frail presence could hardly even front an army of toy soldiers, never mind a live jiving rock division (should she have one to front). But it's just this presence that's been exploited so well in other ways. Her slight voice, too timid for rock, has the perfect coy quality for pop, especially the pop Mike Chapman



Whole worlds yet to conquer, etc — Debbie Harry pauses to pose before taking San Francisco.

Little myth muffs it

produces.

That his brand of guileless teeny pop (Mud, Suzi Quatro... just we forget) is back might have been anticipated. All part of the richly disposable tapestry of the early '70s that feels uncannily near right now. If The Knack are The Sweet, Gary Numan is David Bowie, Spitz might yet be Marc Bolan, and even Sparks are back in the charts, then what can that make Blondie? Who cares? It's a silly game anyway. All I know is the cover of *'Eat To The Beat'* already looks like a page in *Smash Hits*. So, let's forget

the thesis and take a stroll around the contents. They assimilate quickly. The title track, 'Victor' and 'Accidents Never Happen' follow the band's infatuation with modish rock, not the most rewarding avenue. The first four cuts lead straight to the heart of their appeal.

'Dreaming', the single, adds the lit of 'Sunday Girl' to the rumble of 'X Offender', but what Richard Gottehrer made sound like a roller-rink Chapman adapts for an English church hall youth club disco.

'The Hardest Part', redolent of early Bowie / Alomar collaborations, replays their favourite cold war foreign movie theme in stop-frame bursts.

'The hardest part of the armoured guard. The man of steel behind the steering wheel. Need to feel some hardened steel,' she squeals. Bear in mind that Lois Lane is in fact a brunette.

'Union City Blue' is another 'Sunday Girl' or 'Presence Dear' relating to the movie *Union City* that Debbie stars in, while 'Shyla' is pure dream candy; the cotton-wool sound

of 'Going Back' as once rendered by Dusty Springfield.

The first four cuts on the other side find the Blondies at play: throwaway reggae ('Die Young Stay Pretty'), some obvious Motown locomotion ('Slow Motion'), a throwaway kullabys ('Sound Asleep'), and a commercial fail-safe Euro-disco extension of something you may well have heard somewhere before.

If you're planning a move to Tibet then by all means buy this album, but if not you're going to hear the best of it in

the circumstances best suited to it anyway.

One more thing. Debbie Harry has a past that belies her glossy image, and that disturbs certain people. But she's never tried to hide it, and I like her for that.

As (I'm not) 'Living In The Real World' (no more), the Britpunk sprint that finishes the album attests, she's not quite what popular myths have assigned, and Jayne Mansfield sealed, about du ... (oops) blondes. Her tongue is pretty certainly in her cheek.

Paul Rambali



FRANK ZAPPA
Joe's Garage (CBS)
RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON
Sunnyvista (Chrysalis)

ROCK and roll survives on an illusion of dynamism built upon critical inertia, upon endlessly repeated truths such as the oft-heard oppositions of 'old / new wave' and 'fun / serious' music.

Such 'turn of phrase' provide the basic positions for current beat music conversation. Their connotation becomes richer with every use, and the metaphor solidifies until it becomes reality itself.

Here before us are two examples of the complacency and conservatism which permeate the 'scene', man. Examples of the way in which the rock media rules and divides, where complacent musics are matched by complacent critics who do damn all to sort out what's actually going on beneath the thin gloss of fashionable, industrial turnover.

Whether a music is old,

new, hip, whether it's relatively Raymond Chandler, Elvis Costello, Meatloaf or Sham 69, what gets paid attention to is strictly *style*, because *style* produces the acceptable illusion of a character: the hard-boiled individualist using their limited powers against a social system they don't fully understand. We don't look at production, but merely the product.

Thus to hard-boiled Frank Zappa, who has successfully turned his career into a music (rather than the usual vice versa) and who continues to release every last stretch of studio time foolery with the kind of calculated post-'60s hip capitalistic zeal he will still insist in making a big deal out of lampooning.

For years he's survived on a reputation for challenging and confronting standard middle-class institutions and repressions, whilst promoting and playing off the same. Like that other popular middle-American satirist, Woody Allen, he's a supreme illustration of someone of moderate talents elevated into mass fame via the cult of the individual and safe public consumption of the self-satisfied diarist's skits on affluent, arty life.

'Joe's Garage' is yet another Zappa as grand narrator pseudo-opera, him sneering on our shoulders for want of 'serious' acceptance, ho ho. Always wanting to be a modern little 'composer' but

carrying on carrying on his cynical socio-cultural sniggersnigger ringmaster persona to its tiresome limits.

'Joe's Garage' has it all: sick new backup band, mouldy old modal guitar solos, jokes about oral sex, VD, groupies, heavy metal bands, conspiracy plots — everything you never wanted to hear but knew Zappa would tell you about just the same, just like he's done for a decade or more. Zappa has now settled completely into this career of re-packaging the '60s for those folks insecure enough to need them, and need to believe that they don't.

But the in-jokery has gotten beyond the worst pale of self-parody. Who cares to look beyond such tracks as 'Why Does It Hurt When I Pee?', 'Catholic Girls', or 'Wet T Shirt Nite' to find out whether legs are being pulled, moustaches drawn. Dadaism revived, the 'truth' about American society revealed?

Such talk of truth leads nicely to the Islamic Thompsons, via a remark of Nietzsche's to the effect that truth is nothing but the solidification of old metaphors. Because the truth about 'Sunnyvista' is that it must contain just about every metaphor — both musical and lyrical — that they've ever used before. 'Sunnyvista' is a mixture of all Thompson's old, weak, workingman's weak songs, love and loneliness songs and Life itself songs that could have



Pic by Chester Simpson

Richard & Linda Thompson at home

Sheiksummaction

been released under the Richard and Linda Thompson name any time in the past five years.

Circa 'I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight' and 'Hokey Pokey' the Thompsons started to take elements of folk music — its realistic, class-conscious humour and gloom — and translate it into a modern idiom. The resultant mix of myth and modern muse was a refreshing respite from rock's normal

sick-making fantasy worlds.

Unfortunately Thompson has but stuck to his words. You still get Linda crooning world-weary Brechtflair in bed 'n' breakfast land alienation toons ('Lonely Hearts', 'Sisters'), the token nice jigs ('Saturday Rolling Around', 'You're Going To Need Somebody') and Richard The Visionary ('Civilisation', 'Justice In The Streets'). The same formal, musical and linguistic constructions crop

up that have cropped up in the past. The same metaphors (anyone for 'took to the highway to find some relief?') for the same topics for the same voices.

'All across the nation, it's civilisation'?

At least Rasta has unpredictable dub going for it when it comes to dividing things into Heavens and Haves. Bloody hell!

Ian Penman

Mod...



Scooter boys keep swinging.

THE WHO & VARIOUS ARTISTES Quadrophenia Soundtrack (Polydor)

THE original Mod movement barely touched my life, and my most vivid memories of that brief era are of violence and fashion — especially violence with the battles on the south coast being reported with gutter thirstiness by the gutter press.

But then, all my memories consist of faded newspaper articles, and like so many other kids not living in a large city or the south of England, the Mod thing was unreal, frightening and just a little bewildering. Obviously music was a secondary, usually incidental aspect to the movement, and besides The Who and The Small Faces I can't remember one other British band that represented the genre.

Mod now has evolved — as most second generation fashions do, and as it did with the Teddyboys several years ago — into a style that focuses on music rather than the totems of youth tribalism. And that has more significance as a rock 'n' roll culture, because the '60s Mod movement, obsessed with fashion and posing, tripped deliriously into the transparently euphoric and superficial silliness of the Swinging '60s.

Ironically, The Who's 'Quadrophenia' music has very little in common with Mod '79; nor is it (just to get the record straight) responsible for it. For that you have to thank The Jam, because most revivals (R&B in the '60s with the Stones and The Animals) are usually triggered by an intermediary.

Instead, 'Quadrophenia' (the soundtrack album) is a timely anachronism: brutish early '70s rock 'n' roll aimed at the hard rock market of the time. And although Jimmy just happened to be a Mod (but more importantly he was the Universal Malcontent), Townshend decided not to revive the musical atmosphere of that era. If only he had...

Presumably he recently had second thoughts on that matter, because the only new material of this set — 'Get Out And Stay Out', 'Four Faces' and 'Joker James' — is reminiscent of their '60s pop; except it's not classic stuff, just beauty and bland, proving that trying to put a snatch of history in a bubble is as futile as trying to bottle a fart.

Obviously these three cuts are an addition to the theme for the sake of the film, and in that context the whole package may work. As an album it is a failure.

The original songs from the 1973 'Quadrophenia' (some of them remixed and overdubbed, particularly evident on 'The Real Me' and 'Love Reign O'er Me') are only selected highlights, hacked out of the original double album and reduced to one. Needless to say, making sense of any theme is difficult, although flashes of the philosophy are hugely successful on 'I'm One', '5.15', 'I've Had Enough' and 'Doctor Jimmy'; and the manifestation of Jimmy's 'quadrophenia', agonisingly detailed in 'The Real Me', remains a Who classic.

Side three comprises the three new songs, the ironic prophetic 'The Punk And The Godfather', an excellent, brittle R&B 'Hi Heel Sneakers' by Cross Section, and dragged out of the archives, 'Zoot Suit' by The High Numbers (Who? Precisely) which sounds more like the early Hollies than Townshend and Co.

Side four is seven predictable 'classic' songs from the original Mod era, and it's interesting that of all the music on 'Quadrophenia' (barring 'Zoot Suit' and 'Hi Heel Sneakers'), they are the only songs that reflect those days. Yet a look at the list — 'Night Train' by James Brown, notable for the sax rather than JB's voice; 'Louie Louie' by The Kingsmen; Booker T And The MGs' 'Green Onions'; The Ronettes' 'Be My Baby'; 'Da Doo Ron Ron' by The Crystals; the awful 'Rhythm Of The Rain' from The Cascades and The Chiffons' 'He's So Fine' — suggests Mod listening was

Rob Halford and do-it-yourself bozo kit.



...Odd

JUDAS PRIEST Unleashed In The East (CBS)

WHAT is this thing called Judas Priest? A heavy metal band? Who says? If this is really Judas Priest live they'd be hard pushed to get down and boogie at the Senior Citizens bring and buy. As far as hard rock bands go, Judas Priest don't. They're not novices, they're non-starters.

Priest's work is so artless it's embarrassing. They have no image to speak of, save the tacky 'On Your Feet' routine which they dare to assume they originated, and Rob Halford's stupid bike which he obviously can't even ride without falling into the nearest camera pit. Real class, huh?

Back of Halford there's the usual polite formula, two blokes on over-amplified axes spewing out regurgitated, racist and rusty riffs copped from some old Zeppelin abortion, a bass player whose place could be taken by a machine — except that they can't programme machines to be so dumb — and a drummer rejoicing under the moniker of Binks. Les Binks to be precise.

For this record the hapless Priest got to be taken to Japan where they 'unleashed' their black country rock on the nearest tame audience. The J.P. songbook itself is the kind of ignorant dreck that Deep Purple at their worst would have been ashamed to claim. Titles like 'Exciter', 'Sinner' and the extremely tasteless 'Ripper' (which surely wouldn't go down too well in certain areas of Yorkshire right now).

The only funny thing about Judas Priest is their wilful naivety. They can actually go to Japan and sing a song called 'Genocide', or a song which includes specific references to nuclear flash fires. They are so stumped for cheap thrills that they'll dredge up an inane old chestnut like 'The Green Manalishi' or interpret Joan Baez' 'Diamonds and Rust' in their inimitably brainless manner.

Everything about this record is awkward and irrelevant. From the sub-standard and shockingly macho lyrics, where men are invincible super-heroes and women don't actually exist (aren't we twiggung summat here?), right down to the didactic, consume-this-rubbish mentality of the packaging, where-in they are already advertising a 1980 tour and sundry pieces of revolting band merchandise.

It isn't even that I find the entire genre nauseating and outdated — there are countless examples of good, unsuitable or not, hard rock bands that spring to mind who immediately trash the Priesthood out of sight. As for the tired argument that Priest and their ilk are harmless, cathartic, if they hadn't existed someone would have had to invent them, etc — well, I don't believe it. Whatever the intentions, the results are atrocious and outmoded.

Maybe Rob Halford at al don't respect their audience any less than John Lydon and crew, perhaps their antics are no more reprehensible than the majority of bad punk or mod that constitutes the public diet — but that isn't the point.

There is no excuse for the mediocrity and condescension contained within these grooves and, with records at their currently absurd prices, you'd be a fool to yourself if you gave these people your money. Stay at home and insult your own intelligence. It's a lot cheaper and much more fun.

Max Bell

conservative. It was not.

Clearly the 'Quadrophenia Soundtrack' is not meant to be assessed by the normal criteria and should not be considered as a separate entity to the film. But when you're forced the whole Mod business — stills from the film and definitions of the

term 'Mod-ism' and 'Quadrophenia' — it's difficult to treat it in any other way.

And I can only conclude with two new definitions: 'Mod-ism' — an aphorism for making money'; 'Quadrophenia: n., four ways of making more money'

Tony Stewart

Artistic...



Colin Newman in warm human pose.

WIRE 159 (Harvest)

WIRE were from the very outset a conceptually intriguing collective, even though they bristled with a potential that was all too often offset by niggling pretensions. A daunting experience when it first appeared, the debut 'Pink Flag' album matched bruisingly concise lyrical sketches against unadorned punk rock minimalism to disarming effect.

The second album, 'Chairs Missing', made worthy attempts to expand musical frontiers, but fell foul of that ledge separating art from artifice, causing the group to nosedive as often as not into the murky precincts of the latter. Wire had established from the first their statement of intent. Dread, chaos and derangement were the topics they insisted upon with an icy and often humourless precision. Yet much of what 'Flag' had achieved, 'Chairs' eroded. That Wire had reached an aesthetic stalemate was the temporary verdict.

Obviously the third album was of paramount importance — and with '159' Wire have delivered a fearsome punch that instantly moves them back into the forefront of rock's new music vanguard. Which isn't to say Wire have returned to the minimalism of 'Pink Flag'. Quite the opposite in fact. Like 'Chairs Missing', '159' makes much use of synthesizers and all manner of electronic jiggerypokery, but far more effectively; indeed, the most apt parallel would be with the Bowie/Eno trilogy of albums — yet even that doesn't do Wire justice. Whereas Bowie and Eno often used 'effects' for their own sake when they collaborated, Wire use them more forcefully and perceptively, to orchestrate and embellish their songs.

Certainly '159' is as much producer Mike Thorpe's triumph as it is Wire's. Responsible for all keyboards and synthesizer work, Thorpe turns the often spartan ensemble Wire sound into a vividly sharp, ear-straining assemblage.

Thus on a song like 'Two People In A Room', the music and lyrics coalesce as one as each stanza describes in microscopic detail the facial and mental movements of its two occupants, all this whilst a relentless throb is punctuated by a harsh, heart-pulsing drumbeat.

Similarly on 'The Other Window' bassist Graham Lewis' doomy monotone casually relates an incident that befalls an unknown traveller in transit on an express train. At first the music lacks form, but then suddenly catches hold of an unsettling flow as the traveller suddenly sees from his window a horse tangled in barbed wire — 'the more it struggled / the more it was strangled' — and the music surges accordingly to a hideous screeching crescendo of tortuous choral howls.

Whilst on 'Pink Flag' Wire used a deceptively simple brusqueness to force home the brutal manipulations of their vision, '159' uses orchestrated electronics to achieve the same effect with far more gruelling precision. Twisted emotional situations are dissected throughout as these same electronic embellishments squirm and howl in massed displays of distinctly uneasy listening.

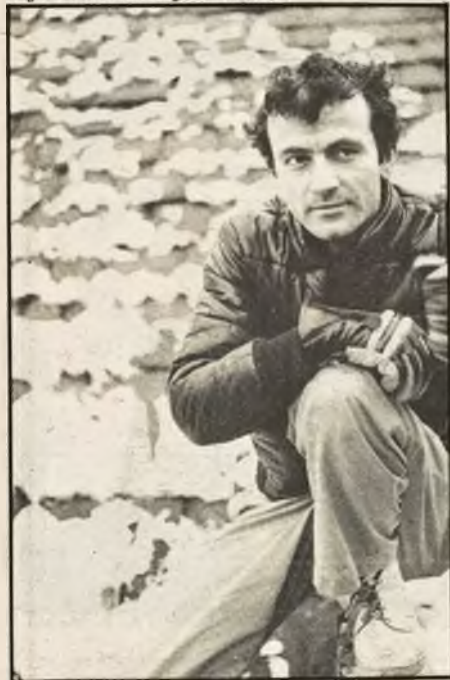
As harrowing as this record is in parts, a track like 'Map Reference' is gorgeously invigorating, spiralling up and away on the multiple textures of Wire and Thorpe's arrangements. Likewise 'The 15th' has a subtle, uplifting melodic quality, which perversely contradicts the lyrical content.

Ultimately '159' is not easily categorised; there's much too much going on, many too many layers of feeling transmuted into music here. A glib conclusion would be all too easy: '159' as the thinking man's Gary Numan, or '159' as the album Bowie really wanted to make when he and Eno worked on what became 'Lodger'.

'159' simply makes 95 percent of the competition look feeble. Don't go for anything less.

Nick Kent

Hugh Cornwell freezing out the world.



Pic: Pennie Smith

Dread-Up...



Pauline & the soliloquy technique.

Pic: Pennie Smith

PENETRATION Coming Up For Air (Virgin)

THE beat goes on, but debate doesn't.

The kind of rocky romanticism which Penetration play and personify (Buzzcocks are good at it, too) stresses product and not production: it doesn't matter where it comes from, what it thinks it's on about, what it's aiming for. Pop writers would have us believe in such a rose-tinted, isolated world, but the fact is that the Penetration we love, loathe or are indifferent to is produced by a certain use of language, a complex production.

It suits the market — and so you have your 'innocent' Penetration, your 'work well within limits' Penetration, your modern young people 'Coming Up For Air' Penetration and so on down until all that finally sticks is the illusion, the tune, the content.

Penetration have taken it upon themselves to release a second long player, 'Coming Up For Air', which is rather similar to their first, 'Danger Signs'. It's a perky, cuddly, idyllic little communique, there's little if any interference, uncertainty, or revision.

A comprehensible cacophony. Ambiguous, mysterious connotations (*soul, doubt, lost, finding your way, tortured, curtains...*). Jare sown throughout such songs as 'Challenge', 'On Reflection', 'Shout Above The Noise', 'Killed In The Rush', each one the opening for a narrative code, for the Penetration code. Whole songs are built around hollow phrases, half truths, half-traps (*'Come into the open, there's nothing left to hide'*) which really seem to mean very little.

Pauline Murray sighs and whispers and screams (with the same intonation and phrasing she always seems to use) through song after song of tepid impressionistic poetry: *'We'll take whatever comes 'cos we're not afraid of dying.'* and *'Clutching at too many straws and waiting for fortune'*, and so forth.

Each word and group of words, aligned with the mannered Blue Oyster Cult-ish musical emphasis of Messrs. Floyd (guitar), Purser (guitar), Blamire (bass), and Smallman (drums), reverberate with other and similar ones, opening onto a limitless and simultaneously limited perspective of empty fragments, of voices from other songs, other codes — e.g., one can hear Grace Slick... and so on.

And if one more grown up person turns to me and says, oh come on, it's only rock 'n' roll. I just swear I'll kill em.

Ian Penman

joke which sounds like an afterthought for 'Euroman Cometh' (only here the galactic invaders cometh) — the obligatory Gothic workout *a la* 'In The Shadows', with sub-Tubeway Army 'eerie' electronics — and 'Genetik', a warning against scientists 'playing God', the best part of which is the bass solo.

Well, you have to expect these 'tolerance testers' — it's The Stranglers' way of showing they haven't sold out.

Still, on the side of the angels we have the lush, oddly '60s-ish single 'Duchess', the previously admired 'Don't Bring Harry',

the really excellent title track 'The Raven' (classic Stranglers in the Nordic mould of 'Toiler On The Sea'), Burnell's insidious 'Ice' and Cornwell's best singing performance 'Baroque Bordello'.

No one could accuse The Stranglers of currying friends. This album quite deliberately shows them in all their lights, from jubebox pop to unlistenable new age techno-rock, from subtle power to wilful ugliness.

Will The Stranglers ever make an unflawed album? Will Jean Jacques Burnell take up riding a Moped?

Phil McNeill

Charlie Harper takes down the reviewer's name.



Pic: Neil Anderson

...Dredged Up

U.K. SUBS Another Kind Of Blues (Gem)

U.K. SUBS are a punk group: their thump and bellow is a patented example of what got stuck in the filter after the prototypes moved on. As appetising as the tea-bag left to dry on the saucer, 'Another Kind Of Blues' demonstrates with a piercing clarity the extent to which one year's revolution becomes just another of the next year's stylistic options.

To reiterate the obvious: what was once a gigantic leap of the imagination and a rejection of the past is now just another choice available to young consumers with an urge to join a tribe, and U.K. Subs are as much an off-the-peg item as anything else you can buy.

'Another Kind Of Blues' comprises 17 hoarse tirades, one of which was an appealing single ('Stranglehold'), one of which is currently masquerading as one ('Tomorrow's Girls') and one of which would be one if somebody released it as such.

['Crash Course']. The 14 green lumps which remain are the usual stuff which results when chaps endowed with more enthusiasm than imagination attempt to rework the simpler bits of the first Clash album.

The title is, one supposes, vaguely conceptual. Lead singer Charlie Harper blows a bit of harmonica (which bit I'm not sure) here and there to commemorate the fact that he and guitarist Nick Garratt used to be in an R&B group once, and the song 'TV Blues' (about the distressing effect that video-gogging has on the young) is followed by another simply entitled 'Blues' (about the circular objects you swallow when you want to be the most irritable and paranoid person in the room).

This amusing little conceit is completed by the blue vinyl on which the album is pressed and the predominantly blue motif adopted on the cover.

'Another Kind Of Blues' should be highly prized by collectors of punk ephemera in years to come, and its value and notoriety will be primarily based on its rarity.

Charles Shaar Murray

DOLLAR BRAND QUARTET Africa Tears And Laughter (Enja)

WANNA hear some roots music? The trouble with all this 'Back To Africa' jive is that it's hard to take from some musicians who may not have been any nearer to The Homeland than the travel agency window.

But the real thing does happen to be around. This is South African pianist Dollar Brand's fifth LP for Enja and it's a good encapsulation of his work to date, with signposts for the future too. Given excellent support from Talib Qadr (saxes), Greg Brown (bass) and John Betsch (drums), Dollar aka Abdullah Ibrahim chops his way through a massively diverse set.

From the top: 'Tsakve' opens and close, brisk, shiny vignettes with the leader on soprano gelling nice 'n' easy with Qadr. 'The Perfumed Forest Wet With Rain' is an ecstatic piano solo, tranquility and strength merged into an

intoxicating whole. The reflective chords of 'Did You Hear That Sound?' are pummelled by Qadr's searching soprano in a performance similar to latter-day McCoy Tyner.

'Liberation Dance' is just that, rolling thunder on the keys — 'When Tarzan meets the Liberator Fighter' sez Dollar. Funkier than anything dulleads like Stanley Clarke come up with, 'Imam' has Qadr's alto skittering over Betsch's rush of snare and cymbals. 'Ishmael' will divide the house, opens with reedy sax voicings lending an almost Egyptian timbre to the theme, then a long vocal section underpinned by a persistent bass riff.

Alternatively joyous and pleading it could mesmerise or induce yawns. I was enthralled, maybe you too. There's some deliciously emotional music here, 'cos Dollar's recipe makes for a heady brew. The secret is that the man gives his all every time. Tears and laughter indeed.

Richard Cook

...Schmartistic

THE STRANGLERS

The Raven (United Artists)
HERE comes the new mutation, same as the old mutation. Insults aimed at foreign parts and politicians; romantic myth-making with a hint of sadism and huge dollops of unrepentant crassness; lascivious predictions of a heartless future; tongue-in-cheek horror stories and the merest whiff of that old-time machismo...

Familiar themes played to familiar tunes. 'The Raven' isn't likely to win The Stranglers any new converts; lyrically, to a deceptive extent, and musically this is an introspective album.

And it's the music that counts. For all their image-making and pontificating, when it comes to the grocery bills The Stranglers are plain old everyday rock 'n' roll stars: music's what they're selling. And in spite of the single success of 'Duchess', 'The Raven' is pretty much hard rock soft sell, not necessarily for fans only, but there aren't many songs us pop kids can sing along with.

Developing the direction of the ground-breaking 'Black And White' album, most of 'The Raven' consists of riffular modules. Drop the stylus at any point and you hit on a tightly woven four- or eight-bar pattern of skillfully interlocking riffs. This is The Stranglers' forte; they've honed it to an art form. All four are melodic yet regimented players, and they paste their parts together with a designer's flair.

Predominantly at mid-tempo — there's nothing with the adrenalin drive of 'Tank', 'Sweden' or 'Robots', or the brutality of 'Death And Night And Blood' — Black, Burnell, Greenfield and Cornwell construct masterly meshes of cleanly separated lines, circling, complementing, overlapping.

Hugh Cornwell is particularly impressive. Such an unassuming guitarist, he above all has come light years from his scratchy beginnings. Every time you pick him up he's playing something unexpected, and on the rare occasions he plays a real 'solo' his touch is surprisingly delicate. His contribution to 'Don't Bring Harry' is an

obvious stand-out. The album's most unusual track — a dolorous Bradburysque nightmare tale featuring what sounds like Burnell singing in the style of 'Perfect Day' Lou Reed — it's illuminated by two long, crying guitar lines that might almost be called beautiful.

Dave Greenfield, too — the anonymous gent whose keyboards have shaped The Stranglers' sound since their inception — has taken his Manzarek clone beginnings and allied them with an increasingly intelligent use of multiple instruments until he's come to justify his voted position as rock's top keyboard player — not the most versatile or technical, but the best. He's not afraid of discord but doesn't use it for effect; nor does he exploit the mechanistic, impersonal sounds at his disposal for easy atmosphere — he's a keyboard player, and as such puts the burgeoning hordes of synthesizer modernists right in their place.

Unfortunately, though, the songs don't always match up to the playing. In the way that a good midfield covers up for its forwards' lack of firepower, several duff songs are rescued by the ensemble's instrumental aplomb. Strangely enough, the cases in point are the 'international' songs, all of them musical throwaways: the brooding 'Dead Loss Angeles' (*'The plastic peaches there/On concrete beaches there/You see the leeches there/They're soft marshmallow there/It's all so shallow there...'*), 'Shah Shah A Go Go' (The Stranglers sum up Iran and come out with the thumbs down for Shah and Ayatollah alike), and Burnell's indecipherable anti-Aussie rant 'Nuclear Device', which doesn't cut it musically at all. It's the one track where JJ's grunty bass style infects the whole song rather than, as elsewhere, providing a hard platform for the others' more ethereal licks.

There are in fact two other really awful tracks. Sensibly, they're stuck away at the end of side two, ghettoised like the 'black' side of 'Black And White', and I've deliberately exempted them from all previous comments.

The cuts you probably won't ever play are 'Meninblack', a one-play black

Swimmers In The Seamless Sea (Boney M fake waves)

you hear me? ME! ME! Those schwartzes are mere puppets to my will! MY WILL!" instead of chuckling quietly and going on day trips to visit his money.

Maybe he resents the fact that the public would rather buy four attractive blacks than one nondescript German. Anyway, let's all give Frank a big cheer for being so talented and move on to the record, which follows the formula of heavy-metal riffs played on a variety of instruments over disco beats around-carolling vocals on a combination of new constructs and oldies. This time, Farian and his crew revisit Sam and Dave's 'Hold On I'm Comin' (Precious Wilson takes a lead vocal on this one that demonstrates that she needs to do little more than exhale gently to blow Barrett and Michell clear into the next county) and The Beatles' 'Two Of Us'.

For the rest, there's the Cosmic Mundanity of the title track (all vocals by Farian), inane tributes to imaginary folk heroes ('El Lute' is about a Guevaroid politico-bandit and 'No More Chain Gang' is a European fantasy about black convicts) and romantic guff for *Seaside Special*.

Farian's gotten a few good tracks out of the Boney M operation as well as a few awful ones, and 'Oceans Of Fantasy' is more of the same. As seamless as tapoca, 'Oceans Of Fantasy' is as harmlessly boring an album as anyone could possibly desire.

Charles Shaar Murray

CONGOS Congos (CBS Import)

THE Congos' first album, the Lee Perry-produced 'Heart Of The Congos', was released at the beginning of last year on Scratch's Black Ark label. In the finest tradition of Burning Spear and Augustus Pablo, it was a true roots album and remains one of the all-time classic reggae albums, rivalling Max Romeo's 'War In A Babylon' and Junior Murvin's 'Police And Thieves' as landmark works from Scratch's Washington Gardens studios.

But since Scratch's presence was so vital to that album, would The Congos be rendered as artistically emasculated as Romeo, for example, had been when trying to flow up up 'Babylon' without The Upsetter at the controls?

No — such fears were unjustified. A single, 'Music Maker', was released two or three months ago and was produced by The Congos themselves, who had by this time been joined by one Watty Burnett whose voice now links with Roy Johnson's behind the remarkable lead of Cedric Myton. Even without Perry, the single still showed the mystic hills tradition to be intact.

The new album indicates new strengths. The Congos are in fact signposting the path into the '80s for that long lineage of Jamaican male vocal trios which has its roots in the '60s, in the original



"Er, I think I swim and sink..." Boney pix by Paul Cox

Walters and Heptones, who in turn had theirs in American soul and gospel acts.

With great tenderness, and at times assisted by Culture's Joseph Hill, the New Age harmonies of Johnson and Burnett provide a supple soundscape behind and around Myton's religiously sensual lead tones.

There are eight songs here. 'Youth Man', 'Thief In The Vineyard', 'Days Chasing Days' — these and others are anthems, no more and no less than spiritually based warnings and protest. Even so, although only two of them ('Jackpot' and 'Nana', which uses the 'Music Maker' rhythm) don't refer directly to

Jah, 'Congos' avoids becoming trapped within any hectoring, finger-wrapping.

Unlike on the Scratch-produced LP with its ghetto-logical wall of system sound, the vocals and instruments are paid much greater specific attention here, though never to the detriment of the total. Standouts include the lyrical purity of Willie Lindo's guitar beneath the harmonies of 'Jackpot', pianist Keith Sterling's jazzy trills on 'Days Chasing Days' and the omnipresent hardness of Santa's drums.

This is a great record. I do hope CBS gave The Congos a decent deal.

Chris Salewicz

BONEY M Oceans Of Fantasy (Atlantic/Hansa)

VANITY, I fear, finally gets the better of all of us.

Even Frank Farian, as shy and retiring a talented Teut as anyone could want as an associate, has succumbed to the need to be recognised for each and everyone of his multitalented contributions to the latest Boney M epic. For the first time, a Boney M album bears track-by-track credits alongside a huge photo of Farian and his musicians and engineers, emblazoned with the legend "The Fifth Member Of Boney M!"

Well now. Judging from the vocal credits, Farian is also the third and fourth members of Boney M, since only Liz Mitchell and Marcia Barrett actually appear on the records alongside Farian himself (come on, you didn't think the dancing chap with the funny haircut actually sang, did you?) doing the deep vocals and special guest star Precious Wilson weighing in on the lead and backings.

It is no kind of surprise that Farian chooses this method of record-making (after all, it's as time-honoured a pop technique as the threatening phone call). What is surprising is that he's chosen to admit it, to scream "It was all me, do

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Cars:
Rezillos:
Sister Sledge:
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Tubeway Army:
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Van Morrison:
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Carly Simon:
Eagles: One of These Nights. Greatest Hits. Hotel California
Neil Young: Harvest. Rust Never Sleeps. After the Goldrush
Fleetwood Mac:
James Taylor:
George Benson:
Van Halen:
Doobie Brothers:
Rod Stewart:

Bread:
Yes:
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Rickie Lee Jones
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Led Zeppelin II. Led Zeppelin IV
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Best of Carly Simon
Fleetwood Mac. Rumours
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CHEAP TRICK

Dream Police (Epic)

BRIEFLY, this is the fifth time in four years that Cheap Trick have vented their prodigious energies. 'Dream Police' was made before 'Live At The Budokan' made Cheap Trick the new wave band for Americans who don't like new wave, but after they'd tasted Japan's infamous pubescent infatuation. It fits in with the vector of a band sufficiently convinced of their worth to maintain the need to push a little harder.

If you like Cheap Trick, it's very much an alchemical reaction. Their transmutation of base elements of The Who (circa 'Who's Next'), The Beatles (circa the 'White Album') and The Move (circa Roy Wood) into platinum pleases some, and angers others. It's all so safe and reactionary, goes the argument, that they actively court mass success must, of course, be held against them. That they're going to get it, of course, makes them utterly trivial in the grander scheme of things.

What rot. Cheap Trick ask to be taken for no more than what they are: a loud, witty, confusing rock band whose redolence of certain rock icons comes from the same place as PIL's of Can and The Undertones of The Ramones.

One listen to 'Dream Police' scuppers the notion that Cheap Trick merely mix 'n' match the last decade's songbook. Jai Winding's strings on the title track explore Townshend's combinations with the synthesiser, and as for 'Voices', they excuse themselves from its maudlin commercialism by claiming it to be a 'tribute' to a former Beatle (no prizes for guessing which). Otherwise — well, can you name another band who could conceive a song like 'The House Is Rocking With Domestic Problems'? You can't.

That trick of pairing words of ruinous psychological trauma with crass, raucous

Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen adds cheap slick to non-cheap auto



Pic by Mike Laye

(No More) Fear Of Fame

bubblegum hard-rock they don't pull so often any more — which severely subtracts from the scope of their appeal. And when they do pull it, it still comes off a deal more lightly than the crated examples on their first album. 'The House Is Rocking', excepted, the stuff of 'Dream Police' is far less fraught. Cheap Trick have long long since come in from the fringes.

They rock and they roll and they relax a lot during takes. 'Dream Police' is a slight piece of paranoia, as is, supposedly, 'Voices'. On 'Gonna Raise Hell' and 'I Know What I Want' Robin Zander turns his fluid adept voice to playing the teenage demento, though 'Raise Hell' and also 'Need Your Love', closing the two sides, are really just rambling showstoppers that create serious huffs in Cheap Trick's recorded attack. On 'Writing On The Wall' Rick Nielsen recklessly blows his own trumpet, whilst sparing his

guitar for 'The House Is Rocking'.

Cheap Trick's albums have an immediacy that counts for a lot. Their songs are ingenious, cunningly simple,

incredibly clever. But 'Dream Police', like 'Heaven Tonight', seems to steadily pale. They've lost some of the drive and desperation of the underdog that you could find

on 'Cheap Trick' and 'In Colour'. If they weren't sure at first, they know what their secret is now: Robin Zander's pliable voice and thin shoulder blades, Nielsen's

kiddy-clown clothes, schizoid songs and sophisticated pop sensibility, the band's adolescent energy, not real but not all that contrived either.

I'm spoilt anyway so I'm going to keep it, but if all I had to choose between was this, The Cars and The Knack, I'd be more than grateful.

Paul Rambali

RITZ

Puttin' On The Ritz (Epic)

A British attempt to do a Chic that merely ends up being bland. All the ingredients are there. Muted vocals, tasteful strings, gently propulsive rhythm guitars, muffled remorseless drums. Music to dance in a white suit.

What's missing is strong songs. Ritz do cover versions of Little Eva's 'Locomotion' and Cilla's 'Anyone Who Had A Heart'. Neither was ever my favourite piece of music. Here, though, they're the best material by miles.

The singers, Ruby James, Kofi Miah, and Tony Jackson, all have a lot of style, and producer Ken Gold is no slouch. Sadly, however, the partnership is never quite arresting enough. In one ear and out the other. Nowhere near the best.

Bob Edmonds

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P.S. J.P. is John Peel

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Saint Joan, another face, another place. Pic by Jill Furmanovsky.

JOAN ARMATRADE
Steppin' Out (A&M)

THE author of the song is individualised out of all proportion in rock culture. The singer/songwriter subject is built up in such a way that it is not questioned at all by the flux of the song, the production, the interview. The straightforward subjective approach fits like a warm glove over favourite forms of narration and confession (sic), which set the listener in a position of silent vigil, eternal observation, synthesising within hidden meanings (which require interpretation) and the assumption of implicit signs, silent and obscure purposes.

Joan Armatrading to some extent activates against a lot of this nonsense, disrupts the stereotypical lines expected of a female singer/songwriter (I hate to use those labels,



Live But Barely Alive

sorry), inasmuch as her songs seem to be primarily concerned with creating an opening into which the writer endlessly disappears; her autobiography frequently lacks the usual 'I feel' that accompanies most such representation.

Her sexually aware, sexually ambiguous lyrics don't utilise standard devices of listener seduction or projection: it's very difficult to slip into character type or archetype in Joan Armatrading's songs. Her lyrics aren't strictly, traditionally 'vulnerable' or 'spiteful', and her attitude, her public image 'away from it all' — interviews in the murky media — has a troublesome history.

I'm not going to probe into

that aspect in this review, mainly because 'Steppin' Out' is a live album, and as such occupies a place outside such considerations. Or rather, as it's such a plain, depressing affair, it throws up nothing 'new' for conversation.

'Steppin' Out' is a standard rock and roll live album. A disproportionate spotlight upon the Performer, two sides of old favourites and a couple of new ones done properly and professionally, and very little else. So you end up with Armatrading's most subtle songs twisted into crowd-teasing live form, her delicious guitar playing relegated to the ghetto of Star's Solo Spot, and other such live structural vagaries ad nauseam.

Nowhere is this seen better than on 'Kissin' And Huggin', a song which is centred lyrically not around sex, but what the title says it is — the delights to be had from simple kissing and cuddling. Unfortunately, this is the song chosen for the hired band to Have Their Solos in — and the thing ends up stretched out into one of those horrible long climaxes rock people for some reason believe prolong audience excitement.

Only Richie Hayward (drums) and Bill Bodine (bass) of the five-piece band manage to avoid their respective instrumental clichés.

Do you still want to know what other tracks are on it? Ian Penman

IMPORTS

I remember that I once interviewed Mac Curtis in the back-stage toilet at Southgate Royalty — the only place at the venue where we could find comparative peace and quiet. An extremely likeable Texan, it emerged that he'd initially been turned onto rock by Piano Red rather than Elvis, though later he became so impressed by Presley's Sun version of Arthur Crudup's 'That's All Right Mama' that he conned the disc — which is now worth hundreds of dollars — off the owner of the jukebox for just a nickel.

A still explosive rocker who's cut sides for King, Rolling Rock, Feisted, Dot, Brownfield, Epic, Lecam, Limelight and a string of other labels, Curtis appears on 'King-Federal Rockabilly', one of the U.S. Gusto releases now being shipped in by Midland Records.

A strong compilation that also includes Hank Mizell's 'Jungle Rock', a quartet of sides by Charlie Feathers and 'Eeny Meeny Miney Mo', the hiccupping reverse of Bob and Lucille's 'Big Kiss', the album contains 'Granddaddy's Rockin'', Curtis' first King recording, plus 'Goosebumps' and 'Say So', sides cut at Fort Worth just a short while after the rockabilly had played on an Alan Freed arranged show at the Brooklyn Paramount with the Moonglows, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Teddy Randazzo and others.

Rockabilly's big business nowadays — British MCA claim to sell around 10,000 copies of their various compilations — so it's no surprise to find that import jobs are flooding in with some alacrity. Another strong-selling Midland release is 'Starday-Dixie Rockabilly' (Gusto), which features Link Davis, Sonny Fisher, Groovey Joe Poovey and other Kommotion favourites, while Mike's Country Room in Aberdeen has been tugging in Sleepy LaBeef's 'Early, Rare And Rockin' Sides' (Baron), a collection of Wayside, Goldstar and other cuts by the six-foot-six man mountain.

Another of the first generation rockers who initially latched on via black music Sleepy, who once appeared as a swamp monster in a movie called *The Exotic Ones*, remembers turning into the great Rosetta Tharpe at an early stage. Well able to handle blues, country and rock, La Beef has frequently switched styles and his album contains a frenetic, if poorly recorded, version of 'Let's Play House', an impression of Johnny Cash he once cut for a 'Top Western Hits' mail-order cover-job; two different versions of 'Ride On Josephine'; and a Bo Diddley-type workout on 'Turn Me Loose'. It's hardly essential stuff but it's interesting nevertheless and likely to attract a fair number of punters following Sleepy's visit here earlier this year.

Meanwhile, back in '79 (or thereabouts), Rhino Records have issued an EP titled 'The International Elvis Presley Impersonators' Convention', which features highlights from a fictional Las Vegas get-together, while their new album includes *The Rhino Brothers' Circus Royale*, a follow-up to the zany 'Rhino Royale' compilation, and *The Barbarians* a re-release of an item by America's first punk band, who appeared on the legendary TAMI show with the Stones, Beach Boys, James Brown, etc. in 1964. According to Rhino — who are not always to be believed — the album includes 'Moult', the sage of the band's one-handed drummer. See you in the padded cell!

Fred Deller

U

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



Thursday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Don Williams
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Odeon: Nils Lofgren
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Sits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel
Brighton Alhambra: Airport
Brighton Buccaneer: The Tinsels
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Accelerators
Chesterfield Fusion Club: Philip Rambow
Cotone Union Hall: Accident On The East Lanes
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: Gina & The Rockin' Rebels
Duckinford Hecupa: Mistress
Edinburgh Astoria: The Starjets
Edinburgh Odeon: XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Gary Numan
Grimby St James House: Ossian
Halesowen Tiffany's: Dogwatch
Hayes (Middlesex): Adam & Eve: The Satekites/London Pride
Hull Wellington Club: The Buzzards
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: Crazy Caven & The Rhythmic Rockers
Leas Fun Club: The Out/Art Failure/Gordon The Moron
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
Liverpool Eric's: The Astronauts/The Mob/Androids Of Mu
London Camden Dingwalls: The Inmates
London Canning Town Bridge House: Never Never Band
London Clapham 101 Club: The Reluctant Stereotypes
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rio Grande/Reaction
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Johnny G Band
London Hammersmith St. Paul's Church: The Abban Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Squire
London Kensington The Cricketers: Lacey's Alstars
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: Fingerprint/57 Men
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
London Marquee Club: The Members
London Soho Puzze Express: Johnny Parker Trio
London Southall White Swan: The Injections
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Shades
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
London Tooling The Castle: The V.I.P.'s
London Tottenham The Spurs: Hedgahog
London Victoria The Venue: Roy Gallagher
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Featwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The X-Dreamers
London W1 Maunberry's: Gays Browne
London W6 Old Ship: Bob Pegg & George MacBeth
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
Luton Library Theatre: Chris Barber Band
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Oxford Covent Club: Discontinued Lines
Oxford New Theatre: Darts
Penzance Demeize's: Geno Washington
Peterborough ABC Theatre: Leo Sayer
Poole Brewers Arms: Lip Moves
Poynton Folk Centre: Graham Shaw
Sheff Town Hall: The Freshies/The Eyelids
Shillfield General Hospital: The Next Band
Shrewsbury Music Hall: Writz
Southampton Joiners Arms: The Dials
Southend Scampi: Grinder
St. Ives Reggotty's: Metro Gilder
Stoke Jolies: The Shadows
Stoke The Gaiety: The Cheaters
Street: Strode College: George Melly & The Featwarmers
Wellingtonborough British Rail Club: Charlie Gracie
Wellingtonborough Dun Cow: Over Drive

Friday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Don Williams
Accrington New Era Youth Centre: Street-fighter
Amphill Parkside Hall: The Jets
Birkenhead Gallery Club: The E.F. Band

Our electric friend **GARY NUMAN** (above) begins his first major tour this week, billed under his own name and backed by a specially formed Tubeway Army tour band — with initial gigs at Glasgow (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Bristol (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). **PENETRATION** (top left) open their latest outing in Brighton on Wednesday... and Canadian band **RUSH** (top right) fly in for two one-offs (or is it one two-off?) in Stafford on Friday and Saturday.

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: The Astronauts/The Mob/The Androids Of Mu/Zounds
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traitors
Birmingham Odeon: London Weinwright
Bishops: Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Misdemeanor
Bournemouth Town Hall: Rikki & The Cufflinks
Bradford St George's Hall: Leo Sayer
Brighton Hanbury Arms: Poison Girls/The Parrots
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: The Impales
Carmarthen Trinity College: Girlschool
Carshalton Hall: Chris Barber Band
Chelmsford City F.C.: Local Operator
Chiddingfold Six Bells: The Hollywood Wires
Chorley Joiners Arms: Cardiac Arrest
Clacton Princess Theatre: The Dooleys
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlites
Coventry Theatre: The Sits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel
Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: UK Subs
Deeside Leisure Centre: Boney M
Dundee Polytechnic: Saxon
Durham New College: Writz
Exeter Routes: The Living Daylights
Falmouth Green Lawn Hotel: George Melly & The Featwarmers
Grangemouth Bowness Town Hall: The Starjets
Harrow College of Higher Education: The Soft Boys
Huddersfield Albion Hotel: The Name
Huddersfield Polish Hall: The Citizens/Enigma Regions/The Apollonian Brians
Ilkley Lister's Arms: The Extix/The Natives/Metal Fatigue
Isle of Arran Whiting Bay Village Hall: The Starjets
Kilgilly Downland Club: The Exits
Kettering Windmill Club: The Bearshank Band
Kirkcubbin Country Club: Limsight
Lamington Spa Centre: Heathcliffe
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: The Buzzards
Leicester TUL Club: Yakey Yak
Liverpool Eric's: The Chords
London Acton Kings Head: Paz
London Brixton Town Hall: The Pack
London Camden Dingwalls: The Head-buys/Mirage
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Chiswick Korky's Wine Bar: Bob Pegg & George MacBeth
London Clapham Two Brewers: Stage-right
London Clapham 101 Club: The Thrillers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Sox/Red
London Hackney Char's Palace: The Demolition Decorators
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Teenbeats
London Hounslow Red: J.A.L.N. Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
London Kensington The Nashville: Toyah
London Lewisham Black Bull: Freddie 'Fingers' Lee
London Marquee Club: The Members
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster Rednite
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Putney White Lion: Squire
London Soho Puzze Express: Balis Novak Trio
London Tottenham White Hart: Flying Saucers
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Bridge Connection
London Victoria The Venue: Ginger Baker's MNG
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Crooks

Melvern Nags Head: The Parrots
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure
Manchester Cadishead Labour Club: Gina & The Rockin' Rebels
Manchester Commercial Hotel: The Cheaters
Manchester The Factory: The Revillos
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Kettle
Newcastle City Hall: Gary Numan
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers
Newport (Salop) Village: Fischer-Z
Norwich British Legion Club: Matchbox
Norwich Cromwell's: Geno Washington
Nottingham Carlton Forum: Gaffa
Nottingham Sandpiper: Philip Rambow
Nuneaton Webb Street Liberal Club: The Kidda Band
Oxford New Theatre: Darts
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: The Wall
Ramsgate Van Gogh: Swamp Talk

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (24): Hurrah — All Night Marathon; Lone Star Cafe — Joe Sample / Mo Bandy; Sparky J's — Richard Groove Holmes (5 days).
TUESDAY (25): Max's Kansas City — Tamorats / Hooks / Power Tools; Lone Star Cafe — Rick Danko & Paul Butterfield (3 days); Calderone Hall — Peter Frampton / Laughing Dogs; Sweet Basil — James Moody (5 days); My Father's Place — Eddie & The Hot Rods; Bottom Line — Victor Brady & His Steel Drums.
WEDNESDAY (26): Hurrah — Richard Lloyd Quartet; Reno Sweeneys — Karen Asens.
THURSDAY (27): Hotel Diplomat — The Police (3 days); Morris Town Theatre — Roy Buchanan.
FRIDAY (28): Hurrah — Urban Verbs / Human Switchboard; Bottom Line — The Shirts (2 days); Beacon Theatre — Robert Palmer; Palladium — Little River Band; Carnegie Hall — Jon Lucien / Esther Satterfield; Tower Theatre — Joe Jackson / The Members; Tramps — Stormin' Norman & Suzie (3 days).
SATURDAY (29): Hurrah — Speedie & Tina Peel; Max's Kansas City — Panic Squad; Spectrum — Blue Oyster Cult; Palladium — Joe Jackson / The Members.
SUNDAY (30): Asbury Park — Gang Wars / Johnny Thunders & Wayne Kramer; St John's University — Peter Frampton.

Radluth London Inn: Metro Gilder
Ross-on-Wye Harvey's: The Ruts
Rotherham Clifton Ballroom: Xero/The Prams/Tro So Follow
Rugby Emmaline's: Ocean Boulevard
Salisbury The Blackbird: The Strand
Scarborough Penthouse: Punishment Of Luxury
Southend Minerva: Shades
Stafford New Bingley Hall: Rush/Wild Horses
Swansea Heathcliffe Social Club: Flash Harry
Wakefield Theatre Club: The Shadows
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: Ossian
Worthing The Balmoral: The Tinsels

Saturday

Barkingside Old Maypole: Johnny & The Jubjubs
Bedford Nite Spot: The Dooleys
Bedford The Crown: Over Drive
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Double Xposure
Bodmin Jail Club: Metro Gilder
Brighton (Hove) St. Barnabas Hall: Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: The Wild Beasts
Burnwood Troubadour: Ocean Boulevard
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: The Wild Angels
Chesterfield Bradbury Hall: Acker Blik Band
Coventry New Theatre: London Walwright
Cymbran Congress Theatre: Heathcliffe
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Fischer-Z
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: The Dials
Edinburgh Harvey's: Cygnus
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Don Williams
Grangemouth Bon Accord: The Delft Jerks
Great Sutton Bulls Head: Englands
National Sport
Harrow Good Mood Club: The Chords
Harrow Congo Hall: Charge/Soft Touch
Hassfield The Forum: Chas & Dave
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Sky
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: Natural High
Jacksdale Grey Topper: The Members
London County Hall Country Club: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
Liverpool Eric's: The Revillos
Liverpool The Masonic: The Shattered
Liverpool The Metro: Eric Bell Band/Mistress
London Camden Dingwalls: Sox/Red Alert
London Camden Music Machine: No Dice
London Clapham 101 Club: The Soft Boys
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fingerprint/The Stickers
London E.1 Spitalfields Centre (Brady Club): John Bennett Band/The Busters
London Fulham Greyhound: A.D. 1984
London Fulham Greyhound (mainline): The Teenbeats
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Police/Fashion
London Hammersmith The Swan: The Beans & Rice
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Red Division
London Kensington The Nashville: Joy Division
London Lewisham Black Bull: The Jets
London Marquee Club: The Lambretas
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Jimmy Rogers/Left Hand Frank
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy Karloff Band
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: John Kirggaard & S.H. Harris
London Royal Festival Hall: John Martyn

London Soho Express: Tony Lee Trio
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Bridge Connection
London Victoria The Venue: Rokomo/Soulyred
London Waterloo The Wellington/doubling Plumstead Green Man Squire
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Split Rivit
London Westminster Bridge Rd The Towers: Flying Saucers
Malvern Winter Gardens: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure
Manchester Mayflower: The Astronauts/The Mob/The Androids Of Mu/Zounds
Manchester Midland Hotel: Charlie Gracie
Manchester Polytechnic: The Cheaters/Any Trouble/Smack
Manchester Portway C.A. Club: Private Sector
Manchester The Factory: Deoxy's Midnight Runners/Ludus/Swell Maps
Manchester The Funhouse: The Mob
Matlock The Pavilion: Geno Washington
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Kettle
Middleborough Rock Garden: Punishment Of Luxury
Middlebrough Town Hall: Leo Sayer
Northampton Cricket Ground: UK Subs
Norwich Cromwell's: Tommy Hunt
Nottingham Boat Club: Saxon
Nottingham Sandpiper: The Out/Art Failure/Gordon The Moron
Ramsgate Van Gogh: The Rivals
Rotherham Arts Centre: The Dirts
Southborne Pinnacles Baths: Rikki & The Cufflinks
Stafford New Bingley Hall: Rush/Wild Horses
St. Albans City Hall: Budgie/Bleak House
Stevensons: Saxes
Lyon Youth Centre: Yakey Yak
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: Chris Barber Band
Stirling West End Bar (lunchtime): FK9
St. Ives (Cornwall) Festival: George Melly & The Featwarmers
Swindon Greyhound: Poison Girls/Crass
Wakefield Theatre Club: The Shadows
Wishaw Crown Hall (lunchtime): The Pests
Worcester Turntable: Tribesman

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: Street-fighter
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prima Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (lunchtime): Trachs
Bradford Sports Centre: El Seven
Bradford College: Students Union Squatter
Bradford The Princeville: Cardiac Arrest
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: The Wall
Brighton Buccanier: The Lambretas
Brighton New Regent: Saxon
Bristol Locarno: UK Subs
Bromley Churchhill Theatre: Heathcliffe
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Chelmsford City F.C.: Freddie 'Fingers' Lee
Chester Autumn Equinox Fayre: Geisha Girls
Charley Joiners Arms: Mistress
Colchester Embassy Suite: High Flames
Colchester Gyne's Court: General R & The Meas
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Darts
Croydon Greyhound: Johnny & The Jail-birds
Dumfries Stagecoach: Punishment of Luxury
Jacksdale Grey Topper: Fischer-Z
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Charlie Gracie
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Leo Sayer
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Don Williams
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Camden Backtrack: Stagefight
London Camden Dingwalls: Alexis Korner/Jack Bruce/Dick Morrissey/Ian Seward
London Canning Town Bridge House: Ramus Down Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham 101 Club: Friction/Fixer
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Tennis Shoes
London Finchley Tarrington: Red Beans & Rice
London Fulham Greyhound: Geneva
London Hackney Adam & Eve: Shades
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Police/Fashion

CONTINUES OVER...

MORE GIG GUIDE

London Hammersmith St Paul's Church: **Roy Harper**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Roaring 80's**
 London Kensington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **The Selector/The Beat**
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Bleak House**
 London New Cross Royal Albert: **Crow Jane Blues Band**
 London Oxford St 100 Club: **Jimmy Rogers/Left Hand Frank**
 London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Pyne**
 London Walthamstow The Chestnuts: **Ossian**
 London Waterloo The Wellington: **The Teenbeats**
 London Woolwich Odeon: **Dane**
 London Woolwich Transhed: **Bob Kerr's Whoppy Band**
 Luton Cesars Palace: **Billy Armstrong/Jenny Denver Band/Hickory Lake/Jon Derek & Country Fever**
 Middlesbrough The Empire: **Carl Green & The Scene**
 Newcastle City Hall: **The Slits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
 Newquay Centre Hotel: **The Winners**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
 Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **Acter 8th Band**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Sky**
 Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Astronauts / The Mob / The Androids of Mu / Zounds**
 Poynton Folk Centre: **Louis Killen/Gentleman Soldier**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
 Reading Target Club: **Zitch**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Dogwatch**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Louden Wainwright**
 Swindon Greyhound: **Dr Mix & The Remix**
 Wakefield Theatre Club: **The Drifters (for a week)**
 Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark House**
 Windsor Blazers: **Nolan Sisters (for a week)**

Monday

Billerica Mayflower Club: **Bastille**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freabind**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Zounds/The Mob/The Astronauts/Survivors Of Mu**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Siouxie & The Banishes/The Cure**
 Brighton Alhambra: **Dirty Weekend**

Brighton Conference Centre: **Don Williams**
 Brighton Sherry's: **George McCrae**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Gary Numan**
 Criccieth Corn Hall: **The Ruts/The Ruts/The Dead Airmen**
 Edinburgh Astoria: **The Slits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Passes**
 Word Cauldwell Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Darts**
 Ipswich Tracey's: **The Chords**
 Leeds Castle Club: **Starbreaker**
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Matchbox**
 Leeds Grand Theatre: **The Rocky Horror Show (for two weeks)**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Sky**
 Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
 London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Siouxie & The Banishes**
 London Camden Music Machine: **Saxon**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Speedball**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Photos**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Selector**
 London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Isaac Guillory Trio**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Vapors**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Shed**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dr. Mix & The Remix**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **Philip Rambow**
 London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park: **Colin Bates**
 London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **Gnasher/Red Beans & Rice**
 London Marquee Club: **Brakes**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
 London Putney Hall Moon: **Sonja Kristina**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Idiot Dancers**
 London W14 The Kensington: **Louden Zoo**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Gaffa**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Lindisfarne**
 Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: **Arthur 2**
 Stoke/WM7/The Noise Toys
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
 Plymouth Morvoe's: **UK Subs**
 Rayleigh Cross: **Flying Saucers**
 Sheffield Penthouse: **Xero**
 Southern Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
 Sunderland Bokermakers Club: **Charlie Grace**
 Watford Bailey's Fatback Band (for a week)
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Leo Sayer**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffies Club: **Witz**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Bruto**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**



LINDISFARNE begin their massive three-month autumn tour at Middlesbrough (Monday) and Reading (Wednesday). These are the first of 41 country-wide dates

Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Bumpers/Mad Chateau**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Low Lewis Reformer**
 Canterbury Art College: **The Astronauts/ The Mob/The Androids of Mu/Zounds**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Siouxie & The Banishes/The Cure**
 Coventry Lady Godiva: **The Moster Band**
 Doncaster Romeo & Juliet: **George McCrae**
 Exeter Routes: **UK Subs**
 Glasgow University: **Saxon/Girlschool**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Sky**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Darts**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gary Numan**
 London Camden Brecknock: **The Trendies**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Photos**
 London Camden Music Machine: **The Piranhas**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rime**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Cannon/Street Preacher**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Rent Boys**
 London Fulham Cock Tavern: **John Spencer's Alternative**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Colours Vision**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dafne & The Tenderspots**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **Philip Rambow**
 London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
 London W1 Maunberry's: **Leslie Carling (for three days)**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Slits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
 Norwich Cromwells: **Destroy All Monsters**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Sould Out**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Disco Students**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Louden Wainwright**
 Preston Charter Theatre: **Deen Friedman**
 Sheffield Irish Centre: **Ossian**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Don Williams**
 Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Aberdeen The Conway: **Graham Larkbey**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bruto**
 Birmingham Bogarts: **Eric Bell Band**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
 Brighton Art College Basement: **The Dials**
 Brighton Buccaneer: **The Astronauts / The Mobs / The Androids of Mu / Zounds**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Penetration**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Louden Wainwright**
 Bristol The Stonehouse: **Creature Beat**
 Buxley Clarion Club: **The Piranhas**
 Carlisle St. Helier Arms: **CSA**

Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Readers**
 Doncaster Romeo & Juliet: **George McCrae**
 Dundee Ruffies Club: **Witz**
 Glasgow City Hall: **The Slits / Don Cherry & Happy House / Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Disco Students**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Teenbeats**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Don Williams**
 London Camden Brecknock: **Geneva**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Destroy All Monsters**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The E.F. Band**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Bumpers**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Stan's Blues Band / The Works**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lonesome No More / The Balloons**
 London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Pretty British**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **One Eyed Jacks**
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Steve Tilston**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Medium Medium**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
 London Marquee Club: **Philip Rambow**
 London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Dane Simmonds & Greg's Folk and Blues Showcase**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
 London Southall White Hart: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
 London Waterloo The Young Vic: **Sharon Landau**
 London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Savoy**
 London W14 Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gary Numan**
 Newport Stowaway Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
 Norwich New Theatre: **Darts**
 Norwich Sunnyside Hotel: **Johnnie Ray**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwalhir**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
 Oxford New Theatre: **Siouxie & The Banishes/The Cure**
 Plymouth Clones: **The Chords**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Shadows**
 Preston Guildhall: **Sky**
 Preston Polytechnic: **Girlschool**
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
 Sheffield Penthouse: **Dead Airmen/Vox Phenoms**
 Shrewsbury Cascade Club: **Low Lewis Reformer**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Standford Folk Club: **Jack Hudson**
 Staines The Packhorse: **The Nert Band**
 Urmister Windmill Hall: **The Young Ones**
 Worthing The Balmoral: **Airport**

MUSIC MACHINE

Sunday September 30th
 A Benefit For The Camden Senior Citizens

IRON FIST & THE HORDES FROM HELL

+ Iron Maiden + Sledgehammer

Pay at door — £2.50

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT



LOCARNO, BRISTOL 30th September
 NEW THEATRE, OXFORD 2nd October
 PAVILION, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD 3rd October
 DE MONTFORT, LEICESTER 7th October
 CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE 8th October
 CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON 15th October
 KING GEORGES', BLACKBURN 16th October
 ST. GEORGES', BRADFORD 17th October
 KINGS HALL, DERBY 18th October
 TOP RANK, CARDIFF 21st October
 ODEON, BIRMINGHAM 23rd October
 LOCARNO, PORTSMOUTH 25th October
 WINTER GARDENS, BOURNEMOUTH 26th October
 RAINBOW, LONDON 30th October

words words (Berry Clarke) words words words words words words
 CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
 Saturday September 22nd at 8pm

BUDGIE + Bleak House

Discopyne Bar Food
 All tickets £2.20 from Box office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans, tel 84511, or £2.20 on door

Mon Oct 15th GILLAN + Randy California + Samson
 Sat Oct 20th WHITESNAKE + Marseilles
 QUEENSWAY HALL, DUNSTABLE
 Sunday October 21st

SLADE

words words words words words words words words words words

100 CLUB

100 OXFORD STREET
 LONDON WEST ONE

Thursday
 September 20th
BLACK HARMONY

Thursday
 October 4th
 Forthcoming Monster Attraction

TRINITY

With the
 Freedom Fighters

Redbridge R.A.R.
 Present

CHARGE

+ Artix
 + Reggae Sound System
 Friday September 21st
 7.30 pm — 11.30 pm
 Oakfield Church Hall,
 Oakfield Rd., Wood
 Admission £1

SPLIT RIVITT

Drive it! It's with a soul! Soul Injection!
 THE MOONLIGHT CLUB, West End Lane,
 Saturday night 22nd September.
 Nearest tube: West Hampstead

The Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road
 Saturday 22nd September, 12 noon-3 pm

Special Youth Matinee

TEENBEATS

+ Direction + Eddie Steady Go
 Minimum Age 14 Admission 50p
 Bring your younger brothers / sisters / mums and dads

Polytechnic of North London S.U. Presents

THE PIRATES THE YOUNG ONES

Friday 23th September at 8 pm
 Holloway Road Theatre
 Tickets £1.75 (inc VAT)
 Licensed Bar
 Holloway Road Tube

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

PENETRATION

LOCAL OPERATOR

TOP RANK, BRIGHTON
 26th September

CIVIC HALL, GUILDFORD
 27th September

TOP RANK, SHEFFIELD
 30th September

CIVIC HALL, DIGBETH
 8th October

TOP RANK, CARDIFF
 10th October

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
 14th October

MIDDLETON CIVIC HALL
 31st October



BAROQUE BORDELLO

TAKEN FROM
THE STRANGLERS
NEW ALBUM

the Raven



THE INMATES AND THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

AT
DINGWALLS, CAMDEN LOCK
Thursday September 20th
"WHAT MORE COULD YOU WANT
FROM AN R & B GIG?"

SHERRY'S, BRIGHTON
presents
International Star

GEORGE McCRAE

Monday September 24th

Tickets £1.75 Doors Open 6pm
Enquiries Brighton 21628

CAROLINE Roadshow

Friday September 21st
ST IVES CENTRE,
ST IVES,
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Thursday September 27th
TALK OF THE EAST,
SOUTH PIER,
LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.

Saturday September 22nd
CANTERBURY TECHNICAL
COLLEGE,
NEW DOVER ROAD,
CANTERBURY, KENT

Friday September 28th
QUEENSWAY HALL,
DUNSTABLE,
BEDFORDSHIRE.

Monday September 24th
HILDEN MANOR,
LONDON ROAD,
TONBRIDGE, KENT.

Saturday September 29th
PRINCES THEATRE,
TOWN HALL,
CLACTON-ON-SEA,
ESSEX.

Promoters, Social Secs, etc., Phone 0621 783229

"Unembarrassable D.J.s will enact your own fantasies
before your very eyes" — N.M.E. August 25th. Doors
open 8pm. Bar. Admission £1.50. D.J.s Robb Eden!
Robbie Day! Harvey the Rabbit!

TICKETS TICKETS TICKETS

AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON
CONCERTS OF THE
FOLLOWING

SEPTEMBER
22 John Martyn
24 Shadows
27 Gary Numan
29 The Sex
29 Underfire
30 Sister Sledge
OCTOBER
5 Royal Hasses
6 Portsmouth Sinfonia
7 Orleans
8 Texas Gypsies
9/9 Chic
8/11 Elkie Brooks
12 Camel
14/16 Boston
14 London Wandsworth
14 Herman Brood
15 Sissie & The Bananas
17/19 Lou Reed
18/20 Sky
19 Stranglers
20 The Comrings
21 Leo Kottke
22 Serge Lama
23/24 Darts
24 Giffan
26 Boomtown Rats
27 Southside Johnny
28 Whip Snake
30 Undertones
NOVEMBER
1/4 AC/DC
2 Sade
3/4 Moody Blues
4 Four Tops
4 Phishtrich
4/5 Boomtown Rats
5/8 Blue Oyster Cult
9 Squeets
9 Buzzcocks
10 Hot Chocolate
12/16 Shirley Bassey
16 Collingher & Lyle
17 Steve Nillage
26/27 Motorhead
OCTOBER
2 Hawkwind
2/4 The Jam
13/15 Cliff Richard
20/24 Leo Sayer

For more information send SAE
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THE LIVE PAGE

EXPRESS

MUSICAL

NEW

01-261 6153

FAN CLUB

appearing live at
THE BUCCANEER
Mareno Parade,
Brighton.
Sunday September 23rd
(with The Spins)

T
Grin and
Bare it...
The Crack
is coming.

Asgard, by arrangement with DKB, presents

LOU REED

17th/18th/19th OCTOBER AT 8.00 pm

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Tickets £5.00, £4.00 & £3.00 from Theatre Box
Office (01-748 4081), London Theatre Bookings
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MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL 01 387 0428/9

Thursday September 20th

ANGEL STREET

New single "Midnight Man"
out soon on Motor Records

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8pm - 2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

HAMMERSMITH AND FULHAM
ENTERTAINMENTS

presents

FESTIVAL OF POETRY WITH MUSIC

The Albion Band
present their new piece
'GREEN SHADOWS'

Thursday, 20 September
at 8.00 pm in St Paul's Church W6

Enquiries and details from
HAMMERSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS
181 King Street, W6. Tel: 01-741 3696

JOE STANLEY
presents

THE Cimarons + Brown Sugar & Cygnus

THE RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON
SATURDAY 20th OCTOBER
TICKETS £1.50, £2, £2.50, £3

Tickets available from the Box Office
Tel: 01 263 3148 (10am-6pm)
232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4
and usual agents

TWIST & SHOUT presents

SQUIRE

V.I.Ps

Thursday 20th, HOPE AND ANCHOR,
ISLINGTON
Friday 21st, White Lion, Putney
Saturday 22nd, Wellington, Waterloo

Thursday 20th, Castle, Tooting Broadway
Saturday 22nd, Swan, Hammersmith
Wednesday - 26th, Kinks: Klink (ex-
Mancunite Club), West Hampstead

Enquiries Squire
Manic Artists 01-328-7253

Enquiries Nimcoch 01-584 7584
01-581 0978

**HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1**

Thursday September 20th SQUIRE	Monday September 24th DOCTOR MIX & THE RE-MIX
Friday September 21st RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS	Tuesday September 25th DAFNE & THE TENDERSPTS
Saturday September 22nd RED BEANS & RICE	Wednesday September 26th MEDIUM MEDIUM
Sunday September 23rd ROARING 80s	Thursday September 27th THE PHOTOS

Friday 21st Sept. The John Peel, Gosport.
Saturday 22nd Sept. Brewers Arms, Poole
Band enquiries Tel. Southampton 553931

REFUGEE

PRAYING MANTIS
Monday September 24th
MUSIC MACHINE
Promoters, Social Secretaries and General Enquiries 01 650 6321

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolsgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.

Friday September 21st
CHELSEA

Saturday September 22nd
SMIFF 'N' THE TEARS

THE Venue
180 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(Opp Victoria Tube station)
01-434 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office
and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin
Megashop, 14 Oxford Street, W1.
Postal Applications (P.O.'s only) from
The Venue

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing
7pm-Jam.

Wednesday 19th & Thursday 20th
September

**ROCK
GA SOLD OUT
HIGHER**

Friday September 21st

**GINGER
BAKERS N.G.**

Saturday September 22nd

**KOKOMO
+ SOULYARD**

Saturday September 29th

**CLIMAX
BLUES BAND
+ STRAIGHT 8**

Sunday September 30th
10th evening with

**5 HAND REEL
+ Support**

Tuesday October 2nd

DEAN FRIEDMAN

Thursday October 4th

**SOUTHSIDE
JOHNNY
& THE ASBURY JUKES**

Saturday October 6th

**AMERICAN
BLUES LEGEND**

Saturday October 13th

ASWAD

Thursday October 18th

SANDY & THE BACKLINE

Saturday October 20th

NO DICE

Tuesday October 23rd (2 shows), 8.30 pm
and 11.15 pm

JUDIE TZUKE

Wednesday October 24th

**MERTON PARKAS
+ CROOKS + SMALL HOURS**

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Sunday September 23rd 50
DEL BROMHAM BAND

NEVER NEVER BAND
+ Hedgehog

All tickets on sale now from Ace, Robins, Sneakers, Top Deck, & Backs
Records Shops in Norwich.

Tickets available daily from Notre Dame Hall £1.50

RAINBOW, LONDON
24th October

The Birth of the Blues

or how the original
Shirley in Plaid went
from a girl who was
born in the South

The original
Shirley in Plaid
from the
South

1. SOMETHING ELSE

2. FROM THE INNOCENT?

2. NO BOLLOCKS

4 SUPPORT THE POLICE

3. THE CLASH

APOLLO
BASEMENT STUDIO,
33 NORTON ROAD,
HOVE, SUSSEX
BN3 3BT
(DON'T FORGET YOUR
ADDRESS)

"I think I answered some of

"Of course, I see the well-publicised negative aspects. The worst aspect of this whole city, for instance, is that it doesn't work. They can't get the garbage off the streets, they can't make the streets safe. These are real drawbacks but I chose not to show them in *Manhattan* because the main character sees New York as a very, very romantic place. He blocks out all the terrible things. In my movie, walking with a girlfriend through

"Because that's how I remember it from when I was small. Maybe it's a reminiscence from old photographs, films, books and all that. But that's how I remember New York. I always heard the Gershwin music with it, too. In *Manhattan* I really think that we—that's me and cinematographer Gordon Willis—succeeded in showing the city. When you see it there on that big screen it's really decadent. Black and white is beautiful, that's evident. When a woman dressed in black and white enters a room she has a strong chance of being tagged 'elegant.' Part of its beauty in movies is, of course, that it's rarely used."



S

Do we have
to spell it
out...
The Ruts
new album
THE CRACK



b/w DON'T GO BACK



QUADR

IS HEAR.



Album : Cassette

HEAR IT— The music from the soundtrack of the WHO film.

The double album with 22 great tracks including 3 previously unreleased WHO titles:
Get Out and Stay Out, 4 Faces and Joker James.

Plus the classics of the Mod era: **NIGHT TRAIN**/James Brown. **LOUIE LOUIE**/The Kingsmen.
GREEN ONIONS/Booker T and the MG's. **RHYTHM OF THE RAIN**/The Cascades.
HE'S SO FINE/The Chiffons. **BE MY BABY**/The Ronettes. **DA DOO RON RON**/The Crystals.

OPHENIA

AND NOW.

CERT X



The film is a magnificent achievement in current British cinema shatteringly honest in intent and stunningly photographed.

Sunday Express

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CRUSADERS!

■ From page 21

with white lyricist Will Jennings which has also dominated the last two B. B. King albums.

Hampered by a lack of time — the band are leaving for Bristol in an hour — I pass over the introductory proceedings and wade in with the controversial statement of black writer Leroy Brown whose lament for the band's long since vanished acoustic basis was shared by many figures in the straight jazz world. Brown's point was that "there is an urgent need for blacks to return to jazz music just as we need The Crusaders to return to the fold as the 'Jazz Crusaders'." Their departure could, in part, be blamed on the lack of black support, not of The Jazz Crusaders but of jazz in general.

Sample remembers the jibe. "Thing was that we always played our own version of jazz and I don't know if you could even nightously call it jazz. To play the jazz of that day I would have had to sit at a piano and pretentiously imitate Oscar Peterson or Bud Powell. Since I can't do that... Jazz was based on a certain background, there was as much conflict then as now because Crusaders' music encompasses 30 different styles.

"Now, I'm being called Randy's back-up pianist — I hear that we're her group."

Wilton Felder takes over, his usually mild six-foot frame shaking with indignation. "The critics... if anyone gets past the song 'Street Life' they'll hear it. Seemingly any time a musician utilises his creative ability to branch out, to give his spiritual growth room, there's people who want him to stay still. We play with the same honesty and sincerity as before, the fact that more people have turned on doesn't hurt us, it helps."

Sample appreciates the irony of the recent hit. The Jazz Crusaders had had minor hits with 'The Young Rabbits' and 'Love And Peace', in the '60s, in the '70s 'Put It Where You Want It' (basterdised by the aptly named Average White Band), 'Stomp And Buck Dance' and 'Keep That Same Old Feeling' nestled in the lower regions of *Billboard* land, but 'Street Life' was a jolt. The song started life as a radio

favourite; its emergence as a single was determined by the reaction.

"We had no intention of going for a single. If you look at the length of the album cut (11 minutes) you'll know that. We had to re-cut it for full length, six minutes and a three minutes; it was a nightmare, but I knew it was strong."

One result of the single's success was the sacking of engineer Rik Pekkonen, who after 13 albums service couldn't obtain the required kick for the disco cut. Wilton, Stix and Joe aren't arrogant or conceited but they don't underestimate their artistic rights.

"The thought of a hit is constantly there," says Sample. "but there's no compulsion to do the same thing again. If we'd been trying for a hit we wouldn't have got one and when I listen to the Top Forty here or at home I think 'What the hell is it doing there?' It doesn't sound like anything current. If we tried to deal with the Top Forty, the band would screw up basically."

Co-partner in Crusaders' management, George Greif, a small hard nosed shrewd (he managed Barry White in his hey-day) with an amusing if calculated rep, had assured me the week before that the band were going back to Texas to record the follow-up, using Barbara Mandrell as the vocalist. I shuddered. Stix Hooper merely laughs. "There was talk... but no, this band isn't going to hire a singer."

THE '70s Crusaders have continued to be based in Los Angeles, the centre of the music industry. As black artists they have preferred to cross boundaries with their sound rather than their politics but, given their instrumental fulcrum, they haven't been blind to the problems of racial violence and discrimination (witness early cuts 'Congolese Sermon', 'Watts Happening' and a score of Southern blues workouts fuelled on a proud racial identity).

Felder insists that "our music isn't one-sided, it affects a vast ethnic background. Maybe now we attract the black disco crowd but in the days of 'The Freedom Sound' we had a black and white crowd."

Sample says it revolves around an attitude. "We don't want to do what others do, we want to be us and I'm proud of that. We grew up in the changing South when it was our

generation of blacks who had to stand up for their rights. We worked in the white clubs in the South and we were rebellious, we helped change a lot of things by our nature. If the man says to me 'You can't go into this rest-room' — well, I wanna know why. I know my father, he never asked you why but I'm gonna ask you... and you better tell me."

As the old barriers were destroyed bands like The Crusaders found themselves victims of another prejudice, the jazz stigma.

Felder sums up the main reason why the band opted out of the jazz circle. "There were some who respected us, some who didn't. There were some who carried the banner 'Jazz for Jazz sake and I will be broke' and the critics who insisted that you had to look a certain way and play a certain way."

"That's bullshit. You can play your craft and earn a living; success doesn't mean you sold out. The jazz critic's idea of playing four sets a night in some funky night-club for a few dollars a week is fine if that's what you want. But it's wrong to play on a concert stage for thousands of people and educate them? Who said that you gotta be in some dive playing for middle-aged men and then it's cool? Just don't make sense."

"When Joe first used electric harpsichord on 'Tough Talk', the critics put us down. But Joe Sample was the first to do that. We used a Hammond organ in 1959 because we liked that... but now Herbie does it, or Miles, and it's hip. The jazz elite decided for the people..."

THE RANKING is justified and to some extent still applicable, as anyone who has ever braved the confines of the standard straight jazz ship will know. The fact of the matter is that the traditional jazz ideal is dead, finished, obsolete and the people who try to keep it alive are wasting their time.

Nobody cares any more about the intellectual snobbery inherent in the hip jazz vocabulary. The days of 40 slots with beer guts standing in some godforsaken hole in Covent Garden listening to the tortured screeching of a suffering artist playing unlistenable rubbish on a rusty pawnshop saxophone for 15/6d are still here but they're irrelevant. Similarly the era of the old fool in a beret with his brain stuck in be-bop is dead from the neck up.

Jazz is a lot of old farts foraging through Collets, moaning about the old days. That's the attitude that destroyed the British jazz scene and good riddance. In New York the problem is more racially fraught but equally redundant, what with the hep cats being so protective about their 'new black music' that they merely accelerate their inevitable slump into wilful obscurity.

The Crusaders had their fill of that trip, and if their music is easy to listen to then that's a virtue. "We have a method," says Sample. "Since Wayne Henderson left the trio works in harmony; we want the same things and we get them, in the past we were blocked. 'Carmel' was the first album where I accept full responsibility for every note. Before we accepted what was available."

This uncompromising attitude has led to the departure not only of Henderson, who was tiring of touring and wanted to produce, but also the parting of guitarist Larry Carlton and bassist Robert Popwell, the latter leaving because of his inability to handle Sample's jazzier material. It could be argued that as a band The Crusaders were at their collective strongest when those three individuals were still there.

Hooper and Felder agree that a settled line-up is preferable, but you can read between the lines. "It's unfortunate for the sidemen that we deal in immediacy. They offer what is needed at that moment but we run on longevity; if they can keep up, fine. Some hang on longer, depending on their ability to ride the treadmill."

"We get very upset when people tell us what we are. For example, Larry Carlton was the salvation of the group, we are nothing without him. But as you see Larry Carlton is not here. Then Popwell was the salvation, now it's Randy Crawford. What we are is the sound at the bottom. We've been around a long time."

Evidently some bad feeling existed when Carlton and Popwell split. Both had reached the stage where they refused to subjugate their expertise to the collective charisma. The Crusaders haven't suffered ego or fools gladly. Their own enormous experience has given many musicians a springboard in the business.

Joe Sample is only slightly more tactful than his colleagues. "We hired them to help us through the next step. If they can't make the change, well they have to remember who hired them. If a musician wants to learn our way we'll let him. If he looks forward then he can contribute but there will always be different musicians depending on what's needed. Say I write something totally suited to a Spanish guitar and the guy can't cut it, it's no use him being jealous when I bring in the man who can. It would be a lot simpler if we had people who could stay but the older we get, and the younger they get... After 25 years Wilton and Stix know the heritage we grew up with, the sound we're after."

So recording with The Crusaders is not exactly a piece of cake. Behind the smooth, mellow facade of the recorded evidence, the remaining three founder members are bastards to work with. Right?

"Yes, we are hard guys to satisfy now. We used to give in but not anymore. We are demanding but we don't ask for the impossible. If they want to learn, OK. If they don't... they're out."

SAMPLE, HOOPER and Felder have perfected this professional ethos not only through their close proximity-as artists, but through a legacy of session work with everyone from Horace Silver, Tom Scott and Hubert Laws to Pacific Gas & Electric and Becker and Fagen. They are veterans of the Los Angeles scene, unsung heroes who have participated on sessions both exciting and dire, rescued a good few disposable discs and raised their eyebrows to the roof on a thousand more.

Those days are gone for Sample. "If I had to go back to that life I'd end up in a nut house. Believe me, I know what a terrible record is, I've played on plenty. The good side of session work now is that it keeps you in touch with the studio revolution. You can get too used to one sound and one way of working."

After the demise of the World Pacific label, president Richard Beck took the TM trail East and was never heard of again. The Crusaders offered their track record to Motown and were indirectly responsible for altering the rip-off mentality allegedly synonymous with the Detroit music house.

"The Motown psychology meant that the musicians who played on all those records in the '60s never got a credit. The

Continues page 67



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Page 43,
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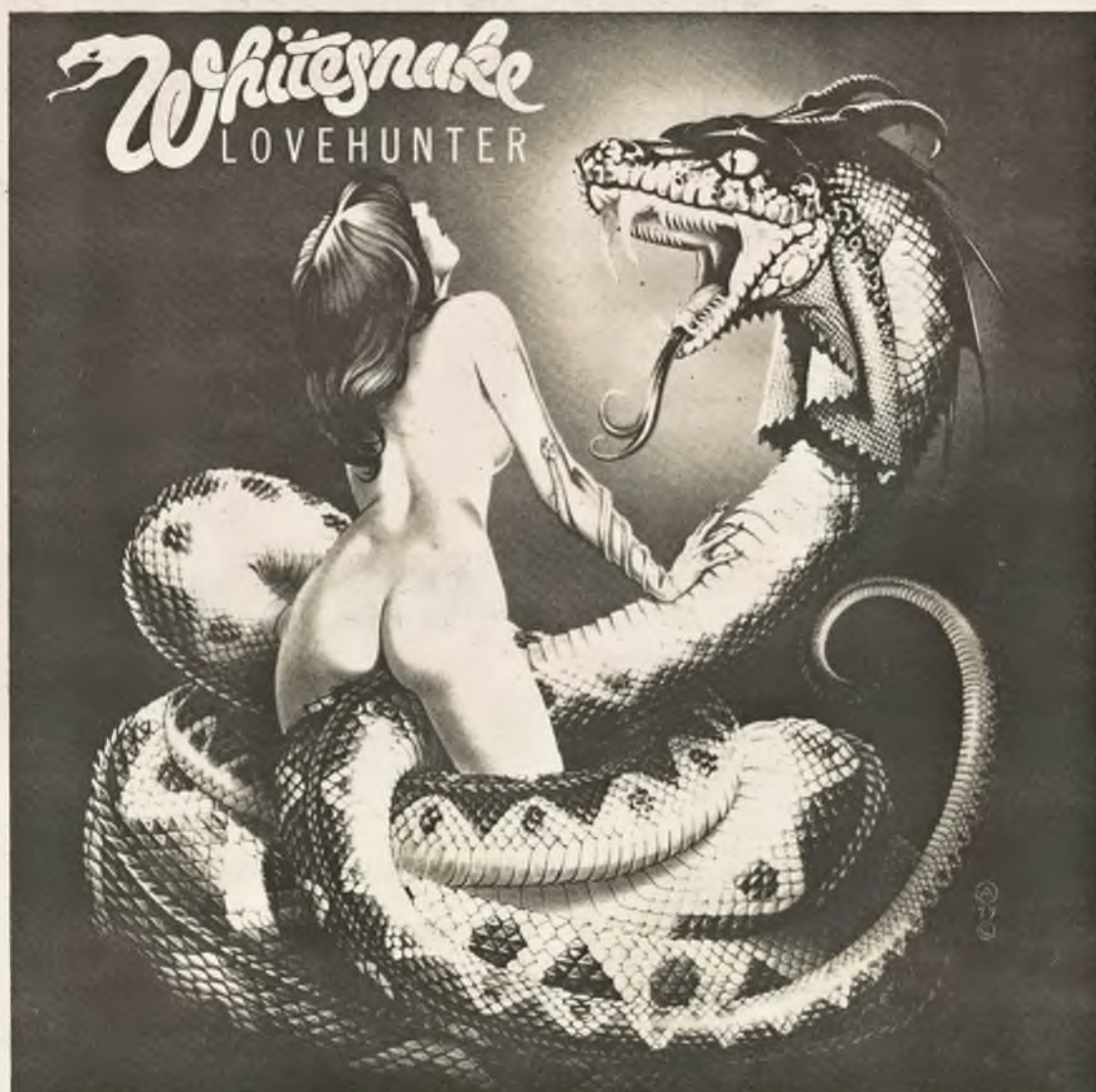
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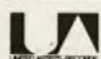




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LIVE!**Buzzcocks
Gang of Four**

New York

This is an interesting juxtaposition: Buzzcocks work on a high energy formula, a formula that works; Gang Of Four work away from formula — they acknowledge the presence of structure in their music and then try to dismantle it.

Without the advantage of even the occasional radio airplay Buzzcocks get over here, Gang Of Four still command attention right from the start. There's a grabbing solidity to their sound and the churning exuberance of 'Essence Rare' gets things off to a swaying, jumping start. Andy Gill's chopping, crackling guitar serves notice that his band isn't kidding, as his manic running to and fro across the stage diverts the eyes.

Then you notice the riveting figure of singer Jon King twisted up around the mike stand, singing with determined frenzy.

At first the set establishes the band as tight, live-wire rockers, but then the little bits of strangeness and idiosyncrasies make themselves felt.

There is King's melodica playing. Set into this hard-edged, electric rhythm environment, it is an intrusion from another world, but one that fits perfectly. Another song has a long passage of guitar feedback and distortion, yet maintains the basic beat and stays danceable. Like dub producers, Gang Of Four play with the removal of elements from the musical mix,

sometimes coming close to, but never totally derailing, the forward momentum of their songs.

'Damaged Goods' is one many people recognise, and it's pogo time in the crowd. 'Natural's Not In It', 'History's Not Made By Great Men' are songs full of clipped, angular rhythms and harsh tones; an extremist sensibility brought to bear on uncompromising music. 'At Home He's a Tourist' caps it off and it's much more energetic live than on record, jarring and moving.

After this, Buzzcocks sound familiar and comforting, a wave of rhythm one can sail smoothly on.

The songs are known here: people sing along to 'Everybody's Happy'; 'Noise Annoys' is greeted by cheers.

Pete Shelley is a bit stiff at first, holding back. Perhaps he'd been warned what a bitch American audiences can be. But this crowd is acting like they eat only rock and roll and had been starving for weeks. The band soon respond in kind.

Shelley and Diggle start to trade thrashing guitar parts, racing ahead of each other. John Maher's drums build in manic force and he begins to fling an occasional 'stick into the crowd.

But Buzzcocks have fewer ideas than Gang Of Four. True, 'What Do I Get', 'Orgasm Addict', 'Love You More' and the others are great songs, but all similar to each other — simple, uplifting speed-beat rock workouts that trade subtlety for power and make it a good deal.

By the time we reach the encores, a troop of youngsters in classic punk



Above: Gang Of Four storm New York. Pic Ebert Roberts.

regalia have invaded the stage and pandemonium breaks out in the audience. Diggle's mika-stand is almost toppled several times yet, they make 'Ever Fallen In Love' the best song of the set, with a strongly melodic vocal from Shelley.

Then, during 'Promises',

Maher reacts to a group of kids who threaten to pogo right into the middle of his drum kit by tossing them one of his drums.

Bang! Crash! The set is over.

What did we get? Just what we needed.

Richard Grabel

**One
Hell
Of A
Gang
Bang**

Right: New Yorkers invade stage at Buzzcocks' gig. Pic Ebert Roberts. Below: And yet another invasion, when fans join Andy Partridge. Pic Kevin Cummins.

**XTC
The Yachts**

Sheffield

This is pop? This is pop?

Well no, actually it's not. It's clever-clever smartass music, and quite likeable as such. But it's not pop, for the simple reason that it's not popular — the single most important element in any definition of the term.

When Colin Moulding announces 'Life Begins At The Hop' as being "in the XTC tradition of Rops", he hits the nail right on the head. But the existence of such a tradition implies that they don't know why they keep on flopping: the formula's right, why doesn't it click?

Because — self-evident really — it's not dumb.

Compare a great pop record like M's 'Pop Music' with an XTC song of complete inconsequentiality, something totally meaningless like 'Helicopter': both are cleverly constructed, but only the XTC number tells you so. There's always that patina of self-congratulation surrounding their songs, as if they're afraid of letting themselves appear dumb. Instead of just wanting a hit, they want the acclaim of having made an intelligent hit.

As Dr Goebbels said: "Never mind whether propaganda is at a well-bred level; what matters is that it achieves its purpose." It's rather like those pathetic bores one meets in instrument shops, the failures who sit there all day churning out their off-pat Page and Clapton licks, taking solace in the fact that they're "a better guitarist" than Joe Strummer, or whoever.

So what? This notwithstanding, it was an enjoyable gig (if a trifle on the long side), giving a fair cross section of their output from 'Science Friction' up to the current 'Drums And Wire' material. The lights were clean, simple and effective throughout, both an object lesson and a foil for the music, and the casual wanderings of the frontline of Partridge, Moulding and Gregory belied the nit-picking complexity of the arrangements.

Since the last time I saw them, shortly after the release of 'White Music', they've tempered their urgent freneticism with a cool professionalism, riding smoothly over setbacks like Moulding's malfunctioning bass amp during 'Making Plans For Nigel', and making impressive use of the double guitar possibilities of Partridge and Gregory — immediately striking on the endless churning riff of 'Beattown', which opened.

Save for the occasional blatant attempt at pacing, as with 'Roads Girdle The Globe', it was all fairly uptempo. Which is as it should be, their forte being this sprightly lunacy of numbers like 'Radio In Motion' and 'Set Myself On Fire', as opposed to the more leaden approach of 'Life In The Greenhouse'.

And apart from Dave Gregory's occasional keyboard trifle, it was all drums and wires, and better for that, too. Keyboards (for some reason) rarely convey the urgency and attack of XTC's best material.

So, an enjoyable gig, even though the encores of 'This Is Pop?' begged the question of their (lack of) singles success; a state of affairs 'Nigel' ought to change, despite being (still) too well bred.

The Yachts have the same problem, only different.

Again, they're a band noticed by many for making "great pop music", which only goes to show how many people (unconsciously) see pop music in formal, structural fashion. What they really make is a bombastic, powerchord laden pastiche of pop based on the muddled, nostalgic ideals of old music biz lags.

They're a powerpop band who forgot to go Mod, and ended up in limbo doing sub-cabaret re-runs of '24 Hours From Tulsa' for kids too young to compare them with Gene Pitney. They end with 'On And On', a number about baring people Presumably autobiographical.

Andy Gill

**XTC
fail
pop
IQ
Test****LIVE!**



Shake

Nashville

Think of The Rezillos.

Your mental image is probably of the irrepressibly manic Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds, her awkward sidekick who constantly seemed to be limbering up for the first extra-terrestrial olympics. They were a tin can of condensed nuttiness which tumbled out haphazardly but picked up enough friction to pull through.

The brain behind their peculiarly rickety ride along the punk road to fame wasn't either of the kooky twosome, but Jo Callis who penned their material. He now fronts Shake in direct opposition to his ex-cohort's Rezillos, and here too is the former Rezillos engine-room of bassist Simon Templar and drummer Angel Patterson.

Callis continues his affair with pulp sci-fi. 'S.H.A.K.E.' outlines and introduces his direction with Troy Tate and Callis' dipping, thrilling dual guitars rising to the top in a relentless fizz; it's an instrumental that'd be a perfect soundtrack for space battles if *Star Wars* had been made by your local cine-club, and it's also a brisk opener that dusts away any cobwebs in the minds of the audience and band themselves.

From here Shake aren't so clearcut. After introducing themselves so well, they drop anchor and are unable to push ahead. Instrumentally they don't take chances, opting for a tightness that almost creaks and their gell is too concrete. Tate's guitar, so effective when warming sweetly through the mix, blurs into a rhythmic thrash which, in unison with Callis, produces a Motors Mark One overdrive that leaves them at base camp with thumbs out.

Their undoubted instrumental prowess is suffocatingly shrink-wrapped.

It's commendable that they dredge up only one Rezillos number, 'Cold Wars', but even this seems a token gesture when Callis' new material breaks no new ground and sounds so distressingly familiar.

'Teenbeat' and 'Teenage Rebellion' are the same old maxims trotted out for fresh consumption by the faction of the audience for whom Shake could do no wrong; safe territory but the rest of us needed to be won over.

So their strikes at rebellious, defiant music are too calculated, synthetic and muffled; too much order to talk about disorder. But when their subjects are pure fantasy their angular, symmetrical renditions add to the fiction.

Hence 'Invasion Of The Gamma Men' gains from its melodramatic performance because its quirky documentation of a Buck Rogers type small epic needs to be jam-packed with chills and spills, endoveralls, laughs. Vocal chores are awopped as mock tension mounts and finally Tate (looking increasingly like a Devo castaway) screams out the climax in true ham-horror.

It's pure kitsch and undeniably enjoyable; it's shallow but doesn't hold pretensions to be anything more.

Shake are polished and competent but don't cut loose (though this might be due to early-days nerves). Their material hangs on two poles and the distance between them is never bridged. In the blue corner there's pale, earthbound sloganeering, and in the red corner intrepid excursions into far-falling visions.

Supporting were Fast Records' Prats whose extreme youth and precocious talents might cause Sire's Seymour Stein, holding court here tonight, a few restless nights. While they're at present too wire-enforced, their dream should in time become firmer.

Anyway they presented a hundred reasons why they should be promptly renamed.

Pete Archer

Dancing In The Heat

The Rezillos

Notre Dame Hall

It was like a Christmas panto, all glitter and sparkle, plenty of action and plenty of fun.

Fay Fife was the focal point, the tyrannical leader, bossing around audience and band in her curt, abrasive Scottish brogue and frenziedly shaking her fists — in fact shaking everything frenziedly. She moved as if electrified, every polka-dot on her sequined mini-dress shimmering, her triangle earrings whirling and her eyes ablaze. And the whole band was generated by her.

Back-up singers Babs and Charlie — in matching polka-dot tops, short tight, silver minis and boots — danced in unison behind Fay, steadying her erratic throats, and echoing both Fay and Eugene's vocals in a Mickey Mouse "yah yeh" parody.

Eugene joined in the fun, baited and competed with Fay, and soothed the audience from her tongue lashings.

They make the perfect pair, their crazy mixed-up mad image complementing their high-speed music which has the feel of mad but is wildly exaggerated, taking the beat and the heat and increasing it to maximum output.

The pace never let up. Fay's sad song about the death of a friend's boyfriend was the only obvious attempt to temper the steaming energy which threatened to explode if pushed further. It had little effect, because the poor vocals were all but drowned out if not delivered at full strength.

Because of this, the clearest numbers were those sung by Fay and Eugene together, such as 'Cool Jerks' and 'Jack The Ripper', a popular number with mock screaming harmonies and dramatic choppy chords played as their

encore, and repeated when half the audience refused to go home even when the crew began packing up the equipment.

'Where's The Boy For Me', sung by Fay, still stood out as the best choice for their debut single, controlled and promoted by Fay's pushy dominance. Eugene's rendition of his own self-written 'The Fiend' — the B-side — came over as a flat, silly nursery rhyme by comparison.

The songs are not startling and onstage the rest of the band are very much in the background. It is the singers themselves, and the whole visual effect, that creates the perfect effect and atmosphere, and makes it impossible not to enjoy their set.

Even setbacks, such as drummer Robo Rhythm falling backwards off his stool, Felix losing his bass lead, and the lights totally cutting out leaving one solitary spotlight playing on the ceiling, were so deftly handled and neatly covered by the two, that the audience hardly noticed.

Unfortunately things soured towards the end, with totally unnecessary bitching directed at the other ex-Rezillo split band, Shake. Eugene informed the audience that they weren't going to do any old Rezillos' numbers, and if that's what the audience wanted they'd better see the other half — "because that's all they can do." But I didn't hear anyone even ask for Rezillos' songs.

Fay, still seething with aggressive energy at the end of the gig, vented this on those in the audience she considered posers; those analysing the music instead of dancing to it.

And, basically, that's what The Rezillos are all about. Dance to them, join in their



Fay showing the audience the door. Pic: Chris Horler

fun, but don't look too deeply into what's underneath all that sparkle and glitter. Just

like the Christmas panto, the script isn't that good.

Desanne Pearson

Boney M

Wembley Arena

If I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't have believed it, but as Boney M clattered into the final stretch of their act, desperately trying to win over their audience, a grinning Wembley steward stalked the front imploring the crowd to get up out of their seats and dance!

Ironically, he succeeded to some extent, whereas Boney M had spent two long hours attempting to do the same and had dismally failed. But as a result of the unsolicited actions of this official lone groover, flocks of camera-click 'tourists' — many with young sprogs snapping at their ankles — drifted towards the stage during 'Brown Girl In The Ring', chanting the appropriate "Tra-la-la-lies" and doing what resembled a constipated pogo.

Ever been invited to a party only to discover that it was a fancy dress do? Well, that was Boney M at Wembley.

As their wrecking crew Beautiful Black Circus — dressed in skin-tight catsuits, thrift-store psychedelic cast-offs and crushed oven foil — pranced about a silver and gold tropical *Seaside Special* stage set, few people felt obliged to respond to the monotonous 'Everybody Get Up And Dance' and 'I love This Disco Music' clichés. After 20 minutes, they jacked it in to allow the saxman to introduce, with forced enthusiasm, the Main Attraction.

At 8.29 Boney M hit the stage. Clad in tan 'n' tinsel sea-nymph body-stockings to give the impression of near-nakedness, Marcia, Liz and Maizie took up their positions whilst Bobby 'Elastic Legs' Farrell claimed Freddy Mercury's cherished 'Is This Man A Prat' title by appearing as Neptune — three pronged trident and all.

Five songs and one perfunctory early-hits medley

later, Boney M suddenly bowed off at 9.02. For the next 12 minutes, both the group's drummer and percussionist abused the audience with a flagrant display of their artistic limitations.

Then Boney M returned in oriental drag for three songs that began with an atmospheric adaptation of The Yardbirds' 'Still I'm Sad', lapsed into sheer trifle for 'Big Spender' and was only salvaged by of 'Elastic Legs, who during 'Rasputin' repeated that same ungainly dance routine he'd been doing all evening.

And just when it appeared that they were about to make contact with their audience, they handed over the next six minutes to their backing group who slugged through an embarrassingly third-rate boogie bump 'n' grind.

Attired in white and rhinestones, Boney M reappeared for the third and last time at 9.31 to plug tracks off 'Oceans Of Fantasy' before obliterating the memory of Hendrix's 'Hey Joe' (words fail me) and Marley's 'No Woman, No Cry'. Obviously they possess neither sufficient diverse material nor the presence to sustain a two hour performance.

Less songs, fewer costume changes and if they got the act down to under an hour, they could perhaps prove whatever point they're attempting make — if any.

Besides a consistently distinctive performance by Liz Mitchell, there were only a few instances when Boney M displayed a natural pop sensibility; more often than not, they resorted to unbelievable crassness. But they finally jettisoned any semblance of credibility by reducing 'Rivers Of Babylon' into a thump, 'Brown Girl In The Ring' to a kop anthem and chanting the nursery rhyme 'Calender Song' as an encore.

It's ages since I've witnessed so much overpriced energy being expended to achieve so little.

Roy Carr

The Rassas

The Nashville

While preparing to take-off for their debut UK visit, an errant hurricane sliced through the Caribbean, leaving the greater part of The Rassas personnel stranded at Kingston airport. Or so the story goes. Eleventh-hour preparations were made to accommodate the arriving musicians with a backing band.

So, Prince Lincoln Thompson, song-writer, ringmaster and lead singer extraordinary, and Pablo Black, the enigmatic keyboard wizard, meet The Israelites from Ladbroke Grove.

Onstage the resulting nine-piece outfit was to produce, if at first a little shakily, a performance of Jah Music at its very finest.

The bulk of The Rassas' (formerly The Royal Rassas) reputation in Britain stems from the intrinsic quality of their first LP, 'Humanity', one of this year's outstanding albums. Their music explores avenues of organic innovation, while avoiding extravagant dub-mutation and exotic studio techniques.

This is possibly why it transposes so well to a live set. Rassongs are luxurious, airy ballads, often hymnal, distinguished by expansive, enticing melodies that pick

themselves up by their own bootlaces.

Prince Lincoln's lyrics assume a biblical eloquence in expressing Rasta consciousness. But in the absence of introspective dogma or doom-laden dis ya prophesies, you'll find instead a compassionate humanist outlook on a world pervaded with structures of power and oppression. As he laconically put it to the crowd, 'The Rassas' music is for the moral upliftment of all 'umandy'.

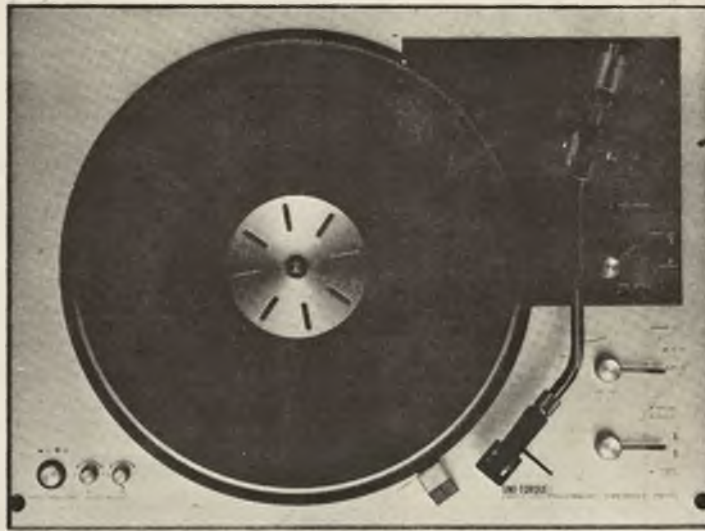
Considering the sophistication of The Rassas' material and the little time available for rehearsal, the set was resoundingly successful. Needless to say, it drew an ecstatic response from the packed and expectant crowd.

Apart from the vocal harmonies floundering from time to time, the music was remarkably cohesive. The sheer excellence of the backing band, whose labyrinth of intoxicating rhythms perfectly offset Prince Lincoln's exhilarating vocals, dispelled any purist misgivings over the compatibility of JA rockers and their UK counterparts.

This was a superior reggae event and an encouraging foretaste of The Rassas forthcoming Big One at The Rainbow.

Rick Joseph





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Punk fashion and feminism for beginners

Nina Hagen Band Lyceum

Nina Hagen has a magnificent image: as this year's sexy gauleiter digital fraulein her act begs to be noticed. Hers is the kind of almost self-generated successful hyperbole that demands instant attention and craves satisfaction.

But — you guessed it — underneath the customised leathers and the 21st century bra there was very little to get your teeth into on this showing.

Did I say very little? Let me amend that to nothing. Zilch. Nought. Zero!

After the obligatory pre-match warm up, interviews, choice photographic spreads, the calculating 'wacky' recording debut, comes the proof of the pudding.

I left the Lyceum starving hungry.

Ms. Hagen has a new band, four Dutch men of disparate shapes and uniformly dreadful taste. If she'd kissed off her last band because they were asking for too much money, God knows what publicity pretext she'll dream up for offing this lot.

Ferdi Karmelk (guitar), Laurens Leeuw (bass), Helmut Schon (keyboards) and Knud Heiniken (drums) cannot be blamed for their singer's remarkable lack of foresight in choosing them to accompany her mismatch of enfant terrible operatic and sub-Joplin screeching. But their own postured flash and pesky instrumental conceits

were pretty conclusive damnation.

The epithet 'new' and this current rabble are several universes apart.

And so, behind their Focus/Solution dribbling, absurd synthetics and limp-wristed guitar pyrotechnics, the real dilettante of the evening exploded her own attractive myth with a tenacity that verged on masochism.

The gist of Nina's current banter is a combination of fashionable punk gesture and de rigueur feminism for beginners. Admittedly her cause wasn't helped by a doubtful familiarity with English; true she based her set around a new Western bloc of material, yet there was a complete dearth of the substance and conviction that can rescue even the most embarrassing display of well intentioned ignorance.

This was merely professional, cynical and dull.

For improving the posture Ms Hagen declared that 'Future Is Now', delivered her contribution to the anti-heroin cliché in 'Smack Jack' and attempted to convince us all that the black cause was near to her heart in 'African Girl'.

There wasn't much else: some wishy-washy sexual liberation-cum-titillation in 'Boys And Girls', 'The Love Of A Boy'; the obligatory disservice to trendy lesbians in 'Hetero Blues' and 'Woman's Woman'; and something for all you animal lovers in 'Ich Bin Eine Hund (Wool Wool)'.

Whatever effect her vocal performance had on the listener was dissipated by the

triteness of her stance, perfectly unequivocal on the

plodding 'TV Grotzer', momentarily amusing on 'Naturtrane' (with assistance from Ari Up in the audience) and nearly exciting on the girl's best song 'Pank' — which the aforementioned Slit was partially responsible for.

The shoddiness of the evening was compounded by support band The Pack — replete with ex-Public Image drummer Jim Walker — who succeeded in driving the majority of the punters outside by dint of a volume saturation that went beyond pain and nowhere near pleasure.

The Pack are heavily into social comment, songs about machines and council estates, but don't seem to realise that a diet of unadulterated lyrical gloom and dumb heavy metal thrashing dressed up as new wave guerrilla warfare is neither here nor there in the real world.

Can't these people understand that we don't want to have our noses ground in the millstone of everyday life all the time?

Due to time factors, Nina's wellington's not being the right colour and so on, the pack returned for a ludicrous encore and apologised for that. So they were human after all.

Give us a break lads: life may not be a bowl of cherries but do you really have to accelerate the apocalypse?

Apologies to the mo-dettes whom I missed. By all accounts they provided the only enjoyable entertainment of the night.

Max Bell



Nina Hagen. Pic: Chris Harris.



"Who's calling us Mirrors lodgers, then?" Pic Zbyslaw Rodak.

Original Mirrors

Nashville

The Original Mirrors have intercepted Bowie and Eno's telepathic communications, trussed them up in Heavy Disco and released them somewhere west of Kensington — the Nashville to be exact.

The kick-off 'Sharp Words', hits you square between the ears and knocks you back as five figures dressed in black climb through the haze making noises of blinding intensity and switching on, layer by layer, a musical maelstrom; brutal drum thumping, parading bass, tidal power-chords and

symphonic synthesizer blips and burps. There's also a dash of Motown in there somewhere, heard in the scalding 'Panic In The Night'.

Bowie, however, just won't keep his influence out of it — which probably does the Mirrors more good than harm — especially the fetish about boys, trains and the use of three-ply unison vocals offsetting Steve Allen's excellent heavily echoed river-deep mountain-high voice (with hammy ego-petting theatrics unfortunately; but what can you expect from a Deaf School graduate?)

All this before the third number and possible single 'Could This Be Heaven? (Uh

Oh)' which is dance music at its most manic, followed by a pointed — some would say sexist — 'Boys Cry'.

From here on in, things get a bit samey in a distinctly Original Mirrors kind of way, but relieved slightly by a total reworking of the Supremes' 'Reflections', a water-tight but not critic-proof 'The Boys, The Boys' and their most developed song, 'Feel Like A Train' (won't mention 'Station To Station' here, I promise).

Altogether, the good outweighs the irritating and any doubts about Original Mirrors' future success are ground into the floor in a stampede of frantic feet.

Mr Bowie, I think I've found you a support group.

Elissa Van Poznak

The Crusaders Randy Crawford

Hammersmith Odeon

Whatever you think of her singing, Randy Crawford is almost certainly a delight to know.

Guaranteed a fine hand through her association with 'Street Life', she clearly relished the acclaim, chattering away unselfconsciously and sporting a grin as broad as the proverbial melon slice.

Anonymously backed by what looked like four hospital orderlies, the lady's one lapse was some silly heavy breathing on the 'First time that he really done me' line from Lennon's 'Don't Let Me Down'. She contrived to make the B-movie psychodrama of 'I've Never Been To Me' (a female 'My Way') almost tolerable and 'Everything Must Change' was an agreeable exercise in philosophical Gladys Knight-ery.

Randy Crawford is the kind of singer you could take Mum to see without insulting your intelligence, a superior cabaret trouper rather than a soul-stirrer.

Yet the place went decorously berserk, only to top that when the curtain rose on The Crusaders, spread out with their hardware against a tinsel backdrop.

"That's a hit single for you," mused the critic cynically, but it was soon obvious that audience appreciation ran deeper than that. Whenever one of the recurring party

pieces dissolved into a theme, the roar of recognition was instantaneous.

The space between the musicians seems symbolic in retrospect, the basic trio of Hooper, Sample and Felder being augmented by Airta Morel (percussion), Lou Fisher (bass) and Michael O'Neill (guitar). All six soloed on the first number — to rapturous applause, natch.

Just a flag-waver, I thought. No such luck. First Joe Sample (electric piano), then Wilton Felder (tenor) noodled away on their own and the pattern was set.

This was technique in a vacuum, O'Neill providing what grit and economy there was. Felder apart, the band seemed ruled by a po-faced concert hall aesthetic, tipping over into Yes/Pink Floyd overkill on Stix Hooper's percussion discussion with Moreira.

Illuminated from behind by alternate red and orange lights, the drummer pitter-pattered on his metalware in what seemed to be an evocation of dawn, culminating with the inevitable gong.

The Crusaders are currently suffering from acute Solo Album mania and it shows.

This was a group in name only; not once did they get hold of a theme as a unit and make something of it. Felder played beautifully, but in near-isolation. Texturing, chemistry, interaction were out to breakfast, lunch and tea.

Fearing the mass orgasm when Randy C. returned for

'Street Life' might be too much for my nerves, I left.

Harry George

Zorro

Windsor Castle

By appearances Zorro have a foot stuck in every minefield: marionette dramatics, musician as machine extension, boogie-band refugee, hygienic pop-purist — it's a bewildering pot-pourri.

The marionette dramatics department forges their identity. Singer Dave Smith wails a fitting testament to imprisonment in his own trousers. He owes more than a curtsy to Rod Stewart's gyrations and a surreptitious wink in Dick Emery's direction.

Decadence is his intention, but Smith — and therefore Zorro — lack the turn of stylistic class which gives decadence cadence.

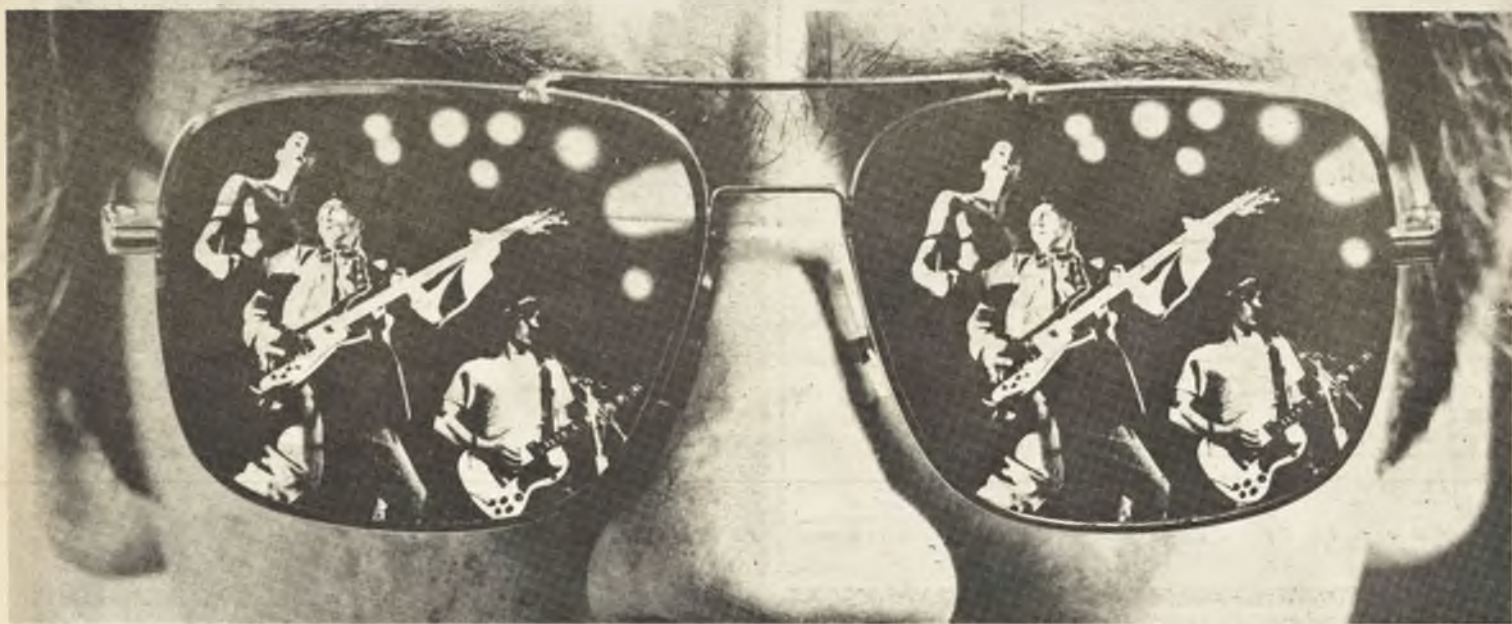
When Smith sings of soldier boys he strips comment from sentiment. It becomes shock horror. When he claims he's 'sod all' you know he thinks he's auditioning for heaven. His vocals fly eight miles high of sensitivity. If this was Brighton Pier he'd throw himself off.

Zorro are devoid of whimsy, fallibility and humanity. They're plastic cabaret: music from and for the ego, all attack and no standing back. They play almost exclusively non-originals. They'd love to cause extreme reactions; mass-streaking would be ideal.

I kept my hair on.

Pete Archer

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(True Last
week)

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2	(2) The Who	(10go)
3	(4) Secret Affair	(10go)
4	(3) The Clash	(10go)
5	(5) The Police	(10go)
6	(6) The Chords	(10go)

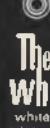
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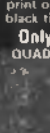
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EXPRESSWORD



- ACROSS**
- Oh yes, she's a great pretender! (8,5)
 - Surname of original Jethro Tull guitarist who formed Blodwyn Pig (rtd. defunct)
 - Mike Oldfield starters?
 - Sledge (soulfully) or Plant (matily)
 - 20 The Ice King of Television (rtd. hurt pride)
 - Veteran UK avant garde outfit which once featured Robert Wyatt and Kevin Ayers (rtd. tipsy) (4,7)
 - Wayne's shockers (run out)! (8,6)
 - Richard II (for it is he) meets Kate Bush!
 - EP's first label, founded in Memphis by Sam Phillips
 - Beach Boy who's been dated Christine McVie (well he was, last we heard) (6,6)
 - A Swedish connection in Israeli-Arab barney!
 - Train 'unter (anag. singer 2 words)
 - Tend wet phones (anag. guitarist 2 words)
 - See 4
 - Aye, there's money in them there bands lad! (To be read in dialect)
- DOWN**
- Aka 'The Flaggellant's Song' (5,2,2,4)
 - Folkie who had a No 1 with 'Streets Of London' then disappeared down one (5,6)
 - Four? (i.e. a short clue)
- 4 & 27 Singer/songwriter** whose biggest hit, 'Without You', was written by someone else
- 6** Aka Terence Nelmans, '50s popstar turned actor (4,5)
- 7** Genesis at the sound of the bell! (7,3)
- 12** Jack James China (anag. singer 2 words)
- 13** Features 'Aquarius', 'Let The Sun Shine In' and other groovy tunes!!
- 16** Deep Purple drummer (This one's for Sounds readers) (3,5)
- 19** Not quite a hurricane, more a rockabilly band
- 20** See 10
- 21** See 23
- 23 & 21** down Jackie De Shannon beat standard recorded by The Searchers, Drifters and others (7,3,4)
- 24 & 26** Member of the original Waiters with Bob and Bunny
- 26** See 24

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Street Life'; 6 'Golden (Years)'; 7 'Angel Eyes'; 10 Alternative TV; 11 Flying Lizards; 14 'Israelites!'; 15 Doors; 16 (Ian) Anderson; 19 Lenny (Kaye); 21 Elmore James; 23 Ry Cooder; 25 Dee (Dee Ramone); 26 (Small) Faces; 27 Eddy Grant.

DOWN: 1 'Slap And Tickle'; 2 'Reggae For It Now'; 3 The Rezillos; 4 Elkie Brooks; 5 (Dee) Dee (Ramone); 8 Small (Faces); 9 'Dizzy'; 12 'Gotta Go Home'; 13 (Bruce) Springsteen; 17 Dread; 18 RCA; 20 'Golden' Years; 22 Ian (Anderson); 24 Reg.

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NOTTING HILL Midnight Monday. Girl from Bromley, hope you got home alright without being arrested! Sorry, we was going the other way. See you next year! PC — AD.

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GASBAG

GOES OVER

Scribble your dribble to
Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St.,
London W1.

Some more modern fairy tales

In response to the several letters which you have doubtless received this week, claiming that The Slits are exploiting womanhood by appearing nude in your pages, may I say that I think they looked charming?

This would be a better, finer world if only more people were unembarrassed about displaying their bodies in public, or indeed in private (my place, Fridays, from 7 pm onwards).
Mary Whitehouse, Zone C38.
This correspondence is now closed. — M.S.

I would like to point out that on the day of the Van Morrison concert in Edinburgh (T-Zers 1.9.79), Meadowbank were in fact away to Aberdeen in the second leg of the second round of the Scottish League Cup, where they achieved a creditable 2-2 draw which unfortunately was not enough to wipe out their 0-5 deficit from the first leg. A Thistle Supporter, East Grinstead.

You idiots Dead Good Records come from Lincoln, not Coventry.
S. Ilyname, Lincoln.
It was a pun. — M.S.

I would like to enquire why Ken Barlow should get a mention in NME since it is a music paper and not a scandal-mongering Sunday sensational! I would like to see more about the music industry and related topics in NME, less about politics and pervers.
B. Locks
What a wonderful sense of humour you must have. — M.S.

Why do journalists get trips to America and not photographers as well? If the answer is American photographers can be used, then why can't American journalists be used as well? Why are music photographers treated like shit and not like professionals of their trade, like what they are?
Angry of Russell Square (aka G. Bodnar).
Stick your zoom lens up yer arse, George, and stop bellyaching. — SNOWDEN.

Feargal Sharkey is a great bloke but as a boot boy he's got a lot to learn. He could only manage eight holes on the cover of last week's NME. Ten is the minimum qualification around here.
Dr Kevin Marten, Brockley Boot Boys.
I'm amazed. Amazed you lot can count. — M.S.

Please regard this as the Y-Zers and the dots backlash. Bring back Alleycat and Tailpieces.
Rompin' Russ (an old but faithful reader), Cardiff, S. Glamorgan.
The dots are the offspring of Alleycat's tail-pieces, so stow it, Russ, they're sensitive as hell. — M.S.

I don't even have to write this letter I'm so bloody perfect.
Nick the Incredible Egoist, Kensington.

I have just read last week's edition of NME and have decided to go and shit myself unconscious. I can also fart myself insensible.
Jonah, Rhyd, N. Wales.
Fascinating. — M.S.

Greenpeace are a little late if you ask me.
Orca's wife and kid.

I can't agree with Paul Morley more. At last I've found someone thinking in parallel lines with me.

Yes, the 1980s must be the decade in which all the pretensions of the '70s are finally discarded. The punk explosion of the late '70s was on the right lines, but not quite there. Then came the small labels. Then there's John Lydon. He's still pursuing his alternative music, and it's a part of us. He triggers something in us... an urge. If he can do it, we can. Rock is at street level. But there was still something missing. That final piece.

It threatens to burst through now. Imagine it — music for everyone. No professionalism, no awe. The synthesizer — it has no limits. Twiddle a knob, flick a switch. It's complete. It's not beyond anyone because there's very little skill involved. A classless music! The Human League. Robert Rental, Prag Vec — it'll soon be with us.

Is anyone else awake?
A not pissed off, bored, apathetic, anarchistic or revolutionary person — in fact, someone who's happy, Cleethorpes.

Robert Moog has got a lot to answer for — M.S.
P.S. Moog rhymes with Vogue. The 't' is silent, as in fox. — A GOOD SPELLER.

What is this current Swell Maps craze, taking over what used to be a great music paper?

I've seen them — they stink. Stop wasting your time writing about incompetent T-Rex fans and stick to real musicians like Prag Vec and Gary Numan. How can anyone like musicians (hah, they don't deserve that title) who don't even (can't) tune their guitars properly?

Paul Morley wake up! Save your reputation before it's too late.

Tessa Asquith, London W14.
Real musicians like Prat Vogue and Gary Numan? Moog, Moog — where are you? — M.S.

Editor Neil Spencer agrees that the Purple Hearts are "all a load of little kids in '60s suits playing power-pop." Danny Baker, meanwhile, doesn't like the Secret Affair single. And now, Paul Rambali has decided that these aren't even dance-bands. "Too fast," he says. Paul Morley prefers to see the "superficial mod middle" as "a diverting, reactionary and unimaginative prelude to a pop culture (sic) leap into the '80s."

I'm afraid you're all quite mistaken. Obviously Baker didn't turn up the volume. And perhaps Rambali would get more satisfaction from Come Dancing. Who could stand still while Secret Affair play 'Get Ready', or The Chords sweat their souls out to 'Hold On, I'm Coming'? The truth is, Secret Affair, Purple Hearts, The Chords and Back to Zero (let's set aside the ghastly Menon Parkas) are among the new bands nearest to that secret of everlasting youth displayed by The Jam. Morley's "new pop" may be very thoughtful and amusing, but it coldly by-passes the youthful rebellion and



No. 1, Vol. 1.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

February 14, 1984.

THE JOLLY ADVENTURES OF THE BRUIN BOYS — THEIR SNOW-MAN HAS A WARME TIME.



confidence of the mod records.

If these bands delve into the past, it's because there they find ideas well worth applying to the present. It's 1979 already, time for the young to stick together now. You'll never dispose of the "new tribal warfare" by taking a prejudiced anti-mod editorial stance. There's nothing nostalgic or escapist about Purple Hearts or Secret Affair. They, like The Jam, are concerned with reality and the present. On the contrary, it is the old-hat technological futurism of Morley's favourites that is escapist.

The new mod bands have followed The Jam, and set their stamp on the pop song, bringing to it youth and freshness, a style and sense of our time, which will win them listeners long after complaints about their deficiencies have

been forgotten.

Come on, you lot. It's glory, boys!
Nick Hodgson, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear.

Are you lonely? Depressed? Thinking of suicide?

Don't use the old-fashioned, out-moded methods of hanging your head in the electric oven. Not Simply criticise the Mods and you're as good as dead.
Wally, Liverpool.

I know how many divs write in and say that their letters don't get published but honestly, I've written to you mugs thirty-five times. And this is my final letter and like all those other letters, it's to tell you lot to wake up!
A. Mug, South Mambia.
P.S. I haven't really written 35 letters but give us a break.
Wake up? It's alright, man.

we're only dreaming... — M.S.

Bob Dylan's got religion, he loves God through and through.

But with all of his wealth and riches he doesn't know what to do.

But I think I've got an answer, and he shouldn't take it amiss.

I think he should take his money, and give it all to Cliff. Optical Bus Stop Enterprises Inc.

I have bought NME for the past two years but I cancelled my order today. The reasons I used to buy your paper were for the interesting interviews, etc. on modern music and I suffered and ignored the bad language that most writers in your paper cannot avoid using. The final straw came when you started making totally 'unbiased' comments

on Bob Dylan's recently found Christian faith. This attitude of short-sighted misunderstanding was highlighted firstly by Charles Shaar Murray's album review and more recently by Steve Turner's article entitled 'Dylan's Conversion: We Name The Guilty Men'. I hope you are pleased that your slugging of the Christian faith which you obviously are totally ignorant about has lost you business equivalent to £10.40 per annum.

I am only writing this letter so that the person who will have read this will perhaps realise what an immoral, anti-religious paper they work for. I have been praying for quite a while now that Bob Dylan's conversion could be an indirect witness to many of his fans. Jesus is alive and kicking and gradually stamping out evil in the world. Anne-Marie Kileen, Burgess Hill, West Sussex.
The swearing in this paper is usually in quotation marks. Your 10p stamp, like everybody else's, has gone towards Guide Dogs For The Blind. Bye-bye. — M.S.

All the years of extremist muzak rage, all those letters in Gasbag read by folk as far away as Canada and Bolton. Young people of left / right, rock / punk, black / white writing about how happy or angry the music of today is making them. But then... Cliff Richard at Number One! Gil, Sheffield.

I found Andy Gill's article on the Sheffield music scene quite interesting (despite some pig-headed ideas from various people) and I'll keep an eye out for some of the resulting vinyl. One major drawback to this kind of piece is that by putting the bands in a geographical area it unintentionally throws 'type of music' into the same bag. This happened to name two famous examples, in Merseyside and Cleveland, Ohio. Admittedly Ohio contained more talented people than Merseyside did (in the '60s) but the point is this kind of bracketing (geographical or musical) always comes across as the initiation of a fad of some sort. Regardless of whether it is or not general interest in the bands and music is a very short-lived thing. I hope you get my point although it is a bit of a dilemma.
Stephen Coyne, St. Ninians.
It certainly is, whatever your point was. — M.S.

Re: Greenbelt '79 (Gasbag 15.9.79). BBC Radio 1 highlighted this festival with an hour long presentation by Richard Skinner and although the programme made clear that the festival was varied, trust the BBC to willingly support the intrusion of diabolical worldliness into Christianity! The god of music surely will lead many to an uncomfortable eternity. As an observer, it was very sad to witness the intrusion of a devilish atmosphere at the concert, where thousands massed for hours on Sunday evening, leaving behind a litter trail of beer cans and cigarette packets — as well as treating Sunday as an ordinary shopping day!
Ron Phippin, Enfield, Middlesex.

You, sir, are not at all eccentric and must be great company down the Old Bull And Bush. I'm just surprised you live in Middlesex. Now, if you lived in Gillingham... — M.S.



"Star Trek is crap, eh, Spock?"
"It would appear so, Jim — but due to a time warp factor we've been in Monty Smith's Bag two weeks running."

T-ZERS GETS SOME CLASS

Relax. Let the therapeutic waters of the jacuzzi swirl around you. Feel those muscles unwind after a bracing two-mile jog. Maybe turn up the solarium a little, not too much now... don't want to curdle all those healthy enzymes.

Mmmmmmmmm. That's better, T-Zers wants you to know it's rilly into the new lifestyle. No more junk food, smog, and frustrating social encounters. Last week the Ion Discharger arrived for the gym, and all three dots shared the experience. T-Zers comes to you now with a healthy, aware, outdoors disposition, able to sort what is truly real from what is merely far out, and what it far out from what is just too much.

Reasonably far out and currently trying to come back in is **Steve Harley**, who made with the heroisms last weekend when the flat above his in a Marylebone block burst into flames. Harley carried his unconscious girlfriend **Yvonne Keeley** down several flights to the ground and safety, alerting other inhabitants en route to their imminent peril. No one was hurt, save the girl who lived on the floor where the fire started, although Yvonne was overcome by fumes. This was not, we repeat, not a publicity stunt. Nor is there any truth to reports that firemen had to use copies of Harley's typically wet new single to quell the flames.

In a brazen publicity escapade, **Phil Daniels**, star of *Madrosphenis*, stopped by NME offices to deliver a copy of the soundtrack album with an impressive squad of Lambretta'd modern youth as his transport and escort. Over a swift art Daniel talked of his role in the forthcoming *Borstal Blic Scum*, and far slip that his first movie role was as the bugle boy in *Zulu* — "a right little iron," he quipped. T-Zers pretended to know what he meant and tried not to be surprised that he didn't leave us with the words "Fuckoff, will ya? Just fuckoff."

RAR are petitioning promoters and club-owners to ban self-styled members of the master race from gigs, in the light of their recent escalated activities.

Not content with her distracting behaviour at Wembley, **Ms Patti Lee Smith** got herself bottled (an old rejection ritual performed by concert-goers in the bays before canned beer) by Italian 'radicals' in Florence. Patti was unharmed. "Must've been divine intervention," quipped a radical as he was escorted off to the cooler. Reports that a 'special guest' is expected to appear when the PSG play near the Vatican must be treated lightly.

John Kuper Clark, now totally unable to tell the difference between night and day, is rumoured to be considering spending some of the 900 folders he gets a time for live appearances on a set of sunglasses that can be permanently welded to the ears. He will meanwhile be appearing absolutely free of charge at **Pete Townshend's** Magic Bus bookshop in Richmond on Friday (21) to sign copies of his hideous (that's what it says here) *Directory*. The book, of course, will cost three quid.

A couple who, depending where you stand, were either meant for or else deserved each other, **Carly Simon** and **James Taylor**, have been cleft in twain by the pace of the new lifestyle. Word has it that Carly, now ensconced in a New York hotel, just 'wanted a breather'. And while we're holding our breath we might reflect on why the child of **Garry Goffin** and **Carole King**, **Louise King**, sees in to



Good gimmick of the week: John Teacher Clarke poses in Stockholm's Museum of Modern Arts, where JCC was a pilgrimaging on account of how Bob Dylan visited the very same venue in 1966 to spy Rauchenberg's Goat (a shaggy beast in a glass case with a rubber tyre round its waist, for reasons best known to Mr Rauchenberg). Recorded for posterity by Steve Wallgren. Backdrop supplied by, uh... by some terribly famous artist whose name escapes us. It's called "Will You Be A Profitable Citizen?"

perform the old **Sax Pistols** number 'Problems' in her show.

Reflected? Good. Breathe out now and dwell on the following prospects: Warner Bros. have already shipped eight million copies of the new **F. Mac** (as opposed to a Big Mac) album 'Tusk'. Only because it's a double the predicted gross sale will be 16 million units. Radio programmers in the US are, however, less than enchanted with the single of the same name and some say that it had been by a non-megaplatinum act it would have struggled to make the playlists. Tusk tusk.

Staying with the big sums, we learn the **Mike Chapman** grossed nearly 15 grand in ever-depreciating US dollars to produce **The Knack's** chart-topping 'Get The Knack' platter. Chapman, who obviously already has it, soon starts work with **Nervus Rex**.

What can it all mean? Last week the number one single was by **Cliff Richard**... real name **Harry Webb**. This week the number one single is by **Gary Numan**... real name **Gary Webb**.

Scritti Politti and **The Fall** played a Final Solution gig at London's YMCA last weekend. Those seen shimmying to the

modern noise included **Radiance** persons **Peter Purvis** and **Pete Murray**. Purvis was overheard to mutter to Murray, "They're two of my favourite bands". Murray's smile barely wavered.

On **Zappa Records'** first release, by one **L. Shankar**, the label's namesake can be spotted under the sobriquet of **Stucco Homes** on a charming little number entitled 'Dead Girls Of London'. **Van Morrison** recorded the tune, too, but Warners in their wisdom wouldn't let him put it out.

Elvis Costello and **The Specials** seen moving their bodies in a manner suggesting enjoyment at the VFPs gig in a faded Hammersmith watering trough. Elvis also spun his ska-faced faves on **Star Special** last Sunday, and a solid, upstanding choice it was too. He gave equal prominence to **The Clash**, **John Lennon** and **Dusty Springfield**, and stated decisively that it was in fact **Brinsley Schwarz** and not **Jake Riviera** who "persuaded me to take up the cudgels of the music business". What he actually meant by this is open to interpretation.

Producer **Richard Evans** insists that **John Travolta's** dance routines in his new

movie **Urban Cowboy** will do for country music what his steps in **Saturday Night Fever** did for disco. And just to make sure, **Eagles** manager **Irv Azoff** has stepped in as co-producer with the task of assembling a soundtrack featuring as many of the acts he manages as could possibly pass for country music. You have been warned.

As American politics continues its slide from the sublime to the ridiculous, guitarist **Joe Walsh** has announced his candidacy for the 1980 US Presidential election. Mr Walsh (35) is managed by **Irv Azoff**.

Is **Stevie Wonder** waiting for the film before he releases the soundtrack to *The Secret Life of Plants*, or is the film company waiting for the soundtrack before they release the film? Good question. Here's another: who's **Stevie Wonder** anyway?

With **The Clash** Take The 5th (as in Amendment) tour now under steam in the States, with our very own **Ray Lowry** chronicling events at the express request of the Clashers themselves (see *Thrills*) have here a short postscript to their meeting with noted shitkicker **Joe Ely**. Ely felt the need to give Clash an original '50s tab collar

shirt, and so he did, simultaneously extending an eager invite to them to come on down to Lubbock, Texas, to play at the Cotton Club. "It's at the edge of this cotton field. There's nothing around for miles. Everyone gets stoned and drunk and we play till dawn!" Then he played his ace: "**Buddy Holly** opened for **Elvis** at the Cotton Club in 1955". **Strummer's** jaw dropped and he looked over to **Jones**, whose fag had just done much the same. "We'll do it," they chorused.

Returning once more to the big sums, T-Zers hears that promoter **Fred Bannister's** company has gone bankrupt, claiming attendance figures at **Knebworth** were far below those originally stated. Only 98,000 on the first Saturday and 48,000 on the second. Whatever happened, we wonder, to the estimated £1,500,000 gross reported at the time?

Radio City, the pirate radio station featured in *Thrills* last week, rang up to explain a little joke contained therein. When they say that "the Home Office know that if they come around one of us might lay one on 'em" what they actually mean is that the Home Office have a mental picture of rock'n'roll fans being prone to rowdiness — not that they, Radio City, would ever dream of such behaviour. They also deny using the word 'pirate' to describe other pirates, who have been very helpful to them in the past. "I don't even know what a wimp is," quipped a Voice On The Other End Of The Phone.

And belated bouquets to **Tom Sheehan**, whose pics of **Alien** director **Ridley Scott** and designer **H. R. Giger** went uncredited last week.

And on the subject of Great Breakthroughs In Cinematography, 3-D is coming back. Auntie are planning a *Top Of The Flogs* 3-D spectacular for Xmas. The phenomenon was popular in the '50s but never really caught on, but now science chief **Paul Bonner** is trying to persuade other producers to experiment with this wacky medium, recently utilised by science programme *Horizon* to demonstrate the workings of the eye. The Beeb is hoping to make special glasses available shortly.



Not-so-good gimmicks of the week: Left, the 'Quadrophonia' hard-sell goes on as Carnaby Street dazes peacefully in the face of a 'Mod' invasion led by 'Quad' star **Phil Daniels**. Centre: slightly better except we weren't represented 'cos they only invited Phil 'Armchair Expert' McNeill along — *The Strangers'* **Hugh Cornwell** on the way to a crushing one-run defeat at the hands of the *Media XI* in Saturday's *Help A London Child* charity cricket match. Right: worst of the lot — the *McCartney Music* **Buddy Holly** cash-in rolls on at this year's 'Buddy Holly Week' celebration as **Don Everly** and **Paulie** rave it up at *Hammersmith* Odson to the accompaniment of **Ronnie Lane**, **Albert Lee**, **Wings** and a clutch of *Cricketts*. Pix: **George Bodner**, **Gabor Scott**, **Valerie Clendinning**.

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