

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SPECIALS, MADNESS, SELECTER

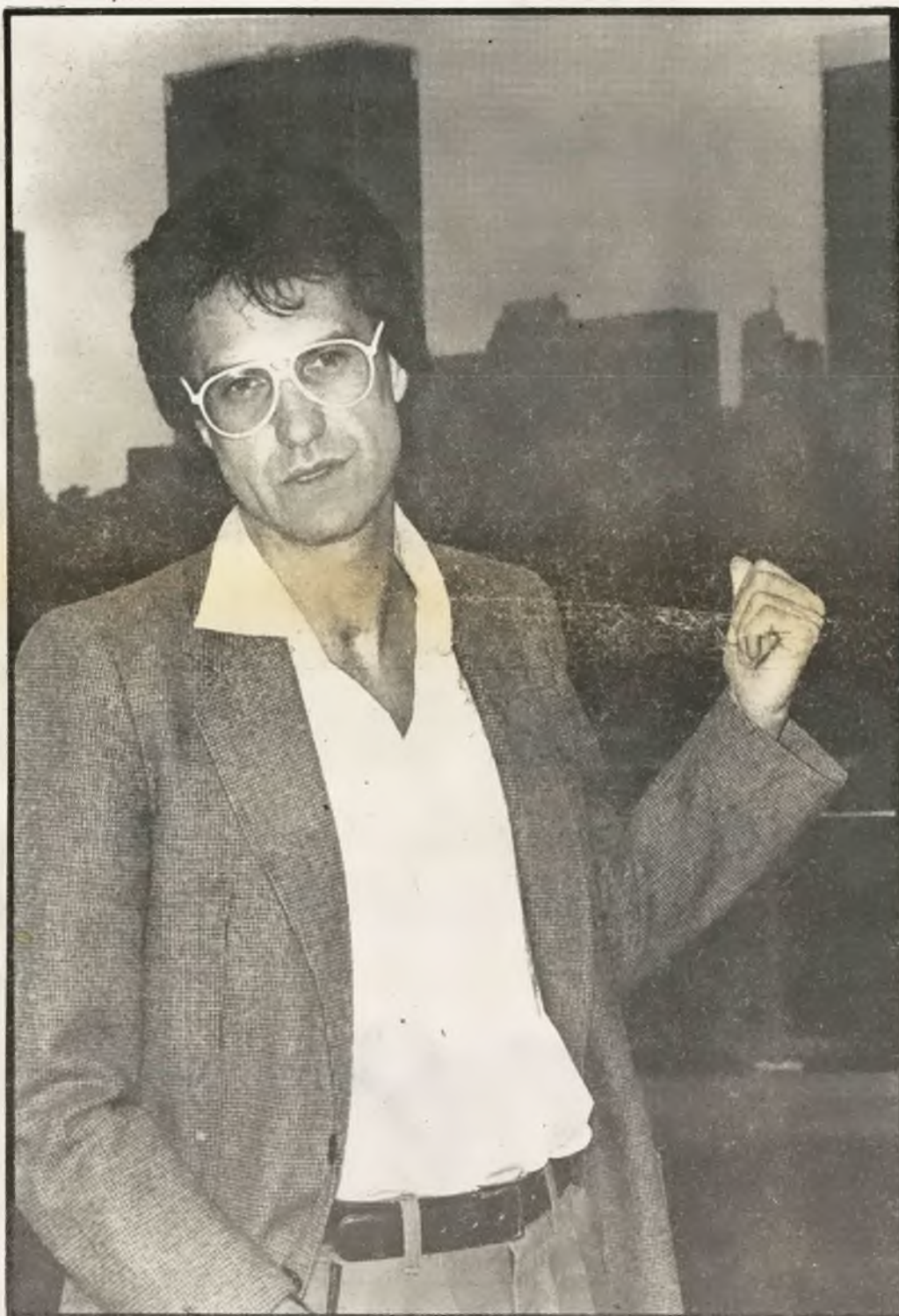
Forty date tour for the ska machine p.3

BUZZCOCKS

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NME CHARTS

Week ending September 22, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(4)	Message In A Bottle.....	Police (A & M)	3 1
2	(2)	If I Said You Had A Beautiful.....	Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	6 2
3	(1)	Cars.....	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	5 1
4	(20)	Dreaming.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2 4
5	(8)	Sail On.....	Commodores (Motown)	4 5
6	(5)	Love's Gotta Hold On Me.....	Dollar (Carrere)	5 5
7	(9)	Strut Your Funky Stuff.....	Frantique (Philadelphia)	6 7
8	(22)	What Ever You Want.....	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2 8
9	(6)	Street Life.....	Crusaders (MCA)	7 4
10	(3)	We Don't Talk Anymore.....	Cliff Richard (EMI)	11 1
11	(14)	Cruel To Be Kind.....	Nick Lowe (Radar)	4 11
12	(26)	Since You've Been Gone.....	Rainbow (Polydor)	2 12
13	(7)	Don't Bring Me Down.....	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5 3
14	(25)	Don't Stop Til You Get Enough.....	Michael Jackson (Epic)	3 14
15	(15)	Time For Action.....	Secret Affair (I Spy)	4 15
16	(27)	Live On Stage (EP).....	Kate Bush (EMI)	3 16
17	(—)	Video Killed The Radio Star.....	Buggles (Island)	1 17
18	(17)	The Prince.....	Madness (2 Tone)	3 17
19	(29)	You Can Do It.....	Al Hudson (MCA)	2 19
20	(10)	Reggae For It Now.....	Bill Lovelady (Charisma)	6 10
21	(—)	Queen Of Hearts.....	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	1 21
22	(23)	Step And Tickle.....	Squeeze (A & M)	3 22
23	(12)	Just When I Needed You Most.....	Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	9 7
24	(—)	Every Day Hurts.....	Sad Cafe (RCA)	1 24
25	(11)	Bang Bang.....	B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	8 2
26	(—)	Back Of My Hand.....	Jags (Island)	1 26
27	(13)	Gone Gone Gone.....	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	6 13
28	(16)	Gotta Go Home.....	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	8 11
29	(18)	Angel Eyes.....	Roxy Music (Polydor)	8 4
30	(—)	The Devil Went Down.....	Charles Daniels Band (Epic)	1 30

UP AND COMING:

Charade — Skids (Virgin);
 Dim All The Lights — Donna Summer (Casablanca);
 OK Fred — Errol Dunkley (Scope);
 Making Plans For Nigel — XTC (Virgin);
 Straw Dogs — Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis);
 Mitteleisen — Siouxsie & the Banshees (Polydor).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 1, 1974

1	Kung Fu Fighting.....	Carl Douglas (Pye)
2	Annie's Song.....	John Denver (RCA)
3	Hang On In There Baby.....	Johnny Bristol (MGM)
4	Long Tall Glasses.....	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
5	Can't Get Enough Of Your Love Babe.....	Barry White (Pye)
6	You You You.....	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
7	Queen Of Clubs.....	K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jive)
8	Y Viva Espana.....	Sylvia (Soni)
9	Sad Sweet Dreamer.....	Sweet Sensation (Pye)
10	Love Me For A Reason.....	Osmonds (MGM)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 1, 1969

1	Bad Moon Rising.....	Credence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
2	Je T'aime... Moi Non Plus.....	Jane Birkin & Serge Gainsbourg (Fontana/Major Minors)
3	I'll Never Fall In Love Again.....	Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)
4	Don't Forget To Remember.....	Bee Gees (Polydor)
5	A Boy Named Sue.....	Johnny Cash (CBS)
6	Too Busy Thinking About My Baby.....	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
7	Throw Down A Line.....	Cliff Richard & Hank Marvin (Columbia)
8	Good Morning Starshine.....	Oliver (CBS)
9	Natural Born Bugle.....	Humble Pie (Immediate)
10	In The Year 2525.....	Zager & Evans (RCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 1, 1954

1	I'm Into Something Good.....	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
2	Oh Pretty Woman.....	Roy Orbison (London)
3	Where Did Our Love Go.....	Supremes (Stateside)
4	Rag Doll.....	Four Seasons (Philips)
5	I Wouldn't Trade You For The World.....	Bachelors (Decca)
6	The Wedding.....	Juke Rogers (Mercury)
7	I Won't Forget You.....	Jim Reeves (RCA)
8	Together.....	P.J. Proby (Decca)
9	You Really Got Me.....	Kinks (Pye)
10	I'm Crying.....	Animals (Columbia)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(2)	Pleasure Principle.....	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4 1
2	(21)	Oceans of Fantasy.....	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	3 2
3	(1)	Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile.....	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3 4
4	(6)	String of Hits.....	Shadows (EMI)	4 4
5	(4)	Discovery.....	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	18 1
6	(3)	In Through The Out Door.....	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	6 2
7	(5)	Slow Train Coming.....	Bob Dylan (CBS)	6 2
8	(—)	The Adventures Of The Herisham Boys.....	Sham 69 (Polydor)	1 8
9	(7)	I Am.....	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	17 2
10	(12)	Outlandos D'Amour.....	Police (A & M)	21 7
11	(8)	Street Life.....	Crusaders (MCA)	11 5
12	(14)	Breakfast In America.....	Supertramp (A & M)	28 2
13	(11)	Midnight Magic.....	Commodores (Motown)	5 11
14	(10)	Voulez Vous.....	Abba (Epic)	21 1
14	(22)	Off The Wall.....	Michael Jackson (Epic)	2 14
16	(—)	Eat To The Beat.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1 16
17	(9)	Replicas.....	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	16 1
18	(13)	Parallel Lines.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	51 1
19	(19)	Manifesto.....	Roxy Music (Polydor)	27 4
20	(18)	Join Hands.....	Siouxsie & the Banshees (Polydor)	2 16
21	(17)	Best Disco Album In The World.....	Various (WEA)	13 1
22	(15)	Down To Earth.....	Rainbow (Polydor)	7 7
23	(—)	The Long Run.....	Eagles (Asylum)	1 23
24	(—)	Hot Tracks.....	Various (K-Tel)	1 24
25	(—)	War Of The Worlds.....	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	43 2
26	(20)	Night Owl.....	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	17 10
27	(23)	Morning Dance.....	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	12 7
28	(28)	Welcome To The Cruise.....	Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	8 19
29	(—)	Live Killer.....	Queen (EMI)	12 6
30	(29)	Cut.....	Slits (Island)	2 29

UP AND COMING:

One Voice — Barry Manilow (Arista);
 Facades — Sad Cafe (RCA);
 Street Machine — Sammy Hagar (Capitol);
 Eve — Alan Parsons Project (Arista);
 Greatest Hits — 10cc (Mercury);
 New Horizons — Don Williams (K-Tel)



Michael Jackson says it's wonderful to have his record slicing up the charts here in little old England. He thinks our policemen are brave to go around without guns and our record-buyers are rilly wonderful. Pic: Steve Dixon.

US SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	Sad Eyes.....	Robert John	
2	(3)	Sell On.....	Commodores	
3	(2)	My Sharone.....	The Knack	
4	(6)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough.....	Michael Jackson	
5	(5)	I'll Never Love This Way Again.....	Dianna Warwick	
6	(8)	Rise.....	Herb Alpert	
7	(7)	Lanesome Loser.....	Little River Band	
8	(9)	Pop Muzik.....	M	
9	(4)	Don't Bring Me Down.....	Electric Light Orchestra	
10	(11)	Heaven Must Have Sent You.....	Bonnie Pointer	
11	(10)	A Bad Case Of Loving You.....	Robert Palmer	
12	(20)	Dim All The Lights.....	Donna Summer	
13	(12)	Good Times.....	Chic	
14	(17)	Cruel To Be Kind.....	Nick Lowe	
15	(16)	Driver's Seat.....	Sniff 'n' Tears	
16	(19)	Spooky.....	Atlanta Rhythm Section	
17	(18)	Born To Be Alive.....	Patrick Hernandez	
18	(22)	Love's Touchin'.....	Squeeze	
19	(24)	Where Were You.....	Logo	
20	(28)	Good Girls Don't.....	Knack	
21	(23)	The Boss.....	Diana Ross	
22	(13)	Lead Me On.....	Maxine Nightingale	
23	(—)	Heartache Tonight.....	Eagles	
24	(26)	Get It Right Next Time.....	Gerry Rafferty	
25	(—)	You Decorated My Life.....	Kenny Rogers	
26	(27)	Different Worlds.....	Maureen McGovern	
27	(—)	Dirty White Boy.....	Foreigner	
28	(29)	What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'.....	Stephanie Mills	
29	(—)	Rolene.....	Moon Martin	
30	(—)	Dependin' On You.....	Ooobie Brothers	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	In Through The Out Door.....	Led Zeppelin	
2	(2)	Get The Knack.....	The Knack	
3	(3)	On The Wall.....	Michael Jackson	
4	(4)	Midnight Magic.....	Commodores	
5	(6)	Slow Train Coming.....	Bob Dylan	
6	(5)	Breakfast In America.....	Supertramp	
7	(8)	Candy O.....	The Cars	
8	(18)	Headgames.....	Foreigner	
9	(10)	First Under The Wire.....	Little River Band	
10	(9)	I Am.....	Earth Wind & Fire	
11	(7)	Risque.....	Chic	
12	(15)	Volcano.....	Jimmy Buffett	
13	(13)	Bad Girls.....	Donna Summer	
14	(14)	Rust Never Sleeps.....	Neil Young & Crazy Horse	
15	(14)	Dionne.....	Dianna Warwick	
16	(17)	Million Mile Reflections.....	Charlie Daniels Band	
17	(—)	Dream Police.....	Cheap Trick	
18	(11)	Discovery.....	Electric Light Orchestra	
19	(16)	Stay Free.....	Ashford and Simpson	
20	(23)	Identify Yourself.....	O Jays	
21	(22)	Street Life.....	Crusaders	
22	(24)	Cheap Trick At The Budokan.....		
23	(—)	Eve.....	Alan Parsons	
24	(25)	Evolution.....	Journey	
25	(19)	The Boss.....	Diana Ross	
26	(27)	Labour Of Lust.....	Nick Lowe	
27	(20)	Secrets.....	Robert Palmer	
28	(—)	Highway To Hell.....	AC/DC	
29	(28)	What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'.....	Stephanie Mills	
30	(26)	The Cars.....		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

(1)	Street Life.....	Crusaders (MCA)
(2)	You Can Do It.....	Al Hudson & The Soul Partners (MCA)
(3)	Strut Your Funky Stuff.....	Frantique (Philadelphia Int)
(4)	Morning Dance.....	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)
(5)	Point Of View.....	Matumbi (Matumbi)
(6)	You Never Know What You've Got.....	Me & You (Laser)
(7)	Switch.....	Banx & Nancy Dee (Scope)
(8)	Feel The Real.....	David Bendeth (Sidelwalk)
(9)	OK Fred.....	Errol Dunkley (Scope)
(10)	Dancin' Prancin'.....	Candida (Salsoul)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: HMV RECORDS, Oxford Street, London W1.

REGGAE

(1)	Shi And I.....	Black Uhuru (D-Roy)
(2)	Earth Wind & Fire.....	Paul Blackman (Daddy Cool)
(3)	Open Up Your Mind.....	Force Seven (Sound City)
(4)	Please Officer.....	Carl Zoro/A. Pablo (Sufferers Heights)
(5)	Point Of View.....	Matumbi (Matumbi)
(6)	Jeh Love Is With I.....	Johnny Clark (Greenleaves)
(7)	OK Fred.....	Errol Dunkley (Third World)
(8)	Hunting Man.....	Barrington Levi (Burning Sounds)
(9)	Ooh Baby Baby.....	Sania (D-Roy)
(10)	Why Didn't You Let Me Know.....	Barbra Jones/Trinity (G-G)

Chart Supplied By: DADDY COOL, 34 Dean Street, London W1.

NEWS

ADVERTS ARE ON DISPLAY

THE ADVERTS are back in live action this month, headlining a 12-date tour, which ties in with the October 12 release of their new RCA album 'A Cast Of Thousands'.

Dates confirmed so far by promoter John Giddings of MAM are Wolverhampton Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Cambridge Corn Exchange (Saturday), Glasgow College of

Technology (October 10), Edinburgh Astoria (11), Aberdeen University (12), Hull Wellington Club (18), Cardiff University (19), London Marquee Club (23 and 24) and Slough College (27). Another two gigs have still to be finalised.

Since they were last on the road, the band have acquired a new guitarist in Paul Martinez, who was previously with Stretch.



CORNWELL: escaping from the White Room?

Hugh Cornwell's LP unshackled

HUGH CORNWELL of The Stranglers is at last bringing out his long-awaited solo album 'Nosferatu', which was recorded in the spring but kept on the shelf until after the band's current set 'The Raven' had been issued. It's now scheduled by United Artists for November 9 release, preceded at the end of this month by a single taken from the LP, an up-dated version of the old Cream song 'White Room'.

The album features Captain Beefheart's drummer Robert Williams on all tracks, and he also co-wrote most of the songs with Cornwell. Another guest musician is Ian Underwood (sax and Moog) of the Mothers Of Invention. And on a track called 'Wrong Way Round', a song about a circus freak, there's a vocal by one Duncan Poundcake — a name cloaking the identity of a well-known artist (who, we suspect, has three reasons to be cheerful).

Although The Stranglers are opening their UK tour this week, Cornwell is not at present featuring any of his own album material in their act, although a couple of numbers could be introduced later in the itinerary. Neither has he any immediate plans for solo dates, but here again this situation could change.

Specials, Madness, Selecter in 40-date package

THE SPECIALS

A PACKAGE TOUR featuring three of the year's fastest-rising new bands — The Specials, Madness and The Selecter — goes on the road later this month, playing a total of 40 dates nationwide. All gigs have been scheduled for unseated venues, with a maximum admission price of £2.50.

Dates confirmed so far are Brighton Top Rank (October 19), Swindon Oasis Centre (20), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (21), Exeter University (22), Plymouth Fiesta (23), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Hatfield Polytechnic (27), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (28), Birmingham Top Rank (29), Hanley Victoria Hall (31), Blackburn Golden Palms (November 1), Manchester Factory 12 and 31, Sheffield Top Rank (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Plymouth Guildhall (6), Cardiff Top Rank (7), Derby Kings Hall (8), Newcastle Mayfair (9), Stirling University (17), Bristol Locarno (18), Liverpool Mountford Hall (21), Dublin Olympic Ballroom (22) and Belfast University (23).

This leaves at least another dozen dates still to be finalised, and these will be announced next week. Including details of major London shows. Madness will be leaving the tour after the last Scottish date (November 13), and their replacement in the package will also be named next week. The two Irish dates



are by The Specials only, with Dr. Feelgood as special guests. It's stressed that all university gigs are open to the general public.

To coincide with the tour, The Specials' follow-up to their chart success 'Gangsters' is released on their own 2-Tone label on October 12 — it couples 'A Message To You Rudy' and 'Nite Club', and both sides feature Rico. Their 14-track debut album, simply titled 'Specials', follows on October 19. Both the single and the LP were produced by

Elvis Costello.

● Madness are playing a string of dates in their own right before the package tour opens, including a headline appearance at London Camden Electric Ballroom on October 12. Other gigs are Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (Saturday), Oldham Civic Hall (October 8), Sheffield Limit (9), Nottingham University (10), Hull University (11) and Brighton Polytechnic (13).

Damned, Fitzgerald, Smirks extra

THE DAMNED have confirmed another nine dates for their November tour, for which the first eight gigs — including London Rainbow (30) — were reported last week. And they have also named Slaughter & The Dogs as support act for the entire tour. The new bookings are at Liverpool Eric's (November 3), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (6), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (7), Nottingham University (10), Colchester Essex University (17), Wakefield Unity Hall (20), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (21), Manchester Mayflower (23) and Plymouth Fiesta (26). And their gig at Bristol Locarno is put back one week from November 4 to 11.

The band's new album, due for release by Chiswick on November 2 and announced last week as 'New World Symphony', has had its title changed to the starkly contrasting 'Machine Gun Etiquette'. As reported, their new single 'Smash It Up' comes out on October 12 — and to tie in with this, they are sponsoring a car in the Demolition Derby at London's Wimbledon Stadium this Saturday (6).

● PATRIK FITZGERALD has made a few changes to his date sheet, reported last week. He is newly booked for two shows — one of them a matinee — at London Islington Hope & Anchor on October 20. Another extra gig is at Swindon Greyhound on October 27, but previously-announced dates at Colne Union Hotel (October 11) and Brighton Buccaneer (13) are now cancelled, as he'll be taking part in an Amsterdam poetry festival at that time. His show at Edinburgh Astoria is brought forward one week to November 1 (from 8).

● THE SMIRKS have added another six dates to what, as reported three weeks ago, could prove to be their farewell tour if their finances don't improve. They are Portsmouth Polytechnic (October 18), Plymouth Polytechnic (19), Norwich Arts Centre (24), London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall (25), Manchester South Trafford College (26) and London Hampsstead Westfield College (November 3). Their gig at Nottingham Sanecliper is put back from October 11 to 27.

● SIMPLE MINDS have just finished work at Rockfield Studios on their second Zoom Records album 'Real To Real Cocomphony'. They set out this week on a European tour, but will be touring Britain in November to coincide with the LP's release.

● THE RED CRAYLOA, whose new 12-inch single 'Micro-Fish & Chips' is released by Rough Trade this week, will be touring with the Gang of Four in November and December. Meanwhile, they play Bournemouth Town Hall with Swell Maps (tonight, Thursday) and Liverpool Eric's with Spizz Energi (October 20).

● JIMMY PURSEY turns disc-jockey at the end of the month, when he takes over Radio 1's 8-9.50pm slot for four nights (October 29-November 1) while Mike Read is on holiday.

● DESTROY ALL MONSTERS, who were banned from playing the new Cheltenham Tythe Barn venue last Saturday because a local councillor didn't like the sound of their name, have added Exeter University this Saturday (13) to their current tour.

● THE TOURISTS have slotted another two dates into their tour schedule — at Penzance Demelzas (October 22) and Blackpool Tiffany's (24).

Motels opening



THE MOTELS, one of the hottest bands on the Los Angeles scene, are making their British debut this month. They fly in to play London Marquee on Friday, October 12 — then, after a string of gigs in Europe, they return to this country for six further dates. Details of these subsequent UK appearances, which will include a major London concert, are still being finalised and will be announced shortly.

To tie in with their visit, Capitol this week release their single 'Closets And Bullets', penned by lead singer-guitarist Martha Davis. It's taken from their first album 'Motels', due out on October 19 and containing ten tracks — eight written by Martha, the other two by Martha in conjunction with lead guitarist Jeff Jourard. On October 16, BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' screens a film of the band in concert in San Diego.

INMATES LAUNCHING FIRST OFFENSIVE



THE INMATES, recently signed by Radar Records, begin a major UK tour this week in support of their debut album 'First Offence' which comes out this weekend — to be followed later this month by a single taken from the LP, titled 'Dirty Water'. They go out under the banner of the Good Behaviour Tour, and the outing marks the debut of the band's new drummer Jim Russell. A London concert, to climax the tour, will be announced shortly — but meanwhile, the rest of the dates are:

Kingston Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), London Regents Park Bedford College (Friday), Coventry Warwick University (Saturday), Arbroath Condor Club (Sunday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (October 8), London Medical School (10), Sheffield Limit Club (12), Retford Porterhouse (13), Cardiff Casablanca (17), Liverpool Eric's (18), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (19), Manchester University (20), Leeds Fan Club (23), York Pop Club (24), Bristol Polytechnic (25) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (28).

JIMMY BUFFETT

from his forthcoming album VOLCANO

High in the U.S. charts
his new single



SAN FRANCISCO BAY new single
from the album BEFORE THE RAIN

MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pultney Street, London W1R 3PW

LEE OSKAR





AC/DC back for December shows

AC/DC, already set for a major British tour running from October 25 to November 8, will be returning here in December — after an extensive jaunt around Europe — to play five special pre-Christmas concerts. They kick off at London Hammersmith Odeon (where they've already got four shows in early November) on December 17, followed by Southampton Gaumont (18), Brighton Centre (19) and Birmingham Odeon (20 and 21).

They'll be supported on both legs of the tour by Def Leppard who, prior to linking up with AC/DC, have gigs in their own right at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Friday), Norwich East Anglia University (Saturday), Aberystwyth Nine Folds (October 12), Nottingham University (13), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (15) and Sheffield Top Rank (22).

Jimmy McCulloch dies, as new band is unveiled

JIMMY MCCULLOCH, one of the most respected guitarists in the rock business, was found dead in his London flat on Thursday last week. His new band The Dukes were due to play Dingwalls the following night and, as he hadn't shown up for rehearsals on Tuesday or Wednesday, his brother went along to see what was wrong and found the body. An inquest, opened this week, was adjourned until October 24.

First making his mark with Thunderclap Newman, McCulloch was then recruited into the near-legendary Stone The Crows. After the demise of that band, his reputation soared still more when he joined Wings — subsequently leaving, partly because of the outfit's inactivity, and partly due to discord with Paul McCartney.

Last year he joined the re-formed Small Faces — but when that venture failed to work out, he teamed up with Miller Anderson, Ronnie Leshy, Charlie Tunehai and Nick Trevisick to form The Dukes, and their first album was released by Warner Brothers only a couple of weeks ago. Anderson said this week that The Dukes will continue, and they are now seeking a replacement, though not necessarily a guitarist. ● See also page 15.

Cowboys riding into town

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL, rated by Virgin as one of their most promising bands, begin a month-long tour later in October to promote their latest releases — their debut album 'The Original Sin' (out this weekend) and their third single 'Thrash' (issued October 13). More gigs are being finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

Uxbridge Brunel University (October 24), Blackburn Lodge (25), Newcastle University (26), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (27), Leeds Florio Green Hotel (28), London Camden Dingwalls (30), London Strand Kings College (November 1), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (2), Manchester Polytechnic (3), Coventry Warwick University (5), Plymouth Clones (7), Bristol Polytechnic (8), Renford Potterhouse (10), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (13), Shrewsbury Cascade (14), Sheffield Limit Club (15), Sarnsey Civic Hall (17) and Birmingham venue to be set (23).



OTWAY & HARVEY PLAN XMAS GIGS

JOH OTWAY is to headline a British tour starting on December 1. Full dates and venues are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but it's known that his itinerary will climax in a special Christmas show at London Rainbow on December 22 — a concert which, we're assured, will be full of surprises. Meanwhile, following his recent Stateside success, Otway is returning to America for another series of gigs opening in New York tomorrow (Friday). During November, he's on tour in Europe.

ALEX HARVEY's comeback autumn tour, originally planned as a series of weekend dates starting this month, will now be

a conventional tour — opening in the second week of November and running through to Christmas, when it will finish with several concerts in Scotland. Harvey's New Band (the outfit's official name) comprises Matthew Sang (guitar), Simon Chatterton (drums), Don Waller (bass), Tommy Eyre (keyboards) and Gordon Sellers (bass).

Harvey's first album since the demise of the SAHB is to be released by RCA on November 9 — titled 'The Make Me My Guitar', it was produced by Danny Beckerman, assisted by guitarist Sang. It's preceded on November 2 by a single taken from the LP, a re-working of the old Johnny Kidd hit 'Shakin' All Over'. Tour dates are currently being confirmed and will be announced shortly.

Aussie heavy metal influx

BORICH is the name of Australia's top heavy metal band, fronted by guitarist Kevin Bonch. And they've arrived in Britain to begin a five-week tour, tied in with their first UK release, a four-track EP playing at 33 1/3 rpm — it's released by Arista on October 12 at the special introductory price of £1. They'll be back here for another tour in the New Year, when their debut album is issued, but meanwhile their confirmed dates are:

Burton 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday), Northampton Nene College (Saturday), London Kensington Nashville (Sunday), London Marquee (October 10), Scarborough Penthouse (12), Liverpool Metro (13), Leeds Florio Green (14), London Queen Mary College (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (20), Newbridge Memorial Hall (21), London Fulham Greyhound (22), Bishop's Stortford Triad Centre (24), Matlock Pavilion (26), Halifax Good Mood Club (27), Sheffield University (30), London Camden Dingwalls (November 2), Newcastle University (3) and a return to London Marquee (6).

EDDY CRANTZ

ALBUM OUT NOW INCLUDES THE ORIGINAL LONG VERSION OF THE SMASH HIT 'LIVING ON THE FRONT LINE' ICE 4 ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

WALKING ON SUNSHINE

MARKETED BY VIRGIN RECORDS

ICE Records

LATEST

Feat's final LP

LITTLE FEAT's last album 'Down On The Farm' will be released by Warner Brothers on November 2. It was completed prior to the death on June 29 of Lowell George — and, in fact, it was he who produced the set. The nine-track LP features guests Bonnie Raitt, David Lindley and Sneaky Pete, and the sleeve carries a tribute to Lowell from the other members of the band.

● Jimmy Edwards, who is to be special guest on the upcoming Shakin' 68 tour, has a single titled '20th Century Time' issued by Werners on October 12.
● Sire Records have licensed the Lori & The Chameleons single 'Touch' from Liverpool-based independent label Zoo Records, and release it nationally on October 12.
● Jimmy Pursey has asked Billy Club of The Dickies to play on his forthcoming album. Club is flying in from Los Angeles, where the band have just finished recording their new LP 'Dawn Of The Dickies', for release here by A&M before Christmas.

Stax compilation

STAX RECORDS this week issue a compilation album containing 20 of their most successful releases since 1969. Among the tracks are 'Theme From Shaft' by Isaac Hayes, 'Private Number' by William Bell and Judy Clay, 'Knock On Wood' by Eddie Floyd and 'Soul Limbo' by Booker T and The MG's. Other artists featured include The Staple Singers, Rufus Thomas, Carla Thomas and Johnnie Taylor. The LP is titled 'Stax Gold: The 20 Greatest Hits'.

● EMI's new Cobra label has signed Electrotunes, the new band launched by former Dirty Tricks and Wally Pichler guitarist Adrian Cook and ex-G.T. Moore sideman Tony Hannaford. Their debut single is set for November 2 release, with an album following in the New Year.

● Jimmy Hibbert of Alberto y Los Trios Peronolas has just completed his first solo album, for release by Logo Records next month. It will be preceded in mid-October by a single, the probable track being 'Telephone'.

● Up-and-coming four-piece Random Hold have their single 'Ecstasy' issued by Polydor on October 12, to be followed shortly by their album 'The View From Here'. Both were recorded at Ringo Starr's studio in Ascot, and produced by Peter Hammill. The band play London Marquee on October 14 and 28, November 13 and 29.



First solo elpee by Tony Banks

TONY BANKS of Genesis has his first solo album 'A Curious Feeling' issued by Charisma on October 12. The 11 tracks are all self-penned by Banks who is featured on guitars, bass, synthesizers and keyboards — aided by Chester Thompson (drums) and Kim Beason (vocals). A single taken from the LP, titled 'For A While', precedes it this weekend. Meanwhile, Genesis themselves have started rehearsals for their new group album — which will be their first since 'And Then There Were Three', released 18 months ago.

● The new album from hot Los Angeles band The Pop is released by Arista on October 26. Titled 'Go', it was produced by Earl Mankey, former member of the original Sparks line-up. A single from the LP 'Shakedown' is out this week.

● Midland Record Company (based in both Staffs and London) issues four new Gusto albums this weekend — 'Original Greatest Hits' by Little Willie John, 'The Great Mel Tormé', '10 All Time Best Sellers' by Mac Wiseman and the 22-track LP 'Good Rockin' Blues' by Wynonie Harris.

● Gem Records have signed Ronnie Lane to an exclusive worldwide deal, and rush out his new single 'Kushty Rye' this weekend. An album will follow early in the New Year, and Lane will be going on tour at the same time.

● Upcoming singles from Fiction Records include 'Jumping Someone Else's Train' by The Cure (October 26) and 'Frustration' by The Purple Hearts (November 2). A single from The Passions follows on November 9, titles not yet set.

● Fuse Records — a subsidiary of the Fuse Music Publishing company, which handles Jean Michel Jarre's material, among others — is launched next month with two singles, 'There Ain't No Age For Rock'n Roll' by The Veterans and 'Yes With My Body' by French group Les Models. Alan Brown has been appointed the label's A&R chief.



'Hey Mac, Are You Some Kind O' Limey Pop Star?'

By PAUL MORLEY

SAT RANDOMLY around a small table are four young men each with dark hair. When they grin, their faces show they see things differently.

The small table is in a small room. The small room is cluttered with papers and records and headphones and tape machines and empty beer cans. The small room is the radio station for North East University of Illinois. In America, radio stations are no mystery; most major cities have their minor units. But the big radio stations, the ones that cruelly maintain the way the nation slumbers, are no risk takers. Their attitudes are racist, reactionary and rigorous; 'Hip'. The predicament is that in America, Supertramp and The Cars are accepted as audacious rock'n'roll alarmists; it's difficult to explain to Americans weaned on *Rolling Stone* and *Rolling Stones* that there is a problem.

And the problem is . . . ?
The university station uses the code WZRD. As reported in *Thrills* it is a student toy. It isn't slick; and that's something in America. WZRD's perspective is based upon natural enthusiasm and healthy elitism, and a gradual realisation that there is a problem.

And the problem is . . . ?
WZRD plays what it wants to, interviews who it wants to. No one orders them to play anything. B52's, Richard Hell, XTC are the big sounds that they will play; Missing Presumed

Dead, Poison Girls, Teardrop Explodes are others. WZRD reaches 20,000 people.

Think about that. That's a statistic. Pitifully small. Let's laugh at it. Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!!!
Or it's twenty thousand consciousnesses that are wanting to listen. It's probably 20,000 more than actually listen to the four Supertramp songs that the stations that can pay to advertise as well as be paid to advertise will play EVERY hour.

town, Chicago. Four young friends more concerned with breaking open a bottle of beer than breaking open America.

And the problem is . . . ?
Peter Shelley, Steve Diggle, John Maher and Paddy Garvey are being barely interviewed by a nervous — and that's something in America — pretend dj, Terry Nelson. Well, he keeps saying, and then . . . pausing. Well . . .

"We're working on it," say Buzzcocks as the Mancunians baffle Minneapolis and beyond . . .

WZRD is the aural equivalent of a fanzine. The students who run WZRD almost don't care if no one's listening to their weird little show. Look! Not only can they play their favourite records, changing every week and that's something in America, but they also have the opportunity to talk to their favourite entertainers. WZRD may be tiny, but it's alert, and new groups are pleased of the access, of the chance to break a little way into the vital but consistently introverted airwaves. Scruffy subversion.

And today WZRD are talking to Chicago's darlings. Buzzcocks. All the way from Manchester, England. Four young friends with grubby complexions and dark ill fitting clothes sat randomly around a small table in a small room that's a couple of floors underground somewhere on the edge of someone's kind of

Buzzcocks also get the chance to play some records; Shelley has Residents, T. Rex; Diggle has Who, Eno, Maher Blondie and Fitzgerald, and reticent Paddy puts in a Phil Spector short.

The questions Nelson sometimes manages to ask are out of 'the questions to ask Buzzcocks' pamphlet; that's a well thumbbed thing. How did the group form how did Shelley meet Devoto how did they get the name why did Devoto leave what's this about Manchester how about U2 and Martin Rushent and Garth and now there's some new ones added, about America the land of the . . .

And the problem is . . . ?
You'd think they were at school. Shelley does his little smile-sigh and delivers his well rehearsed and well organised answers sounding very pleased with himself, the wily one. Diggle grunts out a half drunken

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

comment from the back; the nervous one. Maher is unexpectedly relaxed, the calm one. Paddy is bored; the impatient one.

Shelley is indifferent, immodest and enjoying himself all at the same time. He explains that if the group were American they'd probably be called Buzzbuddies. Nelson manages to inform them that Howard Devoto had been in the studio a couple of weeks before. "Oh" shrugs Shelley, and half grins to himself, playing at inscrutability.

Maher is unimpressed and plays no shallow cover up games. "Did he speak?" the drummer drily cracks.

Beer is flowing, the presentation is friendly and fractured. The occasion is a party more than a promotion. This worries the funky and strict man from Buzzcocks' American record label, A&M, who feels that the group are not being sold very well. He brusquely signals to Nelson, who's drunk enough alcohol to be smiling all the time, who's unconcerned or unaware of his loss of control, to mention and keep mentioning that the four flat voices in the studio belong to Buzzcocks and that tonight Buzzcocks will be playing at Mothers in Chicago.

"Well yes and um you er go on down there if you er can get in and um I believe Buzzcocks will be on quite early so er make sure you arrive and it's er going to be the gig of the year I feel, the best gig for a long time, well . . ."

Nelson speaks with a stuttering honesty; he means it; not the unthinking sincerity of the American that sticks in the mind.

Buzzcocks' orderless star spot crumbles to its end. Nelson plays out with a selection of songs from the new American compilation.

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark
"Electricity"

collection of the 'a' and 'b' sides of Buzzcocks first eight singles; to bring people up to date.

The four young friends and their aids drive from the university through a soft part of Chicago to a dirtier part. They're to make a personal appearance at a local record shop; Waxtrax. There aren't many people there; it is a Sunday; but Buzzcocks do get a chance to meet some more enthusiasts.

Buzzcocks have come to America to meet people and have some good times. Buzzcocks have come to America because . . .

And the problem is . . . ? It's only rock'n'roll.

DOESN'T it seem absurd, I say to drummer John Maher, a lanky teenager with a long face, to fly hundreds of miles, stay in sterile and unfriendly hotels, soundcheck and wait around, for those swift if sweet forty-five minutes on the cramped stage in front of three hundred people, and to do this again and again?

Maher, like a child prodigy has, for most of his mature adult life, known nothing but Buzzcocks.

"I don't know," he shrugs. "I suppose it's another one of those things you take for granted. We're well overdue for an American tour. There's a lot of interest over here. We've made our third album."

It's strange to hear you talk so matter of factly about third albums and American tours. Such alien routines, surely! Maher shrugs again, but chuckles as well.

"I don't know . . . I've not thought about it." Do these things excite you?

"Yeah they do, but I'm not jumping in the air about it. I don't know," he shrugs yet again, having to think. "I mean, none of us were that excited. When you've got time to yourself and you think about it, it's quite a good feeling. But like when things happen, they just seem natural. Like when we got our very first reviews it was great, but for some reason when the dreams are achieved they don't seem to be dreams anymore, they're just . . ."

"It's like the big thing, when we did 'Spiral Scratch' my mum and dad they said to me oh when are you going to do *Top Of The Pops* and I said ohh I'll never be on *TOTP* and then you get on *TOTP* and you just sort of take it for granted. Perhaps you shouldn't really but that's how I feel."

"Touring America, when you're travelling about you just get on with the job. I think the reason that I wanted to come over is so that there will be more people who can listen to our stuff. If they can't hear us then they can't make up their mind. And I think that if you play to fifty people it's better to reach forty people than it is to reach twenty. This is just that on a bigger scale. Tomorrow the world."

"The simple reason we're in America," says guitarist Steve Diggle, a squat, sweaty part of Buzzcocks with a face that seems remotely Chinese, "is that people wanted to see us so we came." Check these lads' pragmatism. "I never had any real desire to travel. We didn't come over for the sake of it. We waited until there was demand. I don't know whether we'll ever be a supergroup, but it doesn't matter. Everywhere that we've gone in America people know about us and that's exciting. The idea of breaking America's a big bore. It's no achievement. It's more trouble than it's worth. Hopefully we'll get to be able to play reasonable size halls. You can't say fairer than that."

Buzzcocks are three years old. In that time, a lot has happened. A lot hasn't happened. They've signed a record contract, they've made a number of records and some have been minor hits. Most of their singles nudge their way into the lower regions of the best seller lists and then flee; this gives you some idea of their following. A following that got so big and doesn't seem to want to get any bigger. A following big enough so that on their forthcoming British tour they'll be playing in halls.

Their third LP reaches a new and nifty level of musical and lyrical consistency. Attractive elements have collected. "Another Kind Of Tension" is a lot about Peter Shelley growing up, using drugs and stating the obvious about the questions of life. Just a fragment of the new prevalence for the original punks to look inside themselves? Who can be sure?

Something to tap your foot to.

Peter Shelley, an odd little man who likes the sound of his own voice and who likes to lecture and who is a flat sort of fatalist, has long dominated the content of Buzzcocks songs, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes morosely, sometimes mundanely. The new LP, especially side two, is Peter Shelley explaining the disturbing leap in thought that took him from the simple pleas of 'Ever Fallen In Love' through to the ambiguous and cryptic dissent of 'Everybody's Happy Nowadays.' A leap that caused expected resentment. But are people really interested, really prepared to listen?

"I haven't worked that one out," admits Shelley, leaking rare humility, continuing more typically, "I'm really concerned about me. I just thought I'd tell people what's going on. For those people who love music and it's something more than just music, it's something deep . . . I think one way of looking at my situation is to say that I believe that people are listening to me because I believe I've got all the answers."

(The answers to the questions of life).

"But I don't believe that. People think I have powerful insight and at the same time I can think that's remarkably true or it's bullshit. I write songs that people think are really important, but they're only songs that I've written. It's just something that I do. It's a by-product of being me."

I ask Diggle, who has contributed a handful of flawed, but equally interesting songs, how he feels about the Shelley domination. Shelley uses Buzzcocks.

"It's something you've got to accept, being in a group . . . Sometimes it is difficult relating to his love songs because I approach love differently, you approach love differently, sort of don't freak out on personal hang ups, or I don't analyse them that much, but I accept his point of view and I hope he'll accept mine. Buzzcocks is like a four man vehicle in a way, although Shelley is a main part. I appreciate Pete for what he is, I enjoy what he is, I help him, he helps me and I think that's the thing."



Steve Diggle says a big howdy from the ol' folks at home



I ask Maher, who is more concerned about technical development and improvement, what he feels about Shelley using Buzzcocks as a personal mouthpiece.

"I never really listen to the lyrics," says Maher, which sounds like something a drummer would say, "what he wants to put in the songs is his business."

But to some extent they're your songs too. "I suppose so. We got a lot of stick from people when we had all those love songs that time, and I was getting a bit sick of all that. Pete was sort of saying the same things over and over again."

Did you tell him?

"Yeah, that's why Steve did 'Harmony In My Head' for a change. I don't know the words to half our songs. I don't know the words to 'Spiral Scratch' or anything. I only know that a ring a fucking ding."

BUZZCOCKS are a punk band readily caught up in circumstances; submitting and responding; America's the latest in a bundle. Did anyone think it would come this far? Each Buzzcock is reacting to the force of things with a different sort of naturalness; each wants and gets something different. From Shelley's apparently impenetrable smugness through to Garvey's glum frustration. It's grown this far and there's

Continues over page

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark — Now on tour with Gary Numan

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BUZZCOCKS

From previous page

nothing that they've wanted to do about it. And so.

"Well I've got a bit older and a bit wiser," reflects Diggle, "wise to what we're doing, but you're still confronted with the basic problems of how to get by and how to communicate."

"I don't like responsibilities. I've always been a person to stir things up. I never keep to one path. If I'm doing anything at all I can concentrate for a short while and then I have to rush off and do something else. I can't stand discipline or strictness. But I always took it seriously in that I enjoyed myself. It's just that as far as songwriting goes and the actual playing, you start to learn what each other's doing and how it fits in the chemistry. I've become aware of all that stuff. But I don't want it to become an education where you've got to learn things."

"Buzzcocks can't go on for ever," acknowledges Maher, "or maybe we can. Like Quo or Who..." He shudders. "The chances are we won't, we've got five or six years. If it didn't feel good I wouldn't be in it and neither would the others. When we did 'Spiral Scratch' and Howard said he was leaving I was really shocked and worried. I thought God that's it and I didn't want to do anything else cos I'd had a taste. But then Pete started to do the vocals and everything got alright."

I was disappointed looking back at the second LP 'Love Bites', but that's usually the case with me. I like the new album, especially side two, and I like the production on 'Harmony In My Head'. It seems that the Buzzcocks sound is finally getting somewhere. It's getting away from that drone, there's more to it.

"On the new album there's lots of variation. I'm enjoying the new stuff a lot more. It's more challenging for everyone."

Shelley tells me that what he finds good about being in Buzzcocks is the "Music, companionship, experience, organisation, business, everything about it" but he doesn't seem too convinced about it. I accuse him of being over confident; his manner, his performance, his expectations. "No no" he whines. You are, I insist, your whole attitude.

He begins to lecture. "Well I mean there's nothing I can do about it. It's by default the attitude that appeals to me at the moment. I can't see any other attitude that I can have. It may change."

He goes on to explain why this attitude is his only option. "We have rehearsals right, we'll have a week of them, and our week will start on Tuesday, and end on Friday and I always turn up late because I can't be bothered getting up early, and I'll turn up and say what

shall we do and maybe there's nothing to do or maybe I'll have an idea for a song and I'll play that and they might like it so we'll give it a title and then we'll play something else, and we'll play for an hour then go and have a cup of coffee or tea, stay there for half an hour, come back, look enthusiastic..."

That's indulgent and lazy.

"That's what I'm saying. It is indulgent and lazy, but I've got so far by being indulgent and lazy... is that the secret of my success, that I'm indulgent and lazy and that if anything happens it takes me by surprise? Or is it my drawback? What would happen if I actually worked at it? Worked hard at it? Really took it seriously. I only take it seriously that all the emotions are intensified. But I've got this far, and it's by default... I look around and think what have I done to get here? And that's the reason that I write songs and people do listen to them. Songs all about me. And it frightens people because I state the obvious and it's something that they've had in the back of their minds and suddenly I sing about it and they think God he's singing about my most inmost thoughts and feelings. I agree with you that all I'm doing is stating the obvious but no one ever does. It's a situation of not being able to see the wood for the trees. It's a classic wood and trees situation!"

Paddy Garvey, he wants to be a pop star.

BUZZCOCKS' first visit to America lasted three weeks and took in the major cities; New York — where demand forced them back for a gig with Monochrome Set — Washington, Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

Originally the schedule excluded a visit to Chicago but Miles Copeland, an industrious Anglo-American entrepreneur, who promoted the tour, was in Chicago a short while ago. Whilst in the Waxtrax record shop flicking through a rack of newly imported rock records from Britain, that you could call new wave, the girl in the shop asked him if he was 'into that sort of stuff.' Yeah, he said, sure.

"Well will you sign a petition? We've heard that Miles Copeland is in town and he's promoting Buzzcocks' American tour but not putting them on in Chicago. Will you sign this petition to get him to bring them in."

Sure, said Copeland, and signed a name on the end of a few hundred. Miles Copeland.

"Oh you're Miles Copeland!" the girl shrieked. "Please please please bring Buzzcocks to Chicago."

Copeland could not refuse. Buzzcocks came to Chicago.

Buzzcocks visited Waxtrax and met some friends. They bought some records and talked a while. Paddy Garvey buys some singles. Old Faces and Stones originals. His heart is with that kind of style. Compare his attitude with

Shelley's; Garvey thinks that it's great to sell out a hall full stop. Shelley doesn't think it's so good because it means that people have not been able to get in.

They stubbornly bicker about this, crammed into a mini coach on the way from Waxtrax to their medium priced Travel Lodge hotel. Maher's blunt reasoning cracks the conflict. "Maybe when we sell out a gig," he smiles. "That is exactly the number of people who want to see us."

No one wants to argue with this logic.

Garvey goes for big halls above small clubs. "I only know what I like and I like to go to a big hall to see a band. It's the odd thing about how a club is just a club and you just go to a club for a drink."

Punk values! See how they crumble!

As we drive through Chicago streets from record store to hotel Garvey asks me what's number one back in England. He's been away for a couple of weeks. Cliff, I tell him. But watch out for Gary Numan. Straight in at number three.

Garvey groans in jealousy. "Why don't we have a big hit," he mutters. "We deserve one. We've never had a really big hit." The rest of the group grunt at the Numan phenomenon. Garvey sulks.

"Paddy wants to be a pop star," Shelley will complain in his bitchy moments. "he wants a hit record. He gets really pissed off that he isn't a pop star. It's what he's really wanted to be. He thinks we should have a big hit because we deserve one."

Garvey wants to be a pop star. "Just like Marc Bolan. I've always wanted to be a pop star. That's why I joined Buzzcocks. It's happened for me in a small way. Not in a big way by any means. It's happened that I've got a little bit of money, a bit of fame, a bit of freedom. I'm not really recognised in the streets. It's the whole rock'n'roll dream for me."

How does America fit into this? "If we break America I'm certainly on the way. If it happened it would probably mean a lot of money. That's not all of it, but it's part of it. I just want to see Buzzcocks popular."

THE MOTHERS' gig in Chicago is not the kind of event that Garvey cherishes.

Shelley thought it was a little dirty too. Diggle muttered cheerily about The Electric Circus, nostalgic that he is.

Buzzcocks will always win in such surroundings. Such a surge, such a sound! Who's looking? But the reason why Buzzcocks will never be as popular as Paddy Garvey years for them to be...

Well, the problem stands between the grunting Diggle and the concentrating Garvey, in front of the elegant Maher. It's Peter

Shelley, with the little grin on his tired greasy face.

Buzzcocks lack the projection and presence necessary to impose, to leave large impressions after playing the large halls; they have no strong visuals to reflect the beauty and accuracy of their best songs. Shelley does not act, and he needs to. Diggle, Garvey and Maher immerse themselves, and that is how it should be. Shelley looks down from above. He stands with head on one side, over relaxed and underinvolved, proving to himself how easy it is for him, doing the job of playing and singing, but not doing enough. He flirts around the edges. In the Hammersmith Odeon or Manchester Apollo or New York Palladium this is a huge gap. A silly gap. A sad gap.

His bland performance indicates the smug assurance of the state of mind that he shows in public, that is in direct contrast to the turmoil revealed in his new songs. His conversation, once egotistical but stimulating and entertaining is now negative and convoluted. His ramblings are of the religiously converted; his philosophies turn in on themselves. He is withdrawing within himself and can see few things of worth to pull him out. Occasionally he slips. But for the most part he exists well away from the chummy immediacy of his colleagues, his attitude is less the superior and wizened leader than the admonishing auntie. It seems to be fear: of his role, his desires. He is massively unsure of his commitment and motivation. Silly, sad.

"Yes, I have become world weary," he will attempt to justify his detachment, "but then I realise that it was inevitable that I would become world weary. If I didn't... well, I'd rather be this way because if I actually believed it all I couldn't face it. So that's why I made my half-hearted suicide attempts, because I was taking it all too seriously. Then I realised that I was waking up in the morning and I was seeing things differently."

"You're saying that I'm flat at the moment. That's what you see. What's wrong with that? There's lots of highs for me. It isn't flat for me. There's lots of bumps, highs and lows and all the inbetweens. Fast bits, slow bits and bits I think I understand and bits I don't. So it's not flat."

These are the most direct and definite things he will say in a two hour conversation that reminded me of the superficially convincing incoherence of a softly softly chest beating Patti Smith.

"You're saying that my thoughts at the moment, my attitude, is a waste of energy. You're wrong. They're just thoughts. What others can I have? I'm open to suggestion. What other thoughts can I have? I do have

Continues page 77

Gallagher & Lyle

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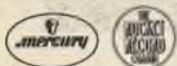
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5 November Carlisle, Market Hall
6 November Edinburgh, Usher Hall

7 November Aberdeen, Capitol
8 November Dundee, Caird Hall
10 November Glasgow Apollo
11 November Preston Guildhall
12 November Manchester Apollo
13 November Derby, Assembly Rooms
14 November Liverpool Empire
16 November London, Hammersmith Odeon
17 November Ipswich Gaumont
18 November Oxford, New Theatre
19 November Bristol, Colston Hall
20 November Exeter University

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W THE MAN

OUR PRICE TOP 60

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THIS WEEK		LAST WEEK		TITLE		R.R.P.		OUR PRICE	
1	17	BLONDE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	32	42	CINAP TRUCK — DREAM POLICE	4.99	3.74	
2	17	EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	33	45	GRIZZARDS — A DIFFERENT KIND OF TENSION	4.99	3.74	
3	44	STRANGERS — THE RAYEN	4.99	34	49	HAIRY CHAWWOWS — RAW SILK	5.00	3.75	
4	44	STRANGERS — THE RAYEN	4.99	34	49	WINTERBANE — LOVE WINTER	4.99		
5	1	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	35	49	WHIRL 154	5.29	4.04	
6	11	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	34	54	BLAKE BROOKS — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99		
7	4	SONY BEAN — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	37	56	DOWNDOWN — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06		
8	2	BOHEM M — OCEANS OF FANTASY	5.00	38	19	DOMINA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50		
9	3	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	39	28	BLONDE — PARAMEL LINES	4.99	3.74	
10	5	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	34	29	BRAND X — PRODUCT	4.65		
11	7	SUPERTRAMP — INCASTRAT IN AMERICA	4.99	37	20	JOAN ARMSTRADTRAP STEPPY OUT	4.99	3.74	
12	12	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	34	23	J.J. CALE — S	5.69	4.44	
13	9	ELO — DISCOVERY	5.49	42	25	THE BEST (BEST) ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20	
14	6	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	44	30	SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY — THE JUVES	4.65	3.40	
15	8	SUITS — CUT	5.69	44	32	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP	4.99	3.74	
16	34	AUDAS PRINCE — UNLEASHED ON THE EAST	4.99	37	39	FORECHINA — HEAD GAMES	5.00	3.75	
17	37	JETHRO TULL — STORMWATCH	4.99	37	43	ALAN PARASRADING PROJECT — EYE	5.00	3.75	
18	22	QUADROPHENIA — O.S.T	7.50	48	51	LED SAYER — HERE	4.99	3.74	
19	11	JOE JACKSON — FM THE MAN	4.99	37	33	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75	
20	18	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	44	36	ROXY MUSIC — MAREFESTO	5.31	4.06	
21	27	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPUBLIC	5.00	37	53	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.49	
22	26	FRANK ZAPPA — JOE'S GARAGE	5.29	40	35	SAMMY HAGAR — STREET MACHINE	5.29	4.04	
23	13	CLIFF RICHARD — ROCK 'N' ROLL JUVENILE	5.29	44	53	DAVE EDWARDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75	
24	10	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING GAMES	4.69	34	41	NWS LOGGREN — NWS	4.99	3.74	
25	14	SHOCKE & THE BANGERS — JOHN HANES	5.06	38	47	NEIL YOUNG — MUST NEVER SLEEP	5.00	3.75	
26	24	RY CODOER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	37	48	SAD CASE — FACADES	4.99	3.74	
27	16	JOHN TRUCE — WELCOME TO THE COUNTRY	4.65	34	58	AFTER THE FIRE — LASER LOVE	4.99	3.74	
28	15	TAKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	37	58	DARTS — DART ATTACK	5.29	4.04	
29	21	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	37	59	SKY	5.25	4.00	
30	31	Three — GREATEST HITS	4.99	49	55	CHRIS RAINBOW — WHITE TRAILS	5.29	4.04	

Forthcoming Attractions

Forthcoming Attractions

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THRILLS

Iggy Dumps Williamson

IN A volte-face that took many insiders by surprise, though many of them claimed to have seen it as destiny from the outset, the sessions at Rockfield convened over the last few weeks for Iggy Pop's forthcoming album, with ex-Stooges guitarist/current Ig cohort-behind-the-console James Williamson as producer, came to a volatile parting of the ways 'twixt the two when Iggy fired Williamson in a fit of pique that had been smouldering from the outset.

The sudden severing of the Pop-Williamson alliance, according to one of the more 'informed' A&R employees directly involved in the Rockfield sessions was "a personality thing that had been building and building", although the same party, upon visiting the sessions not long before the final flare-up, noted that "the morale amongst the whole group was really great".

Certainly, though, the personality conflicts — or rather, the differences of opinion between Pop and Williamson as to exactly what the follow-up to 'New Values' should be — seemed clear from the start.

Even during those 'Values' sessions Iggy came close to sacking Williamson, shouting "You work for me!" Williamson's response of "I work with you, Jim" caused the enraged Pop to throw a wad of dollar-bills at his producer telling him to get-the-hell-out of the studio, before this temporary scuffle simmered down and work was resumed.

When Williamson arrived in London two months back to start work on the new album he first rehearsed a back-up unit with Klaus Kruger on drums, Glen Matlock on bass and Steve New on guitar. The "real find", according to Williamson, was keyboard player Barry Andrews, late of XTC.

Talking to Williamson at length just before the trek up to Rockfield he stated that "Arista are putting a great amount of pressure on me

personally to come up with a hit for Iggy. It's something that Jim (Iggy) doesn't get harassed with but they're really on my back about it."

Williamson's plans for such a coup included such schemes as an Iggy-Patti Smith duet, the recording of an Ian McLagan song, a tentative shot at recording a Moon Martin tune entitled 'Hot Nite In Dallas', and even a diabolical third rate Village People-type number entitled 'Leather' extolling the joys of that whole "bite-the-pillow" genre of homosexual chesep thrills.

"I feel it's time for Iggy to take real chances with his output," Williamson insisted.

Iggy on the other hand was not that interested in Williamson's schemes for a deviation from the volume of work he'd been busily creating. Barry Andrews, freshly returned from Rockfield, put it succinctly: "James was more into creating a form of MOR rock whilst Iggy was firmly into continuing to expand on his own particular style of hard rock and continue to build on his credibility."

Williamson was given the elbow by the volatile Ig after all basic tracks were laid down, overdubs recorded with only The Mighty Pop's vocals and mixing left to be completed. With Williamson ousted, Ig and the resident Rockfield engineers were left to deal with those final issues. Similarly, Iggy was the one who chose the final track selection.

Of the thirteen cuts recorded during Williamson's presence as producer, seven were Pop compositions, three Pop/Matlock affairs and three more songs chosen by Williamson himself to make the album "more commercial". All of Williamson's choices have been scrapped.

Of the tracks scheduled Barry Andrews voted as immediate stunners a Pop composition entitled 'I Snub You' plus another original 'Play It Safe' which also boasts the persona of one David Bowie on joint vocals. The latter, an ingenious Dervish chant of a creation, will more than likely be the album's



Iggy: Portrait of the artist being artistic

Pic: Lilliane Vittori

first single, according to UK Arista.

Meanwhile, with Williamson back in LA, Iggy is taking his other studio cohorts into the rehearsal studios. The band, calling itself Iggy And The Stooges for the first time in some five years, is a simple two guitar (Steve New and Ivan Krall), bass (Matlock) and drums (Klaus Kruger) coalition, with Barry Andrews opting out of the upcoming US tour due partly to up-coming session work with Peter Gabriel, and a determination to continue working on a solo career.

Glen Matlock, meanwhile, will be

undertaking the tour even though rumours abound concerning demands for a solo album from the ex-Pistol/Rich Kid, sessions which were to have taken place using Danny Kustow and the much-in-demand drummer Budgie as a nucleus. One EMI spokesman declared, though, that the company itself was not particularly over-enamoured with the idea of a solo Matlock long player.

So it goes.
FRANK CONFESSIONS

THRILLS

Dudanski Dumps PiL

IN A sudden-departure-shock letter to the NME editor, PiL drummer Richard Dudanski announced that he has ceased working with the band. No-one was at home at the PiL residence when Thrills rang for comment.

Dear Mr. Spencer,

In the absence of any statement from PiL, I would like to inform you that as from our Leeds gig I have ceased to be a member of that group.

My disagreements and inability to work with certain members of the group in particular, resulted in mutual satisfaction at my exit.

My only observation is that what could

potentially be a great band, will probably do just enough to retain its guaranteed success. Perhaps exactly because of this guarantee, the really good ideas behind the band will never be more than just that. I hope not for JR's sake.

Meanwhile my thorny relationship with the successful in the rock world continues; please send out of work, mad Tube players in this direction.

Dudanski

Well! Could this mean yet another job for Budgie?

JAH SQUABBLE

THRILLS



Dudanski and Vivian up against the wall. Pic: Ronnie Smith

NF On Radio One

LAST THURSDAY'S 'Talkabout' show on Radio One discussed the proposition "Pop And Politics Don't Mix". Listeners were introduced to guest speakers Jake Burns of Stiff Little Fingers and Robin Denselow, The Guardian's rock critic; and to a panel of apparently 'ordinary' teenagers Chris, Gil, Tim and Joe. What they weren't told, was that 'Joe' was Joe Pearce, Youth Organiser of The National Front and promoter of the recent Rock Against Communism fiasco.

"Jesus Christ! I wish I'd known that," was Robin Denselow's reaction to the news; and Jake Burns said he was "a bit miffed" that no-one at the BBC had told them who 'Joe' was. Denselow also made the point that "leaders of a black group or RAR should've been on" to redress the balance.

'Talkabout's' producer Sue Davis claimed that one of the other panellists, Chris, was a member of RAR. When asked if she did not think there was a discrepancy between 'balancing' a random member of RAR with an official spokesman from a racist

organisation, she replied "the reason Joe Pearce was on was that I thought both Jake and Robin and the RAR person would be taking one line and it was necessary to have somebody who would take a different line."

Ms Davis denied knowing that Pearce was Youth Organiser of The National Front. He was invited onto the show, she said, "because of his involvement with the Rock Against Communism gig" and she had "had no intention of giving publicity to the National Front". When asked if she wasn't aware that the

NF actually ran RAC, she replied "er... yes... but then the Anti-Nazi League spawned Rock Against Racism, Rock Against Sexism and all those things."

Challenged about this (it's totally untrue), she said "well, that's what I understood, that's according to our research." She then said she wanted more time to think about what to say and promised to phone back later.

When she did, she expressed "surprise" that neither Burns nor Denselow had been told of Pearce's political connections and

thought "there must have been some kind of misunderstanding".

Ms Davis maintained that it was not relevant to tell listeners who Joe Pearce was — "I'm interested in views, not labels" — and that she considered "his was an opinion worth hearing."

Apart from the implication that RAC "balances" RAR, there remains the disturbing suspicion that the public was deliberately deceived by Pearce with the connivance of the BBC. For example, Pearce talked about the RAC gig on the air, complaining that the

press had slagged it off whereas a friend of his thought it one of the best concerts in human history, etc. Not once during the programme was there any mention of the fact that Pearce had organised the gig. (Connoisseurs of the ridiculous may also like to know that Pearce thinks the music press "manipulates the minds of the young" and that they conspire with the record companies to conform to "the one (sic) political line of liberalism and Marxism".)

John Dennis of RAR, who first unearthed 'Joe's' real

identity, claims that when he spoke to a production assistant at 'Talkabout', he was told that the producers did know that Pearce was Youth Organiser of The National Front and that they used him because he had "good, er, strong views."

Dennis thought the show "very misleading" and "outside the bounds of balance". A friend of mine, when I described what had happened, put it more succinctly. "That stinks."

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

Benyon

The Lone Groover





"What say we let the earth replenish itself for a while?"
"Yeah, alright." Pic: Pennie Smith

Forgive Her, Lennie, She Knows Not What She Does

NOTSO much a split, more a "let the earth replenish itself" situation with this one... News reached the *Thrills* desk this week of the motives behind the supposed 'split' in the ranks of the Patti Smith Group, reported in last week's *Teasers*.

According to Lenny Kaye, currently acting as group spokesman, "We're coming into a letting-the-earth-replenish itself period, something akin to when Patti was off the road between 'Radio Ethiopia' and 'Easter'."

"We've been working in a group context for six years now," said Lenny, "and we need a break. We need to slow things down to see what's happening. We'll just have a few months to play around."

"To me, 'Wave' tied up a lot of loose ends, and also completed a spiritual and philosophical quest of Patti's, which began in the first line of 'Horses': 'Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine...' to an acceptance of a type of Christianity."

"I'm not talking about that 'born

again' jive. I'm talking about ecstatic religion, true religion, as opposed to church religion."

Does this mean the PSG will be pursuing a different direction on the next album?

"Oh yeah. I think there's a very interesting shift coming up, because we don't believe in becoming prisoners of your past, and there's a new decade coming."

So, basically, the PSG are entering another period of recharging and rethinking, as when Patti bust her neck and was laid up all those months preceding 'Easter'.

"Then it was enforced but, in retrospect, we realised what a good thing it was. We could catch up with ourselves. I was able to get our record company started... and since we've been back I haven't had the chance to put out another album. I have a record company that puts out tri-annual releases!"

He means Mer, which put out Tapper Zukie's classic 'A Man A Warrior' album. Now Lenny plans more releases, and of course there's 'Nuggets.' The follow-up to Lenny's first volume of mid-'60s US classic punk is still an eagerly-awaited item.

But Lenny feels that now, with the onslaught of other '60s punk collections like the 'Pebbles' series, which goes for the obscure of the obscure, 'Nuggets' might come on "like a K-Tel compilation, which is not what I wanted."

So now Lenny is planning 'Nuggets' of totally different genres — like late '40s-early '50s "jump" music, Frinstance. Or killers from the '76-'77 heyday of Punk. "A buncha tracks which'd be really nice in one place."

But it's early days yet.

"Patti's gonna work on a solo record. I'd just like some time to think about what we're going to do next, cos I'm not going to blindly rush off the edge of the precipice. I've seen too many groups panic and do that. We're more mature in some ways. We're willing to wait, cos we're not going to disappear. We're gonna make sure that when we do resurface from the subterranean depths we've got gold or something."

Clive Davis hopes it'll be platinum.

CRASS MICHAEL

THRILLS

Stranglers: Menninhotwater

RATE TELEGRAMS from Sydney, Australia, are believed to be flying round the office of United Artists like so much confetti.

This heated correspondence results from a drawing on the liner sleeve of the latest Stranglers meisterwerk, 'The Raven.' Penned by primo Antipodean artist, Larry Pickering, it lampoons the premier of Queensland, one Joh Bjelke Peterson, who showed very little sympathy for the band's unsightly demeanour on their whistle-stop tour of the outback last spring and was not exactly thrilled by what they had to say about him either.

The Stranglers, it seems, fancied this selfsame sketch to illustrate the lyrics of the track 'Nuclear Device,' and it was printed on the cover despite an official thumbs-down being received from its author.

Indeed, so peeved is Pickering that he's issued instructions that no further copies of the album are to be released without the drawing being completely erased.

UA Business Affairs Staff made a firm "no comment" when questioned about the 100,000 untouched albums already on the market — each one a potential collector's item.



"Don't print a word of this," hissed their Art Department into *Thrills* deaf ear, as they ordered up a truckload of felt-tip pens...

HUGE CORNBALL
THRILLS

Bennyon



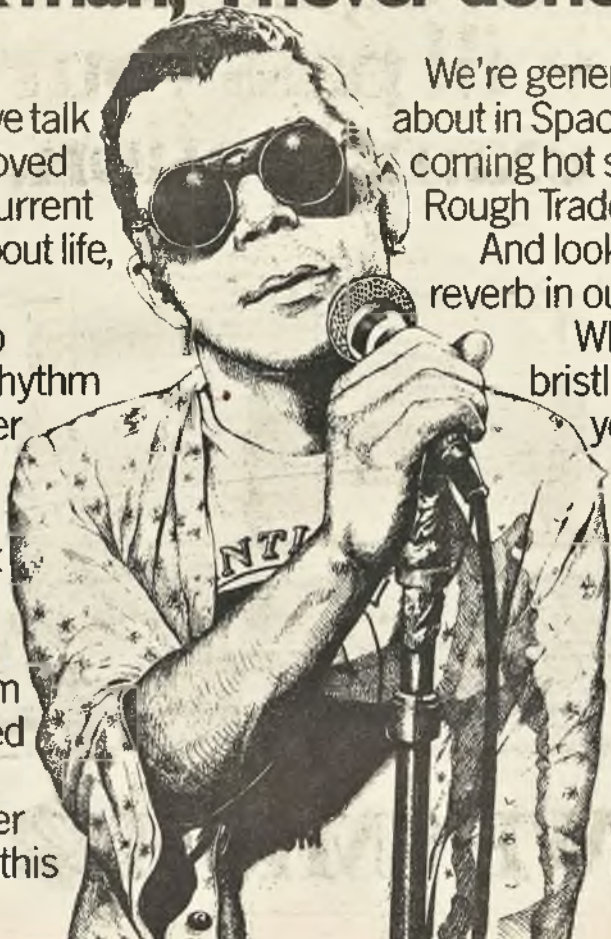
One of the great sights of our time, two rock stars confronting each other in mirror glasses — both talking, neither listening and each one looking at himself.

Claims Essex man, "I never done it all myself."

In October's Sound International magazine we talk to Ian Dury about his beloved Blockheads, about his current album, "Do It Yourself," about life, art, America and Essex.

The Blockheads also feature in our regular Rhythm Section, in which they offer precious advice to bass players and drummers on how to be rich, brilliant and famous in as little as twenty-four hours.

The Electronic Dream Plant has foolishly agreed to give away a Wasp synthesiser and a Spider sequencer as prizes in this month's competition.



We're generally poking and prodding about in Spaceward Studio, the up-and-coming hot shop much favoured by Rough Trade Records.

And looking at both echo and reverb in our Basic Multitrack series. What about the usual pages, bristling with news and reviews you ask?

No sweat. They're all in there, along with the Spyro Gyra interview and that fascinating feature on binaural recording.

October's issue of Sound International. Out now. Fifty pence.

Sound International
A LINK HOUSE PUBLICATION

Arden vs Cook Round Two

THE FIGHTING words with which ELO manager and Jet Records boss Don Arden answered criticism of his managerial operations on the BBC radio programme *Rock Bottom*, have been followed by legal action.

In a defamation of character law-suit, in which he is being represented by Hollywood lawyer Marvin Mitchelson, the often "controversial" Arden, who also manages Britt Ekland, is seeking a total of five million dollars from former client Lynsey de Paul, BBC interviewer Roger Cook and three others as yet not named.

During the course of the programme, which looked at the behind-the-scenes workings of the music business, interview material with de Paul, Ronnie Lane and Ray Phillips of The Nashville Teens — all of whom have in the past been managed by Arden — was aired.

A recorded telephone interview between Cook and Arden was also featured. "Mr Cook, Mr Cook. You wanna

fight me?" challenged Arden during the course of it. "Then you fight me. But remember one thing — when you fight the champion you go fifteen rounds. You got to be prepared to go the whole way." He also accused Cook of being a homosexual and claimed that Lynsey de Paul has a personal vendetta against him.

Marvin Mitchelson is also currently acting for Bianca Jagger in her divorce case with husband Mick and recently worked for Michelle Marvin in her claim against former lover Les. "There were comments about my client of mismanagement and claims that he failed to pay his stars money that he owed to them," said Mitchelson on his arrival in London last week.

"Mr Cook set himself up as the Don Quixote of the media and my client has to be protected. It was a gross misuse of the media and Mr Arden could be badly damaged."

PERRY MASON
THRILLS

ARCHIVE FUN



R-R-R-r-r-e-member when? No. Frankly, nor do we. Well some of us do, but they're keeping very quiet about it. Sensibly, we feel, for who would admit to remembering a time when Riff Pilchards used to comb his hair up instead of down? Riff is on the left, with a faint Elvis-like tremble just about detectable on his upper lip. Completing this line-up from the golden era of quiffs and stiffies are left to right: Bobby 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes' Vee (later to become Tony Parsons), East End Teen heart-throb Helen 'Walking Back To Happiness' Shapiro (later signed to Arista Records), Adam 'Lonely Pup In A Christmas Shop' Faith, later to become TV's Budgie and manage Leo Sayer (not pictured) and Tony 'Up Yer Ass Kirk Douglas' Orlando, later to become extremely big and no less boring as the only male member of Dawn. Pic circa 1962. (S'funny, we could have sworn we saw 'em all down the King's Road just last Saturday...)

Splojgenessabounds And The Establishment Trembles

AS THE ridiculous Boadicea's reign continues, the forces of reaction muster throughout the nation.

Only last week eight piece South-East London outfit Splojgenessabounds ("It's all one word!") fell foul of the Babylonian oppression that is the prevailing mood of that area of the land.

Last Saturday night's Splojgenessabounds gig at the Chiselhurst Caves was called off because, says S. abounds' spokesman Dave, the local police had requested that the owner cancel out the band's performance. To play the gig the band had already agreed that the Caves' bar should remain unopened.

The cancellation apparently followed a concert in Beckenham Park where the local council, objecting to the lyrics of the S. abounds' songs, pulled out the plugs on the band. This, in turn, led to the outfit's being told that their services would not be required for a gig at Stockwell College, Bromley.

Even their recent shows at Deptford Albany suffered, claims Dave. "I mean, no-one gets banned from the Albany," he said indignantly. "It's so rough down there that anything goes. We even had doubts about whether we should play it."

Their own reservations notwithstanding, however, Splojgenessabounds were only able to play three of the four Saturday night gigs for which they'd been contracted. On the evening of the fourth Saturday they arrived to be met at the stage-door by surly, gruff Real Men who told them their services would not be required.

They hope that their 15th October date at Clapham Junction's 101 Club will not suffer a similar fate.

But, Dave, what is it about Splojgenessabounds that appears so to disturb Our Rulers?

"Well, they say they don't like parts of the act."

What parts?

"Well, for example, Max Splojge sometimes drops his

trousers. But he has to. It's part of the act."

"See, we do this number called 'Michael Booth's Talking Bum' where it's actually necessary for him to talk out of his bum."

Ummm... What else?

"There's this other number we do call 'Eggs' where the audience throws eggs at the band. That seems to upset them because it gets a bit messy."

"They've got problems with eggs, see. We haven't got any problems with eggs."

Well, maybe I'll come and see you at the 101 Club.

"Don't forget to bring some eggs."

I won't.

"Stay pathetic."

EGGS ACKLEY

THRILLS

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Beatles Against Beatlemania



Spot the real Beatle. John Lennon tries to find his eyebrows.

THE WRATH of God was summoned last week in the Beatles camp when it was learned that the Broadway stage extravaganza *Beatlemania* was to be made into a feature film and a soap-series for American TV.

Since *Beatlemania*'s debut in 77, the Fab Four had grudgingly tolerated it, on condition the show was clearly blurred as an 'incredible simulation', and that they collected (hatch) a hefty royalty rate-off. Which it was. Which they did.

But in the light of the proposed film and TV series, the Liver Boys feel that their goodwill is being taken to the laundromat, and have instructed their Los Angeles lawyer Bert 'No Mercy' Field to offload a 60 million dollar law-suit on the show's production company with an injunction to stop future performances. Said Bert Field: 'It's like putting a Coca Cola label on your own drink and claiming that it is a tribute to Coca Cola.'

The stage show, which features four mop-top look - and - sound - alike actors from New York, uses a sophisticated rig-up of projectors to flood the stage with emotive images gleaned from picture files of the sixties.

Meanwhile, the plot thickens as *Beatlemania* prepares to open in London this month. Should the law-suit result in The Beatles' favour, it could cause some sticky repercussions in an industry that thrives on tributes, quasi-tributes and krypto-tributes. Either way The Beatles stand to benefit handsomely. If they lose or withdraw from the litigation, the stage-production will have scooped some extra spicy publicity, thus adding not a few extra million pips to the coffers of Apple Inc.

M M MUSTARD

THRILLS

FOR Jimmy McCulloch, the 26-year old Scots born guitarist who was found dead last Thursday, it was a casebook example of too much, too soon.

'Little Jimmy' as he was commonly known in the music business, was catapulted into prominence at the age of 16 through Thunderclap Newman's international Summer of '69 hit, 'Something In The Air.'

Due to his boyish features, Little Jimmy was persistently asked to present some identification whenever on licenced premises. This often proved an embarrassment and annoyance to the guitarist whose fondness, at an early age, for a drink was to become something of an acute problem in later years.

Discovered by Pete Townshend, when McCulloch was a member of One In A Million, it was the young guitarist's mature - beyond - his - years playing that complemented Thunderclap Newman's ramshackle psychedelic pub piano and Speedy Keen's nasal singing on the Townshend-produced 'Something In The Air.'

However, such success was short-lived.

Insurmountable problems of transferring the studio sound to live performances were only partially resolved when Jimmy's older brother Jack was drafted in on drums together with bassist Jim Pitman-Avory. Despite an album 'Hollywood Dream' and a much-underrated single 'Accidents', Thunderclap Newman was never able to recapture the spirit and excellence of their debut and the group folded.

When, in 1972, Stone The Crows' Les Harvey was electrocuted onstage at Swansea University, McCulloch took over the job of guitarist. Once again, the venture proved short-lived. Despite critical acclaim,



Jimmy McCulloch

commercial success continued to elude the Crows and, in June '73 — weeks before his 20th birthday — they disbanded.

By now, Little Jimmy's reputation as a potential big league axeman was consolidated, but finding a suitable niche.

It wasn't until January 1975, that he again found himself in fast company, selected by Paul McCartney to replace Henry McCullough in Wings' revamped line-up.

Though he recorded four albums with Wings — Jimmy was known, when under the influence of too much alcohol, to confide in friends that he was frustrated over Wings'

extended bouts of inactivity and that the group's repertoire didn't allow him to expand his capabilities as a guitarist.

The fact that Jimmy had also contributed a drug-slanted song ('Medicine Jar') to 'Venus And Mars' along with cutting a one-off single under the name of Jimmy McCulloch's White Line also aroused suspicions he was dabbling with certain white powders.

It came as no real surprise to the music industry when he quit Wings and became involved in the ill-fated Small Faces reunion.

In an effort to make up for what he saw as lost time,

Jimmy — at the time of his death — had teamed up with Miller Anderson (guitar), Ronnie Leahy (keyboards), Charlie Tumahai (bass) and Nick Trevisick (drums) under the name of the Dukes and their recently-released debut album for Warner Brothers contains the guitarist's last recorded work.

It's indicative of the Fleet Street headlines that reported his death that Jimmy McCulloch will, to the general public, be regarded first and foremost as a 'ex-Wings' Star' and not as the potentially great guitarist he so much wanted to be.

ROY CARR

STARJETS



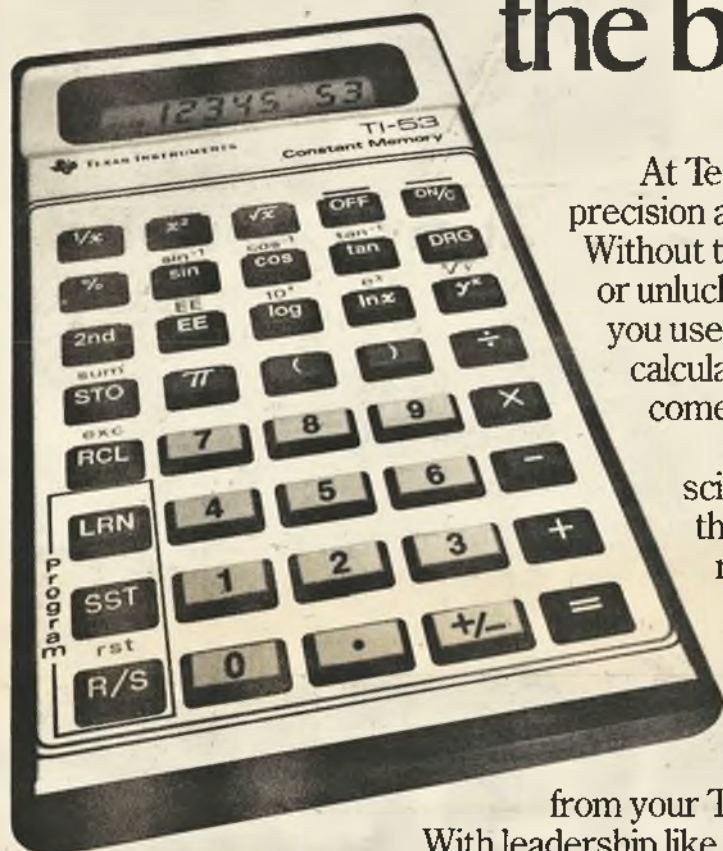
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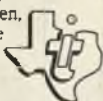
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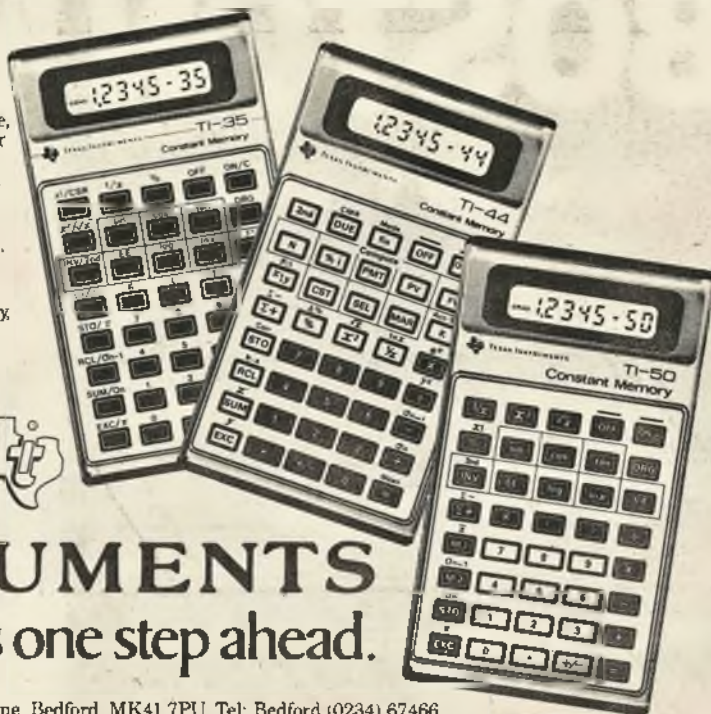
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TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

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Stars and their pets. Part I.

Undertone Billy Docherty Pigeon Fancier

BILLY had not been happy with his playing that night in Philadelphia.

Downhearted, Billy slunk out of the Walnut Theatre on Philly's Walnut Street and, his head hanging low on his chest, aimlessly wandered the bleak, rainswept streets.

Some three-quarters of an hour later the drummer returned. Those who saw him then said he seemed more cheerful. In those blistered drummer's hands he gently held a sodden bundle of feathers and bone.

It was a pigeon, exhausted and near-to-death following its fight for survival against the storm that had all day dampened the spirits of the hardy Philadelphians.

The Clash, whom the Undertones were supporting, had just gone onstage. This was a good thing, probably. Otherwise they might have shot the pigeon.

Moved by Jimmy's heartfelt pleadings a normally cynical female employee of the Walnut made a phone call to the American equivalent of the RSPCA. "Why the fuck am I doing this?" she was heard to ponder aloud.

Why indeed? The US RSPCA-ers expressed no interest in the plight of Jimmy's winged friend. They asked her to pass off.

There was only one thing to do.

A large cardboard box was found.

Jimmy's pigeon was placed inside it and the box and pigeon were then conveyed in the back of the band's car to New York City. During the journey Billy and the other Undertones chaps attempted to feed it with broken biscuits soaked in milk.

Largely, though, their gestures of aid were spurned. Arriving at their sumptuous 42nd Street hotel Billy carried the box up to his room. This made the other chaps chortle. "Billy's got a bird in his room," they japed.

From his hotel bedroom Billy then called the Manhattan branch of the US RSPCA. "We've got enough goddamn pigeons in New York," they snapped, hanging up on the by now distraught Billy.

In despair Billy did the only thing possible in the circumstances. He opened his bedroom window and placed the pigeon on the window ledge. The pigeon sat there, immobile, gazing down into Times Square.

Billy gave the bird a prod and a push. It didn't move. (It is rumoured he tried flapping its wings up and down but still to no avail.)

What Billy didn't know, of course, was that — just as American Indians will never attack at night — so pigeons will never fly at night.

Billy went to sleep.

In the morning he awoke. The pigeon was still there.

Billy and the rest of the band got up, dressed and breakfasted and left the hotel.

The pigeon was still on the window ledge.

No-one knows what happened to the pigeon.

DICK DASTARDLY

THARLOS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

by fab, one-off, Johnny Restivo was blasted out to New York punters in the intermission before the Clash came out and shredded the second night audience at New York's Palladium theatre with their magnificent rock and roll. (21/10/79)

But on with the tour. From Chicago to Detroit to Boston to New York on a bus called Arpeggio, fuelled by great foods like I.C.I. used to make. *Rats (injection)* *Bits of Pebble dash and gravel* *Hay* *Old car cores* *Comb droppings* *Steel marbles* *Giant Fabburger* *All smothered in Hair oil*

Mission to find a space large enough to lay out and paint a forty by twenty foot backcloth to replace the flags you're probably familiar with. Feeling like the most insignificant speck of shit in the world's biggest dustbin I trudged aimlessly from one fictitious address to another, only able to get a taxi out of it all eventually, by hurling myself on to one as it stopped at traffic lights. New York is hell, on foot, in the rain. For all I know the backcloth has been chopped into small pieces and sold as genuine, holy relics and the paint I lugged around has been hurled into New York harbour but I fear I'll be seeing a lot more of it soon.



Meanwhile, the casualties mount as we roll into Canada a fecked stopover in Philadelphia where the audience stood and pounded their hands together for so long that Joe had to come out after the encore and explain that they were too tired from travelling to play any more.

THE BIG CRAB-APPLE

THE SOILED PILLOWS TOUR



The New York audiences knew what was expected and after the Undertones and Sam and Dave had got them boiling they went outrageous for the Clash — applauding and shouting for about ten minutes. Sold after the first night's set. In New York I became a pawn in the ongoing saga of the New Backdrop which involved my spending most of a day shunting around in pouring rain on a fruitless

Philadelphia was a great show from out in the audience and I celebrated by getting so viled drunk that I spent the next day mostly comatose, occasionally trying to find the hole in my head to shove the pills in and periodically barfing up quantities of old bilge water, paint stripper and ships barnacles. Terrific! NEXT WEEK — I ENTER A MONASTERY AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE SOILED PILLOWS

Clash USA '79 By Ray Lowry

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6 SAT ·MANCHESTER· FACTORY
7 SUN ·LEICESTER· DE MONTFORT HALL
8 MON ·NEWCASTLE· CITY HALL
15 MON ·WOLVERHAMPTON· CIVIC HALL
16 TUES ·BLACKBURN· KING GEORGES HALL
17 WED ·BRADFORD· ST GEORGES HALL
18 THURS ·DERBY· KINGS HALL

19 FRI ·HUDDERSFIELD· POLYTECHNIC
20 SAT ·ABERYSTWYTH· UNIV. PENGLAIS
21 SUN ·CARDIFF· TOP RANK
22 MON ·LIVERPOOL· MOUNTFORD HALL
23 TUES ·BIRMINGHAM· ODEON
24 WED ·L'BOROUGH· UNIVERSITY
25 THURS ·PORTSMOUTH· LOCARNO
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Wavis and nose
Pic: Alan Spotmatic

From the home of Stan Laurel comes — Wavis O'Shawe!

You want bizarre — you got bizarre.

A legend in his own lunchtime — Wavis O'Shawe. Hailing from South Shields, this giant of the false nose and fig roll is soon to release a 26 minute mini-LP on Newcastle's Anti-Pop label.

The album is a tribute to the sadly lost love of O'Shawe's life, Anna Ford. It's called, subtly enough, 'Anna Ford's Bum', and is a concept album relating to the fact that Anna got married this year, (although Wavis reckons he still has a chance). Earlier this year, Wavis' first EP 'Dan Smokes Tabs' sold over 5,000 in the North East. John Peel is a devoted fan, although he may get over it.

Wavis remained silent throughout an interview he didn't attend, but spokesman for the Anti-Pop Entertainmentarama, Arthur 2-Stroke, tells me that Wavis travelled down to London recently, carrying the ever-present pack of soggy fig rolls and wearing a monster of a false nose, to turn down an offer of £15,000 from a record company who shall remain nameless. A2-S (for short) tells me to forget about music as I know it. And I have to. The album and single will sweep the ocean. One track 'Sid Is Dead', concerning the sad demise of Sidney James on stage at Sunderland, is as zany a piece of (anti) pop as you'll get to hear before 1980, and 'Jeremy's A Pansy' opens with the immortal Shangri-La's paraphrase, 'Is he really going out with him?' Why not ask?

On learning that Anna had committed the heinous crime of spousing off with another, Wavis died of a broken heart, and then recorded '25/6/79 (Come Back Anna)'. It's on the album, look out for it.

Anti-Pop's involvement with Wavis, and other local acts too eccentric for the usual Newcastle promoters, is becoming more extensive. They put on gigs with bands they've never heard, lend them gear they can't afford, and manage to put humour back into the original (and still valid) punk ethic.

A2-S is, he admits, a little worried about 'Anna Ford's Bum', fearing some movement from that quarter, even though the album is a sincere and heartfelt tribute to the most popular newsreader of the year. Wavis isn't worried though — he's dead anyway. Arthur says "Look at how many records Buddy Holly sold after he died. We've really cracked it here — we've killed Wavis off right at the beginning. We will accept nothing less than total success."

Rock and fig roll is here to stay.

DAN TANNA

THRILLS

Something Else, Something Specials

Something Else is a television programme which takes youth culture out from the set framework of the studio and back to its roots, in the city, the streets, communities.

So far, one finished show has appeared (as reported in *Thrills*). The next — which goes out on Saturday, BBC2, 6.20 — was put together in Birmingham and even in its unedited preview form came over as a substantial improvement on the first.

Put together by eight young people from the city, the Birmingham show has The Specials and Linton Kwesi Johnson, both of whom are placed very well within the wider context of the other contributions. Thus, there's a nifty cut from a Rasta sound system to the beaty & rootsy Specials, and likewise from Kwesi Johnson's 'Independent Intervention' poem to a piece on the mobilisation of black people in a Blackheath community centre.

The placing of youth musics in wider context than the media norms — frivolous fun or chart placings — is the most refreshing and important thing about *Something Else* (that's a good title, incidentally: how many years have we been staying up late and still saying 'there must be something else they could have put on ... not The Old Grey ... Etc.')

There are films produced by four young Rastas, and two young Asians, both of which look at and explain their respective positions both inside their own community and outside. It's also nice to see things taken away from London for a change, with the remaining three shows coming from Plymouth, Belfast and Glasgow.

Something Else isn't a straight documentary, or a condescending pop-music-for-the-kiddies montage — nor is it a hacky mix of the two.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

Specials
Pic: Mike Laye.



"Well, they said anything could happen."

SMIRNOFF
VODKA

Remember whatever happens, don't overdo it.

WITH TRINITY, Clint Eastwood, Prince Hammer, Jah Lion and Prince Far I here in London town it's like a DJ Jambo-r-r-r-r-ee and the chance to "check Trinity inna dis ya community" a couple of days after his first London show was not to be passed up.

As DJs go, Trinity is one of the best and certainly one of the most prolific. His talking shows him to be the natural inheritor of the heavyweight chanting style which Big Youth has largely abandoned for a talking / singing fusion.

Of all the producers he's cut music for, Joe Gibbs has provided Trinity's biggest JA hits including 'Three Piece Suit', on which Althea and Donna's 'Uptown Top Ranking' was based, 'Starsky And Hutch', 'John Saw Them Coming', and more recently 'Hog And Goat' with a youth named Carrot. Unfortunately 'Crazy Joe' never saw fit to put out Trinity's 'Three Piece Suit' album here so there's no top quality Trinity material on release, though his imports are easily obtained.

As we sat in the pub just off Portobello Road, Trinity, small, intense and dressed in characteristic militant chic, recounted his youthdays. From as early as 10 years old he used to sneak out and take in sound systems like King Tubby or Sir Percy.

"A whole lotta sound around," grinned Trinity. "U Roy is a DJ I really love to hear talk so I usual t'ief away from me mother every nights, an' go at the sound box an' listen an' ring. Me usually get a beatin' for that too. Sometimes she used lock me out an' I have to sleep in the cellar, but I still insist, 'cause it was like something born in me. When I hear sound system I have to jus' run an' go forward where it is. . . I jus' grow on music."

Trinity progressed from sound follower to DJ at around 17. In the early days he mostly worked a sound named Vee-Jay the Dubmaster and the crowd loved his voice, many telling him that he sounded like Big Youth. Also when he passed by King Tubby's Sound he used to "go an' hold the mike an' talk" but more recently, since he's become big in the business he



TRINITY: Father, Son and Holy Toast

usually sticks to working U Roy's sound Stereo Graph along with Rankin Joe and Dillinger.

Dillinger and Trinity grew up together and move like brothers and it was Dillinger who introduced him into the recording business through Channel One studio. 'Set Up Yourself' was Trinity's first release and a selection of his Channel One tunes can be found on Cha Cha's 'Three Piece Chicken and Chips' LP along with alternate tracks from Trevor Ranking. Though Trinity has found his time with Joe Gibbs to be the most 'progressive' from a sales point of view he cut some of his best tunes for Vivian Jackson aka Yabby U, including the excellent 'Shanty Town Determination' album and a whole fleet of singles.

"Yabby U is me neighbour, me friend and him encourage me," says Trinity. "Sometimes he give some lyrics an' I appreciate that 'cause I can mek certain things out of them. I live amongst people that show me certain things like Yabby U or a friend named Louie Lepke who has a lot of lyrics. He is a very intelligent guy, very lively towards the music."

It's out of this community atmosphere and interaction that Trinity draws much of his inspiration and any suggestion that his trade was an easy one was met with a look of incredulity. Talking on the ridim requires skill and timing insisted Trinity, adding that the studio engineers in JA like Errol T or Sylvan Morris know what will sell and if they don't like what you're doing then they'll run you out of the studio.

During his time in the music business says Trinity, "I get a whole heap of things ripped off but I know

that one day I will gain because every loser must be a winner one day." It's with this in mind that the man will be putting much more effort into his own label 'Flagman' and the 'Youth of Roots' label he runs with his friend Stumpy. Between them they have produced some memorable music from young singers Michael Black and Dave Robinson, as well as the Trinity classics 'Gwan An Lef Me' and the berserk version of the Mighty Sparrow's 'Dragon Dance' which comes complete with Woody Woodpecker impersonations.

Right now most of Trinity's efforts are being put into his stage shows. Just prior to leaving JA he performed on the same bill as Bob Marley and the Wailers at the 'International Year Of The Rasta Child' show and in the last year he has done shows in New York, Bermuda and Trinidad. He got a good reception at his Music Machine show, although I felt his act could have been less frenetic and more disciplined; I would have liked him to concentrate more on his singing and deejaying. The next stop is to make it in Germany where he shares the bill and the vibes with Dillinger, who'll be promoting his excellent new album 'Cornbread, Earl And Me', and then it's back to England for a well deserved rest.

It's a hard road to travel but Trinity is aware that you can't just stay in Jamaica and that "you have to go out and mek people see your ability." What more can you say except "Go inna it Trinity . . . inna it!"

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8 EDINBURGH TIFFANY'S
10 LONDON MEDICAL SCHOOL
12 SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB
13 RETFORD PORTERHOUSE

17 CARDIFF CASABLANCA CLUB
18 LIVERPOOL ERIC'S
19 MIDDLESBOROUGH ROCK GARDEN
20 MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
23 LEEDS FAN CLUB
24 YORK POP CLUB
25 BRISTOL POLYTECHNIC
26 STOKE, NORTH STAFFS. POLY
27 LONDON ELECTRIC BALLROOM

A SCENE FROM THE ALBUM
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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: *Memories (Virgin)*. And I know what you're thinking. This is merely the old pals act, he's met 'em, drank with 'em and now feels obliged to rave about their dodgy product. Well stick it because I love this record as my neighbours would testify. The quake of soul-vibrating bass literally jumping about you, 'Memories' is PIL's most aggressive record to date. A scandalous cut out section of rhythm and rock, streets ahead of any other '45 for months. I'll be danged if this group are the no-hopers that public opinion is wont to rumour. And enough of this 'confusing' and 'intriguing' guff, too. The power beats hotter than most anywhere, it's as plain as the nose on your face, and a dose on those who crib about his voice not crooning sweet for their ears. Here, Rotten slices through cleaner than at any previous time with this outfit.

"This person's had enough of useless memories/As far as I can see / Clinging desperately / Imagining, pretending/No personality/Dragging on and on and on and on."

First off, I'd say the bite was directed at the current industry fascination for men in suits. The backbeat of Wobble and the ex-Dudenski will drag the shudders from even the most timid hi-fi and Levine's guitar sound ghosts around the backdrop in the most distorted shades thus far.

"Your words are useless/ Full of excuses/Someone has used you well..."

Certainly no quarter for DJs to waffle out dedications on the airwaves: 'Memories' has no place within today's broadcasting set-up. PIL don't know their place... damned spoilsports.

"It should be clear by now."

Some things are crystal clear. Attack. Attack. Attack. Attack. Attack.

BUZZCOCKS: *You Say You Don't Love Me (UA)*. The States had better fall in love with Buzzcocks because it seems the home market is wearying of a band who have painted themselves into an overworked and precarious corner. This is another border clash between pop and HM and the product of continued listening to the Beatles' 'Rain' and 'It Won't Be Long'. Inside of every fat sound there's a fit tune trying to get out but this one is having to try harder than most, seeing as how Buzzcocks today sound lost in their own niche and, more important, tired with the sound of each other. The reverse, 'Raison d'Etre' only emphasises this current strain (Gedditt!).

NEW MUSIK: *Straight Lines (IGTO)*. **ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK:** *Electricity (Factory)*. Two incredible charlatans. Both, through clinical packaging, seek your few ha'pence as a deposit on the Moderne Worlde, but rip away the gimmicks and you're faced with a couple of ridiculous attempts at songmaking. New Musik merely add a pulsing bass



Graphic: Carmel Crunch

sound to an innocuous jingle and forget to dispose of their Peter and Gordon vocals, plus they do look suspiciously like a group who've changed their name/image more times than a roomful of amphetamine Mike Yarwoods. OMITD, despite their totally unpretentious name, would have us all shell out on a private joke based around tinny 'Telstar' trash. But then again, if it's on Factory Records it must be 'interesting'.

FILL 'ER UP, JACKO! **SQUIRE:** *Walking Down The Kings Road (I Spy)*. **SELECTER:** *On My Radio (Two Tone)*. **ROLAND ALPHONSO:** *Phoenix City (Trojan)*. The other day I was talking to my very good friend Ian 'I wouldn't be seen dead wearing jeans' Page as we sat holding balloons on the boat seats of his dolly girl's MG — we were off to yet another of Zoe Faversham's little kitsch-ins — when he told me of this group he was producing. Squire. Their single is a guided tour to a couple of London's most warm-hearted and fashionable tourist spots — Kings Road and Carnaby St — and the 45 does its best to

capture the atmosphere of discs made over ten years ago. "Oh no man," they say, "we're just applying the best of Mod to today's life." Well if the crop of Mod singles are to be a yardstick as to 'all the best of Mod' it must be hell in there. OK, live the lifestyle by all means chaps, but f'Christ's sake don't make an argument for these pathetic records. The Selector — who did so



well on the reverse of the exception-to-the-rule Specials 45 — release a track of devastating banality. Honestly, I bear no undue venom for the fashion. But 'On My Radio' is as sappy a song as ever entered the Eurovision Song Contest. I bunged Alphonso in here because his is, presumably, the sound of the hour but it still sounds its age, creaky. However the originals get by because of our rosy-eyed

nostalgic warmth for one music's fresh unspoiled attack. The outfits that would take '60s music into the '80s must be tried on their records and as such are gutless, the sound of cash registers giving thanks to their fathers which Art in the Odeons. Finally, I might add, that before you mods start wagging fingers at me in Gasbag, in the true punk tradition, I don't give a toss

Your Reviewer:
DANNY BAKER

what you do, so stay happy, OK!

MY OLD MAN'S A ROBOT, HE WEARS A ROBOT'S HAT (etc). **KRAFTWERK:** *Showroom Dummies (Capitol)*. A Capitol boardmeeting has twigged that Gary Numan is E&E's in these days. The difference is — apart from Kraftwerk being a thousand miles off target when it comes to pop music — that you really need an expensive stereo to listen to

the Krauts, whereas Numan has a beat to excuse the beaten up boxes. You've also got to be well into Kraftwerk as a hobby to wring any humour from them too, although at parties Florian does a wonder turn with a lampshade. The trouble is Metropolis.

"MY TYPE" OF MUSIC

GLORIA GAYNOR: *Let Me Know (Polydor)*. **HI-TENSION:** *There's A Reason (Island)*. **KAREN SILVER:** *Hold On I'm Comin' (Arista)*. Before getting on with the sound of things, I'd like to point out that the import of Gloria Gaynor's single manages to be clear and precise, whereas the domestic pressing is a hopeless mess of botched high registers. The British companies seem incapable of manufacturing to the treble/bass pitches that foreign records demand — particularly in disco and reggae. Gloria tries to harness the glorious attitude given space in 'I Will Survive' but this time around it sounds false and forced. The song is the same 'Never Can Say Goodbye' sales pitch she's always done — furious high

hat and showstopper Ethel Merman type vocals — but though it starts sprucely enough she lets her cabaret aspirations show with the introduction of a trumpet solo within the first minute. Whether she actually is the player of the awful instrument isn't clear but it wouldn't surprise me that she's gone into the Roy Castle stakes so fierce is her ambition to be an 'all rounder'.

Hi-Tension are a British act who survived well with their early 'British Hustle/Hi-Tension' singles. They've dropped the panic percussion now and have slipped into the sub-Earth Wind And Fire manhole. It's a very fine line between the sublime Maurice White magic and the bland Ray Conniff mush and HT have fallen down plop on the wrong side here. That's the way of the world though.

Ms Silver is an unashamed rip off of Amii Stewart's 'Knock On Wood' sound and deserves nothing more than fantastic obscurity for allowing herself to be bent backwards so lowly.

PERSON OR PERSONS UNKNOWN

CHRIS GREER: *Rock'n'Roll Goodbye (Axe)*. **INVADERS:** *With The TV On (No Label Records)*. **FELT:** *Index (Shanghai)*. **DREGS EP:** *(Disturbing)*. **DNV:** *Mafia (New Pleasures)*. And there are stacks more, but I'll have to scatter them or else the headings start to look like a discology in Info City. Mr Greer does on his single what he'd like to think Bruce Springsteen sounds like on his third encore. Unfortunately, Greer is backed by something like the E-Cul-de-Sac band rather than Bruce's mob and so sinks waving into the mire. Mr G was from Cleveland — big hand please.

The Invaders (not the English lot) blow in from New York and have a traditional title to their plate. This indie breaks with trad in that it's a ballad — one of those worm but 'street song' varieties to show they're rockers at heart. The flip 'Fast Girl' is NY Dolls style rock complete with that whine-until-the-next-chord riff we've all come to know and knit to. All in all, a crumbly little thing that won't cause



you to write the band's name frenziedly on a bag packet when it waits across the wadio.

Back home for Felt. In the letter attached they describe themselves as 'obscure' and point out that they record in a bedroom, etc. On the home-made sleeve are these words: "A noise escaped from a guitar. A distant voice" pleaded for silence in a disused language." The record is just a solo guitar being strummed like when you or I pick up one at a mate's house and whack away to everyone's earache until told to belt up or clear off or both. Just a guitar being strummed for three minutes, that's all. You know it disturbs me that such great thinkers as are obviously behind Felt can

* Continues over page



Singles Contd.

From previous page

remain so neglected by a rock press so blinded by flash. Why, if I didn't have to clean the inside of the oven I'd be up the M1 before you could say "Rough Trade", who incidentally are distributing this major step forward for British Rubbish.

The Dregs are another



bunch of Britishers who have indulged themselves in a studio for half a day and produced one of those formless punk/HM EPs for their close friends. This one is utterly unremarkable in its use of the basic band instruments and totally lunched in its stupidity on 'Schoolgirls in Bondage'. That's the Dregs; altogether now — Thank You.

Lastly in this random handful comes DNV who thankfully prove worthwhile

in a sinking ship kind of way. Their 'Mafia' is a little reminiscent of the old reggae 'Me A Mafia' in its chorus even though it's an apparently guarded secret as to what style of music the band are playing. Still, 'Mafia' shows off some thought. It gets followed by some dreadful piano recital entitled 'Goodbye '70s' which is enough to make Bobby Crush a welcoming haven. The more I think of it, DNV are uninspired and not intrinsically interesting.

THE SLITS: Typical Girls (Island).

THE 'B' GIRLS: Fun At The Beach (Bomp).

THE FLIRTS: The Kind Of Boy You Can't Forget (Magnet). The Slits come third only to Viv 'Spens Spens' Nichols and Brit Ekland in the 'I Do Absolutely Nothing But I Do It In The Newspapers' championship stakes. Their single on Island rolls along without causing a fuss, earning them the accused 'alright' verdict once again. It does have a fetching piano in it though. Erm, er, ah... that's about it really, just another album track bunged out for a single. The other side of 'Typical Girls' is a version of

'Heard It Through The Grapevine' done in a reggae sauce, or rather overdone, and is one of the most truly hamfisted cover-versions of any song anywhere. Just the thing, however, for those of you waiting to hear Joyce Grenfell fronting The Flying Lizards and produced by Denis Bovell.

The 'B' Girls go gooey on a cutesy beach song that gets nobody nowhere and go under like Janet Leigh's motor After The Event. The Flirts seem most likely to hit here — though granted that's not what The Slits crave for, or so I'm told — having the good sense to stick with an original rather than write a retreat. Unlike the 'B' Girls they take on a '70s angle and whoever Peter Collins is he knows how to produce for radio. Good drums. Dated, but they sound happier than The Buzzcocks nowadays.

THE EAGLES: Heartache Tonight (Asylum). Hey, now y'all ought be shamed yo'self boys I'makin' the danged public want go out 'n' buy som' yo' trashy. Sorry wrong accent. A terrible three part harmony that stubbornly refuses to enjoy itself and so the backing nods out in sympathy. From the album 'The Long Kiss'.

DARTS: Can't Get Enough (Magnet). The next year, hopefully, will see Darts playing down the doo-wop and having the bottle to go with their own stuff as well as producing it. This track written by Dummer the Drummer is one of the cuts from the up and down Roy Wood produced 'Dart Attack' LP. Despite Wood's distancing and unsympathetic control work, 'Can't Get Enough' is a beaut pop song: free of gimmicks, rising and melodic and featuring a peak when Rita Ray fades into Bob Fish's immaculate toning. Good radio. A worthy group.

THE B 52's: 8050-842 (Island). Great entertainment. If you're without the LP this is an acutely necessary single. The B52's are a real double-sided coin, what with so much to fuel detraction in the dodgy image and yet so much weight in the grooves. I don't find them corny or cloying. I find them hot and funny. Besides you can work out the title phone number and annoy the person in your neighbourhood who's unfortunate enough to have it. That's entertainment!

THE UNDERTONES: You've Got My Number (Sire). Not the greatest Undertones record ever released. They

shift the focus from a poppy kick to a harder R'n'B undertone and Fergal gets all frugal with his distinctive warbling. Also the hook appears a little desperate in order to be catchy — listen for the stuttering on the first 'wanna' of the chorus. Unlikely to make particularly lively radio.

THE MONOCHROME SET: Monochrome Set (Rough Trade). This band are currently touring the East Coast of America! This is their third single and is a pretty basic bit of fast no passion rock. The vocalist retains a no-sweat stance and has a grating 'clever dick' quality to his approach. Arty — and that's not some kind of reactionary's excuse — it sounds cold and, naturally, dull.

SEX PISTOLS: Rock Around The Clock (Virgin). A messy, half-baked heavy rock anthem that — surprise — never takes off. Cool for prats.

THE MEKONS: Work All Week (Virgin). The Mekons keep falling and there are too many groups doing this sort of amateur rumble for real for them to be given the laurels of yore. The track is a shambles and unloveable with it.

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: So Much Trouble (Island). Having not heard Marley for about two years he sounds quite welcome here if a little undynamic. Mind you, as the song wears on so is the welcome mat wearing thin. Nice use of synthesizers but lethargic overall and lyrics that are flat as the bottom of a party seven the morning after.



JOE JACKSON: I'm The Man (A&M). Far more frantic than he's singled out before, the dread comparison to the Recently Quiet One are firmly underlined here. I shouldn't imagine it'll follow 'Is She Really Going Out With Him' into the TOTP studio quite as easily, but it'll sit pretty on the old Rockola until it's replaced by a new national rave. Something like Public Image I fancy.

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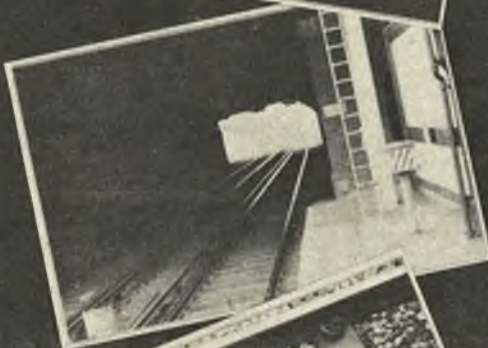


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Well, the guy in the mac seems familiar, but the other two, er...
Pic: Mike Laye.



No Image, No Style, No Bullshit

THE BANSHEES' split was last week's news. The outlook for the two bands, Siouxsie and the Banshees and support band The Cure, looked bleak. But they are already back on the road, the few dates they were forced to cancel have been rescheduled, no-one misses out, and Siouxsie is smiling again. The Banshees have two new temporary members, Budgie, the ex-Slits drummer, and Robert Smith. The Cure's guitarist and vocalist, which, for him, means a gruelling two sets a night for six weeks of almost consecutive dates.

Shortly after this tour The Cure are embarking on their own two week tour of this country, and then a two week European tour, hopefully including some recording for their next album in between. It is a daunting prospect, and the other two Cure members are understandably worried about the extra burden heaped on their frontman.

They laugh and joke a lot, but can frequently be seen casting furtive looks at Robert, who is becoming increasingly detached and withdrawn, not moody or unfriendly, but always deeply engrossed in his own thoughts, thinking of the coming night's set, running through the chords and riffs of various Banshees' numbers, making notes and disappearing to practise the numbers he hasn't yet learnt.

At first Robert dismisses it lightly, saying he'll be alright once he's learnt the Banshees' set, but like the others he doesn't really know whether he will or not. He looks ill, thin and pale, isn't eating properly, isn't sleeping properly, his mind a constant whirl of activity. He doesn't want to let anyone down, least of all the Banshees.

The Cure are still very much in awe of their situation, everything has happened so quickly from the initial success of their much-acclaimed single 'Killing An Arab' to their landing the support slot on the Siouxsie and the Banshees tour, and the subsequent

Banshees break-up. It was as much a disaster for them as for the Banshees, and they were willing to do almost anything to help, and prevent the tour folding up there and then, but it is only now that they are thinking about the full implications of what they have undertaken.

"We were all shattered when it happened," Robert remembers. "We just sat round after the Aberdeen gig and talked, and drank, and kept on drinking until eight o'clock in the morning. I just felt that as long as we sat there we could keep the whole thing going, and if I went to bed then that'd be it, the end of the tour, and I just refused to let go."

"Siouxsie and Steve said not to worry, they had lots of friends who would fill in, and they'd start auditioning right away, and I said if they couldn't get a guitarist then I'd play, and The Fatman (Lol Tolhurst, The Cure's

accept.

"It was that or nothing," Michael says simply. "The Banshees couldn't get another guitarist and so either Robert played for them or that was that, the end of the tour. There was no alternative, and we'd all have done anything rather than let the tour come to a halt."

Their determination is obvious. Whatever happens they'll see it through to the end, because all three are in it together, and there is no way they can back out now.

Surprisingly though, their set has improved since the last time I saw them, at a warm-up gig at Aylesbury Friars a couple of weeks back. The sound there was bad, and I dismissed them lightly as three musicians with the technical know-how but little imagination. At the Apollo Theatre in Manchester I was proved wrong, there is a lot more to their music.

**If image is everything, THE CURE are nothing — and they don't care.
DEANNE PEARSON cares enough to talk to them**

drummer) even said he'd play drums if it came to that. Then a few days later Siouxsie rang me up and said would I come down and audition, and before I knew it I was the Banshees' guitarist.

The Fatman, on reflection, is glad that he wasn't asked to drum. "It really would have been too much," he says, "drumming is much more physical than guitar playing, and I certainly couldn't have drummed for 1½—two hours every night. But I offered because we were desperate, there was nothing else for it."

Both The Fatman and Michael (Dempsey, bassist) admit that The Cure's performance may well be suffering because, obviously, Robert is not able to give everything to their set alone now, but they refuse to criticise him in any way. It is something which they both

appreciate. It takes more than one hearing to fully appreciate The Cure's music. There is an elusive seriousness and depth to it. The full force does not jump out and hit you in the face, it glides in the background, waiting to be discovered, because The Cure have nothing to project and promote their music. Unlike most bands they have no image.

"That's why no-one likes us," Robert says matter-of-factly, "because we have no image." And he doesn't really seem to care like he doesn't care when he introduces their last single, 'Boys Don't Cry' as "the single that no-one bought". He isn't angry or bitter, isn't even trying to make a joke out of it, he is just factual — nobody did buy it, they probably didn't even listen to it, because the Cure were never really there.

"I think people are disappointed because we have no image," he continues in the same monotone. There's nothing for them to identify with, and imitate, like there is with The Clash, or The Ramones, or The Banshees, for example. Like I even wear the same clothes onstage, for The Cure and The Banshees' sets, as I do offstage — and that's nobody's idea of a pop star." He smiles, a rare occurrence. "I used to wear posy gear though, whatever was the 'in' thing to wear at the time, but those sort of clothes are always either too baggy or too tight, and I just like to wear clothes I'm comfortable in."

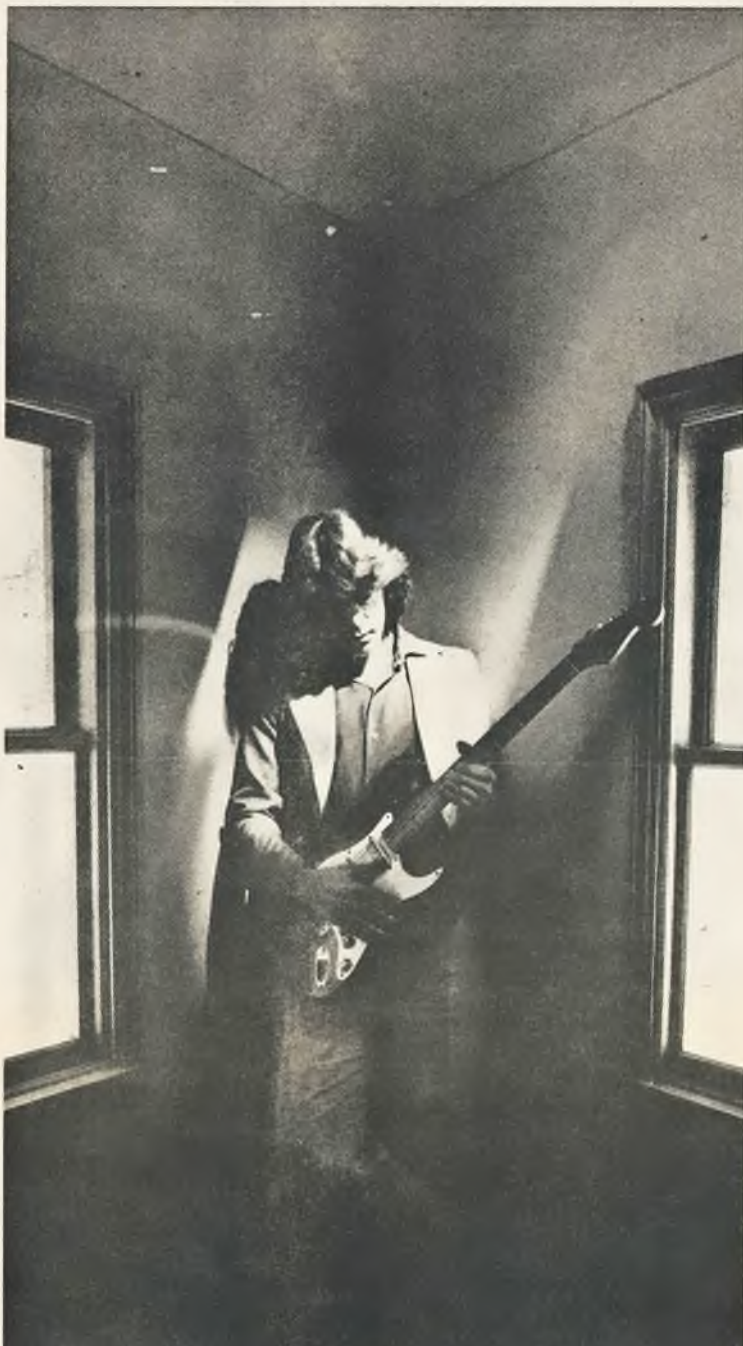
In the early days of The Cure they did have an image, of sorts, a totally false, record company-orientated image according to the band, that quickly collapsed because none of the three believed in it. It was initiated and personified by their 'Three Imaginary Boys' album cover which featured three ordinary, everyday household appliances — a 'fridge, 'Hoover', and a lamp, with an obscure inner sleeve which involved pairing up the three symbols with each member of the group, and various other appliances with each track on the album, the latter an impossible feat which ended up with very few people knowing any of the track titles.

This immediately gave The Cure an 'art school band' label. It was impossible to envisage them as anything other than pretentious posers trying to be as obscure and contrived as possible. In fact the exact opposite was true. Their idea was to have no image, to try and place the band in day-to-day reality, but it was an idea that did not work. "It just seemed like a good idea at the time," Robert explains, "when we were all new to the business."

"But it was someone else's idea," Michael adds emphatically, "and it proved only detrimental to us. We had kids coming up to us asking us to explain our album — and we couldn't. How do you explain someone else's art work to anyone? It's impossible, and that's when our pre-fabricated image began to crumble."

Michael, to a certain extent, still subscribes to this image though. He tries to come over as the more thoughtful, artistic member of the group, and is more concerned with his appearance. But for the majority of the time he

Continues over



Mick Taylor
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82600
Records

Cure

■ From previous page.

can be found exchanging jokes and witty anecdotes with The Fatman — so named because of his fatous, banal comments apparently — and making playful digs at Robert's seriousness and aloofness. But even then he's concerned about his image in the presence of an outsider. "I don't want people to think of The Fatman and I as the Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler of the band," as he sets his face again. "You know, the two jokers, we're not really silly all the time."

The band have also been labelled as a bunch of pseudo-intellectual middleclass grammar or public schoolboys, which, as Robert points out, is also far from the truth.

"We all went to the same comprehensive school," he says, "and I was the only one who stayed on after the fifth year, and I'm also the only one who comes from a fairly wealthy background. But the media couldn't bear us not to have an image, so they made one up." He is not annoyed, just treats it as an injustice so petty that it hardly seems worth talking about.

"And yet it would have been so easy for us to cultivate an image," he sighs. "We could have dyed our hair pink and dressed up in leather or something, but then we'd have had to live up to that image all the time, and I just can't be bothered. Someone like Siouxsie really lives the part and is in full command of the situation," he says with undisguised admiration, "and it works to her benefit. She's got her image honed off to such a point that it wouldn't matter what three musicians she had behind her, they'd still be Siouxsie and The Banshees to her fans."

Whether all the attention is focused on Siouxsie or not, Robert still feels he may be letting The Banshees down because he is so ordinary. "And sometimes I smile," he says apologetically, "like when Budgie and I make mistakes we look at each other and grin, we can't help it, but that's not The Banshees' image is it, they're supposed to be all deep and dark and brooding."

Nevertheless Robert enjoys playing with them. "It's like getting a second chance onstage," he says. "This is all new to us (The Cure) you see, playing such large venues, every time I go on stage it's a new experience. We also usually get to share the same hotel as The Banshees now, which is very exciting and more fun for all of us, although I think The Banshees and the roadies and everyone think we're rather silly and naive at times actually," he worries, "because we all get so excited about things."

ROBERT'S deep-rooted admiration and respect for The Banshees is obvious, he is proud and flattered to be playing for them, but there is no chance of him joining them permanently.

"Because I'm playing other people's material," he says, "and I'm not really happy unless I'm playing my own stuff." He has written almost all of The Cure's songs and lyrics, Michael and The Fatman just adding the

backline. "Occasionally The Fatman gives me some lyrics he's written," Robert adds, "but I really don't like singing or playing anything unless it's my own."

He is totally independent, very much an individual, and the other two accept this without question. Although Michael and The Fatman tend to stick together it is mainly because they are more gregarious than Robert. There is no rift between them, only a division that has always been there, even at school.

"Although we knew each other at school we weren't really friends," Robert explains, "because we didn't have much in common. Basically it was because I played football at school and the other two didn't, and at fourteen that was all that mattered."

Now all that matters for Robert is his music, something that has become even more important since under-taking his dual role on the tour. "We only talk to each other on a very superficial level now," he says, "cliquey jokes and witty comments at breakfast and so on, because you run out of things to talk about when you're constantly together all the time. But I don't get bored because I've got so many other things to think about."

It is this seriousness and intensity, reiterated in his music, which makes it so difficult for many people to grasp. Robert is aware of this, as he is aware of the disadvantage of not having an image, but once again he doesn't really care, and is loathe to do anything about it. He doesn't care if his songs are not hits, in fact he's quite glad at the moment, because at least the band have not become stigmatised, and he hopes that The Cure's next single, 'Jumping On Somebody Else's Train' doesn't get into the charts. "Because I think we'll immediately be classed as just another group jumping on the band wagon," he opines. "I just know if this record gets anywhere it'll be because people have taken it the wrong way — like the rest of our stuff."

"'Jumping On Somebody Else's Train' is about kids latching onto a certain type of music because it's the latest fashion, swooping their clothes, and their records, accordingly, like they have with this mod thing, kids suddenly discarding their leathers and bondage for a two-tone suit. Well 'Jumping On Somebody Else's Train' is deriding all that sort of stuff, but I think a lot of people might see it as capitalising on it," he says pessimistically.

Michael and The Fatman, on the other hand, hope this one is a success. "On a purely financial basis," Michael is honest about it, "because we need the money at the moment. If we didn't then I wouldn't really care either, but I want this band to be around in three years time, and if it's going to be then somewhere along the line it's just got to make some money. It's a matter of simple necessity now."

And if this tour falls through they will need that hit record even more. A lot is at stake, and Robert is painfully aware that much of it rests with him at the moment.

He is pushing on resiliently, with a dogged determination, "But I dreamt I packed it all in last night," he confides in me just before I leave, "and it was such a relief."



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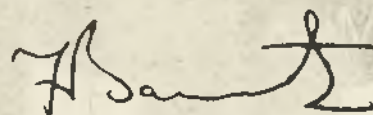
There have been some misconceptions reported in the press concerning Led Zeppelin and Knebworth, which as the concert promoter I would like to clarify.

Firstly, before anyone knew what the total ticket sales for the two concerts would be, at my request, Led Zeppelin voluntarily reduced their guarantee by a substantial amount and were willing to accept an alternative arrangement in order to help ensure the best possible concert for the patrons and payment to all concerned, in the event there was insufficient funds to pay everyone. Peter Grant, manager of Led Zeppelin, was particularly concerned that all acts appearing at the concert be paid. Unfortunately, because of a large increase in production and staffing costs, increased V.A.T. amongst other reasons, this very substantial reduction by Zeppelin, while very helpful and very much appreciated was unfortunately not sufficient.

Secondly, at all times Led Zeppelin, the manager and his staff have been completely co-operative.

The group's performance at Knebworth, was in my opinion, really tremendous and their popularity, as shown by their album being No 1 throughout the world speaks for itself.

Finally it would be a privilege and pleasure for me to promote another Led Zeppelin concert in the future and hope to have the opportunity of so doing.



Signed Frederick Bannister
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The Steve Harley Consumer's Guide To Empty Bluster...

HE'S a lot stockier than I thought he'd be, Steve Harley. Dressed in shades of brown, he appears smiling and chirpy — the afterglow of an extended 'lunch'. Just before we settle into the interview room of his publicist's HQ, he asks someone to nip out and get in some champagne.

Outwardly, Harley bears no sign of a man who has spent the last two years lounging around in Los Angeles but occasionally something in his speech will drop him in it. He's been on the publicity conveyor belt since his return and is eager to talk about why he left, the time he's wasted and why everything is once again hunky dory. Still as confident in manner as ever, the Steve Harley of 1979 would like to believe he can play the game as well today as yesterday when he ran out... but in his eyes you can see the man is lost and not a little terrified.

You've been quiet.
"Have I? Yeah, well, I thought I'd let 'em get on with it."

Let 'em get on with it?

"Yeah, when I left I couldn't understand what was happening. Couldn't pretend to. Look, it was '77 and I was 26 — I'm 27 now. OK — and believe me to be 26 and find a generation gap is very strange. I'd had a lot of success. I certainly wasn't broke, and I wasn't about to pretend — like a lot of my contemporaries — that, y'know. 'Oh, hey I'm really with all you punks' and that bullshit. Being in my position, I couldn't possibly understand it. Well maybe that's not quite true: I understood, I cared for what they stood for. I had an empathy with what was going on I guess, but I saw what was happening and thought it best if I got away till all the trash fell away and then come home and see what's left."

That was the official Steve Harley talking. That was the answer he gave on the radio and in several other interviews. That was the 'excuse', the lofty overview on two years wasted in his life. And I don't believe he could put his hand on his heart for a single syllable of it. In fact, as the interview picks up steam he pours out a more honest, albeit more dramatised, version of what he feels about 'the lost years'.

So have you done nothing at all in the time?

(Long pause) "Writing in L.A. is not simple. There are just so many distractions. Firstly, a lot of my friends live there, there's a lot of money, a lot of madness and uh' (the champagne arrives) "ah wonderfull! Anyway, I'm paying four hundred and fifty quid a week for this house and, really, I haven't the discipline to begin working again. I was inclined to think that I'd earned this break, and believe me, I'm not a materially minded person at all — and I spent, whew, an arm and a leg I tell you..."

So you've done nothing then?
"I tried but nothing. Zilch. Just waiting for the night-time to come, go to another party."

Steve, it doesn't sound the most worthwhile of lifestyles, y'understand.

"It can be very easy to get out of touch when you're living there. I know a few friends who live there who're totally, uh..."

Really?
It's just about now that our man changes tack from the experienced tone of the seasoned interviewee to the guilt-ridden prodigal back from the dead.

"But don't get me wrong, now. I think that that couple of years were a terrible blank period. It's disgraceful. I'm very ashamed — 'swah! I came home! Christlike. And making the album — although it does of course

reflect my sojourn in Los Angeles — the album itself is an English LP. It sounds like a London album and that's the way I prefer it, because the scene here right now is tremendously exciting."

Well a bit of credit where it's due. The Rats' 'I Don't Like Mondays' had more than a touch of the Cockney Rebel about it. The final series of 'I don't like / I do-hon' like Mo-hon day-hees!' sounded as though they came from the Big H's mouth itself. But that made you feel contemporary, eh Steven?

"I've heard that from a hundred people. D'y'know I can't hear it at all. It's a great, great record but I can't hear it as me. Perhaps I'm just politely playing it down. I dunno..."

Yes, he is. He loves it.
Do you expect a lot of stick?

"I always have done. Y'see a lot of reporters are aggressive with me. They attack me to start with — your Tony Parsons for example, although the piece he did was very fair in the end. People expect me to be aggressive, and I must say I can be very nasty and ruthless but only if I'm wound up. But I will say one thing, and that is although lots of bad things are said of me in sweeping terms, I have never been a hypocrite nor ever will be. Don't ya see that's why I went? Had I stayed I'd have been looking like a phoney if I'd supported these groups openly. The thing is... I have an INCREDIBLE amount of integrity! Bandwagons nothing, man. I'LL CREATE BANDWAGONS!"

(Thinks: This is more like it.)
"Now, for the first time in my life I'm writing songs about the news. I've never done that before and it's exciting. I was reading this thing by John Pilger about Cambodia and the mass murders that are going on and it totally blew me away."

Yeah, but don't you think that in that respect rock music / musicians are pretty absurd and pathetic?
"Oh, er, sure. Y'know rock'n'roll is totally silly when you think about it. I think about it more than most, I suppose. It's a looney gig."

On a more basic level you get rock musicians passing these immense brown buildings belching smoke while they're on the road, and the rockstar will think they're having a bad day because they didn't get their early morning call on time! Are rock folk a wee bit too precious Steve?

"Probably for sure. But then again, in a rock world that early call is a nuisance, a major upset. That call will be as important to an on the road musician as it is for somebody else to get his paycheck. Without it one can't function. If one's tour manager fucks up, then I can't function."

Pause. Imagine, if you will, that you are given a choice by whatever powers that be. The choice is this: you can either have your favourite rock gig cancelled... or else you can have the gig but you won't get paid any wages that week. Such a decision. The problem of course is that Steve Harley, who is by no means alone, is one of the rock musicians who can only judge the scheme of things by the criteria of rock'n'roll or, more likely, the art of being a rock'n'roll performer. You don't have to spend two years in LA to be away too long.

Has anything you've done embarrassed you?
"Me? Nah. I never look back cos y'know that's like looking away, but I obviously appreciate that I've changed since I first got involved with this business."

For the better?
"To be frank, I really don't know. I could say I miss the innocence and excitement of the early days but I swear to you, right now I feel it all again. To hear my record on the radio again is so incredible, to think about these gigs coming up... well I am scared shitless and that's not exaggerating. I really am terrified of the thought. I've had dozens of records in the charts y'know but I lost the ability to feel like this."

At this point, Harley begins to get really involved in himself. He talks in semi-gasp like tones and appears to direct his quotes at the bottle of champagne. "My God, I really lost this feeling. I fucking lost it, man. I spent two fuckin' years... two years!" he says switching round and fixing me with an incredulous stare. "I spent two — years — swimming — in — Los — Angeles. I lived without an edge, without the caring. Boy now I care again. I couldn't con ya, I couldn't act it, it's a passion. Hey, look. That question, y'know, 'Where did you go?' Well I've been asked it a

hundred times as you can imagine

... but... but what can I tell you? Well now I know. I was a prat (long pause, he stares blankly). A prat to myself... I backed out (pause), backed out. I ran away. No excuses. No excuses. I'm accountable only to my own... (sighs). My thinking was A-W-O-L. Steve Harley was totally wrong and cowardly. Cowardly."

What was that answer back at the beginning? "Thought it best for everything if I got away till the trash fell... I was inclined to think that I'd earned this break?"

So cock-sure Steve? He goes on.

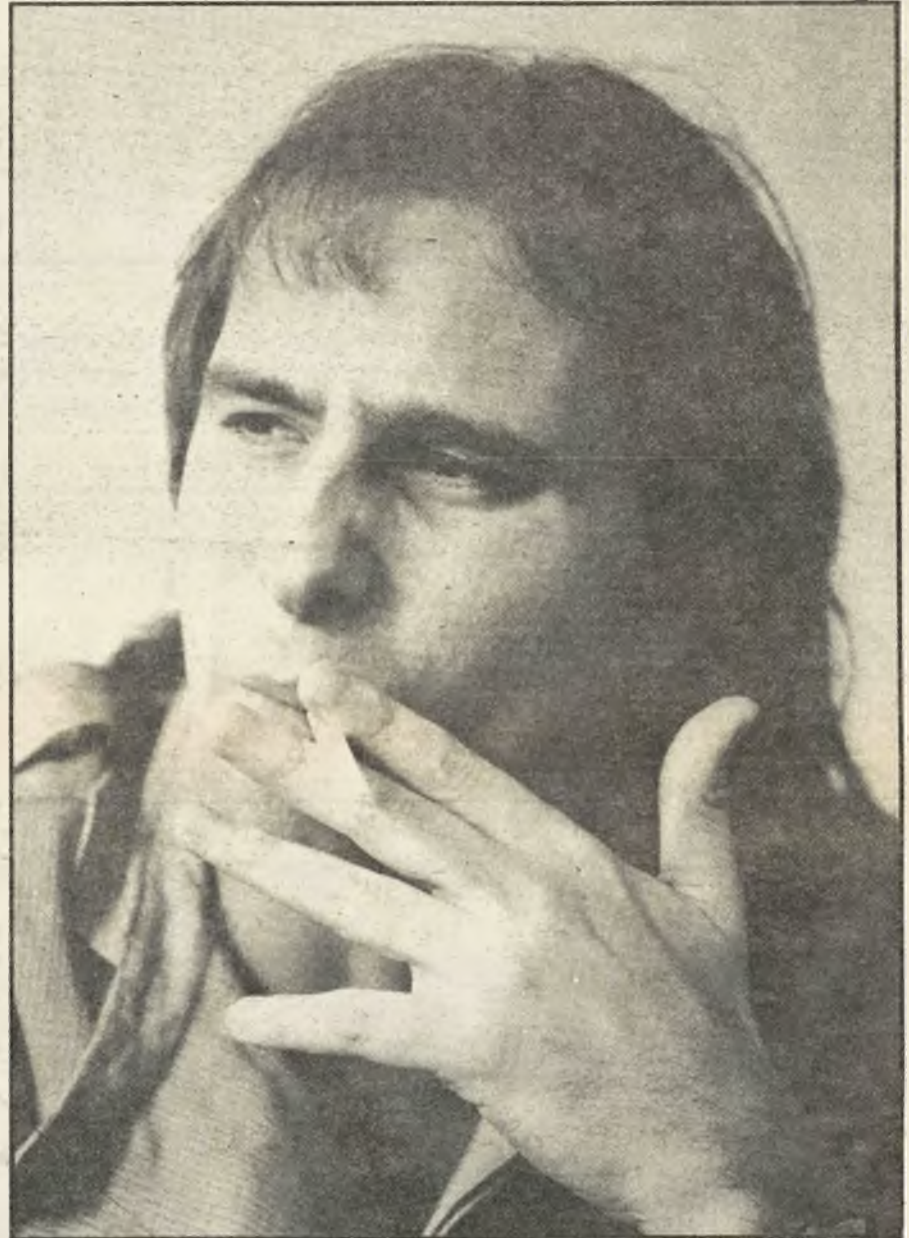
"I remember thinking 'What is this

punk thing, what does it mean? I tried to get Tony Parsons to define it for me, I said, Tony what does it mean? What does new wave mean? And it was totally out of character for me to be defeatist, run away, when all it was was new groups makin' fuckin' records. No big deal..."

Well actually Steve it was. I remember it less as a musical time and more of a time when a generation got its collective bottle together and, for a while, frightened and re-arranged things their way.

For a while, Steve Harley is willing to believe that he's witnessing the

Continues over page 8



"I am still a contender," claims MOHAMMED HARLEY on his return to Britain.

"But you don't know where the fight is," replies DANNY 'Sugar Ray' BAKER.

Ringside pix: TOM SHEEHAN.

Mohammed Harley Cont.

From previous page

same thing right now, and he feels comfortable with it.

"Yeah, but OK, if it took that to give people the bottle well... well surely we've all known that for years. Rock 'n' roll is the working man's escape..."

No, no. Look, Steve, if you bought a Cockney Rebel album it was the LSO or something and, well, I certainly couldn't make head or tail of your lyrics. There was no spark of hope in the product of those times.

He pauses long, with both hands running through his hair, gently puzzling.

"Well I did it didn't I? I come from your part of the world and I formed a group and made it at that time. It's always been available surely?"

His momentary soul searching ends here as he begins to speak of himself again. I despaired. He was totally out of touch.

"Maybe it instilled some arrogance. But I don't see what they proved at all really."

"All I know now is that there are some am-a-zing groups about now. A chant band like Squeeze... whew. They take risks and things. That's great. I mean, we took risks back then but they never got played on the radio or anywhere..."

This from a man who just said "I don't know what's been achieved".

"My first record 'Sebastian', though it was number one in practically all Europe, did nothing here. Ahead of its time because two years later Queen came out with 'Bohemian Rhapsody' and everything's alright."

HARLEY mentions Ian Dury and I take him back to his 'I got out' schtick and point out that he and Dury had to prove more because of their disabilities in the leg division.

"Maybe so, maybe so. I never like to talk about it much actually. I'd love to meet Dury very much. He understands his disability and

doesn't use it; he seems incredibly strong and a lovely man. I tend to hide my limp but there's no question that it 'helped' me in that respect.

The most important thing is to free yourself from self-pity or embarrassment. In school it's destroying because you know no matter what you feel you'll never be able to play football — and I'm a soccer freak. My old man was a pro, played for Brighton and Millwall." (at this junction I'd like to say what a man among men Mr Harley Snr must be), "so I grew up living for the game, a human library of fact about the game. I was in the school 3rd team at cricket — an offspin bowler, so I only needed about a four pace run up and that's OK."

"So you have to come to terms with knowing that you'll never go

I feel I'm earning once more. But," he starts to drift again "I'll never forgive myself for that year of sunbathing and swimming. Ugh!"

Has it sharpened your ambition to go back there as a burning star?

"I'm a very ambitious person, America means a lot to me. I can break America at any time."

(Oh! Let's hear that grand old quote once more!)

"I can break America at any time."

(Bliss. Now let's continue folks)

"... at any time. When I say 'can' I mean it could happen at any time. All I have to do is write a track that the American Record companies say 'Oh fuckin' hell, after all these years. Great.' 'Y'know? It'll surprise me, but it can happen at any time. And this makes me think that although it was ostensibly a bad decision to go out

"These new bands can-not-play-their-instruments full stop. In the years ahead do you think they'll get session work?"

any further than that, and then you have to outgrow it and say to yourself 'Well, maybe I'm learning something now that most others won't learn about themselves till they're 40 years old. And certainly my instincts of survival and self determination were instilled into me because of that; luck doesn't come walking into your life. Harley, you've got to work for it. Right now I feel that the work I've put in since I've been back has been rewarded in getting that record of the week thing on Radio One. That's the excitement

there and lie around in the end it must be good because it's given me back my drive, and I'm a great fatalist, dammit, I'll live for today..."

And is there a place for Steve Harley today?

"Coming back I really didn't know. Really. But the more I see the more I feel like I never went anywhere, I ain't been away. Listen, either I'm in the process of re-creating a bit of space for myself or else I'm slipping back into my space which never closed. The vibe I get is good. People re-assure me but I can tell when I'm

being back-slapped with bullshit, and I feel this good vibe anyway. I appreciate a lot has happened, but I know I still fit."

Did you keep a check on Blighty while away? Do names like Joy Division and that leave you baffled?

"Who?"

Joy Division.

"Oh yeah, I saw that on the TV a week or so ago"

That's them, yeah.

"Disgraceful."

Disgraceful?

"Absolutely bloody disgraceful."

Well, they're not my ideal band but listen...

"Nonsense. Rubbish. Terrible" Sounds a bit like our own JR dunnit? But, Steve, have you the right to barge in and...

"I saw the programme, I dunno what it was. What a bunch of tosh. Joy Division — huh!"

"I can't remember what they did or looked like but I remember the impression. I thought what the fucking hell is that doin' on telly? Look, if I'm paying thirty pound a year for a licence I turn the thing on



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REA



**"Am I totally out of turn here?
I get the feeling I'm totally
out of line..."**



and I'm faced with that! God, I'd rather see the generation game!"
Let me tell you, transcribing Steve Harley interviews are more fun than any album. Carry on, Steve.

"I mean, do they play gigs?"
To packed halls.

"Packed halls? Oh yeah? Bloody three hundred seater halls, ha-ha."
But that's rock'n'roll Steven!
"Muh. Packed halls ain't rock'n'roll. Doesn't matter if it's a rock band or a bloody conjuring act. In fact if a conjuring act fills a three hundred seater hall that's impressive."

I laughed with him. There's no way around him. Then we were back at it. To and fro, all the past couple of years' arguments blah blah blah. But you don't get all heated up with Steve Harley. My God, the day he stops mouthing off we may as well all go home. But he may have noted something of my fascination with his attitude in my face because suddenly he turned his bitching around.

"Listen... listen. (grinning) Am I totally out of turn here? I get a feeling I'm totally out of line. If I am just let me say that I saw that band

on my TV and it sucked. I wouldn't give 'em five minutes of my time. That's all."

Have you heard the argument about how your parents used to say The Beatles couldn't play their instruments?

"Aw don't give me that. You know I get all this from Tom Robinson. We're great mates, but when we start talking about music... Uurghh (shudders). And I'll say Look! Someone like James Burton could damn well play the thing! He influenced because of his playing. But these bands can-not-play-the bloody things full stop! In the years ahead do you think they'll be getting session work?"

Jesus, Steve, that's not what matters any more.

"Well, what does fer Chrissakes?"
I was half into explaining about feelings, repression, passion and the power and the glory when he burst back in.

"But why do the papers and the media in general take these berks seriously? Why should anyone? There they were on my TV supposedly representing the music of the masses and..."

It's not the music of the masses at all. Don't you see the whole point of that show was to give that whole side of rock'n'roll — to all knowledge, the unspoiled truthful raw roar of rock'n'roll — it was to give it a little coverage. It is a minority show. Music needs its outlets, and that show.

"Tch. I can't take that seriously I'm sorry. I can't take these fuckin' herberts screaming at me about the state of the world and on the dole, I got out of it and I've got very little time for moaners who can't help themselves. y'know, get out of it y'lazy little sod. The world doesn't owe you a livin' old son, go out and get a bloody job! All this is so fickle, so impermanent. I don't believe half o' these kids have any of the conviction they'd let you believe."

The room was taking on a sinister air when at this point a girl poked her head around the door.

"Could you wind up now, there's another interview to follow..."

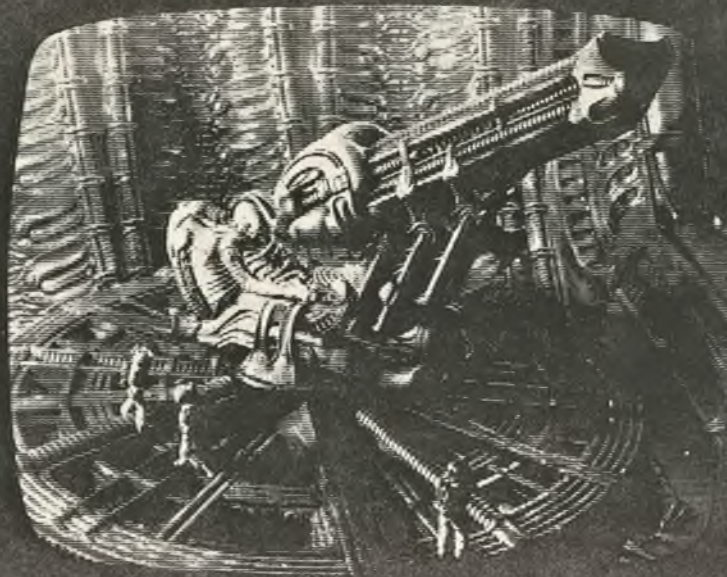
SO WHAT do you do? Umpteen times during the playback I shook my head and tried to

figure how one man can be so powerfully confident and yet so far, far off the ball. He'd like to think he's 'home' but apparently, for Steve Harley 'home' means being surrounded by a different set of music business folk and less channels on his TV. Steve Harley has no idea what living in Britain today is all about, and maybe he knows it just

a little bit. The yawning gap between himself and rock'n'roll youth gets wider day by day, but it doesn't worry him. There's always enough punters to keep his game in motion, enough scarves selling outside gigs, enough throats singing 'Sebastian' inside.

And that's enough for Steve and his dreams.

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The In-Laws

Directed by Arthur Hiller
Starring Alan Arkin, Peter Falk and Richard Libertini
(Warner Bros.)

SHELDON Kornpett is Alan Arkin. He's a mild-mannered, conscientious and dedicated New York dentist. His lot in life is a happy and contented one. He's pulled enough molars and bridged enough root canals to set up a private practice, and he's genuinely proud to be among the pioneers using a drill with an automatic water spritzer.

Vince Ricardo is Peter Falk (that's *Columbo* to you, sunshine). He's a suave, ruthless, steel-nerved, decidedly *cool* CIA undercover agent. His secret life revolves around the execution of wild and gargantuan heists; the motive — seven figure bank-rolls, the basic ingredients — skyjacking, grand larceny, genocide and international fraud.

Vince's son is to marry Shelley's daughter. So they meet, and their lives get inextricably tangled. They become *The In-Laws*.

The In-Laws sets out — and succeeds brilliantly — to draw on every element of classic comedy script and still remain consistently unpredictable. Based on this ludicrous contrast of polar opposites, it pans back — through slapstick, manic stunt work and some vivid locations — to make some well-aimed (and tastefully understated) stabs at low-budget thrillers, the CIA itself and — most prominently — Shelley's typically middle class values, though with none of the heavy-handedness that marred *California Suite*.

It has the added advantage of holding a fistful of aces in its compositional hand. Firstly, the script is taut, surprising and uproariously funny. Its author, Andrew Bergman, favours a lot of the same techniques that he used in Mel Brooks' *Blazing Saddles*, especially his tendency to drop the most unlikely of people into the most ill-fitting of settings, and somehow make the ensuing events seem both insane and yet completely natural. Secondly, its director is Arthur Hiller, whose familiarity with New York locations lends obvious authority to the street and car-chase scenes.

And lastly, there's two of the most compelling performances I've seen in a long while, courtesy of Peter

Falk and Alan Arkin. With Arkin playing it self-effacing, nervous and entirely credible, and Falk as an endearingly overblown manic, the film traces the slight, subtle changes they both make to effect a respectful compromise.

The tension of their incompatibility is made all the more acute when they're first thrown together at *The In-Laws*' getting-to-know-you dinner. Vince, who not minutes previously had pulled a daylight raid on the US Treasury without even breaking sweat, is to be found sobbing like a baby through a sentimental toast, and then spouting supremely bullshit-laden sagas about his memories of the Guatemalan jungle. A severley-shaken Shelley is forced to confide that the man's more than a little 'flakey'.

Vince, however, can only see himself as prime CIA material — "muscular, low-to-the-ground, compact" — and wrenches the unwitting Shelley from this staid

opening scene into a full-blown criminal campaign to smuggle stolen Treasury plates to the fruitcake dictator of a South American banana republic who intends "the monetary system of the Western World to collapse like a wet taco".

As the pace accelerates, and the sequence of events gets increasingly complex and bizarre, Hiller slams together a stunning contrast of locations — from hectic Manhattan, to drowsy, dustbowl Mexico, and finally to the hilarious, and typically excessive, wedding scene shot, appropriately, in California.

After *Columbo*, it may seem hard to picture Falk as anything but a shambling homicide sleuth, but, believe me, if it wasn't for those granite features, you'd hardly know this razor-sharp mastermind was the selfsame man.

For Falk, for Alan Arkin, and for a million other reasons, *The In-Laws* makes essential viewing. Miss it and miss out.

Mark Ellen



Peter Falk and Alan Arkin in an emotional display of, er, brotherly love as *The In-Laws*

Saint Jack

Directed by Peter Bogdanovich
Starring Ben Gazzara and Denholm Elliott
(New World)

AFTER three dismal flops and a three year sabbatical, Peter Bogdanovich badly needs a success. Some say *Saint Jack* is it. I'm doubtful.

It's certainly a whole lot better than *Daisy Miller*, *At Long Last Love* and *Nickelodeon* — but *Saint Jack* remains a curiously ill-disciplined movie.

After a leisurely 360 degree pan of the Singapore waterfront we are thrust into the hurly burly of expatriate American Jack Flowers' life as a hustler in the bustling streets. Jack's a bluff bull-merchant from Buffalo, earning a meagre living promoting trade for a Chinese ship chandler's firm but moonlighting as a pimp and dreaming of opening the best-run cat-house in Asia.

To match the hustle and bustle of this crazy quilt of an

island Bogdanovich — aided immeasurably by Wim Wenders' cameraman, Robby Muller — adopts a garish, hard-edged, harried style and it is this opening section which is the most successful.

Things don't go awry until the last half-hour, in fact, after Jack has been involved in some messy business with the Chinese underground and taken in by the US Army to run a camp-size brothel for soldiers on leave from Vietnam.

Jack's climactic change of heart strikes the falsest note of all, his sudden shift from efficient pimp to man of principle seeming more like some arbitrary schematic device than a genuinely dramatic event. And by this time Bogdanovich's pacing has gone all to cock, so we shuffle our feet as we look at the screen. (Like most of his films, *Saint Jack* could comfortably lose 20 minutes).

Fortunately, there are some performances to savour. Ben Gazzara works hard to make the charmless Jack basically sympathetic, Denholm Elliott

brings quiet dignity to the difficult role of William Leigh (an English accountant who strikes up an unlikely friendship with Jack) and James Villiers, Joss Ackland, Rodney Bewes and Mark Kingston are amusingly frightful as four disenchanted Brit colonials. Bogdanovich himself contributes a telling turn as the coolly sinister Army big knob. But best of all, Judy Lim and Monika Subramaniam are touchingly naturalistic as two of Jack's, er, protégés.

Saint Jack has its moments — most of them in the first half — but as a character study it's wonky and, ultimately, it's a pretty toothless comment on imperialistic corruption in Asia.

It seemed so promising, too, with Bogdanovich reunited with producer Roger Corman for the first time since 1968 and *Targets* (still his best film).

At least Cybill Shepherd's not in it.

Monty Smith



Mike Layne snaps David Lynch

Twisted Visions

Paul Rambali meets David Lynch, the man who made *Eraserhead*

an almost boyish enthusiasm. David Lynch grew up in the rustic American North West and — surprisingly for someone willing to devote a sixth of their life to making one film — not in the front stalls.

"Not at all, I wanted to be a painter," he reveals. "I guess I went to films, but wasn't a movie buff, and I had no desire to make films until I went to art school. See, I came into films through painting. The first film I made didn't have any dialogue, they were all visual. Little by little dialogue has been creeping in along with certain other things."

He's in London to work on his fifth film, *The Elephant Man*, featuring Hannah Gordon, Anthony Hopkins, Wendy Hiller, Sir John Gielgud, John Hurt and Anne Bancroft, wife of the man who raised the money for the film, none other than Mel Brooks.

Lynch's success has gone to his head in the best possible way. Sitting in the studio canteen, he takes trouble to thank profusely the merest studio messenger, and is more than grateful to be working in such accomplished company, albeit, he admits, a nerve-racking leap into the big pond.

"After *Eraserhead*, everyone wanted me to do something normal. They weren't really keen on backing what I wanted to do, a film called *Ronnie Rocket*. I don't know exactly what it would be, but it popped out and made sense to me.

"I don't think I've sold though," he laughs, "even if I

am doing someone else's thing. It's just such an intriguing subject.

"I'm not the kind of film-maker where someone says, do this, and I'll knock it out. I have to get these ideas somewhere and they seem to be a certain kind. They're in there, and then they'll pop out. Now *Elephant Man* is odd because it didn't happen that way. It's a true story, but there are so many things about it that interested me. This strange monster, who's really a human being. Dr Treves, the Victorian doctor who wrote it, put over a strong feeling of this guy's personality, and there's something about the Elephant Man that fascinates people.

"It's like when you go to a freak show. Why do you go in and stare like that? It's to see someone so distorted, yet still a human being. It would be as if an animal started talking. It arouses wonder."

Both *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man* portray the horrific and the grotesque, but with an unusually strong sense of pathos that is absent from the more simply gruesome titillation available most nights of the week.

"I don't know why people like to be scared," he muses, "but they sure do. People have all these little demons inside them — not demons really, it's not that negative — but the subconscious has huge, weird places and all these things are trapped in there so that they don't drive us over the wall."

No small part of the reason for *Eraserhead*'s substantial appeal, though, was that it

didn't just disturb a few primal fears, but invoked reaction on a number of emotional levels. Quite an enigma.

Pere Ubu might've been making the soundtrack to *Eraserhead* on 'My Dark Ages', if only Lynch's meticulous attention to the details of the film would have let them. The sets were hand-built by the small team working with him in a disused part of the AFI building. The movie's extraordinary mood is the result of painstaking application on the part of Lynch, who created all the effects himself, as he will on *Elephant Man*, and Alan Splet, who worked with him on the haunting soundtrack. Lynch's praise for his sound man is deserved.

"In one room with a couple of tape recorders he could make every sound in the universe, because inherent in every little sound is a huge sound."

Equally crucial to *Eraserhead* is John Nance, who effectively lived the part of Henry for five years. Nance, a theatre actor from San Francisco, has hardly worked since because, says Lynch, the movie establishment finds it hard to accept a film like *Eraserhead*. Like John Carpenter or George A. Romero, Lynch represents a small threat and a potential salvation. But Nance's perfect

characterisation of Henry will stick. A funny, tragic little man drowned in a great big world. Lon Chaney once said, though, that there's nothing funny about a clown in the moonlight.

Go and see what he meant.
Paul Rambali

THE BEST kind of success always comes to he who least expects it. And people who chase only the limits of their imagination sometimes find themselves the most likely to corner the main chance.

Take David Lynch. His first feature film, made over a period of five years on a shoe-string grant from the American Film Institute, is about to open in London's West End after earning a cult reputation on the repertory circuit.

As if that poke in the eye of a mega-bucks industry weren't enough, the film, *Eraserhead*, is probably the least terrifying horror film in

years, but turning the genre on its head, is easily one of the most disturbing ever.

More of a dream than a nightmare, *Eraserhead* is the story of a de-railed psyche in search of a reason for its circumstances, who sires a mutant. It's seen through the dull, hapless eyes of Henry, more a schemer than a protagonist, and it's shot in black and white, the twilight spectrum. Brilliantly original special effects add to the film's potency as a work of often funny and more often forbidding surrealism.

But its creator is real enough. A neat, unprepossessing, polite man whose thirty odd years mask

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"I just shed the burden. I shed my 'Waterloo Sunsets' and 'Sunny Afternoons' and realised that I was a writer — and writers can only keep going with new ideas."

A CUT PRICE PERSON IN A LOW BUDGET LAND

IN THE DINER of the airport serving Providence, a New England town where the best-dressed people in the hotels talk about Edward Kennedy as if they knew him personally, Raymond Douglas Davies of The Kinks is discovering that the meagre quantities of cash in his jacket pockets are insufficient to cover the cost of the second round of milkshakes that he has so grandiloquently ordered for himself and his companions.

Nervous tension! Davies' flight to New York leaves within minutes or fractions of minutes. The previous night's concert — the last gig of a seemingly endless tour celebrating the band's most successful album ever, a tour which has laid to rest once and for all the popular notion that the expressions "five Kinks" and "disaster area" are virtually synonymous — had been videoed for videocassette sale by a *Time/Life* crew, and at 6 pm the chief Kink is due in the studio to begin mixing, editing and (wherever necessary) overdubbing the tapes.

So all he has to do is get on the plane. His manager, a soft-spoken Brooklynian now transplanted to L.A. the better to service his other two clients (Cooder and Newman by name), is waiting at the gates with the tickets. His two companions are ambling off swapping anecdotes and the gurl behind the cashdesk wants six dollars to pay for the seven milkshakes.

So Ray Davies is turning out his pockets — every crumpled dollar, every tarnished dime — as the last call for the New York flight comes up over the Tannoys. The cashier's fingertips go *tap tap tap* with impatience. If something doesn't happen in a couple of seconds, Ray Davies is going to wind up The Kinks' triumphal tour of America by getting stranded in Providence Airport, without even a cent to his name.

But of course, he doesn't. The rest of the party turn back for him, pay the cashier and escort him onto the plane. "Can you lend me ten dollars, Elliott?" he asks his manager. "I'm — er — embarrassed."

"Sure, Ray," Elliott Abbott replies soothingly. He digs into his trouser pocket — turning away briefly in that rich man's way so that no one can see exactly how much money he's carrying — and peels off two tens, which he hands to his charge. "Take twenty."

Davies says he only needs ten. Abbott coaxes him into taking both bills.

Raymond Douglas Davies is 34 years old. For more than 15 years he has been a rock and roll star. This month his 20th album as leader of The Kinks is roosting comfortably at the top end of the American album charts, and for an endless succession of weeks he has played to packed houses all over America. He worries that his wealth and success make it impossible for him to remain a socialist, but here — for one grinding little moment — he has experienced the desperation of having to face the wrath of an airport cashier who wants money for milkshakes. He's a cut-price person in a low-budget land.

"Yes, I was a socialist," he muses. "I was brought up to think that way, and then I had a success and it made a lie out of what I was. I made a gesture and it wasn't accepted so I left it physically and emotionally, but I didn't

■ *Continues over*



The Rise And Decline Of The Kinks by Charles Shaar Murray

Pictures by Joe Stevens

■ From previous page

the album. It moves forward from there or it breaks up. On 'Misfits' there was a song that they couldn't get together, consequently two of the guys left. I always look for a key track, and 'Attitude' was the key track, and I was singing 'You can't live in a time zone' to the band.

"It's also a memo to self: at least the self that I was from maybe 1971 through to '75. The game is to try and remember who you are. I was talking to an Englishman who was on the verge of super-stardom in America, and it happened for him. He became a superstar. He was saying, 'It's all breaking for me, I don't know whether to play Nassau Colosseum or the Garden for two days.' I said, 'Just try and remember that you're a human being. What's the Shakespeare line? *Thou art only a man*...'"

I mention that the Roman generals, when returning from successful missions of conquest, used to have a man standing beside them to whisper in their ears over the cheers of the crowd "Remember thou art mortal!"

Davies grins. "Maybe my man disappeared for a bit. Maybe he was telling me 'Maybe you're a preacher'. Sometimes I write songs to myself aimed at myself. That's a flaw I've got, because I don't get it across that the song is not aimed at the world. It's a personal thing, a personal dig. Sometimes I get misinterpreted."

ANARCHY WITH ORDER (slight return)

"I'M NOT really extreme about anything except getting my work done. I'm against people who take extremes without good reason, or just because it's fashionable. Fashionable extremes really make me angry... I don't think everybody can ever be equal. I don't think everybody is really the same. Young kids in England in a comprehensive or secondary modern school have no opportunity at all. They're letting them get day jobs in April or May because there's no point in their being at school any more. It's really scary, because they're going to hate and resent people like... well, like... us."

"Because in the '60s there was a dream that it could happen, and now it... hasn't... happened. How are you going to cure cancer? How can you stop colds? There's going to be conflict, and I think conflict is the most democratic way of doing things. You've got to have sides. I don't want the world to be overrun by the National Front, but I don't want it overrun by the Socialist Workers' Party either."

"I don't know where I fit on the social scale any more. I've got working class beliefs, but I'm a fool, because I still believe in the common man, and that's the only strength to me. That sounds crazy, but... I don't know where I stand, because I've been successful and that's taken me out of the normal working class. I still have the belief but... God. Let me think for a second."

"It just all became a fake to me. I think the law is a fake, politics is a fake. It's phony, it's what we're led to believe. From the first day you got to school, you're put in a rut and you stay there all your life. I went to college and it was all worked out for me. There's no chance to change anything. On the other hand, though I seem to be a moderate, I think the only way to have a revolution is to have total revolution and change everything."

"The media say don't think about it and it'll go away, but one day it won't and I think somebody should be there before it happens. You've got to change history a bit... or stop it. And to do that you've got to change art, change the way people think. Destroy all the pictures, all the music that's been written... Burn down the National Film Theatre?"

"Turn it into a museum. Forget all the old ideas, all the old constructions. A computer can compose better music than a human being these days. Have you heard The Residents? A lot of it's silly, but there's an attempt there to create a new lifestyle. Or even Devo, in a sense. Pere Ubu! The Modern Dance' has some good things on it... that was the good thing about the last few years: there was an attempt to create a new music, but it wasn't a revolution. It just needed one person to come along and articulate not just new ideas, but a new form as well. An actual physical New Music, a new construction..."

"The best music, the sexiest, the most interesting, is always illegal. It's always the devil's music."

Me, I reckon Barry Manilow is the devil's music.

SHANGRI-LA

WHAT do you want from life?

"There's a lot of disillusionment in me, but there's a lot of humour. I like comedy. I want more new comedy. I'm looking forward to a new alternative to *Monty Python*, for a new comedy to be accepted. And I'm looking for a new music, because I haven't yet got close to what I set out to do. I'm proud of the new album, but I want to do an album to un-think a bit."

"It's like when you go on and do a Chuck



Kink collectors' item.

Berry 12-bar and it's instantly accepted, and it's like rolling a snowball that gets bigger and bigger until you can't tell what it is any more. You've got to go off at tangents. Things have got to go off a bit."

What constitutes happiness?

"Timing. Knowing that you're in the right place at the right time and everything's happening as it should and maybe progressing a little bit."

And learning?

"Maybe it's realising that you didn't have to learn anything, that it's that easy. Maybe realising that things are that easy all along, and the rest is bullshit. Work. That sounds phony, but... work. Finishing a good job. One thing I learned when I was painting and drawing — which is helping me now — is to use the materials at your disposal, whether it's less or more than what I had. If I sold fewer records I could touch on subjects that would be a little bit risky if I had to worry about offending the BBC. So the decline of The Kinks has liberated me as a writer, but I won't let (the success of this album) influence what I do next."

"I never thought I had anything anyway. I always consider that if I have something today I might not have it tomorrow. That's probably why I don't enjoy life as I should. That milkshake could be my last."

"I have this horror listening to stories about refugees after the war, who thought they were happy and then it was all taken away from them. That's just something I live with all the time. I just think you've got to forget what you had and do something else today, because

today is the only shot you've got. Maybe you can plan something better for next week, because that's forever... next week."

How can you reconcile a desire for massive, apocalyptic change with a desire for absolute safety and security?

"Well... it's a cop-out. Maybe they should bring in a rule that you can only make three records. Well, I've made about 20 albums and I want to turn myself upside down now. I've started to do that. I'd like to do something more radical with our work. I'm accepting that things must change. I like a bit of champagne — especially with my Guinness — but cod roe and brown ale are all right. It's just a matter of coming to terms with it. I think people have to have goals, to work toward things without getting put off, and that's what I'm trying to do in my work and my career and my life."

"Realising your situation or my situation, accepting it and then building on it. Using it as a platform."

I'M NOT LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE

RAY DAVIES suffers from the Woody Allen syndrome: he is a man who has been a major success for more than half his life and perpetually depicts himself as a fumbler. He is a lanky, broadshouldered six-footer-plus who depicts himself as one of life's 'before' pictures ('I know what I look like, but inside I'm really five foot four and nine stone'). He considers life and happiness so transient that the only things he could cling to were the artefacts of an invented past. He is a raging extrovert on stage and a shy loner with a melancholy grin to himself. He eats either perpetual health food or perpetual junk food. The day it all got too much and he announced his retirement at an open-air gig in White City, the PA failed and less than a tenth of the audience heard or understood his outburst. He's the rock and roller who demands "Give me life on the road" with one breath and praises virginity, sobriety and Village Greens with the other.

Ray Davies is anarchy with order. Like all the contradictions which both make him Ray Davies and prevent him from enjoying it, it's as close a companion as the tracheotomy scar at the base of his throat, as the lopsided grin — as the sensibility that makes him, alone among his Beatlestone contemporaries, as vital and moving a performer and writer in '79 as he was in '64. All the contradictions, all the little things that make up the big things, the things you have to live with and without...

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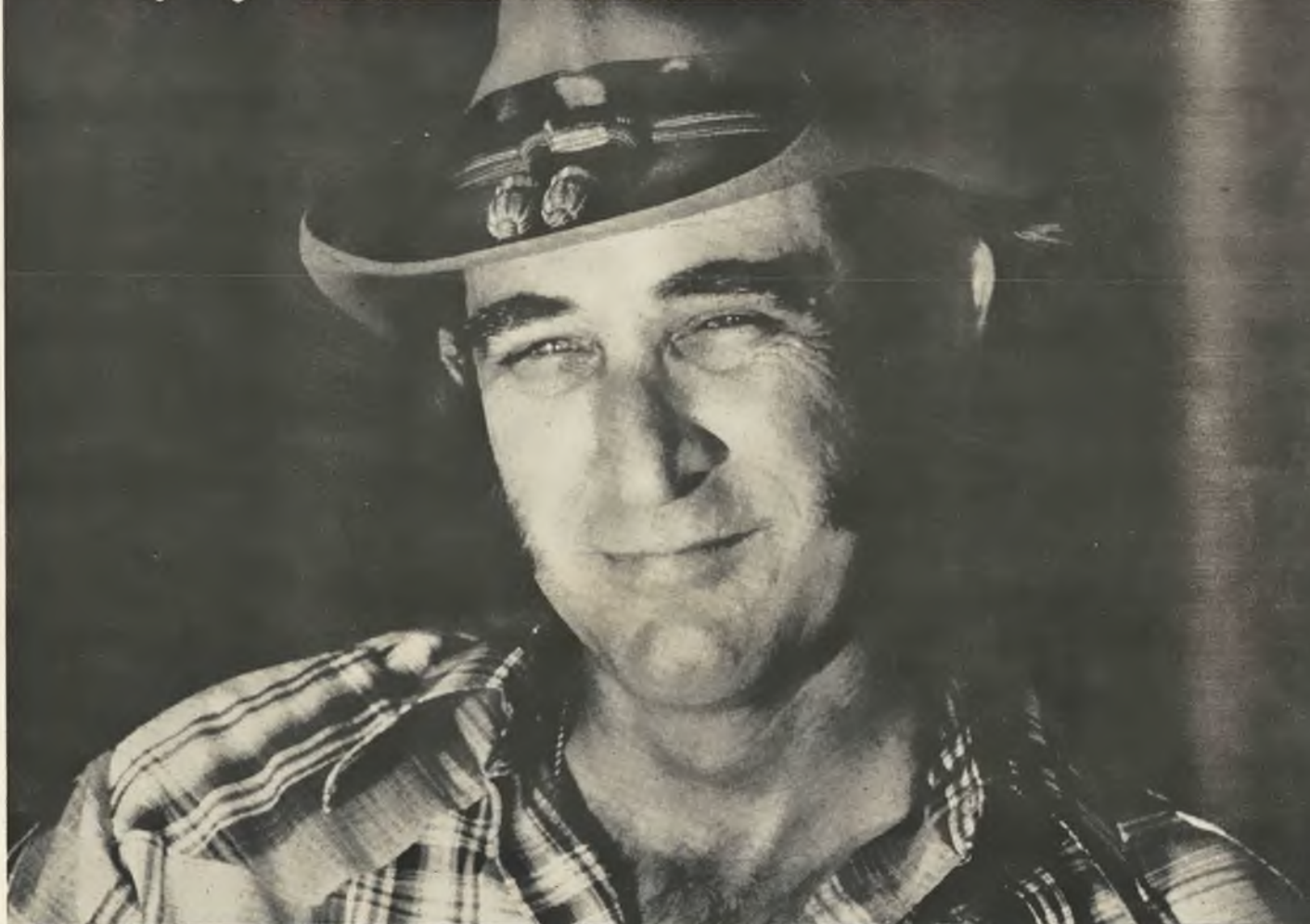
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TWO BE OR NOT TWO BE

GANG OF FOUR Entertainment! (EMI)

Enveloped as we seem to be by such backward times, Gang Of Four could hardly have picked a more awkward moment to foist their collectivist approach on the not so open market. Rock's recent cultural revolution has bred new legions of consumers; it has also never seemed further away.

Gang Of Four were born in the thick of it, a cross-breed of the possibilities suggested by Wilko Johnson's furious, coarse noise and the cry for fresh expression. They rose, as sensitive, imaginative types will, to this call, and met the challenge with primitive zeal. Mix up this metaphor by stirring in some earnest, but hardly serious, convictions about the nature of society (not 'politics' please, they're artists) and that, give or take the exact dates, is Gang Of Four.

Nowadays I leave my objectivity at the door when they're in town. Such critical baggage is a distraction from the most heavyweight live attraction on the planet. Yet it was difficult, alas, not to notice Gang Of Four underestimating the intelligence of their audience last time around, trying to impress them with strobe lights (the poor man's laser beam) and unnecessarily under-selling their already powerful and individual character.

If Gang Of Four want to reduce themselves to the standard rock level it's well within their power to be, one day, as big and irrelevant as Led Zeppelin. They're that good, if you like — and they know it for they're beginning to learn. The exclamation mark after their album's title is there to emphasise the irony.

The sleeve has trouble reconciling itself to this. On the front, a little koan illustrated in situationist style. Koans are a type of Oriental epigram. Gang Of Four's songs are a bit like koans: flat,

... that is the question; whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and other burning issues of our time. Can Gang Of Four squash Art, Ireland, EMI and 12 Good Tunes into one pissy little LP? Read on ...

brief truths with a sting in their tale. They're not always pearls but I feel we are meant to nod wisely.

Anyhow, the cover reads: "The Indian smiles, he thinks the cowboy is his friend. The cowboy smiles, he is glad the Indian thinks he is his friend. Now he can exploit him." Substitute Gang Of Four for Indian and EMI for cowboy and you have Gang Of Four getting coy and self-conscious about their position.

Progress to the inner sleeve and you find it splattered with the blood that the media de-sensitizes us to. Down in the corner is a number: EMC 3313. Entertainment by Gang Of Four. Questions about the value of information transmitted by communication systems, and the corrupting nature of those systems, are raised, and raised again in '5.45', and left hanging.

They don't want to be too didactic, but they want to stir our consciousness: to provoke rather than politicise. This is agit-pop soft sell — sometimes it works and at other times it doesn't.

The Pop Group made the mistake of thinking people would persevere with their cyphers because they thought they were important. Gang Of Four are skating around the same ice. Their lack of lyrical directness sometimes fuddles the issues of the songs. Paradoxically they can cut across with tremendous emotional clarity, but then you're left with the issue unresolved, which is what they seem to want, though it can be damned frustrating.

As far as it goes it's great, but it goes so far and then doesn't get there. If they were less self-conscious they just might

In the light of which, there's little point in taking issue with the opening cut's ambiguous flirting with images of Britain's use of *habitus corporis* in Northern Ireland. 'Either' barely arouses the ire of their bi-partisan plea for sanity in that vestige of empire on the Fast Product EP 'Armalyte Rifle'.

But its stuttering pulse and machine-gun rhythm guitar concisely preface what follows: an album-long burst of tense, hard, compulsive rock action, which, though less accomplished than Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures', stacks up right alongside in terms of sheer potential.

There are six cuts a side, held in place by a production, by Gang Of Four and associates, that drips cold sweat, clear, raw and underdone to a turn. Six of the stones they throw won't shatter the windows in anybody's house, but the other six could. They are:

'Natural's Not In It', running on tracks laid down by the Magic Band on 'Clear Spot' that allow Jon King to work up a head of steam about the devaluation of human relationships; 'Not Great Men', running on the same tracks, with King's deliberately drab voice burying his words in Gang Of Four's naked arrangements; 'Damaged Goods', which you really ought to know by now; 'Guns Before Butter' which shows how good they can be at baring a common emotion; 'Essence Rare' with a stanza about the Bikini atoll H-bomb tests that lent its name to the two-piece swimsuit invented the same year and an otherwise obscure lyric redeemed by the Gang's beguiling way with a bracing

tune; and finally 'Glass', ditto as for 'Essence Rare'.

Without dwelling on the details, Gang Of Four better watch their pretensions, or they will end up in the same place as Wire, communicating with only their insular egos. That's part of the reason why I'm being so churlish. Like Wire's first album, in more ways than one, 'Entertainment' is a landmark for post-punk horizons.

It's rock revision. Take a fresh look.

Paul Rambali

10cc Greatest Hits 1972-1978 (Mercury)

10cc first appeared for an unsuspecting public in 1972, and were acclaimed almost immediately to be just about the silliest and, simultaneously, the cleverest group to bluff their way into the singles charts.

And the reason was a song named 'Donna', one of the dafiest, loveliest pop songs of this decade — soon to be followed by the spiked wit of 'Rubber Bullets' and then 'The Dean And I', strange, ungainly, engaging, infectious. You can still find all three tracks on 10cc's first, and best, LP and it's an album of unflagging freshness.

And the hits, as we know, just kept on coming. After the relative mediocrity of 'Wall Street Shuffle' and the failure of 'Silly Love', the four returned to their Stockport laboratories to start on a string of instant, freeze-dried successes — from 'Life Is A Minestrone' to 'Dreadlock Holiday', through 'Art For Art's Sake' and 'I'm Not In Love'. The Things We Do For Love', 'I'm Mandy Fly Me' and

'Good Morning Judge'.

Scoring just a little over zero on the old charisma count, they've always been studio craftsmen first and a live rock act second, and the one consistent element running through the present collection is their immaculate grasp of technique — always exact, almost exquisite, always precise.

And often lifeless. The great risk in making music by artificial insemination is that it the hooks don't get ya' nothing else will. If 10cc never had pretensions to being anything but intelligently synthetic, always placing form before feel like pop-scientists, then at least they began with an evil humour which made their music human.

So the latter tracks show them as hit-manufacturers, genuinely impressive yet difficult to like. I miss the mischief of Lol Creme and Kevin Godley, the funnier but more erratic half of the original team. The bankable Stewart and Gouldman who remain invite detached admiration without any sense of involvement on either their part or yours.

I think this album will be awfully successful.

Paul Du Noyer

THE RADIATORS Ghostown (Chiswick)

If nothing else, The Radiators' sheet metal punk debut 'TV Tube Heart' typified the token output of late '77. It was then quite acceptable to wrap rebel urban neuroses in a sharp, high-velocity mix, douse the cover in a garish neon glow, and drop it all into the new wave's fading top pocket as a calling card.

'Ghostown' is so different that it's hard to believe it's by the same band, a difference accentuated by the passage of a mere nine months before its completion. Why it's taken a further year for it to make the record racks still remains a mystery.

Such strictly fashionable terms were observed on the debut that its few cursory nods towards '60s pop and pure R & B seemed so slight as to be almost concessional. 'Ghostown' not only replaces its cynicism with a facetious, very vague sense of direction, but expands the pop under-current into a confusing mix of pastiche and plagiarism. This, despite making it a more adventurous and likeable album, only blurs any possibility of the band's gaining a clear identity.

Early English beat structures like 'Million Dollar Hero' and 'Confidential' are propped against garbled shoo-wap ('Johnny Jukebox') and a bleached Beach Boys take-off, 'They're Looting In The Town', whose doomy snare drum crashes attempt to highlight the zany incompatibility of the lyrics with their setting, but just make the song sound all the more incongruous.

For the rest, the album's diversity goes completely haywire. Amongst more revamped pop, flawed by lifeless drumming and drab vocals, you can stub your toe on 'Kitty Ricketts' — poorly executed drunk Germanic cabaret, drowning in musical cross-references — or else be pleasantly surprised by 'Song Of The Faithful Departed', which I'll swear is based on an early Dublin folk-song and hence sounds suspiciously like Thin Lizzy getting back to Shamrock 'roots'.

It'll be easier to recognise The Radiators' intentions once they've considered the same question themselves. Meantime, a spell in 'Ghostown' doesn't hold much in store.

Mark Ellen

I'm The Man?

(Actually, yes)

JOE JACKSON
I'm The Man (A & M)
SUCCESS success success!
(Does it matter?)

Evidently it does. Joe Jackson's American success — so fast and solid and assured — has made him resented, not least because it is an axiom that most Americans have such terrible taste that anything clutched to the Yank bosom must of necessity contain far too much monosodium glutamate, and that anything that is successful has been tailored to American taste (or lack of same) and must therefore be aimed at people much less marvellous than oneself.

Listening to any British product more successful in America than it is here is therefore highly undignified. It's like buying tourist products in your home town.

However, let's leave Dire Straits out of this. Everyone is going to have to live with the fact that America climbed onto Joe Jackson first, and that he has invested all his winnings in a second throw which has recouped the original investment in artistic terms even before the marketing men start to celebrate. An excellent debut album has been chased back home by a sequel which refines, expands, extends and finally surpasses its creator's opening gambit.

'I'm The Man' is the jackpot. That sound you hear is that of

a man riding his moment.

In an album not exactly weighed down with ballast, three of the ten tracks hit their targets with as much grace and power as anything released this year. 'It's Different For Girls', the first of the album's two ballads, is both one of the year's most achingly passionate and truthfully desperate songs about relationships and why they sometimes aren't, and an overwhelming cry of pain at the way that sexual stereotypes and conditioning screw people up.

"She said just give me something, anything/Well, give me all you've got but not love/No, not love, she



"I used to like this bus shelter. Now I think I'll buy it."
Pic: Pennie Smith.



Dunno how to break this, Joe, but polka dot ties are in now said/Don't you know that it's different for girls/You're all the same... "Framed in a musical setting little short of marvellous (it does the lyrics a virtual injustice to quote them in print), Jackson and his team (bassist Graham Maby,

guitarist Gary Sanford, drummer Dave Houghton and producer David Kershenbaum) demonstrate an enviable sureness of instinct and a style that pulls him out of shadows of Costello and Parker, despite musical references to the bespectacled duo elsewhere on the album that are so blatant that they rank as little less than deliberate provocation.

On the album's title track, which is also the current single, Jackson pulls off another tour-de-force, which is to write an insanely catchy pop song with wryly savage lyrics about consumerism, manipulation and fads, and perform with a speed and force that makes most high energy rock sound like it's just crawled out of bed and is still groping for its socks. As an exercise in simultaneously trumping the aces of authors of catchy, pertinent pop and purveyors of velocity-and-power rock, I'm

The Man' is nothing less than astonishing.

'Amateur Hour' is one of several songs in which Jackson deals with his new status of man-of-the-moment as opposed to simply being the world's tallest runt, the man who had the sand kicked in his face etc., etc. Now he's a success (as he announces in the Costello-ish opener 'On Your Radio' where he informs his ex-bosses and his ex-lovers that from now on they're going to have to listen to him because he's on the radio and on 'Don't Wanna Be Like That', where he tells the music business establishment that just because they've accepted him doesn't mean that he's accepted them), and on the album's other ballad he constructs an insidious analogy between his own progress up the rock ladder and the sexual 'progress' that you make when you're no longer sure what you're doing for love and what you're doing for other reasons.

"You'll move on up you'll move out and you won't cry, 'cause your amateur hour is over... you know if someone likes your face you'd be a fool to stay strictly amateur/It's strictly for amateurs/the world could be a better place if some of us could stay amateurs." An amateur is — by definition — a lover. Joe Jackson is a professional now.

Elsewhere, he revisits the heyday of mid-'60s pop in the guise of an irresistible disco Casanova (anyone detecting no dimensions of irony here will be sent to a home for the terminally insensitive for at least two months) with 'Get That Girl'; exorcises the demons of having to play cabaret for a living in 'The Band Wore Blue Shirts' (wherein, cruelly, he uses his

own fake-jazz piano as a sound effect); shouts 'Goodbye, suckers!' to the unfortunates still trapped on the day-job-go-round in the furious, inflammable 'Friday' which closes the album; and reverts to his persona of "the guy with big feet but plenty of nerve" on 'Kinda Kute', which borrows large chunks of Parker's 'Heat Treatment' to excellent effect: "Just go dance by yourself again/I'll just watch because that's all I wanna do/But just remember that I'm here with your drink at my table for two..."

His band, effortlessly steered by Graham Maby's powerful, hyperactive bass, handle every demand that Jackson makes upon them (and they sound quite considerable) and fulfil them to the utmost. There hasn't been such a consistently exciting three-instrument sound (Jackson's own piano, melodic and mouth-harp are sprinkled in very sparsely) since the early days of The Jam, The Ramones and very early Pistols.

Joe Jackson is unashamedly a mainstream figure, but one determined to bring energy, wit, passion and style into the mainstream. 'I'm The Man' makes 'Look Sharp!' seem little more than slick and tight by comparison, and what it does to the work of other, more distinguished and fashionable artists hardly bears thinking about. With this album, Joe Jackson is announcing himself as ready, willing and able to take anybody in rock and roll on and beat them hands down on their home turf. His confidence will, I feel, be justified for quite a while yet.

If you consider yourself too hip for 'I'm The Man', you are too hip. Full stop.

Charles Shaar Murray

CATCH THE CROOKS ON TOUR



OCTOBER

5th	West Rulton Pavilion	Norfolk
6th	Target	Reading
9th	Cardiff University	Wales
11th	Bath Pavilion	Bath
12th	Keefe University	Staffs
13th	Chelsea College	London
14th	Poole Arts Centre, Wessex Hall	Dorset
15th	Romeo & Juliet's	Bristol
16th	Trent Poly	Notts
17th	Tracy's	Redditch
18th	Norbeck Castle	Blackpool
19th	Dundee University	Dundee
20th	Glasgow University	Glasgow
24th	The Venue	Victoria, London
26th	Salford University	Manchester
27th	Underworld	Birmingham
28th	Town Hall	High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire
30th	Limit Club	Sheffield

In A Rut?

(Actually, yes)

THE RUTS

The Crack (Virgin)

THE Ruts' image may be that of the politically and socially motivated new generation, but their music is so old it creeps with arthritis — even if its vulgar power has fooled people into believing it packs some kind of pertinent excitement.

Certainly their single 'Babylon's Burning' (now the opener on this debut LP) made me think The Ruts were brutal and uncompromising, aware and articulate. A couple of stage shows soon killed that notion, and now comes 'The Crack': old-fashioned to the point of embarrassment, five years out of date and artistically barren.

It'd be easy to dismiss The Ruts as opportunists, exploiting the modern social consciousness and finding a niche as a second-line Sham or (more appropriately) Clash. Certainly titles like 'Babylon's Burning', 'Dope For Guns', 'S.U.S.' and 'Jah Wars' could have come straight from the Clash songbook, and in style — particularly Malcolm Owen's graceless holler and Paul Fox's reverberating sheets of metal guitar — there are similarities.

But to put The Ruts in that league would be a compliment they don't deserve.

Even so, four of the LP's 12 songs come close to working. 'Babylon' and 'Dope' are two fiery rock songs; 'Jah Wars' (no prizes for guessing the musical style of that one) and 'S.U.S.' touch on sensitive areas and at first are treated

with a complementary sense of compassion.

Unfortunately this ability to stir emotions with any dignity is soon driven out by The Ruts' uncouth overkill as they career into being nothing less than carelessly inflammatory — like, for instance, Stiff Little Fingers originally were with 'Suspect Device'.

This lack of vision is a consequence not only of The Ruts' rabble-rousing instincts (a play they've taken from the primal punk of '77, for them a comparatively recent influence), but the crushing limitations of their music.

Halfway through side one they simply degenerate into a Heavy Metal band: guitars squirt acid into the confusion, Owen bawls and brays, they tamper fleetingly with organ



"Don't use your fingers for typing on you, Tony?"



Nice sleeve — but who are those four blokes on the settee?

and synthesizer, drummer Dave Ruffy and bassist Segs Jackboot their way through militaristic rhythms. Riff follows riff... on 'It Was Cold' and 'Savage Circle' they sound like Uriah Heep and Rainbow respectively. 'Out Of Order' is their Deep Purple song.

Alongside a track of such instrumental subtlety and restraint as 'Jah Wars' (ignoring Owen's affected 'black' vocal and the lyrical repetition), it's criminal that they devote so much energy to such little effect.

The album possesses three ridiculous ironies. The first comes at the end of side one when, following the histrionics of 'It Was Cold', comes a snatch of their single 'In A Rut'. Inadvertently it's an admission; but not nearly as laughable as the second goof when Owen introduces the only live track, 'Human Punk'.

"Look, we're playing like a bunch of old huckin' wankers at the moment, right?" he

bellows. "You've probably sussed it out. Right?" Right.

Finally, there's the cover: a painting of a swish barroom littered with stars, the idea doubtless being to spot the celebrities like Rotten, Pursey, Scabies, Richards, Hendrix, Peel...

Quite what those four geezers sitting on the sofa reading *Exchange & Mart* have done to be in the same scene is anybody's guess.

I know — those gents commissioned the artist.

Tony Stewart

THE PIRATES

Happy Birthday Rock'n'Roll (Cube)

WEARING thigh-length leather boots carries with it certain responsibilities, not to mention outright risks. Only The Pirates could do it and never get called names. Names like 'stagnant' or 'revivalist'. They just don't apply.

With all that history and so many memories hanging on their backs, this band has the awesome task of proving that rock'n'roll can outlive the first flush of youth and emerge the other side with vision, guts and credibility all present and correct. It's a trick that even the greatest rarely manage.

On paper The Pirates could be a pantomime joke, a middle-aged embarrassment. But on stage they're dynamite, glorious — and on record, no less so.

Like its predecessor 'Skull Wars', the new album is a continuing testimony to the self-renewing power of our one worthwhile donation to first generation rock, and a band whose true importance only came into proper focus with the mid to late '70s surge of R'n'B-propelled stripped-down real music, Dr Feelgood in particular.

Once again, The Pirates keep it basic, hard and fast. There's nothing too exotic here, nothing to upset the old formula's classic balance — it's not their mission to innovate (not any more) nor to explore, because what they're doing is drawing the rock'n'roll form to something like perfection — infectious energy along long-defined lines, pure straightahead enjoyability.

No way am I saying "this is what it's all about", or any other reactionary platitudes supposed to assert the benefits of tunnel vision over the eclectic or experimental approaches. Different music complement, not compete, and a blast of The Pirates' tradition is always warm, welcome and worth it. These truths we hold to be self evident.

And so on to specifics. The opener-cum-manifesto 'Can't Sit Down', like 'Put The Light On', '1.30, 2.30' and the

closing 'Hard Ride', these make up the album's staple diet: rough-edged stomp with a modicum of melodic invention, and lyrics that aren't designed to leave you wondering.

'Hey Mary' is one of those wonderfully dirty-minded cuckold-blues numbers, Mick Green's guitar pulling great curtains of metallic noise down over a lumpy worried beat. And when somebody tells you that curling into lick's "just like Wilko", give 'em a kick from me.

Talking of whom, however, the LP's solid-gold treat track comes in the form of our swashbuckling heroes' very own version of 'Going Back Home' — a Mick Green/Wilko Johnson composition, of course.

'Golden Oldies' and 'Happy Birthday Rock'n'Roll' fare less well — singalong anthems of reassurance for anxious and ageing Teddy Boys, perhaps — and between them mark a bit of a pressure-drop, just a little too Showaddywaddy for absolute comfort.

But 'Lemonade' is lovely, all tongue-in-cheek weirdness over an oompah backing, daft and Duryesque and often incomprehensible. And 'Alarm' is simple belligerent stomp, a brand of Cockney stropiness; they could almost be Sham's granddads.

Mick Green I've mentioned. He doesn't disappoint. Johnny Spence's singing still sounds a shade impersonal to me, for all its rawness and gusto, though that's no problem for a music well capable of speaking for itself. And Spence's bass-work, lashed to the thrashing attack of Frank Farley's drumming, keeps the whole show very firmly on the road.

Yo ho ho, as I believe the expression goes.

Paul Du Noyer

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THE HUMAN LEAGUE Reproduction (Virgin)

EVERY TV appearance Gary Numan makes must be like a dagger to the heart of The Human League, every radio-play a bit more salt in the wound. And they've only themselves to blame for not striking whilst the iron was hot.

Instead of dithering around with the unnecessary, pretentious 'Dignity Of Labour' — a blatant attempt to acquire an 'artistic credibility' they neither need nor deserve — and the embarrassingly half-assed 'The Men' debacle, they should have gone all-out for the killer single, the YOTP appearance and the teeny mags. In failing to do so, they've quite possibly sealed their own fate, consigned themselves to the level of Johnny-come-lately rip-off artists in the eyes of the nation's youth.

Ah, well, that's showbiz. Y'see, The Human League never started out with any delusions of importance, either musical or gestural; unfortunately for them, they've been saddled with a gestural significance (all that "human face of synthesizers" schtick) which, though initially useful, has come to overshadow the music so completely as to render it meaningless. They're trapped in the strait-jacket of definition, a definition, moreover, which 'Reproduction' doesn't live up (or down) to. Dehumanisation may be such a big word and it may, for all I know, have been around since Richard The Third, but it's sure as hell going to take a better argument than 'Reproduction' to convince me it doesn't exist. On the contrary...

Comparisons with Kraftwerk, to whom they're apparently a reaction, are obvious and unflattering. On the purely technical side, they've nowhere near the Germans' absolute mastery of their craft, nor are their tunes as attractively infectious.

And as for piercing Kraftwerk's aesthetic superstructure, they haven't got a chance. To recap: Kraftwerk reduce music to the status of metaphor — their perfect rigidity is an aural metaphor for their entire aesthetic — so their music could not be other than it is. And in choosing synthesizers, they've deliberately discarded the dynamic peculiarities of conventional rock instruments, and made this loss a virtue in terms of their aesthetic — by exaggerating the instruments' limitations and drawing attention to them they make a socio-political point.

In stressing the human side, and deliberately making simple pop, The Human League unwittingly verify Kraftwerk's hypothesis: for that which can dance to 'Reproduction' is not wholly human. There's an unavoidable flatness, blandness, and lack of emotion and dynamics because their progressions and climaxes are so obvious, so predictable, and so colourless. Pop music should be just that — fizzy, sweet, and bad for your health. 'Reproduction' is as flat, neutral and unappetising as a

glass of Coke that's been standing for too long.

A lot of the blame for this lamentable state of affairs, has to rest on vocalist Phil Oakey's shoulders. As the possessor of a natural singing voice, he has the ability to give their material some emotional sting, to lend a sharp cutting-edge of uncertainty to the ponderous inevitability of the music. But instead of feeling the songs, he runs through them: there's no projection in his singing, just enunciation. He remains restrained, impersonal, distanced from the subject-matter, unwilling to break the rules the way Sinatra, Crosby, Dylan, Buckley, Lydon, Beefheart, Presley, Wyatt and a whole host of soul singers did. And until he does, he won't come near recognising his full potential.

The Human League Story, so far, is one of missed chances combined with unclear thinking and lack of forethought. Rather than redressing the balance, 'Reproduction' only serves to throw their shortcomings into sharper focus.

Andy Gill

CHAS AND DAVE Don't Give A Monkeys (Rockney)

MAYBE I'll be reported to the Race Relations Board, but I'm bound to say that I've got an irrational, blind prejudice against professional Cockneys. Equally, I can't stand professional Liverpoolians, either, but that's just by the way.

I don't want to come on like a member of the Marxist Sea Scouts and Royers, but I tend to think there's something a bit demeaning about working class chaps going round caricaturing themselves. It's one thing to be proud of your social origins, but quite another to ham it up for the sake of a few bob. Puts me in mind of reservation Indians flogging off what's left of their culture to tourists.

That said, it must be admitted that Chas and Dave are an amiable enough pair of blokes, and this is a bunch of jokey, tuneful songs. Their hit single 'Gertha' inevitably stands out, and looks very much like a one-off novelty. Other tracks like 'Got My Beer In The Sideboard Here' have their moments, but they're not particularly memorable.

What gives the game away is a brief sleeve note. It says that side two was recorded before an audience at the Abbey Road studio which became "part of the East End complete with two bars and authentic Victorian street lamps."

It's no more corny than Max Bygraves, but certainly no less.

Bob Edmunds

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**TREVOR RABIN**

Face To Face (Chrysalis)
ON the face of it Trevor Rabin hasn't got much going for him. Firstly, he's a multi-instrumentalist; this means there's a damn good chance the observant listener will approach the music from a position of hyper-critical awareness, or in a state of extreme torpor — or perhaps even both.

Secondly, Rabin is a closet heavy metalist. Note the cover shot where a boring man-and-guitar mug shot is juxtaposed with Rabin 'gitting on down' in the front of a Marshall stack, oozing smoke, arc lights, etc.

Thirdly, he's an exiled South African.

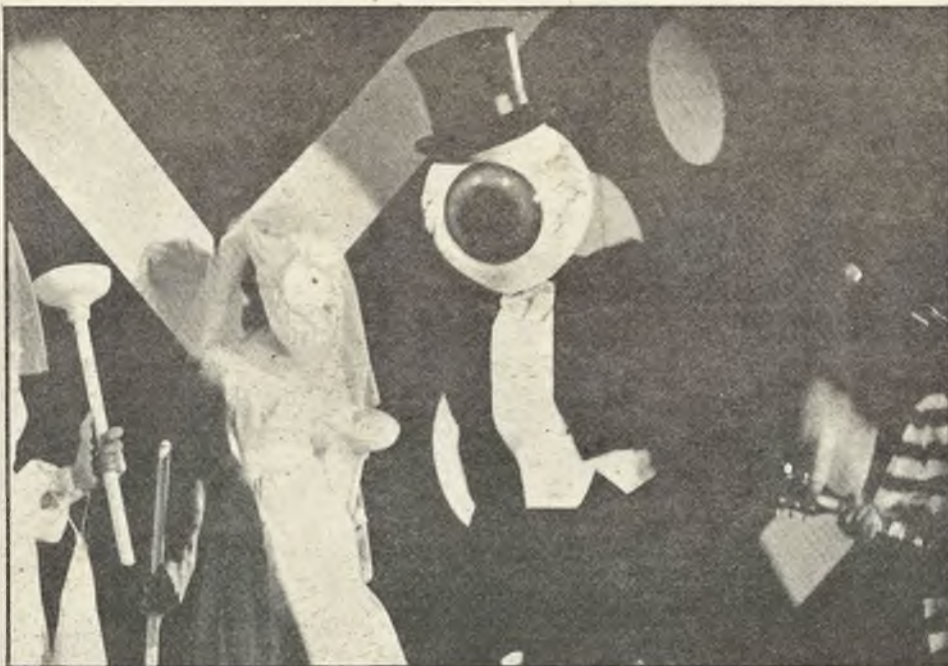
Nope, ole TR hasn't been blessed with many of life's advantages — credibility, artistic taste, acceptable birth place and so on. Most of the time on 'Face To Face' he contradicts his publicity handout's inanities so completely it's embarrassing. For instance, contrary to the printout, Trev *does* go right over the top, on more than 19 occasions. True, he's attempted to obtain a smooth American FM, switch off your brain 'groove', but he hasn't got the breeding to carry off the coup.

The upshot of all this is an album that falls between several stools: the desire to be snappy, to be pop; the temptation to opt out and take the obvious hard rock course; the ability, only hinted at here, to construct a selection of more than passable songs with some original hooks.

On the disastrously titled 'I'm Old Enough (To Make You A Woman)' Rabin starts out like he's just seen the light. A cunning amalgam of Toddish doodling slips cosily against a flexible, near Dwightish vocal, metamorphoses into an underground bubblegum build-up which fuses Tom Petty and Alex Chilton, and then just as the toes are suggesting an appreciative curl the lad breaks into some horrible Queen-type chorale, wall to wall solos and over-dubs that reveal a complete lack of self-restraint. It's rubbish.

Something lurks within this over-stocked sweet shop that begs to be noticed but, unless Rabin realises his own limitations pretty quickly, I fear he'll never meet his deadline with any real achievement.

Max Bell



Residents referendum: the eye has it

THE RESIDENTS
Eskimo (Ralph)

I'm not altogether sure quite how to convey the magnitude of The Residents' achievement with 'Eskimo'. What I am sure of is that it's without doubt one of the most important albums ever made, if not the most important, and that its implications are of such an unprecedentedly revolutionary nature that the weak-minded polemical posturings of purportedly "political" bands are positively bourgeois by comparison. Quite simply, The Residents are halfway up the ladder while the rest are still trying to find a place to put it so it won't fall over when they step on the bottom rung.

Ostensibly a neat cultural exercise concerning the Eskimo (and successful at that level alone), the album can be further interpreted as being about the perceptual shortcomings of 'civilised' western culture, whose acquisitive nature and single-mindedly consumerist view of the world are disturbingly represented in the cover-photo of top-hat-and-tailed figures with enormous eyeballs for heads: literally, civilised sightseers in the 'frozen wastes', voracious leeches for whom the entire world — especially its more 'picturesque' (i.e. primitive) parts — exists not to be experienced, but to be consumed.

However, instead of diagnosing a cultural malaise and ranting on about it in time-honoured rock-protest fashion (which is only a perpetuation of consumer relations), they've made an album which *hints* at a problem, and, without laborious explanations or crocodile tears, actually implements a possible solution, forcing the listener to adopt a role other than consumer.

In this way, they neatly circumvent the problem of communicating complex political analysis through simple polemic (didactic rock's great stumbling block). What matters is not explanation, but effective action, *precis* rather than theory — even if you don't realise what's going on.

'Eskimo' is nothing less than an exercise in applied anthropology which hopes to provide some insight into an alien culture not by documenting the rites and customs in usual *World About Us* fashion (life seen as a collection of facts to be consumed), but by presenting the material in traditional Eskimo manner, forcing the listener to approach the culture experimentally rather than as a passive consumer.

Eskimo culture, as the sleeve points out, was 'passed down through generations in the form of adventurous tales and

ceremonial music". A *lived experience* rather than a factual account.

'Eskimo' consists of a set of Eskimo stories (printed on the sleeve), and a corresponding set of musical representations of the stories. As you listen to the record, you read the stories, and — so the theory goes — after a few spins, the written version becomes superfluous, as the sounds trigger off the mental images you've projected into the skeletal stories.

In other words, the music becomes a series of aural stimuli for the imagination. The listener is not a passive receptor, but an active participant; the relationship is symbolic rather than parasitic, a two-way affair, and mere consumption doesn't enter into it.

Ingenious. Without even mentioning the capitalist / imperialist concept of phenomena-as-consumable-data, The Residents are actively working to undermine it. Whether you realise it or not, your most basic cultural assumptions are being questioned and altered. 'Eskimo' is a positive, effective protest album which doesn't need lyrics, and The Residents are aural guerrillas.

In typical Residential manner, they litter the packaging with clues as to their real intentions. Some are fairly cryptic, such as the Old Eskimo Proverb "Don't let the windows of your house be so small that the light of the sun cannot enter your rooms". Others are bitterly explicit, such as the Epilogue, which reads: "All the stories on this record are expressed in the past tense. This is because the Eskimo, particularly the Polar Eskimo on which this album is based, was 'rescued' from its 'miserable' lifestyle by welfare in the late sixties. The Polar Eskimo has been relocated entirely into government housing, and now spends most of the day watching reruns on TV." (From lived experience to passive consumer: this is salvation?).

It should be obvious by now that any description of the "music" on 'Eskimo' is beside the point (*How helpful — Ed.*); one thing that is worth mentioning though is that in order to recreate the ceremonial music of the Eskimo, The Residents designed and built certain instruments: no explanation, you see, from the obligation to treat the exercise as lived experience rather than documentary.

'Eskimo' is quite literally a unique experience for each individual listener/participant; and there's only one way, of course, to experience it.

For yourself.

Andy Gill

JANE AIRE
AND THE BELVEDERES**JANE AIRE AND THE BELVEDERES**

Jane Aire And The Belvederes (Virgin)

LIKE any self-respecting maladjusted child, I used to feign illness to avoid education. But my parents soon devised a subtle psychological deterrent to this course of action — they made me spend the day within earshot of a stream of tawdry BBC sessions, hack arrangements of popular standards often fronted by Kiki Dee with which Auntie felt duty-bound to insult the intelligence of the housewife throughout the normal working day.

Later on, of course, I discovered truancy. But the emotional scars of being exposed to MOR at such an impressionable age still haven't faded. I hear Jane Aire's first album and reach, involuntarily, for the Lucozade.

Jane Aire is Liam Sternberg's second stab at playing Phil Spector to someone else's Darlene Love, his first being Rachel Sweet. All three come from a small Mid-western community you probably can't bear to hear the name of again, and while the horribly precocious Ms Sweet is now making some sort of name for herself pretending to take candy from strangers in the lower reaches of the US charts, Jane Aire is best remembered for her part in a moderately diverting album of odds and ends concocted by Sternberg for Stiff last year.

Sternberg himself is a moderate talent in search of the right formula. He takes colourful, dotty Jane Aire and stands her in front of some fairly typical rock and soul scenery provided by a dull combo called The Edge, then he produces it with a noisy, cluttered, kitchen sink of a sound that hasn't the subtlety necessary to showcase a singer, let alone the skill to make something of one so average.

There isn't much point in questioning Jane Aire's role as pretty face and catchy voice of the operation as her qualifications for even that part are, ah, elusive.

Still, she likes Laura Nyro. He likes '60s soul. They have great taste in Supremes' songs, and bring to even 'Come See About Me' a trite stultifying blandness.

Together they could make a hash of just about anything they turned their hands to.

Paul Rambali

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Prince Lincoln Thompson

Pic by Jean-Barnard Schiez

THE RASCALS**Experience (Ballistic)**

AS rock music creeps ever more from the rhythms, styles, and innovations of Jamaican music, reggae itself continues to develop with relatively modest borrowings from rock, disco and elsewhere.

Beyond taking the actual technology, and therefore clarity, of rock/disco

production and instrumentation, most of reggae's true innovators — men like Burning Spear, Bunny Wailer, Lee Perry, Keith Hudson — have originated from Creation. Attempts by Jamaican artists to concoct a self-conscious hybrid of, say, reggae/disco have usually been disastrous. British reggae acts have, in fact, been

far more successful at coming to terms with a rock/disco sensibility without compromising their music or their beliefs.

Prince Lincoln Thompson, leader of The Rascals (now apparently to be known as The Rascals, shame!) is interested in both the idea of cross-pollinating reggae with other musics and extending reggae to a far wider audience, as indeed you'd expect from a man who states that The Rascals' music is "for the moral uplift of all humanity".

But Prince Lincoln's concept of 'Inter-Reg' is no crude graft of JA & USA, but a rare and dazzling alchemy of musical elements that effortlessly integrates its source influences in disco, jazz, latin, African and elsewhere with the primal fluid of reggae. The result is startling original, sounds that mash musical barriers: this is one step beyond.

'Experience' is the second Rascals album released this year, their debut collection 'Humanity' having already been dubbed "reggae album of the year" by no sterner a critic than Penny Reel, who perhaps didn't reckon on having to choose between 'Humanity' and another set so soon afterward.

'Experience' continues the development of Inter-Reg where 'Humanity' left off. Its rhythms are more ambitious and diverse, its arrangements more complex, Lincoln's lead vocals exploring new and eccentric harmonies.

Its lyrical themes remain constant; Rastafarian expositions of love and ideals, alongside castigations of hypocrisy and oppression; rebel music.

At the heart of The Rascals' synthesis are their fluent uptempo rhythms which tend to play off a reggae bassline

with disco drums (or vice versa) for their peculiar swaying qualities as on the guaranteed danceability of 'You Gotta Have Love'.

The ordinariness of titles like these belies the individuality Thompson brings to his vocals. The sheer range of his voice from shuddering depths to inspired quavering heights is itself remarkable. His phrasing and harmonies incline to the jazzy, running his lines across the music, taking risks while the backing vocals of the trio provide stability. For all that he's unmistakably roots.

'Jungle Fever' has a beat that might have strayed from a Fela Ransome Kuti record — "Home home home I wanna go home" — while others opt for a more traditional reggae bounce modified by the shading of horns, guitar, etc.

Almost every track benefits from the subtle shadings and occasional soulful intrusion of the horn section. It's easy, in fact, to neglect the sheer quality of all the playing here; suffice to say that Jamaican sessioners like Tommy McCook, Bobby Ellis, Ernest Ranglin and Horsemouth Wallace bring to their duties a little more emotional investment than can often be discerned from session players in other fields.

The title cut 'True Experience' is a recut of an old Rascals Studio One, er, classic, which I haven't heard for comparisons: in any case this is fine, though less impressive than The Rascals at their best.

Two remarkable albums in six months; on this evidence Prince Lincoln is in the vanguard of reggae's originators, even though The Rascals have yet to prove themselves live in this country.

Neil Spencer

IMPORTS

'I Feel Good, I Feel Fine' (MCA) proclaims the title of Bobby Bland's latest album. Frankly, I just felt awful after enduring a couple of play-throughs. I fully realise that a hell of a lot of work must have gone into making this record. After all, it's no mean feat to be able to turn a Bland recording into a bland recording — you've really got to get your grits together in order to do something like that.

But someone came damn near to pulling it off this time and it's only fair to give credit where credit's due. Obviously the best way to ruin any album by one of the world's finest blues/soul singers is to prevent him from singing. And producer Monk Higgins, seemingly a destructive genius of high order, does just that, preferring instead his own overlong instrumental title number, with a few additional vocal sounds courtesy of Sweet Spirit, three lithe black ladies of wayward coiffure.

Meanwhile Robert Calvin Bland peeps not a note until track two (aptly titled 'I Can't Take No Mo'') on which he proceeds to punch things into shape despite all-around efforts to shove him towards the nearest disco. Another play that's almost guaranteed to stop most worthy singers dead in their tracks is to provide them with material so lack-lustre that they almost curl up in embarrassment — and this tactic is gainfully employed on 'Til For Tat', a mundane Higgins composition; 'In His Eyes', a dreadful chunk of gospel only fit for flying nuns; and 'Red Sails In The Sunset', a horror from 1935, which once served as a theme tune for a well-known music hall comedienne.

Bland fools 'em all though. He's sneaked in 'Stormy Monday', a show-stopper in any neck of the woods, and re-titles it 'Soon As The Weather Breaks', just in case anyone wises up to what he's doing. And he also adds a few of those choking, phlegm-filled cries, just for old times' sake. Despite the inherent disappointments of 'I Feel Good', I still firmly believe that no home is complete without a Bobby Bland album. But preferably not this one.

The Last's 'L.A. Explosion' is another of Bomb's mothball jobs. Though the songs are mainly new, the wrappings are those of the mid-60's. The Byrds, The Beatles, The Searchers — The Last help you remember them all. But will you remember The Last? Even an elephant would have doubts about that.

Meanwhile back in the wind-up spot, comes a report that EMI Imports are now totin' in a number of Stax reissues. Available through any dealer, the albums include 'Greatest Stax Hits' sets from The Staples, Soul Children and Albert King/Little Milton, plus such other items as 'The Isaac Hayes Movement' and Booker T and The MG's 'Soul Limbo'. Exciting news it ain't. But not entirely unwelcome, I guess.

Fred Dellar



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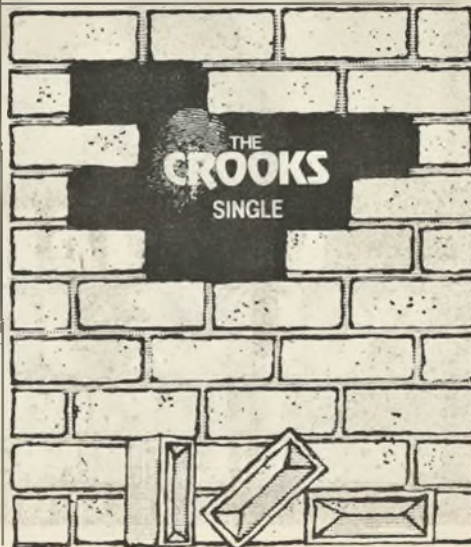
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 Bournemouth Winter Garden: Manhattan
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 Never Never Band
 London Clapham Two Brewers: First Aid
 London Clapham 101 Club: Fingerpritz/
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Pat-
 rik Fitzgerald
 London Fulham Charing Cross Medical
 School: Charlie Ainley & The Mids-
 meadow/The Russians
 London Fulham Greyhound: Bernd
 Weber & The Last Resort/Praying
 Mania
 London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
 Dave Cousins
 London Hammersmith The Swan: Iron
 Maiden
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The
 Small Hours
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Red
 Beans & Rice
 London Kensington The Cricketers:
 Lucy's Alstars
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
 Dust Twins
 London Kensington The Nashville: Sora
 Threat/Spiders
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park:
 No Isaac Duo
 London Marquee Club: 999
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Trinity
 London Queen Mary College: Hi-Tension
 London Soho Pizza Express: Pete King/
 Northern Stewarts Quartet
 London Stockwell The Pough: Crowslane
 Blues Band
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The
 O.K. Band
 London Victoria The Venue: Southside
 Johnny & The Ashbury Jukes
 London Walham Forest North-East
 Polytechnic: Limousine
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's
 Feetwarmers
 London Woolwich Tramshed: George
 Mally & The Feetwarmers
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big
 Chief
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Chic
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: Sky
 Manchester Playbox Club: Janice Hoyte
 until Saturday
 Middlebrough Town Hall: Gillan/Randy
 California
 Newcastle City Hall: The Buzzcocks/Joy
 Division
 Norwich East Anglia University: Squire
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
 Hornmores
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
 Paignton Festival Theatre: George Fame
 & The Blue Flames
 Plymouth Polytechnic: Judea Tsuka
 Port Talbot Troubadour: Fischer 2
 Poynton Felt Centre: Eddie Walker
 Rushden The Windmill: Overdrive
 Sheffield Limit Club: The Original Mirrors
 Sheffield Tolly College: Sten Arnold
 Combo
 Southend Scamps: Steve Hooker Band
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Pun-
 ishment of Luxury
 Stafford Sheffield Hall: Climax Blues
 Band
 Sturage The Swan: Chienstown
 Sutton Bonington Agricultural School:
 Mike Absalom
 Walton-on-Thames Playhouse: Kidz Next
 Door
 Wellingborough British Rail Club: Gine 'n'
 The Rockin' Rebels
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Stale

Friday

Aberdeen University: Five Hand Reel
 Amersham College: Sledgehammer
 Barking Old Maypole: Gine 'n' The
 Rockin' Rebels
 Barry Youth Club: Zipper
 Basildon Blakemore Hall: Steve Hooker
 Band/The Repressed/Dance Band/The
 Orange Cardigan/Milk Botic
 Bedford Cranfield Institute of Technology:
 Mike Absalom
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The
 Revlon
 Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The
 Traitors
 Birmingham Polytechnic: The Kidds Band
 Birmingham University: The Ruts/The
 Flys
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
 Vanbo
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Chic
 Bedford St. George's Hall: Mary O'Hara
 Brentwood Hermit Club: M.O.R.E./The
 Business
 Brighton Dome: Gary Numan
 Brighton Sherry's: Smuggles
 Brighton Sussex University: The Execu-
 tives
 Bristol Porthead Youth Club: The X-
 Certs/Vice Squad
 Burton 76 Club: Kevin Borich
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Under-
 tones/The Photos
 Cardiff Grassroots: Switch/Crosswires
 Cardiff University: Orleans
 Carlisle Market Hall: UK Subs
 Chelmsford City F.C.: The Tours
 Cleaton Princes Theatre: Nolan Sisters
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic:
 Cimerons
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
 Cromer West Rington Pavilion: The Mer-
 ion Parks
 Dorchester The Tavern: The Bumpers
 Dundee Technical College: Chas & Dave
 Dundee University: Wilko Johnson's
 Solid Senders/Sussex/London Zoo
 Durham New College: After The Fire
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: George
 Fame & The Blue Flames
 Exeter University: Sore Throat
 Fareham Technical College: Cygnus
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Buzzcocks/
 Joy Division
 Goolle Station Hotel: Vardis
 Guildford Surrey University: Climax Blues
 Band
 Huddersfield Town Hall: Neathcliffe
 Huddersfield Venn Street Arts Centre:
 Baby Grand
 Keighley Downtown Club: Autumn Hop
 Kettering Windmill Club: The Berserk
 Band
 Leamington Spa Centre: Shakes/Steel
 Bands
 Lincoln College: Speed Limit
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Darts
 Liverpool The Masonic: The Nice Men
 London Acton Kings Head: Paz
 London Barking Polytechnic: American
 Blues Legends 79 Tour
 London Camden Dingwalls: Spillier/The
 Opposition
 London Camden Music Machine: Destroy
 All Monsters
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jel-
 lison Blues Band
 London Chiswick John Bull: Zorro
 London Chiswick Sports Club: Sten
 Arnold Combo
 London City Polytechnic: The Chords
 London College of Printing: Hi-Tension
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
 Soft Boys/The Dolly Mixtures
 London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic:
 Dogwatch
 London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
 Roy Hill Band
 London Holloway Road Theatre: The
 Mekons
 London Islington Hope & Anchor:
 Pinpoint
 London Kensington Queen Elizabeth Col-
 lege: The Jags
 London Kensington The Nashville:
 Toyah/Void Quartet
 London Marquee Club: 999
 London Middlesex Polytechnic: Anglerax
 London New Cross Goldsmith's College:
 Sora
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Jubals
 London Putney Star & Garter: George
 Gritzbach
 London Rainbow Theatre: The Rascals
 London Regent's Park Bedford College:
 The Smokey/The Innates
 London Soho Pizza Express: Snub
 Moseley
 London Southgate Technical College:
 Central Line
 London Strand King's College: The
 Sisters
 London Tottenham White Hart: The Rac-
 kin' Shades
 London Twickenham Ailsa Tavern: Sch-
 asor Fits
 London Upstake at Ronnie Scott's:
 Slick
 London West Hampstead Moonlight
 Club: Tempole Tudor
 London W.1 Cricketers: Angelwhit
 Maidstone Mid-Kent College: No Dice
 Malden Labour Hall: The Dentists/Fading
 Zone
 Mavern Winter Gardens: SWF Little
 Fingers
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Elkie Brooks
 Manchester Salford University: Linda-
 ferne
 Manchester The Factory: Patrick Fitzgerald
 Manchester The Funhouse: The Buzz-
 zards/Shenay & The Gays/Fast Cars
 Manchester UMIST: The Pirates/The
 Young Ones
 Milton Keynes University: Richard Digance
 Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Linnies &
 The Family Cookin'
 Middlebrough Rock Garden: Zorro
 Middlebrough Town Hall: Sister Sledge
 Newcastle City Hall: Gillan/Randy
 California
 Newcastle Playhouse Theatre: George
 Mally & The Feetwarmers
 Newcastle Polytechnic: The Sutherlands

Left:
PATRIK
FITZGERALDBelow:
SLICKJ.J. BURNEL
steps out
with The
Stranglers

Saturday

Aberdeen University: The Sutherlands
 Accrington Pier Wyndwood Trudy Hall:
 John Makin
 Aylesbury Friars: Gary Numan
 Bangor University: The End
 Bedford College of Higher Education:
 Yakkety Yak
 Bicester Nowhere Club: Sledgehammer
 Birmingham Aston University: The Best
 Birmingham Bogarts: Sneak Preview
 Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club:
 Ocean Boulevard
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: School
 Sports
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
 Joy Ride
 Bradford University: Penetration
 Bridlington Spa Pavilion: The Stranglers
 Brighton Albion: The Lambettes
 Brighton Art College: The Executives
 Brighton Polytechnic: The Ruts/The
 Majesties
 Brighton Sherry's: Smuggles
 Bristol Polytechnic: Sore Throat
 Cardiff Casablanca: Edge
 Cardiff Grassroots: Plastic Placebo/Close
 Rivals
 Cheltenham Tythe Barn: Prince Hammer/
 Jash Whooosh/Creation Rebel
 Cleaton Westcliffe Apartotel: J.A.L.N.
 Band
 Colchester Essex University: The Rascals
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Kidds
 Band
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: Hanes-
 sels/Recess
 Coventry Theatre: Elkie Brooks
 Dorchester The Tavern: The Bumpers
 Dublin Stadium: London Walkwright
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: Destroy All Monsters
 Dundee Caird Hall: The Boomtown
 Rextex
 Durham University: American
 Echoes/Hot Snax/Sabre Jets
 Eastbourne The Cavalier: Cracked Mirror
 Edinburgh Odeon: The Buzzcocks/Joy
 Division
 Fife St. Andrew's University: Five Hand
 Reel

Glasgow Apollo Centre: Sister Sledge
 Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: Wilko
 Johnson's Solid Senders/Sussex
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: Dean
 Friedman
 Gosport John Peel: Chienstown
 Grantham Gales Club: Strange Days
 Halifax Good Mood Club: The Marlon
 Cheater
 Harwich Community Centre: Zorro
 Hastings Pier Pavilion: Gonzales
 Hatfield North Theatre: Nolan Sisters
 Hitchin Forum Herts College: No Dice
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Madness/The
 Selector
 Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: The
 Velvettes
 Kanton Churchill Hall: George Mally &
 The Feetwarmers
 Kingston Polytechnic: The Pirates/The
 Young Ones
 Kirkcaldy Birkcaldie Hotel: London Zoo
 Leeds Polytechnic: The Vys
 Leicester University: Lindaferne
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Darts
 Liverpool The Masonic: The Accelerators
 Liverpool Walton Hall Park: The Passag-
 e
 Activity Minimal/The Moderates/ Dark
 Hearts/The Profonds
 London Camden Dingwalls: Matchbox
 London Camden Music Machine: Secret
 Society/Secret Society
 London Canning Town Bridge House:
 Cuddly Toys
 London Clapham 101 Club: Solosor Fks/
 The Dials
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
 Chisel
 London Deptford St. Paul's Church: The
 Kraze/Rubber Johnny
 London Esting College: The Rhythm
 Hawks
 London Edmonton Pickets Luck: Crazy
 Caves & The Rhythm Rockers/Match-
 box/ Coast To Coast/Dynamite/Rock

Island Line/The Cruisers
 London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic:
 Oxy & The Mottos
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lyn-
 ton Band
 London Hampstead Westfield College:
 Gine 'n' The Rockin' Rebels/Souled Out
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Rice
 London Kensington The Nashville: A
 Teardrop Explodes/Echo & The
 Bunnymen
 London Marquee Club: The Vapors
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy
 Karloff Band
 London Plumstead Green Man: Raised On
 Robbery
 London Queen Mary College: The Smirks
 London Rainbow Theatre: Partamouth
 Simons
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:
 Tom Brown
 London School of Economics: Hi-
 Tension/Cygnus
 London Soho Pizza Express: Snub
 Moseley
 London Southall Hamborough Tavern:
 Spider
 London Southgate Royal Ballroom: Fat
 Larry's Band/Slick
 London Tooling St. George's Medical Col-
 lege: Praying Mantis
 London University College Union: Patrik
 Fitzgerald/Tennis Shoes
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
 Majesty
 London Victoria The Venue: American
 Blues Legends 79 Tour
 London West London Institute: Racing
 Cars
 Loughborough Town Hall: The Rockin'
 Shades
 Loughborough University: The Chords
 Manchester Polytechnic: The Out/Gordon

GO-GUIDE



Pic below: CAMEL

● **THE STRANGLERS** begin their much-publicised 'Men in Black' tour with concerts in Belfast (Thursday), Bridlington (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Carlisle (Monday) and Blackburn (Wednesday). Support act varies from gig to gig.

● **THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS** promote their 'Never 'Ad Nothin' single by way of their biggest tour to date, starting at Peterborough (Saturday), Plymouth (Monday), Exeter (Tuesday) and Carlisle (Wednesday).

● **THE MERTON PARKAS** set out on their first major UK outing, with initial gigs at Cromer (Friday), Halifax (Saturday), Jacksdales (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

● **PATRIK FITZGERALD** returns to live action with a string of dates throughout October, the first of which are in London on Thursday and Saturday, and Manchester (Friday).

● **SLICK** of 'Space Bass' fame are co-heading a tour with fellow Fantasy Records outfit Fat Larry's Band. They play Dunstable (Thursday), Norwich (Friday), London (Saturday), Doncaster (Monday), Leeds (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

● **CAMEL** are embarking on one of their rare UK concert series, their first three shows being at Brighton (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday).

Flys
Jacksdales Grey Topper: The Merton Parkas
Leicester University: Underlarks
Leeds Fan Club: Little Bob Story
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Underlarks
Leicester Polytechnic: Judie Tzuke
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Leo Sayer
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Camden Brecknock (lunchtime): Demon Preacher
London Camden Brecknock (lunchtime): Demon Preacher
London Canning Town Bridge House: Ramus Under Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invincibles (for four days)
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Scissor Fits
London Fulham Golden Lion: Supercharge
London Fulham Greyhound: Writts/The Flatbackers
London Harrow Rd, Windsor Castle: Sad Among Strangers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Vitus Dance
London Kensington The Cricketers: The O.K. Band
London Kensington The Nashville: Kevin Borich Express/The Business
London Marquee Club: The Young Ones
London Notting Hill Old Swan: The Outsiders
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Red Beans & Rice
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): Blue Moon
London Rainbow Theatre: Orleans
London Soho Pizz Express: Johnny Parker
London Victoria The Venue: Country Joe McDonald
London W.1 Postman Hotel (lunchtime): Herby Jazz
London W.14 The Kensington: Electrolunes
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: Dean Friedman
Newcastle City Hall: Sister Sledge
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich East Anglia University: American Blues Legends 79 Tour
Norwich Theatre Royal: Hot Chocolate
Norwich Whites: Silent Noise
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Medium Medium
Peterborough Key Theatre: The Name Paymon Folk Centre: Peggy Seeger & Ewan McColl/Terry Walsh
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Destroy All Monsters
Redhill Lakers Hotel: Those Helicopters
Sheffield Polytechnic: Five Hand Reel
Southampton University: After The Fire
Southend Shrimpers: Steve Hooker Band
Southport New Theatre: Mary O'Hara
Uxbridge Brunel University: Mike Abelom
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The Amazing Dark Horse
Wollaton Nags Head: The Russians
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Gary Numan



The Merton/Art Failure/Gerry & The Holograms
Manchester Apollo: The Undertones
Manchester: The Funhouse, Little Bo Bitch
Manchester: UMIST: The Sinceros
Manchester University: Climax Blues Band/Cockscrow
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Limmie & The Family Cookin'
Newark Palace Theatre: Last Call/Mentikide
Newcastle University: Lew Lewis Reformer
Northampton County Ground: Gillan/Randy California
Northampton Nene College: Kevin Borich
Norwich East Anglia University: Slade
Nottingham Boat Club: Iron Maiden
Nottingham Sandpiper: The Revillos
Nottingham University: The Photos/The Lambrettas/Thunderbirds
Oxford New Theatre: Leo Sayer
Peterborough Wirrann Stadium: The Angelic Upstarts/Pant
Plus Madoc Leisure Centre: New Christy Minstrels
Plymouth Polytechnic: Still Little Fingers
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Fischer Z
Reading Bulmarke College: Judie Tzuke
Reading Target Club: The Crooks
Reading University: Stan Arnold Combo
Reford Porterhouse: Punishment Of Luxury
Sheffield Limit Club: Little Bob Story
Sheffield University: Orleans
Slough College: The Jags
Stirling University: Chas & Dave
Stirling West End Bar (lunchtime): FK9
Stoke New Staffs Polytechnic: Mike Abelom
Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: Sky
Sunderland Polytechnic: After The Fire
Warrington Parr Hall: Stress/John Dowla/Allen Tint

Warrington Wilderspool Centre: Mud
Watford Wallhall College: Tribesman
Widoback Town Hall: Far Canal
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Posts
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Hot Chocolate

Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: The Buzzcocks/Joy Division
Bakewell The Mosaic Head: Overdrive
Belfast Whirl Hall: Loudon Walnwright
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Janice Hoyte (for a week)
Birmingham Odeon: Gillan/Randy California
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prima Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Nolan Sisters
Bradford Vaults Bar: Vex
Brighton Buccaneer: Fan Club
Brighton Conference Centre: Chic
Brighton Sherry's: Central Line
Bristol Locarno: Still Little Fingers
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Cardiff New Theatre: Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames
Cheshamford City F.C.: Dynamite
Chorley Joiners Arms: The Vys
Croydon Greyhound: Matchbox
Cumbernauld Cottage Theatre: Chou Palrot
Dunlamine Cinema: UK Subs
Dundee University: The Sufferlands
Fife St. Andrew's University: Chas & Dave
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Stranglers
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: London Zoo
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: The Dooleys
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: The Ruts/The

Monday

Aberdeen Apollo Theatre: The Boomtown Rats/Proter
Aylesbury King's Head Hotel: The Diggers
Ayr Pavilion: The Sufferlands
Belfast Whirl Hall: Loudon Walnwright
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Slade
Birmingham Barbel Organ: Freebird
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Penetration
Birmingham Odeon: Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later
Brighton Alhambra: The Chats/The Kemptown Rockers
Brighton Dome: Camel

Bristol Colston Hall: Sky
Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: The Ruts/The Flys
Carlisle Market Hall: The Stranglers
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: Gillan/Randy California
Doncaster Main Line: Fat Larry's Band/Slick
Dundee Caird Hall: The Buzzcocks/Joy Division
Edinburgh Tiffany's: The Inmates/London Zoo
Falisk The Maggie: Exposure
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Darts
Hull City Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure
Ilford Cauldwell Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Flash Cats
Leicester Adam & Eve Club: Zero
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: Stan's Blues Band
London Camden Dingwalls: Scandal/US-pys/Last Orders
London Canning Town Bridge House: Sta-Prest
London Clapham 101 Club: Squire
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Piranhas/The Prime Movers
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: The Vipers
London Hammarham Odeon: Chic
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Little Roosters
London Kensington The Nashville: The Duke/Charlie Fawn
London Knightsbridge Pizz on the Park: Vic Ash/Brian Dee
London Leicester Square: Notre Dame Hall: Ferlie
London Marquee Club: Skates
London Middlesex Hospital: Gonzalez
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Putney Half Moon: Noel Murphy
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Royal Albert Hall: The Three Degrees with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: Bob Pezz
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Elkie Brooks
London Woolwich Tramshed: George Gritzback
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Sister Sledge
Manchester Band on the Wall: The Treas
Manchester The Factory: Destroy All Monsters
Middleborough Mandy's: Clem Curtis & The Foundations
Middleborough Teesside Polytechnic: Chas & Dave
Newcastle City Hall: The Undertones
Newcastle Theatre Royal: 'Rocky Horror Show' (for a week)
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalhir
Plymouth Clones: The Angelic Upstarts
Plymouth Montrose: The Selector
Preston Polytechnic: Mike Abelom
Reading Target Club: Gary Numan
Sheffield Fiesta: The Four Tops (for a week)
Stough Fulcrum Centre: Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames
Southend Zoro & Musicians Workshop
Stevage Gordon Craig Theatre: American Blues Legends 79 Tour
Stockport Davenport Theatre: Nolan Sisters
Worcester Highway: The Pirates

Tuesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: The Boomtown Rats/Proter
Aberdeen Ruffia: London Zoo
Ashford Wye College: George Gritzback
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Odeon: Sister Sledge
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Relay
Blackburn King George's Hall: Still Little Fingers
Bradford St. George's Hall: Lindisfarne
Brentwood Hermit Club: Bob Fox & Stu Luckley
Brighton Alhambra: Airport
Brighton Dome: Sky
Cardiff Top Rank: Penetration
Cardiff University: The Merton Parkas
Colchester Institute for Higher Education: Judie Tzuke
Cork City Hall: Leo Sayer
Derby Romeo & Juliet's: The Accelerators
Dundee Caird Hall: Gary Numan
Edinburgh Tiffany's: Slade
Exeter Routes: The Angelic Upstarts
Exeter University: Dean Friedman
Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Sufferlands
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Just The Job
Hull University: Chas & Dave
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure
Leeds Warehouse: Fat Larry's Band/Slick
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Hot Chocolate
London Camden Dingwalls: Jimmy Rogers/Land Hand Frank
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Decoy
London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
London Clapham 101 Club: Sta-Prest
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Kevin Cayne
London Fulham Greyhound: The Young Ones
London Hammarham Odeon: Chic
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Flatbackers
London Kensington The Nashville: The Jags
London Marquee Club: The Makons
London North Polytechnic: Squire
London Old Kent Road Thomas A Beckett: Still Little Fingers
London Soho Pizz Express: Bill Skeat Quartet
London Strand Kings College: Traitor's Gate

London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Elkie Brooks
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's The Trendies
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Gillan/Randy California
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: Mary O'Hara
Newport Stowaway: The Pirates
Nottingham Cromwells: Gerry & The Pacemakers
Portsmouth Locarno: The Ruts/The Flys
Reading University: Climax Blues Band
Sheffield City Hall: Camel
Sheffield Limit Club: Madness
Southport New Theatre: Nolan Sisters
Sunderland Brunel Rooms: Destroy All Monsters
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
Warrington Britannia Hotel: Direct Hits
Westhorpe Traces: The Now

Wednesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Darts
Abington RAF Station: The Kiddie Band
Birmingham Barbel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: Brooklyn
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Still Little Fingers/The Donkeys
Birmingham Odeon: Bly
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Blackburn King George's Hall: The Stranglers
Bradford College Students Union: Cheap And Nerdy
Bradford University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
Brighton Conference Centre: Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure
Brighton Polytechnic: The Kemptown Rockers
Brighton Top Rank: Fat Larry's Band/Slick
Bristol Hippodrome: Camel
Bristol The Storehouse: Apartment
Carlisle Market Hall: The Angelic Upstarts
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Derby Assembly Rooms: Hot Chocolate
Derby Old Bell Hotel: Last Call
Exeter University: The Brains Five
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Boomtown Rats/Proter
Glasgow Technical College: The Adverts
Gt. Yarmouth Wharfedale Club: The Running Gulls
Gouda Wooded Bridge: The Small Wonders
Ilford Oscar's: Flying Saucers
Leicester University: Dean Friedman
Limerick Savoy Ballroom: Leo Sayer
Liverpool Underbarrow: Lindisfarne
London Camden Brecknock: The V.I.P.'s
London Camden Dingwalls: The Pirates
London City University: Mike Abelom
London Clapham 101 Club: The Carpettes
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fingerprints
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Decoy
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: Katy Nease
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Nick Turner's Inner City Limit
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free Beer
London Marquee Club: Kevin Borich
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Simmonds & Greg's Folk and Blues Showcase
London Soho Pizz Express: Bob Burns Quartet
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Elkie Brooks
London Twickenham St. Mary's College: Writts
Loughborough University: Lew Lewis Reformer
Madison Hazlett Theatre: Heathcliffe
Manchester Swinton Duke of Wellington: The Trend
Manchester The Factory: Cockroaches
Manchester University: UK Subs
Margate Winter Gardens: Nolan Sisters
Marborough Towpath Inn: The Vye
Newcastle City Hall: Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwalhir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chickens
Nottingham University: The Merton Parkas/Madness
Paisley Bungalow Bar: London Zoo
Paisley TUC Club: Clem Curtis & The Foundations
Plymouth Clones: The Makons
Plymouth Raleigh Club: The Bumpers
Sheffield Polytechnic: Judie Tzuke
Shrewsbury Cascade: Punishment Of Luxury
Skewen Colliers Arms: Graham Larkby
Southampton University: Climax Blues Band
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Stratford Folk Club: Pete Castle
Swansea University: The Sinceros
Tipton Sports Union: Matchbox
Usk Starclub Club: The Drifters (for four days)
Uxbridge Brunel University: The Jags
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: The Best
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: After The Fire
York University: Gaffa

TOP NEW YORK GIGS

MONDAY (8): Queen's College — Randy
TUESDAY (9): National Coliseum — The Cars
WEDNESDAY (10): Avery Fisher Hall — Gordon Lightfoot; Hurrah — Bram Tchaikovsky
THURSDAY (11): Madison Square Garden — Jethro Tull/UK (two days); Bottom Line — Ian Damm (two days); Hurrah — Yachts
FRIDAY (12): Westbury Theatre — Gloria Gaynor (two days); Hurrah — Moon Martin
SATURDAY (13): Tower — Ian Hunter; Capitol — Robert Palmer; Zappa's — Richard Hell & The Voidoids



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Thurs 4th & Fri 5th Oct (Adm £2.00)	Mon 8th Oct (Adm £1.00)
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Sat 6th Oct (Adm £1.00)	Tues 9th Oct (Adm £1.25)
THE VAPORS Plus The News & Ian Fleming	THE MEKONS Plus Friends & Joe Lung
Sun 7th Oct (Adm £1.00)	Wed 10th Oct (Adm £1.50)
THE YOUNG ONES Plus Support & Mandy H	KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS The Business & Ian Fleming
Friday 12th Oct (Adm £1.25)	Thurs 11th Oct (Adm £1.50)
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Friday, October 5th	£1.80
TOYAH + Void Quartet	
Saturday, October 6th	£1.80
A TEARDROP EXPLODES + ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN	
Sunday, October 7th	£1.25
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS (Aussie No 1 Gutter) + The Business	
Monday, October 8th	
TO BE ARRANGED	
Tuesday, October 9th	£1
THE JAGS + Support	
Thursday, October 11th	£1
THE PHOTOS + The Innocents D.J. Moody Warmup every Friday & Saturday	

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7 : 1

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Tues 23rd: DUKE OF LANCASTER, New Barner
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Sun 28th: BEARS HEAD, Macclefield
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NICE ON THE EYES, DEVASTATING TO THE EARS!!

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Thursday 4th October

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25th October
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26th October
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EXPRESS WORD

**ACROSS**

- Collectable vintage Buzzcocks EP recently reissued (6,7)
- See 28
- Sid's swan song? (2,3)
- The Clash wanted one of their own
- Elv's war cries!
- Lead character in the upcoming 'blasphemous' Python movie
- Surname of 'Silly Games' singer
- Former US Beatles and Stones manager who sent Xmas cards with the message: 'Yes, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, because I'm the biggest bastard in the valley' (5,5)
- R&B vet now hosts Sunday evening Radio 1 show
- 12 Althia & Donna's No 1 pop t'ing (2,4,3,7)
- A Chuck Berry cover, this was the Stones' first hit (4,2)
- 'Back Of My Hand' group (3,4)
- Something filling on the menu: a fat mole! (4,4)
- Pretenders' second single
- Toss a coin to find the original Velvets' vocalist!
- US R&B vet who cut the original 'Duke Of Earl' and is currently in the disco charts (4,8)
- Moptops movie
- 28 & 6 across And yet Les has the solution!
- Lofgren's old band
- Chuck Berry standard; ELO had a hit with it in 1973 (4,4,9)
- Chic biggie (2,5)
- Big-voiced US pop singer whose hits started with 'Only The Lonely' in 1960 (3,7)
- A 1965 No 1 starring Elvis Presley in the role of Jilted John! (6,2,3,6)
- JA novelty song, made UK top ten in 1976 for Pluto Shervington
- Mother Superior? (5,5)
- See 19 down
- See 17 across
- Led by Gary Puckett, they had a 1968 No 1 with 'Young Girl' (5,3)
- 10 Smokey Robinson classic; a Miracles hit from 1969 (6,2,2,5)
- Oldfield's confession of disco culpability!
- Sculfi!
- See 16
- Aka Mac Rebennak, voodoo medic (2,4)

Answers

ACROSS: 2 (Mick) Jagger; 5 'In The Brownies'; 8 'The Prince'; 9 Rat (Scabies); 10 Neil Diamond; 13 Mick (Jagger); 14 (Freddie) Cannon; 15 Sister Sledge; 17 Rooster; 19 Stevie Wonder; 21 Genesis; 23 'Message In A Bottle'; 24 Hyde.
DOWN: 1 Nina Hagen; 2 John Peel; 3 Gary Numan; 4 Eric Burdon; 6 'When You Are Young'; 7 'Something'; 11 'Duchess'; 12 Rascals; 13 'Message In A Bottle'; 16 Strawbs; 18 The Rutts; 22 & 20 'Say When'.

LINDISFARNE
the news

Available September 14th. 1979 9109 626
Cassette 7231439



LINDISFARNE JOCKEY
FOR POSITION

A good bet is The News by Trigger out of Shropshire Lass. The jockey is by Sid. Also out of Shropshire Lass.

JACKSON
LOSES
TITLE



RAY JACKSON lost his title amid sensational scenes last night. Ray, still in a state of shock this morning, tried to piece together the events of the previous evening.

Envelope

"I remember being in the pub with the lads when Barry my manager slipped me the title. It was written on the back of an old envelope. When I read it I was completely knocked out."

Rounds

Ray added: "Somehow I lost it between rounds later on in the evening. I nipped out

just before my round. I don't remember anything after that. I think I threw it away."

Pack

Ray was highly rated amongst critics. He was known to pack a great punch.

Giggle

"Yeah. Tours can be boring so I usually pack a punch to read between gigs. I like a good giggle."

Cowe on field

A COWE WAS FIELDED BY LINDISFARNE YESTERDAY. "We think he'll beef up the sound" Lindisfarne player Alan Hull said. "He's cute. The lads have called him Si."

NEWCASTLE
PRODUCES
LONG PLAYER

CRITICS
BOWLED OVER
SEE INSIDE

LINDISFARNE
FANCIED FOR

TOP!



EXCLUSIVE

NEWCASTLE TEAM LINDISFARNE following the lead of some of Britain's top football teams have made a record.

"Yes, it's true we've decided to put one of our long players on the market." A Lindisfarne Spokesman stated. "We're only asking

about five quid" he added. Which makes a pleasant change in these times with some players going for a million pounds.

BIG MAC MAKES
COMEBACK

Football fans will be delighted by the news that extra large raincoats are in the shops for these rainy Saturday afternoons.

News

But even better is the news that Lindisfarne have released an album called 'The News'. Both sides played well.

Clements
on fiddle

Rod Clements openly admitted last night that he has been on the fiddle for years.

"I admit it. I'm not ashamed. All I take is a couple of encores now and again. I thought everybody knew."

Bottoms

I've stolen a few glances and pinched a couple of bottoms in my time. Everybody does it. I got caught that's all. I've been fiddling for years. It's the done thing mate."

Fact

Phonogram has even printed the fact on the back of the new album by Lindisfarne. "Yes it's true I've got a record," Rod said.

Forthcoming Fixtures

SEPTEMBER

24th
26th
27th
28th
29th
30th

OCTOBER

1st
2nd
3rd
4th
5th
5th
7th
9th
10th
12th
13th
14th
15th
16th

NOVEMBER

30th
DECEMBER

1st
3rd
4th
5th
6th
8th
9th
10th
11th
12th
13th
14th
16th
18th
19th
20th
21st
22nd
23rd

MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
READING Hexagon
BIRMINGHAM Odeon
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre
LONDON Odeon Hammersmith
CRYDCH Faulstich Hall
PORTSMOUTH Guild Hall
BRISTOL Colston Hall
POOLE Arts Centre
CANTENBURY Kent University
MANCHESTER Salford University
LEICESTER University
LONDON Odeon Hammersmith
BRADFORD St. George's Hall
LIVERPOOL University
GLASGOW City Hall
EDINBURGH Usher Hall
ST. ANDREWS University
YORK University
KEELE University

SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall

CARDIFF University
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre
CARLISLE Market Hall
ABERDEEN Capitol
DUNDEE Caird Hall
LEEDS University
OXFORD New Theatre
LEICESTER De Montford Hall
DERBY Assembly Rooms
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre
SHEFFIELD City Hall
BRIDGINGTON Spa Royal Hall
HULL New Theatre
NEWCASTLE City Hall
NEWCASTLE City Hall
NEWCASTLE City Hall
NEWCASTLE City Hall
NEWCASTLE City Hall

Hull to play
Newcastle
in final

ALAN HULL will lead the familiar Lindisfarne team for the final gigs at Newcastle at Christmas.

"The fans expect it," Alan said. "And we just love playing before a home crowd. Well it brings out the best in you doesn't it?"



LIDLAW HITS OUT

RAY LAIDLAW, pictured just out of the picture above, denied yesterday that he has ever played

cricket. "I once played the Oval back in 1971 but I don't think it was cricket."

GEORDIE

"I BOUGHT A LINDISFARNE ALBUM - TOOK THE RECORD OUT THE SLEEVE - LOOKED AT THE CENTRE AND FOUND I HAD GOT A HOLE IN ONE!"

CHUCK
oyola



phonogram

BE A SPORT - BUY THE RECORD

Bruce burns on

people — Cars, Knack — paste over rock's raw edges and add nothing new. They don't travel at all.

Bruce Springsteen shoots out in a straight line. Traditional enough, but with that, vitally contemporary. He is aware, with such ravishing and reckless sensitivity, of rock'n'roll's power and potential, of the essence of its communication.

There is nothing confusing about Bruce Springsteen, but that doesn't mean nothing stimulating. He is a desperate and spirited entertainer who succeeds because he is so possessive and anxious.

Springsteen is a rock'n'roll puritan; somehow a hedonist too. He has strict values, but he's one hell of an extrovert.

He knows that rock'n'roll has to be show business; that it is poetry; that it must reach and move; that there has to be response. Only the very cynical can find fault with his simplistic desires, his respect and his delight.

Springsteen is not the greatest thing in the world; but he's not softening anybody up.

Springsteen slouched around the stage like a youthfully revitalised Colombo. Took gulps of breath between songs, greedily. His clothes fit him perfectly; things like this matter. He flung a carefully prepared birthday cake way back into the audience. He grimaced and grunted, posed and played mock-exhausted. Despite his urgency, there's an air of patience about him; He takes his time. And as he does...

BRUCCOOOOCE!

His set was a romanticised interpretation of an ideal rock'n'roll show. But however corny or crass he was, he was also bewitching and ecstatic. He knows that there are so many things to be balanced — to impress the feeling without trivialising — as he did magnificently on a new song, 'The River', where his control after all his racy athletics were superb — to indulge, show off and still be able to inspire.

He works hard. He's an exhibitionist like few others. What he went out of his way to do was make sure everyone in the huge Madison Square Gardens knew that he was the centre of attraction. Music came second to the physical exertion.

My lasting impression of the show is not the music — of which I remember little — but the swells of melodrama, subtle drops in pressure, its dirty edge. Of Springsteen maniacally rushing around, off, over and down to the side of the stage, charging round the back of the amplifiers to play to the people sitting there, clambering over the amplifiers, on top, clapping his hands, grinning his head off.

Every part of the arena got a long stare from Springsteen.

Somewhere amidst all this he sang some lines, uneven, strained, lustful. After a verse or two, off he'd rush, slide to the front of the stage, dash to the side, up on top of an amp; yearning, urging, fighting, laughing.

When his perfect foil, the large white suited Clarence Clemons, stepped forward to drop a slight, sleazy solo into the thick sound, applause was generous. But Springsteen never ducked out of sight.

Concerts are for brutally attracting; records are for influencing: two different forms of communication. Springsteen knows his balances. A showman and a moodman, he teases and he confronts.

At New York, he wound himself up so excitably, sang so forcefully, non-converts were forced to find out just what was



Tash unthreatening

causing it all. I've got a lot of records to catch up on.

Traditional man; new values. An American folk hero that can mean something over here. Someone who loves himself and hates himself. A performer who can fling his guitar around his back, stand with his wiry legs just a couple of feet apart, twist slightly to watch what his bassman is doing, bare his teeth and be more rock'n'roll than anything I can think of.

Good or bad? Depends what you're looking for. When, if he comes to Britain, don't expect too much, but go look at the shadows. Go see him running around in his cage.

"I'm a prisoner of rock'n'roll."

And not afraid to act the fool with it.

The Ruefrax

Belfast

They've come to dance to the likes of Racy and Showaddywaddy, or to get to grips with the illicit joys of under-age drinking, and for a mostly pre-teen audience the strobe light provides the same novelty value as the anxious, aching noise of The Ruefrax.

For most of the audience it is their first experience of live rock music, and apart from the odd genuinely interested face, the kids insist on indolence and impatience instead of appreciation and sobriety.

The Ruefrax impress with their command over (limited) resources and their ability to articulate a music which seldom traps itself in conventional punk structures. But they're blighted by the usual problems and progress, is stymied by geographical, social and financial problems.

It's a shame to hear attractive and intriguing ideas being ruthlessly crushed in a clouded sound system, or to watch an audience oblivious to the subtleties of 'Don't Panic'.

But despite this sort of dragging negativity, the group put up a brave show. In their more despairing moments they may wish they could whip the kids into a frenzy as The Undertones do, but obviously they still have their own sense of spontaneous sensibility which spawned the criminally neglected 'One by One' EP.

Don't shout it too loud but The Ruefrax are onto something special. However, they still have a long way to go, and if they are to improve and sustain their talents gigs and rehearsals must become less sporadic.

The evidence suggests that tonight's showing doesn't match up to their potential and quite a bit of what they perform leaves the listener confused, bewildered even.

Apart from the numbers the

group have already recorded, the most impressive are 'Watch Your Fineside Manner' and 'Renfield'. The former is perhaps the most fully realised number in the whole set, a scintillating glimpse of the paths they have uncovered and can explore in future endeavours. It unfolds with care and endearing deftness.

On the other hand 'Adult Games' is indicative of their most blighted musical strain. Comparatively flabby and ill-defined it is shrouded in standard punk flash, instead of showing the creativity apparent elsewhere.

But with the vintage 'Poppies', The Ruefrax show themselves to be one of the few bands who can still produce an orthodox blunt edged 'punk' sound without forcing tears to run down the listener's inside leg. Even on the more straightforward numbers singer Allan Clarke has the kind of bottle which puts all the other macho posers out to lunch.

The real challenge presented by the set comes with numbers like 'Modesty Forbids' and 'Capital Letters'. At such times The Ruefrax become enigmatic, the numbers curiously imply capabilities which are still not fully realised, and the songs are muddled because they lack focus and precision.

But The Ruefrax are producing thoughtful music and it deserves thoughtful consideration. One gets the impression they would greatly benefit from audience feedback, be it negative or positive.

They deserve better than this and owe it to themselves to improve. Admittedly their music is slowly becoming clearer within its own terms, but they have not developed as much as I would've wished.

At least they're still going forward, and that's encouraging.

Gavin Martin

THE NEW PORTABLE SOUND STUDIO

This Philips N2233 automatic recorder looks simple enough.

Simple to operate yes, but there's a lot more to the Philips N2233 than its smart looks let on.

It's much more like a portable sound studio.

Of course it records cassettes like ordinary recorders. And the quality is a lot more than you'd expect from something so small.



The Philips N2233 has a cue and revue capability too.

This enables you to put together your own selection of music. It also lets you play back material the moment you have recorded it. Watch out Kid Jensen!

You'll agree that such a sophisticated piece of equipment as the Philips N2233 shouldn't be called simply a cassette recorder.

The portable sound studio is much more flattering.

PHILIPS

Simply years ahead.

Recording and playback of material may require consent — see Copyright Act 1956 and the Performer's Protection Act 1958-1972.



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Eric Clapton

Hanley

Eric Clapton has shortish, slightly sweptback hair. He is wearing a smartly cut suit, shirt and tie. Apart from his guitar which looked odd, he resembles a new breed, anxious-to-succeed businessman. He is very nervous.

Inside the Victoria hall, the atmosphere is intimate and informal. The audience feels privileged to be present at this rather special rehearsal and give off warm waves of gentle adoration.

The start is shaky, but then it is very much a wander-on-run-through warm up. There are whispered consultations, shouted instructions, bawls of support, and fond abuse from the floor...

Clapton is playing another lazy-hazy, slip-sliding, blurry blues. The band behind him is beginning to sound fuller, his voice is more rounded and resolute, he has begun to play a few little tricks that fit in and slick out over the tune. Drips of silver sweat fall from his face and he gives a slight, tight smile.

Albert Lee takes the lead for 'Setting Me Up'. The notes sparkle and dance and as Clapton removes his jacket and tie, things begin to brighten...

We've heard a reggae rhythm 'Knocking On Heaven's Door', a light 'Lay Down Sally' and an 'After Midnight' which featured a fine fusion between Albert Lee and Dave Markee on bass and sensitive, sympathetic percussion from Henry Spinetti.

Clapton leaves the stage while Lee plays a fast hoedown 'Country Boy' with effortless ease and crisp, cheerfulness that gets a great roar of applause. He turns to grin almost apologetically at Clapton, who mouths back an obscenity with good enough grace.

Welcomed back, Clapton shows more aggressive attack, but the songs and structures sound all too similar and somehow flatly familiar. When he plays guitar his body tenses and he seems to fight it, fearful of failure but craving its co-operation in achieving the embodiment of his musical ideals. But his smile is no longer stretched, and after a chorus of 'Cocaine' he shouts 'Thank you. God Bless you all. Goodnight.' Then he is brought back to encore by the friendly crowd.

As he finally finishes, a youth leaps onto the stage to shake his hand and kiss Clapton's face which, as he walks backstage, is old and drained and slightly dazed.

He has played practically nothing of note from recent years, 'Ocean Boulevard' and even 'Layla' being conspicuous only by their absence and I had difficulty recognising most of the material, a proportion of which sounded old, but could well have been new. There was nothing of real relevance, nothing to subtly alter, slightly effect, or even illustrate existence.

There was just a musician who has mellowed into a mainly misty fruitfulness, and another who has withdrawn and returned to his roots.

And why should we want Clapton to find a way out of his world into our own when he plays music that so obviously gives him great and genuine pleasure?

We were certainly not witnessing the strolling return of a superstar who saunters out once in a while to bestow a perfunctory performance on servile, slavering fans.

Courage is not a word that usually applies to celebrities of his calibre, but tonight Clapton asked — not demanded or expected —

The chatshow supergob

Pic Kevin Cummins

"When you get to be famous you can afford to shit on the fans."

Boomtown Rats

Liverpool

Smooth citizen Bob Geldof leads his famous anonymous comrades through the first Boomtown Rats tour where he is undoubtedly a mainstream celebrity, on call for chat shows and all that.

In becoming a prime pop celebrity he has been pushed out of the way of sensible critical assessment — which is as wrong as the simplistic dismissals of one of his partners in crime, Gary Numan — and perhaps lost most of his determined demonstrativeness. Geldof's irresistible sense of non-style and urgency was inspired by being the underdog. He was always pushing and scuffling for attention. Notice me!

His was the classic rock'n'roll selfishness. He was knowledgeable and gauche; he knew the attention must come. And now it has. He's being noticed; worse, accepted and dismissed.

Previously it mattered little what he was saying or doing, just how he was doing it. Now, to retain integrity, he is having to respond.

He's worked well so far this year: contrived a hit single to carry through the year; used a distinctive if flawed video to prove that new pop people can add something imaginative to the culture spread. But Liverpool proved that as a live performer there are minimal current demands. It has become too easy. There is much missing — desire, certainly. And exaggeration, extravagance and erratism.

Here, he is barely controversial; he has almost become a figure of fun.

Trying to spark controversy, he's been especially silly — and then his critics just sighed and his fans didn't notice. For the staid media, he and Paula have become the cosy face of controversy. It's another example of the impotent power of rock; of the pop paradox, the loss of energy, the necessity to

enter routine, the things the new breed sought to resist.

But the Boomtown Rats 1979 Autumn tour is routine and offers little insight into whether Geldof has the stamina and reasoning to pull through the standard problems. Geldof is no less vulnerable than any of his predecessors. Given the unwritten demands to justify himself, expand and innovate, he's only pacing himself.

Artist or buffoon? Not even he knows.

That this tour gives nothing away is not necessarily a bad sign. But don't look for anything other than careful attention to detail with The Boomtown Rats even more fastidious than you remember.

Geldof, looking fancifully destitute, fronted his imperturbable Rats with a wandering mind, a natural narcissistic bossiness and dutiful largeness and loudness. His performance was perfectly timed and inevitably effective. There was no sign of mutiny from the Ratmen.

And everything came to him — a polite submission that he's not comfortable with. The audience was neither uninterested nor hysterical, just... flatteringly.

Geldof was not so much a parody of the performer that has loomed large in the last few years, but he was finding it difficult to push against nothing. Nothing to control, nothing to incite... nothing.

This cautious tour has the Rats colourfully packaged for new effect. They are musically more disciplined than ever. Geldof uneasy in his new role of firm favourite with an indiscriminating audience, the time not right for any major change in policy. So fans are subjected to the fancy scenery that Numan is glad to waste pennies on.

The difference between old Rats' sets and this is the gaily lighted scaffolding dominating the stage, housing the drumkit and used as a climbing frame.

Sure, the Rats run through a handful of new and thus neutral songs, and Geldof remembers his arrogance and attempts to snap at the audience about these unfamiliar introductions. But no real risks are taken. What wins the audience are hits and loved album cuts.

After an electronically treated 'I Don't Like Mondays' taped intro, the curtain — on which is written 'the line art of surfacing' — slides from left to right.

The opening effect is impressive, so many people to look at doing different things; the scaffolding to get used to, and there has been a 15 minute build up of suspense.

The opening song is an insistent, synthesizer adorned untitled new one that turns a sharp corner into 'Like Clockwork'.

Geldof, in a new, tense and resilient song.

I'd been thinking how much the scaffolding resembled the *Celebrity Squares* framework, right down to some flashing O's and X's, and clever-clever me quickly figured that this was a subtle symbolic reference to Geldof's new role as coddly celebrity spokesman for rude rock'n'roll.

Geldof speaks, bathed in red.

"How are you? In case you mistook the new toy, this isn't *Celebrity Squares*. This is The Boomtown Rats! There's lots of new songs and if you don't like them, tough luck. When you get to be famous you can afford to shit on the fans."

Mild cheers. Into 'Eva Braun'. The evening's entertainment never really recovered.

The start had impact: the Rats hinted that they were shifting the emphasis in their haphazard R&B, and it was nothing to do with hide and seek pomppop, but a lot more speculative. The rest of the show had little of even the standard Rat qualities of stress, zest, mischief. It was business-like and patchy.

For 'Having My Picture Taken' Geldof forces *Melody Maker's* Adrian Boot and *NME's* Kevin Cummins onto the stage to snap and things; he preens, half-heartedly. 'I Don't Like Mondays' was hymnal with a heavy drum, rich keyboards and heartfelt audience accompaniment. There was the anti-bouncer outburst: delivered casually despite the force of the language: "It's our fucking gig, if I say they can stand up they can fucking stand up." The bouncers didn't take much notice, the audience didn't really care.

It was this reserved spirit that smothered the evening. After 'Monday' the set calmly journeyed through two new as yet indistinguishable songs... into 'Rat Trap' with young Dave McKay saxing it... into 'Kicks' which featured an aery little sax break with Geldof sinistrally wailing to the audience... into 'Mary Of The Fourth Form'... and out with a new one. Encores got rid of the outstanding hits 'She's So Modern' and 'Looking After No. 1'.

It was not a show to take seriously; nothing to base a dismissal of the Rats on either. Geldof has to realise that if he wants to be more than a transitory pulp star of minimal and harmless reputation, this is just the beginning. Within his terms of reference he's taken one small step.

He's got a long way to go before he's up there with the Bowies and the Pops.

And it's going to take a lot more than gossip columns, *Celebrity Squares*, floppy jackets, tired mannerisms and routine surfacing. It's going to take real style, and he's going to have to hurt the audience he won so easily with such artful tactics and who now offer no challenge.

He's going to have to start all over again.

Paul Morley

acceptance on his own terms: as a very good guitarist who likes to sing his own soft, slurry brand of the blues.

So if you love Eric Clapton because his music has helped illuminate something in yourself then take him, he's yours. He still wants you.

Lynn Hanna

The Shadows

Hammersmith

Two steps forward (fimp flick of the lower leg), 92 steps back.

Yes, it's The Shads again, 104 years in show-business and still if not actually alive then at least kicking from time to time, ready to serve up even more of that guaranteed soul-free rock'n'roll substitute all in a display of the kind of raw excitement, attack and power and sheer unleashed sensuality which has made them a number one attraction on juke-boxes all over Yugoslavia.

It must be pretty quiet in Surbiton tonight because the whole population seems to have turned up here, wide-tied and blow-waved and ready to treat this as a very special kind of night out. And given the scientific predictability of modern MOR family entertainment, it should be absolutely no surprise to anyone that everyone got what they came for.

Including me. I got something to laugh at, to feel smug and hip about, the audience got entertained and The Shadows got paid.

When you look at it that way, show business really is a very wonderful thing.

Other very wonderful things are Hank Marvin's bad jokes and big glasses, Bruce Welch's haircut and the way The Shadows can keep grinning for two whole hours with only a quarter-hour interval in which to rest their faces. That's what I call real professionalism, and if only today's foul-mouthed spotty, self-styled musicians would take a leaf out of The Shadows' book then I think I'd give up and take a two mile walk down a one mile pier.

But what you really want to know is what numbers the boys played tonight.

Well, to be honest, I couldn't tell you — they were mostly considered to be too well known to be introduced by name. God knows, I've liked some right tight in my time but I always drew the line at The Shadows, with the result that nothing they did could transcend the realms of twangy anonymity for this observer. Cherished classics they might be, but they all sound like the themes from the kind of TV programmes you never watch, and indeed they probably are.

I know they did 'Wonderful Land' and 'Frightened City' because Hank said they did, and something which might have been called 'Cafeteria' (Theme From The Deer Hunter) but probably wasn't. There was Gary Moore's 'Parisian Walkways' and a very popular hit entitled 'Apache' (John Wayne where are you now we need you?).

I would have been angry that they performed the soggiest, limpest, naifest version of the long-suffering 'Johnny B. Goode' that I've ever endured in the course of duty, except that I realise that Chuck needs the royalties.

Brian Bennett got to play a five-minute drum solo, and they did the very song with which they once nearly won the *Eurovision Song Contest* for Great Britain. I don't mind telling you, I felt proud. There was another 'rock'n'roll' (sic) medley and then some merry repartee with a suspiciously well-rehearsed heckler from Edgeware.

I don't think there was anything else.

Paul Du Noyer

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Niagara Falls

Destroy All Monsters

Dingwells

What's in a name?

Consider this year's Stateside options: if The Cramps gave us trashed banshee rockabilly in neon drag and The B-52's offered canned campus hop fodder for the nearly-normal, we can but tremble in anticipation of what Destroy All Monsters might hold in store.

This much we know. The Monsters hail from Detroit with a title pilfered from a '68 screen epic of the late *Godzilla* school. They comprise Rob King on drums, ex-MCS stalwart Michael Davis on bass and 'original Stoooge' Ron Asheton (guitar), who stood in the shadow of Iggy Pop from '68 to '74 and has somehow survived to tell the tale.

These three pale into insignificance before the rumblings heard of late about Niagara, the Monsters' vamp-like chanteuse — founder member, 'artistic' leanings, raunchy, reptilian gait, Big in New York, a bit of a stunner, that sort of thing.

This much we find. A voice announces it's "midnight monster time", as a flock of photographers, bristling with lenses, swamp stagewards and start jostling for positions. There's a blaze of light, three male Monsters appear and get stuck straight into a ferocious bonecrusher entitled 'Nobody Knows'.

Niagara (gasp!) strolls on wearing stack hi-heels, leatherette mini, cursory knotted sash and trowelled-on green eye shadow. She embraces the mike, pouts, gets all enigmatic, makes to sing, but no sound is forthcoming. Not a whisper. 'I (Must Be) Creeping' and 'You're Gonna Die' are irretrievably lost while she chimes "gimme a break, my mother's here", and aims malicious glances at the sound crew.

Niagara's stage vocabulary is limited. She shrink-wraps herself around pillars, peeling herself off with seductive flair, and then belies her cat's-eyed hardcore strut by asking the crushed audience if they're "comfortable" while sipping a can of diet cola. It's almost touching.

The whole contrivance is by now becoming painfully transparent. Not so much 'a band', these Monsters, as a failsafe commercial cocktail.

'Life' is delivered by Davis with a vocal texture like prime beef, while Niag crawls about on the deck. It confirms that, while trying to slipstream behind a frantic Ramones-type powerchord chassis, the Monsters are actually churning out supercharged HM-based, brain-numbing drack.

Variety is hardly a strongpoint. 'Wadda I Get?', 'I (Going To) Lou's' and 'The Past' consist of identical two-stop hammerhead bass and bumped-up drums, with Asheton getting refunds on his text-book technique as Niagara scowls her garbled paranoid rantings over the top.

We get a caustic re-run of the assassination of Kennedy in 'November 22nd 1963', the disarming, but suspiciously outmoded 'Bored', and thrown in like a conceptual yardstick, a mutilated (but hilarious) cover of 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', carved up by the lady's tenuous vocal and with the descending riff sounding like a crashing elevator. It's hardly sufficient to salvage the set.

The Monster play it sharp, flashy, derivative, inflexible, gift-wrapped, vacant and dull.

What's in a name?

At times, a whole lot of nothing. *Godzilla* must be turning in his grave.

Mark Ellen

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At the sign of the Black Horse



Rory Gallagher

The Venue

It's Rory Gallagher's misfortune to be caught in a stifling triangle of possibilities. His live audience demand sonic demolition but his musical knowledge points to a devoted expedition through evergreen forests.

His solution is to pull off at 45 degrees and catapult his urban and country blues into loud acceptability.

He's a durable exponent of his art, but it's the state of that art that's in question.

He's not fanatical, desperate or dumb enough for true HM stormtroopers, but then again purists would prefer the wires left bare and open to interpretation. In the event, Gallagher falls short either way, though both are within his capabilities.

Barrages of indigestible guitar-funk jostle with swaggering, bad-mannered blues that don't easily merge, and this raises another problem; although he's always kept his cards clean there's been little progression or updating in his material.

He remains in a stolidly good-time groove, and his early songs are stylistically indistinguishable from those which fill his new LP. Despite his wealth of material there have been few chances taken and his stance is quietly uncompromising.

In contrast his two-song acoustic set is exquisitely tasteful and richly sonorous. He assumes the scales of Mississippi trout with fluent aplomb and sequesters raw, gaping blues into driving rhythms that jangle and cut through the PA. This is the full exposure of Gallagher with no concealed noise or trappings, and it's a tantalising taste of a rare delicacy cooked slowly and seeped in its own juices. It's a feat that few would attempt and fewer still could pull off.

Elsewhere his solos are



Gallagher. Pic: David Corio.

What Rory did for fame

numbingly predictable because the end of a verse usually amounts to a trigger for guitar to see red and leap into high register where the

stagefront army are already floating in anticipation. There's a lack of surprise that levels out his playing like a steamroller and this, by

current standards, represents a narrow view that no amount of pumping-up can salvage.

That it comes from the guitar of Gallagher is doubly condemning simply because his resources are so enviable.

Otherwise he steers clear from the champagne and firecracker antics of his peers and his music navigates away from distraction. Presentation is low key and this speaks for genuine motivation and conception, although these are frequently derailed in the cold execution of performance. Damaged goods, as it were.

The show is closed by the inevitable rockabogie finale from which wooden but clinging defiance has been conveniently given the ejection button. The chorus of 'Follow Me' should be promptly handed over to Richard and Linda Thompson and they should forward a large lump-sum for it. Here it's in need of a crash diet.

These are moments when the bones of Gallagher's music jut through the flab.

Bassist Gerry McAvoy and drummer Ted McKenna dry the ink on the power-trio seal of approval and promote a dynamic angularity. They should try playing under a pyramid.

Pete Archer

The Bee Gees

New York

Like Elvis Presley's gold Cadillac, King Tut's treasures and the Holy Shroud of Turin, the awe-inspiring stage upon which The Bee Gees now display themselves could be sent out on its own tour and still draw the crowds.

And, that's the problem: this impressive, illuminated structure — based on the *Saturday Night Fever* disco set — was more interesting than those performers it was supposed to enhance.

Furthermore, for a group who have no need to trade almost exclusively on nostalgia, The Bee Gees present only a token smattering from their contemporary repertoire to open and close their show but when highlighting that part of their career responsible for the most spectacular comeback ever, they only succeeded in upstaging themselves with a rapid succession of expensive visual gimmicks. They didn't complement the music — as in the case of fearsome thunderflashes in 'Tragedy' and a combination of leaping lasers and dazzling fairylights throughout 'Night Fever' — and were only a distraction to the real action.

Paradoxically when they dived into their '60s material, The Bee Gees played with more genuine commitment and emotion than when they charged through the perfunctory big band rereads of 'Staying Alive' and 'Jive Talking'.

Apart from when they first appeared amidst an explosion of flashbulbs, wearing tight white trousers, silver bomber jackets and chest wigs (looking like astronauts recently returned from a successful moon-shot), they failed to project any real charisma. Supported by 13 heavy-handed musicians plus Sweet Inspiration, the whole glittering affair degenerated into a highly-contrived, impersonal exercise in self-glorification with Barry typecast as the jean-creamer, Maurice the ham, and Robin shuffling about in a daze with absolutely no sense of rhythm. However, it was impossible to fault their vocal prowess during re-runs of 'Lonely Days, Lonely Nights', 'I Started A Joke', the poignant 'Massachusetts', 'How Can You Mend A Broken Heart', 'To Love Somebody' and the scream-drenched 'Words'. With such Beatles-derived material they

were able to present the full spectrum of their highly-personalised nasal braying with something approaching conviction.

Apart from a spirited rendition of 'Nights On Broadway' when the Brothers shifted their castrato voices up an octave for 'Tragedy' and 'Night Fever', just about everything was automatically reduced to a flat one-dimensional Mickey Mouse bleat, lacking the spontaneity and subtlety of the recorded originals.

With lights rotating high above the audience, it seemed pointless for The Bee Gees to sing 'You Should Be Dancing' when the majority of the 20,000 spectators were still on their backsides. If they really wanted to have connected on that level, they should have turfed out all the seats and actually transformed the Garden into a disco.

They didn't. But considering The Bee Gees were actually the support act to designer Ian Knight's stage, I guess they didn't come off too badly.

Roy Carr

West Side Strut

Glasgow

Sifting through the dross, bedeviled by a HM disco in what is usually a cellarful of poison vapours boiling (a pub — The Maggie), we consider West Side Strut.

A curious blend of short, strong, if less striking, Joe Jacksonesque originals; soulful '72 blandness; lamentable taste in crowd-pleasing covers, gouging the barrel with Toto and AC/DC; and all contemporary visual panache of the oil and vegetable dye lightshow which graces the DJ corner.

Even their lesser songs are mostly skilful and inventive, smooth enough for infiltrating

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America; immaculately performed with nice harmonies and robust vocals from Willie Brown. The better songs, 'Puttin' Me Down' and 'I've Got A Feeling' specifically, would make acceptable turntable hits.

A different band from the recurrent relic which had me dismantling and rebuilding my pen in indifference.

Glenn Gibson

Rush

Stafford

There are two groups playing on the same stage tonight. For convenience I will label them A and B. I should explain at the outset that both bands play songs of the same name.

Group A have flown in from some sacred sphere where men (meaning males, you understand) are a glorious fusion of fine intellect and deep unadulterated animal instinct. Their music is an intense experience of body, mind and soul which unite in two short hours of unalloyed joy. Their skill goes without speaking. From the vast array of percussion, through the guitarists' comprehensive wardrobe of expensive instruments to the grandiose grumbings of the synthesizer, it is obvious that they are sensitive and inspired musicians.

Group B have a penchant for pseudo-intellectualism, quasi-mysticism and simplistic statements that are so reactionary they're ridiculous. They have polished and refined heavy metal, removed the brashness and vulgarity of the genre and made their music as mechanical as muzak. It serves the same purpose in that it creates an effect. The atmospheric devices on the sophisticated equipment are



Rush's Geddy Lee. Pic: Fin Costello.

And what the mystic said to the wallies

used to evoke awe.

It's sad that they succeed. We won't stop to explore two new tracks 'The Spirit Of Radio' and 'Free Will'. Instead

we'll head back to 'The Trees'

As performed by Group A this is a terrific tune greeted by roars of recognition. The lyrics seem to be about two

types of tree, but then the words don't matter much. Do they?

Meanwhile, Group B are singing a falsely artless little

air with a strong anti-Union slant which it's no good excusing as unrepresentative. It isn't.

The saga of Cygnus X-1.

Books I and II further reveals the fundamental differences which are already apparent.

Behind the bands a projected back-drop illustrates the story: galaxies sprawl and spread and scatter, a space-ship vanishes in a starry void, a body floats on a black, empty tide and two halves of a brain bob slowly through shifting mist.

Group A are singing a mighty myth of man in search of himself: mass entertainment for all us mere mortals who are unlikely to experience such uplifting visions. All you have to do is switch off, tune in and be grateful for what you get.

Group B are giving us a good example of rock that by denying its own essential immediacy and blundering blindly at universalism, trips on its own pomposity and falls flat on its ample arse.

It's hard to imagine a more misguided conceit with such shallow substance. Even the tune is the same recurring riff padded out with passages of contemptibly empty philosophising. The whole song is as weightless and vacuous as the space it purports to portray. I only wish it was as soundless.

In technique as well as material the contrast between the two groups is clear.

B's singer shrieks and squeals and screams, whilst A's has a voice as poignant as high-register Plant. A's drum solo is compelling, while B's is boring with hardly a percussion instrument yet invented left unscathed.

This unusual performance finishes with an enormous explosion and the hordes that fill this huge hall are left lamenting A's departure to their far, forbidden land.

I'm glad to see the back of B who can be seen scuttling down the stairs that lead to the waiting limousine.

I expect you'll have guessed that by a curious coincidence both bands were called Rush.

Lynn Hanna



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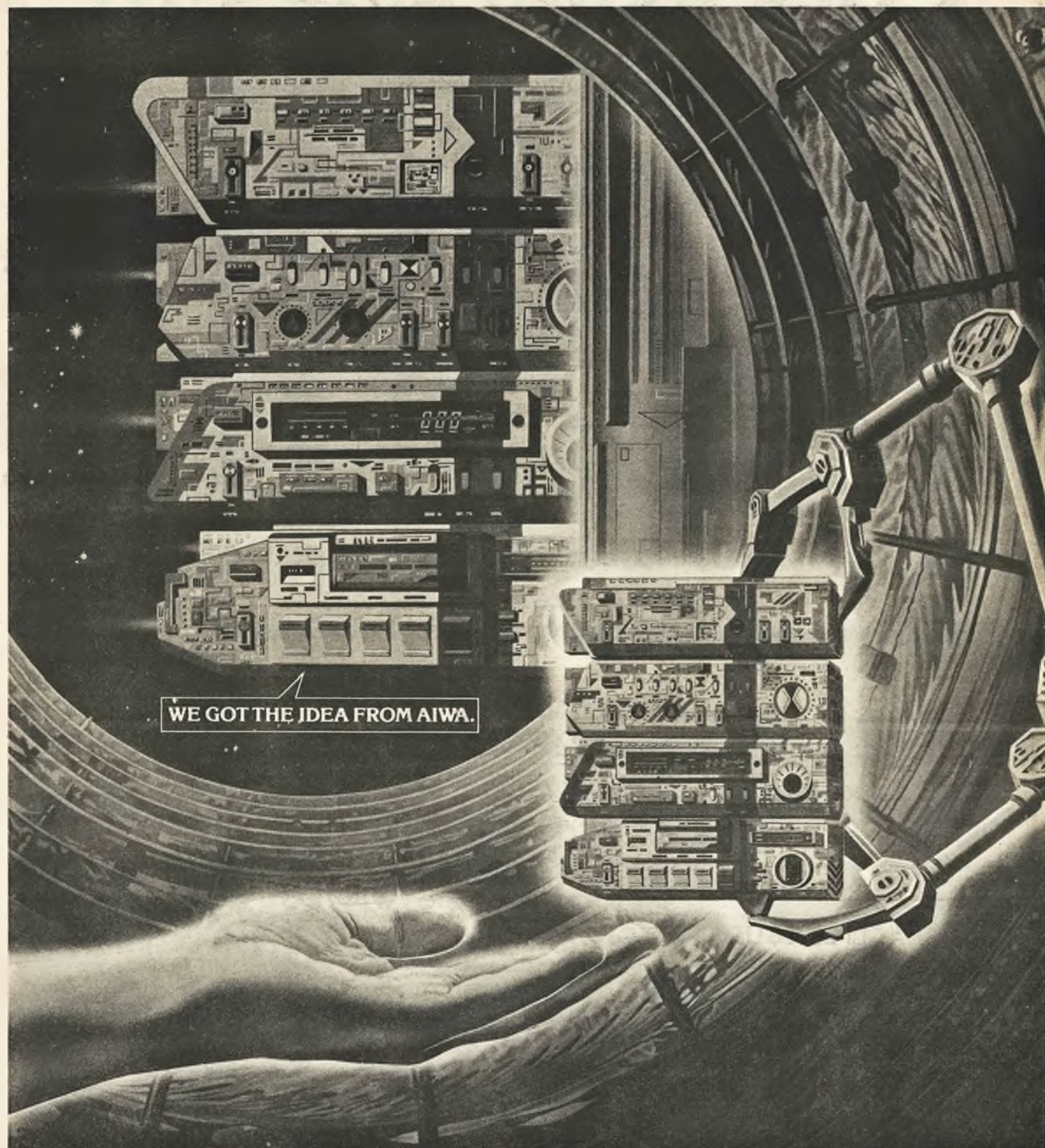
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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

By Bernard Futter and Jeff Hill

The second half of this Denon Duo, the TU200 stereo tuner boasts the same high standard of finish as its partner, with some rather useful features. Particularly liked was the back-lit drum type tuning scale which was extremely smooth in operation — backlash being virtually undetectable. The wide/narrow IF band switch is a most welcome feature, especially for those of you living in a fringe area or with a neighbouring station very close that tends to interrupt your favourite broadcast. A440 Hz signal tone is also incorporated to make life a little easier achieving accurate recording levels on your tape deck.

High frequency noise is dealt with via a Hi-Blend position on the mute on/off switch which combines the top end of the signal for L & R channels in mono while preserving stereo effect.

With current trends leaning towards smaller designs, plus the 'mini' rack system, some of you may find this tuner a mite bulky. However the performance is above average and it makes an excellent match for its amp. partner.
T.S.P. £149.45.

Talking of the current vogue towards the 'mini' equipment, the need for a good quality pair of small speakers to match is of paramount importance. The excellent Rogers/Chartwell LS3/5A BBC monitors have been available for a number of years, as have the Videotone Minimax 2's as a much cheaper alternative. A mini speaker in between the two costs are the Keesonic Kub's. Weighing in at 7lbs and measuring 11½ x 7" x 8" they certainly qualify in this class. Banana and the evil Din type sockets are provided at the rear, but alas no plugs of either type were supplied.

A 5" bass and 3" tweeter are the drive unit complement used in this 'damped' tuned port design with a nominal impedance of 8 ohms. Power handling is rated at a useful 65 watts programme. Sensitivity is fairly low and would probably require about 20 watts inputs but that is about average for this type of system.

Auditioned with a Technics Direct Drive turntable/SME/Moving coil and Moving Magnet cartridges plus Lux amp and tuner the Kub's offered commendable performance. Stereo image and power handling capabilities were good as was detail on voice, but strings come over rather harsh sounding and a rather 'hollow' effect was noticeable especially from tracks using electronic guitars. Bass response was a little disappointing and boost on the control of my amp. was required to compensate for the fall off at the bottom end. But for the price and the size, you can't have everything!
T.S.P. £70.00.

Investing in a new pickup cartridge is often the cheapest way of making a worthwhile improvement to any system. This is especially true of lower priced rigs where the judicious spending of as little as £15-£20 can make a startling transformation. We were naturally interested to receive from Transonic the new UK Distributors of Grado cartridges, the F3+ from the Laboratory Series with a shop around price of a modest £20. Having accomplished the tedious mounting and alignment procedures we installed the cartridge in a Trio KD 1033B turntable. This is an excellent unit selling at about £58 and an ideal match for this level of cartridge. On initial impressions the Grado sounded slightly restrained. This seemed quite pronounced on heavy rock music. On more protracted listening the virtues of the F3+ became more pronounced and it reproduced the "mellowness" and "roundness" readily discernable live or via a good FM radio broadcast. But for wider musical tastes the Grado F3+ can be recommended without hesitation.

T.S.P. £20

Further information from:
DENON, Eumig (UK) Limited, 14 Priestley Way, London NW2 7TN. Tel: 01-450 8070

KEESONIC, Keesonic Audio Products Limited, Halldore Hill, Coatham, Berkshire, Tel: Bourne End (06285) 22726

GRADO, Transonic Imports, Brooks Court, Stamford, Lincs. Tel: 0780 555551

A Keesonic Kub

THE line up this month consists of two fairly pricey items of electronic hardware together with a budget end pickup cartridge and pair of speakers.

We kick off with an amplifier and matching tuner from the up-market Denon range. The amplifier, the PMA 200 is the cheapest model in the Denon range, but at around £190 is by no stretch of the imagination "budget price". The cosmetics are of the conventional Japanese style with a well finished silver fascia. Facilities include the standard Aux/Tuner/Phono switching plus the useful twin tape inputs, which allows cross-tape dubbing. There are no high or low filters and the 'Loudness' is built in to the balance control.

A rather unusual addition is a "Phono Crosstalk Canceller" which is a switchable option on the disc input. A special 45 rpm disc is provided and with a deft use of the two rotary controls on the front panel an improvement in performance is claimed.

Power input is quoted as a healthy 45 x 45 watts rms per channel at 8 ohms over the band with 20-20,000Hz, with a Total Harmonic Distortion figure at an impressive "less than 0.08%". Input sensitivities of Aux/Tuner/Tape 1 & 2 are fairly standard, so there should be no matching up problems for the majority of equipment currently available.

In operation the amplifier was a delight to use, it had a 'quality' feel about it and obviously no expense has been spared in construction. The click-stop volume, bass, treble and balance controls are all fitted with high quality 'pots' — which should ensure quiet operation for many years.

The 'phono crosstalk canceller' was found to make only a very marginal difference in operation and its arguable whether there really was an actual improvement in sound quality or separation to be had. It probably wouldn't be missed if left off the amplifiers features and the possible decrease in price would have made the units even better value for money. So there we have it, a good quality, up-market machine with a high standard finish to satisfy the most demanding among us.
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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

I WOULD like to know who to approach when organising a pop concert. I've got a suitable venue in mind and if I could get all the problems sorted out, I'd like to hold a concert in the near future.

R. E. BRADLEY,
Ryton-on-Dunsmore,
Coventry

Over now to John Keenan, who runs The Fan Club in Leeds and recently promoted the Sci-Fi Festival shows featuring Hawkwind, Joy Division, Echo and The Bunnymen, etc. "I don't know the size of the gig your reader anticipates putting on but assuming he's thinking in terms of reasonably well-known bands, then the

first thing he must do is to get contracts signed and exchanged. First there's the contract with the venue — they'll probably want a deposit, so have some cash ready. Then, if the promoter is new, the agencies who book the bands out will also ask for a deposit. The printing of tickets, posters and suchlike, press advertising — all these have to be paid for. The promoter must always have enough money to cover any major loss. Problems occur all the time — if the band turns up and for some reason the venue isn't available, then you've still got to pay the band. But if the venue's okay and the band don't turn up,



Kevin Coyne. Pic: Alan de la Mata.

there's little you can do to re-coup your losses. It's difficult to sue bands and if you try and do so, you'll find that no bands will come your way anymore — the agents just won't put them in. VAT too is a headache. You've got

to pay the band VAT, while the tax is also due on the money you make at the door. You won't get all the money back but in order to get any at all, the promoter has to be VAT registered. It's also handy to have someone

around who really knows about tax matters. Make certain the venue you've got in mind has a music license.

And if the gig is in a built-up area, watch out for noise problems. Too much noise and the local residents complain, with the result that the venue will lose its license. Frankly, I wouldn't recommend concert-promotion as a means of making money. I lost money on most of my early promotions and even now it's not worthwhile from a financial point of view. I thought that, after three years of club experience, I could make a profit on the Sci-Fi Festival — but I only broke even.

The band agencies mentioned by Keenan are listed in such publications as the Year Books published by trade mags *Music Week* (40 Long Acre, London WC2) and *Radio And Record News* (31-35 Beak Street, London W1), plus *College And Club Circuit* (44 Rothschild Road, London W4). I think it's also worth adding that Keenan was only attempting to make a profit from his festival in order to launch a magazine and record label for the benefit of bands in Leeds and surrounding areas. He is now considering taking out another mortgage on his house in order to organise his proposed Fan label and release records by Sheeny And The Goys, Agony Column, Stranger Than Fiction, The Void and possibly Dance Chapter and Abrasive Wheels.

WHO ARE the publishers of *Jamaica — Babylon On A Thin Wire* by Adrian Boot and Michael Thomas? Also, are there any other books available on reggae and Jamaican Culture that you could recommend? ADREAS THOMAS, Bonymans, Swansea

THE Boot and Thomas tome is published by Thames and Hudson but right now it's out of print. The guy at Camden's Compendium home for bookworms reckons that *Movement Of Jah People*, published by Phoenix at £1.90, is pretty fair, while *Subculture — The Meaning Of Style* (Methuen — £2.75) has some good chapters on reggae and Rasta. Others around include *Reggae Bloodlines* (HEB £4.95), *Reaster! — A Way Of Life* (Anchor/Doubleday — £3.95) and *Endless Pressure*, a treatise on West Indian lifestyle in Britain, which Penguin have on offer at £1.95. Next library ticket please...

SOMETIME ago, NME reviewed Kevin Coyne's 'Beautiful Extremes' 1974-1977 and in the review it was stated that the album was available in Britain as an import. None of my local record shops have the album and I would be grateful if you could tell me where to get it — the catalogue number of the

disc would be helpful too. Finally, the review did not state which tracks were on the LP. The title suggests a compilation and the reference to 'Woolworth's pearls' seems to be from 'Looking For The River' on the Virgin 'V' sampler album — so could you list the tracks please?

GEOFF CHARLTON, Basildon, Essex

'Beautiful Extremes' is on Ariola 25527 ET, which EMI Imports were bringing in at one time. I suggest you ask your local record shop to order it through EMI who may still have some copies in stock. Described as a collection of 'lost tracks — forgotten parts of myself' by Coyne, the album contains 'Right In Hard' and 'Rainbow Curve' at the Beeb's studios; 'Something Gone Wrong', 'Roses In Your Room', 'All The Battered Babies', 'Hello Friends, Hello Everyone', 'So Strange' and 'Fool, Fool, Fool' cut at a studio in deepest Wimbledon; plus 'Looking For The River', 'Face In The Mirror' and 'Mona, Where's My Trousers' which emanate from sessions held at Sir Richard Branson's country seat (known to us proles as The Manor).

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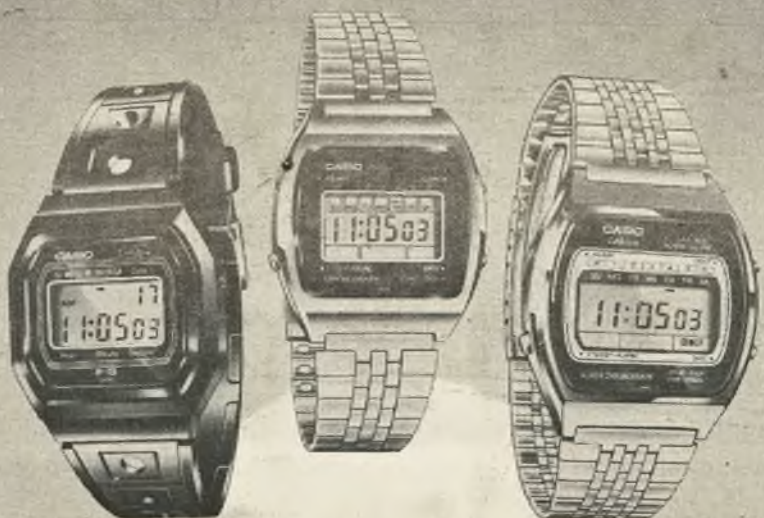
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GASBAG

Poisonous Penman letters

(and they're mostly in English)

Will Ian Penman please tell me what he means by his theory that we should attend to "production" and not "product" in assessing records?

Does he mean that "production" is "where it comes from, what it thinks it's on about, what it's aiming for" (LP review), that there is no such thing as music, pure and simple, no "only rock'n'roll", and that all that need concern us is the weasling-out of sociological implications ("Penetration... is produced by a certain use of language, a complex production" — he's talking about the band, in case you're wondering)? Fine — all he's doing is repeating the joyless doctrine of Julie Burchill, that something must be ideologically impeccable before we can enjoy it.

But, turning to his reggae review, we find a very different Penman — one prepared to praise Black Uhuru's 'Abortion' even if he has "To stomach some dubious moralising", prepared to overlook what is "ideologically suspect or tyrannically dreary" (that didn't stop him damning Penetration's lyrics though, did it, on those very grounds?). There is an admission that there is such a thing as music which can be enjoyed pure and simply, that product is ultimately what matters and that production (meaning "cultural/political/sociological implications") needn't matter two hoots. Why this contradiction? Because he likes reggae (in which case he's being hypocritical)? Or because he believes in one rule for reggae performers and one for rock performers (in which case he's being racist)?

Ah, but the cunning fellow has now shifted ground: by "production" he may now mean what ordinary mortals do — namely, what goes on at the producer's console. Thus the good record is that done by someone "doing the job as an amateur, using whatever happens to be around", and "at least Rasta has unpredictable dub going for it when it comes to dividing things into Heavens and Hells". (You're contradicting your Penetration stance again, Ian, but don't let that bother you.) But what is the difference between "production" in this sense and "product"? A recording is product, so what are you fussing about?

As a last resort, he may be talking in strict Marxist terms — "production" is "means of production". This stance necessarily involves damnation of all the majors and their acts and praise of all the Independents and their

acts. So why does he reserve special venom for the "contemporary cult of the individual" (Zappa review)? Can we seriously praise Independents and damn individualists?

Ian, please stop hiding under all this pseud verbiage and tell us what you mean. Long live Paul Rambali, who knows a good record when he hears one and isn't too bigoted to say so. Robert Peden.

What are we supposed to think of a review which can't even name Penetration's brilliant first album correctly? From someone who usually thinks that people who write stupid letters like this simply because they don't agree with a review ought to be shot. Heywards Heath, Sussex.

I went to university (big deal) and I can't understand anything Ian Penman writes. Does this have serious implications for me? Ian Penman? The rest of rock journalism as we know it at this moment in time?

I believe he doesn't eat flesh. Neither do I. But how could I invite this intellectual enigma to a meal without appearing a thick hick, a millville bozo? Stilton Cheesewright, Aberdeen

You couldn't, Stilton. In fact, Ian doesn't actually eat anything at all. He drinks a bit but this appears to have absolutely no effect on his throbbing grey matter. — M.S.

How have you got the nerve to grouch about mod bands? You started it all, dammit. You wrote so many features on Quadrophonia, general mod nostalgia etc. that you created a demand for this style of muzak. So shut up. The Fickle Finger of Fate, St Austell, Cornwall

I've just seen Quadrophonia and I would find it rather depressing if the result of that film was, as is widely expected, to give another push for the mod revival. It's a very good film to be sure (three cheers for the directors and all the actors, especially Phil Daniels) but if anything it's vehemently anti-mod — or, for that matter, any form of tribalism — in its conclusion. Not only because of the total futility of the whole thing but also because of what it does to you yourself.

Jimmy was shown to be totally lost behind his parka and Lambretta, completely swallowed up in the shambolic nobility (?) of the mod ideal and lifestyle in the



Ian Penmanfully copes with dire threats to his livelihood.

pathetically mistaken belief that it made him different from everybody else when all it did was destroy his personality and turn him into a mere face in the crowd at the Battle of Brighton. Hence his being known only as Jimmy the Mod.

And there are people who are daft enough to follow that? A Trendy Know All, N London I doubt it — M.S.

Do you think it possible for Mr Townshend and Co. to bring out a single album containing all the 'new' tracks off the latest 'Quadrophonia' album, saving their fans considerable expense?

Just a suggestion. 'Go Fan, York No. — POLLY DOOR

Please could you send me some information on a mod group that me and my mates could join up with. At the moment there are five of us — me, Chris, Mark, Spam and Ron — and we would like to be more. Darren Smith (14), Nottingham

You could merge with Secret Affair. become a sort of Mod Chicago, and maybe Decca'll sign you up. — M.S.

I've just looked up the word 'mod' in the dictionary and it says: "A Highland gathering analogous to a Welsh eisteddfod." Idwal, Llanrwst Major

Beat lives (as does the Bird). Monty is one cool cat. Dig it, daddy. Sai Paradise and the Dharma Burns

First of all Paul Rambali considers XTC's music to be the equivalent of setting up a lemonade stand at a beer festival (Singles 13.9.79), then we see Andy Gill asking 'Is this pop?' (Live! 20.9.79).

Of course it is, you fool! Eddie Haslam, XTC and light drinks fan, Bolton

Gentlemen, if I come to London will I receive physical punishment from skins, punks, mods, rude boys, you or all of the aforementioned? Frederick, Maryland, U.S.A. Depends which part of London you go to. If the Shed don't get you, the Chicken Run will, or the North Bank etc. — M.S.

If Something Else is supposed to be a programme for teenagers then I am embarrassed to be one. The BBC obviously hand picked a bunch of interviewers without any brain-cells. For example the well-dressed one asked Paul Burnett 'why don't you play any of the group's records?' (referring to Joy Division). Good question? Is it hell. What about the thousands of other singles that have emerged over the past four years? There is not enough room to play everything. Don't get me wrong, I like Joy Division, but this pillock is acting like a moron who knows nothing.

Example number 2: "Police officer, why do you pick on teenagers?" Generalisation in the highest degree, i.e. that all coppers pick on youths. I have to admit that the lad doing the interviewing looked as though the cops had punched his face in, but who at the BBC hand picked this bunch of cretins? Example number 3: "Why do we need people to watch us, teenagers don't go out just to get drunk?" Well I do! We can pass over that last example because it was a girl who said it.

But there were two good points about Something Else: Joy Division and the thought that ITV could be back by the end of the month. In future I think I'll watch something else. W. Athletic, Manchester.

As a noted statistician of pretty damned near worldwide repute, and as something of a music buff in my spare time (not that we career chappies get much of that I can tell you — cont. p.34), I wholeheartedly endorse Ernest Isley in his frank confession his group are 9.99% of 10 out of 10 committed to their organisation.

This seems to me to be entirely the right attitude to have in this idealistic world. We need no commitment or honesty, only hypocrisy and cynical capitalism, and I am most impressed with this Isley wallah's philosophy.

We at the firm feel that you music press barons should concentrate more on this line and ignore those idealists who are actually committed to their music; keep music safe, keep it a capitalist business, and ignore the dangerous subversive elements who

pose a threat to our great and venerated establishment. Hector Wallaby-Smythe, c/o Deadly, Boring and Dull Chartered Accountants.

Nothing Mr Dylan does surprises me anymore Sweet Melinda, Juarez Which is just as it should be, I suppose. Mind you, his poxy performance in Pet Garrett And Billy The Kid surprised me. — M.S.

It seems to me that if the Big G didn't want rock'n'roll then he wouldn't have invented electricity. Barry the B, Cambridge

The Installation Electrical Services Department of Colman Foods are a bunch of pretentious poseurs. Why else would they buy ham rolls at 8p when you can get cheese rolls at 7p? The Unentire Accounts Dept. Colman Foods, Norwich.

May I be the first to say I don't understand the Neil Young film Rust Never Sleeps. Barry Norman, Bournemouth. Dorset

Don't worry, Barry, neither does Neil. And Film 79 will be over by the time it's released anyway. — CECIL B. De MILLE.

Pose, pose, pose. Just who is this so-called Meadowbank Thistle supporter from East Grinstead (Gasbag 22.9.79)? Why isn't he up here suffering like the rest of us? Ten-Grand Thomas, Edinburgh, Scotland

Please print this letter vertically, between two adjacent columns on your letters page, in order to save space. S. T. Malar.

Friday September 21, 10.45 pm

Phew, that was close. A few anxious moments there but I sure fooled them in the end. You know, that Spade fella's pretty sharp but he was a bit too greedy. As for the dame and the little guy, they was just pawns and as for the geezer who made Cyril Smith look like Twiggy, well he ain't got enough brains to find the Pontonville Parrot let alone the Maltese Falcon. Pretty smart of me, wasn't it, palming them off with a fake? Where's the real falcon? Ah, my little ones, not so fast. I'm getting a bit old now but one day I'll reveal it all. I will reveal the where abouts of said soughtafter dickie bird when West Ham Union are Division One champions.

In other words, grasshoppers, you'll never know. Alan Fomstecle, Chelmsford Bastard! — SIDNEY GREENSTREET

Yeah, right. — JOHN LYALL

Beware! Saying nasty things about Star Trek might not get you damnation from God but it might stop CIC from advertising Star Trek — The Motion Picture in your little periodical at Christmas (which is the same thing, isn't it?) Steve the Projectionist, Holloway

This correspondence is now closed until after Christmas. — M.S.

Earthdate 25.9.79: Rome Airport.

Beam me up Lord. I am dying. Zoe the Zebra P.S. Humans are bastards. Especially Italians. — M.S. (This is only a joke to annoy Paul Rambali)

Siouxie and the Hasbeens, maybe! Anna Gram

Please print this letter somewhere near the bottom in the right hand column, in with all the other short, witty ones. Ta. Laughing Robbie, Wally Range, Manchester.

Could you print this in bold type like the replies? Russell Union, Soviet Socialist Republics

Quotes from two letters in Gasbag 15.9.79:

"It may be well played, nobody could argue with that..." (Herbie Horneysey)

"... is also an anagram of Ta, Ken Dalglish." (Tennis Fan)

If you take the 'well' out of the first quote and put it in the second quote to read "Well taken, Dalglish", it makes both letters better reading.

Is this too long for a letter? Stimpo

Almost. — M.S.



"OK, so who's the joik who wrote in about the Falcon?" "Search me, Humph — but why dey runnin' a pic from The Big Sleep?"

18/9/79.

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Edited by Monty Smith — and that's the address to get in touch, folks.

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