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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The World's Best Selling Rock Weekly

SPECIALS NITE OUT

A competition for you Rudy P.20 Album P.45

BYE BYE PENETRATION

On-the-spot split report & interview P.11



THE BOB GELDOLF INTERVIEW

NME CHARTS

Week ending October 20, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(4)	Video Killed The Radio Star	Buggles (Island)	3 1
2	(1)	Message In A Bottle	Police (A & M)	5 1
3	(3)	Don't Stop Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson (Epic)	5 3
4	(6)	What Ever You Want	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4 4
5	(21)	One Day At A Time	Lene Marlin (Pye)	2 5
6	(2)	Dreaming	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4 2
7	(18)	Every Day Hurts	Sad Cafe (RCA)	3 7
8	(9)	Since You've Been Gone	Rainbow (Polydor)	4 8
9	(5)	Live On Stage (EP)	Kate Bush (EMI)	5 5
10	(8)	If I Said You Had A Beautiful	Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	8 2
11	(13)	Queen Of Hearts	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	3 11
12	(19)	Chosen Few	Dooleys (GTO)	2 12
13	(16)	You Can Do It	Al Hudson (MCA)	4 13
14	(7)	Care	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	7 1
15	(—)	When You're In Love	Dr Hook (Capitol)	1 15
16	(11)	Love's Gotta Hold On Me	Dollar (Carriere)	7 5
17	(22)	OK Fred	Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	2 17
18	(—)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1 18
19	(10)	Sail On	Commodores (Motown)	6 5
20	(—)	Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1 20
21	(17)	Time For Action	Secret Affair (I Spy)	6 15
22	(26)	The Devil Went Down	Charles Daniels Band (Epic)	3 22
23	(12)	Cruel To Be Kind	Nick Lowe (Radar)	6 11
24	(23)	Back Of My Hand	Jags (Island)	3 23
25	(15)	The Prince	Madness (2 Tone)	5 15
26	(—)	Star	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1 26
27	(14)	Strut Your Funky Stuff	Frantique (Philadelphia)	8 7
28	(—)	My Forbidden Lover	Chic (Atlantic)	1 28
29	(28)	Street Life	Crusaders (MCA)	9 4
30	(—)	Luton Airport	Cats UK (WEA)	1 30

UP AND COMING:

Another Kind of Blues — U.K. Subs (Gem);
 Entertainment — Gang of Four (EMI);
 The Crack — Ruts (Virgin);
 Live and Learn — Elkie Brooks (A&M);
 Facades — Sad Cafe (RAC);
 Joe's Garage — Frank Zappa (CBS).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(9)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	2 1
2	(7)	The Raven	The Stranglers (United Artists)	2 2
3	(6)	East To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3 3
4	(25)	The Long Run	Eagles (Asylum)	3 4
5	(1)	Pleasure Principle	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	6 1
6	(5)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	20 1
7	(8)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4 7
8	(3)	Oceans Of Fantasy	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	5 2
9	(11)	Outlandos D'amour	Police (A&M)	23 7
10	(4)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	6 4
11	(2)	Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6 1
12	(17)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	8 2
13	(18)	Unleashed In The East	Judas Priest (CBS)	2 13
14	(13)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	19 2
15	(20)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp (A & M)	21 2
16	(10)	Slow Train Coming	Bob Dylan (CBS)	8 2
17	(21)	Down To Earth	Rainbow (Polydor)	9 7
18	(14)	Midnight Magic	Commodores (Motown)	7 11
19	(15)	Greatest Hits	10cc (Mercury)	2 15
20	(23)	Voulez Vous	Abba (Epic)	24 1
21	(24)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	53 1
22	(12)	The Adventures Of The Hershman Boys	Sham 69 (Polydor)	3 8
23	(16)	Street Life	Crusaders (MCA)	13 5
24	(—)	I'm The Man	Joe Jackson (A&M)	1 24
25	(22)	Replicas	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	18 1
26	(—)	Quadrophonia	Soundtrack (Polydor)	1 26
27	(19)	Night Owl	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	19 10
28	(—)	Love Hunter	Whitesnake (United Artists)	1 28
29	(—)	Lena's Music Album	Lena Marlin (Pye)	1 29
30	(29)	Survival	Bob Marley (Island)	2 29

UP AND COMING:

Another Kind of Blues — U.K. Subs (Gem);
 Entertainment — Gang of Four (EMI);
 The Crack — Ruts (Virgin);
 Live and Learn — Elkie Brooks (A&M);
 Facades — Sad Cafe (RAC);
 Joe's Garage — Frank Zappa (CBS).

US SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(2)	Sail On	Commodores	
2	(1)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson	
3	(4)	Rise	Herb Alpert	
4	(13)	Sad Eyes	Robert John	
5	(16)	Pop Muzik	MI	
6	(5)	My Sharona	The Knack	
7	(9)	Dim All The Lights	Donna Summer	
8	(7)	I'll Never Love This Way Again	Dionne Warwick	
9	(12)	Heartache Tonight	Eagles	
10	(14)	You Decorated My Life	Kenny Rogers	
11	(10)	Heaven Must Have Sent You	Bonnie Pointer	
12	(13)	Cruel To Be Kind	Nick Lowe	
13	(24)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac	
14	(18)	Good Girls Don't	Knack	
15	(16)	Love's Touchin' Squeasin'	Journey	
16	(17)	When Were You	Logo	
17	(8)	Lonesome Lover	Little River Band	
18	(22)	Still	Commodores	
19	(27)	Dirty White Boy	Foreigner	
20	(15)	Spooky	Atlanta Rhythm Section	
21	(11)	Don't Bring Me Down	Electric Light Orchestra	
22	(—)	Babe	Sticks	
23	(29)	I Know A Heartache	Jennifer Warnes	
24	(30)	Please Don't Go	KC & The Sunshine Band	
25	(19)	A Bad Case Of Loving You	Robert Palmer	
26	(—)	Hold On	Ian Gomm	
27	(21)	The Boss	Diana Ross	
28	(—)	This Night Won't Last Forever	Michael Jackson	
29	(20)	Driver's Seat	Sniff 'n' Tears	
30	(23)	Get It Right Next Time	Gerry Rafferty	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks	Highest
1	(—)	The Long Run	Eagles	
2	(1)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin	
3	(3)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson	
4	(2)	Get The Knack	The Knack	
5	(18)	Headgames	Foreigner	
6	(14)	Midnight Magic	Commodores	
7	(22)	Corner Stone	Styx	
8	(9)	Dream Police	Chappell	
9	(8)	Candy O	The Cars	
10	(10)	Volcano	Jimmy Buffet	
11	(5)	Slow Train Coming	Bob Dylan	
12	(7)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp	
13	(12)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer	
14	(15)	Eve	Alan Parsons	
15	(11)	First Under The Wire	Little River Band	
16	(17)	Identify Yourself	O'Jays	
17	(14)	Rust Never Sleeps	Neil Young & Crazy Horse	
18	(24)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers	
19	(13)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire	
20	(29)	Stormwatch	Jethro Tull	
21	(18)	Dionne	Dionne Warwick	
22	(—)	Arise	Herb Alpert	
23	(23)	Evolution	Journey	
24	(26)	Highway To Hell	AC/DC	
25	(—)	Finlin' With Disaster	Molly Hatchet	
26	(16)	Million Mile Reflections	Charlie Daniels Band	
27	(19)	Risque	Chic	
28	(—)	Comedy Is Not Pretty	Steve Martin	
29	(20)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra	
30	(25)	Stay Free	Ashford and Simpson	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

* denotes import

(1)	Jupiter Beyond	River Drive (A&M)*
(2)	So Much Trouble	Bob Marley (Island)
(3)	You Can't Get Over	Stephanie Mills (RCA)*
(4)	How I Feel	Comic (Electric)
(5)	Salah	Modern Sound Corporation (Sunshine Sandy)*
(6)	Don't Drop My Love	Anita Ward (TK)*
(7)	Happy	Red Express (Quick)
(8)	Everybody Get Up	Ren Woods (Columbia)*
(9)	I Don't Wanna Be A Freak	Dynasty (Soul)
(10)	Star	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)

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

REGGAE

(1)	Natty Ting A Ling	Prince Jazzba (Studio One)
(2)	OK Fred	Original re-mix John Holt (Studio One)
(3)	No-one Can Stop Us Now	Willie Williams (Studio One)
(4)	Ting A Ling	Heptones (Studio One)
(5)	Now You're Gone	Leroy Sibbles (Wackies)
(6)	Darkness	Joe Skerts (Wackies)
(7)	Reflection In Red	Oku Onuorah (Soft Gong)
(8)	Ameggeddon Rock	Jackie Mitton (Siem Jac)
(9)	Armageddon Time	Willie Williams (Studio One)
(10)	Joy And Happiness	Errol Moody (Dion)

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

INDIES

(1)	On My Radio	Selecter (Two Tone)
(2)	Fleas And Slippers	Cockney Rejects (Smith Wonder)
(3)	Soldier Soldier	Spizz Energi (Rough Trade)
(4)	Back To Nature	Fat Gadget (Mute)
(5)	I Don't Want To Eat	Dangerous Girls (Happy Feet)
(6)	There Must Be Thousands	The Quads (Big Bear)
(7)	They're Back Again	Cigarettes (Company)
(8)	Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen	Clive Pig & The Hopeful Chinamen (Waldos)
(9)	UK 79	Crisis (Ardor)
(10)	Sheep Farming In Barnet	Toyah (Safari)

Chart supplied by: Flyover Records, 15 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith W6

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 15, 1974

1	Geo Baby	Peter Shelley (Magnet)
2	Annie's Song	John Denver (RCA)
3	Sad Sweet Dreamer	Sweet Sensation (Pye)
4	Everything I Own	Ken Boothe (Trojan)
5	Rock Me Gently	Andy Kim (Capitol)
6	I Get A Kick Out Of You	Gary Shearston (Charisma)
7	Reggae Tune	Andy Fairweather-Low (A&M)
8	Long Tall Glasses	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
9	Faraway	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
10	Kung Fu Fighting	Carl Douglas (Pye)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 15, 1969

1	I'll Never Fall In Love Again	Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)
2	I'm Gonna Make You Mine	Lou Christie (Buddah)
3	He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother	Hollies (Parlophone)
4	Sugar Sugar	Archies (RCA)
5	Je T'Aime Moi Non Plus	Jane Birkin & Serge Gainsbourg (Major Minor)
6	A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash (CBS)
7	Space Oddity	David Bowie (Philips)
8	Lay Lady Lay	Bob Dylan (CBS)
9	Oh Well	Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
10	Nobody's Child	Karen Young (Major Minor)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 15, 1964

1	Oh Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison (London)
2	Always Something There To Remind Me	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
3	Twelfth Of Never	Kiri Richard (Columbia)
4	The Wedding	Judy Rogers (Mercury)
5	Walk Away	Mart Monro (Parlophone)
6	Where Did Our Love Go	Supremes (Stateside)
7	When You Walk In The Room	Searchers (Pye)
8	We're Through	Hollies (Parlophone)
9	I'm Into Something Good	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	How Soon	Henry Mancini (RCA)



Neil Davis of The Selecter shoots for the top pocket — and hits in the debut appearance of NME's new Independents Chart. Pic: Chris Harler.

NEWS

EDITED BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

Queen tour

LIVE KILLERS HIT UK

THE FIRST dozen dates have now been confirmed for the long-awaited British tour by Queen, their first for nearly three years. Still to be finalised are the band's London concerts — these will be announced within the next two weeks, and are expected to involve a string of appearances at a major venue in mid-December. Meanwhile, details set so far are:

After a couple of Irish dates at Cork City Hall (November 20) and Dublin Simmons Court (22), Queen play Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (24), Manchester Apollo (26 and 27), Glasgow Apollo (30 and December 1), Newcastle City Hall (3 and 4), Liverpool Empire (6 and 7), Bristol Hippodrome (9) and Brighton Centre (10 and 11). Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

The band — whose recently released single 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' follows their hit album 'Live Killers' — have just purchased 'the Mountain Studios in Montreux,

Switzerland. Since their last UK outing, they have spent much of the time touring around the world, though they played a couple of shows at Wembley in May, 1978.

● Tickets are on sale now for the above gigs, priced £4.75 and £8 (Manchester, Glasgow and Liverpool); £4.50 only (Newcastle); £4.75, £4 and £2.50 (Bristol); and £5, £4 and £3 (Brighton) — all at the respective box-offices. Birmingham tickets (all at £4) are available from November 1 at Birmingham Cypso Sounds, all Mike Lloyd shops, Coventry Theatre, Oxford New Theatre, Leicester De Montfort Hall and HMV shops in the Midlands, or by post from the venue itself from the same date.



BIGGEST-YET OUTING BY LITTLE BO BITCH

LITTLE BO BITCH set out this week on an extensive headlining tour, so far comprising 31 dates — including three London appearances — but with more still being finalised. The outing marks the release on October 26 of the band's debut album, with their name as its title, on EMI's new Cobra label. Confirmed dates are:

Swansea Circles (tonight, Thursday), Burton 76 Club (Friday), Sheffield University (Saturday), Doncaster Romeo and Juliet (October 22), Upminster New Windmill Hall (24), Hull Wellington Club (25), Dudley J.B.'s (26), Liverpool Metro (27), Ipswich Tracey's (29), Barnstaple North Devon College (November 1),

Bradford College (2), Manchester Funhouse (5), London Marquee (6), London University (9), Northallerton Sayers Club (10), Redcar Old Kent Club (12), Aberdeen Ruffles (14), Edinburgh Astoria (15), Dundee University (16), Manchester Polytechnic (17), Leeds Polytechnic (20), Shrewsbury Cascade (21), Aberavon Nine Volts (23), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (26), Norwich Cromwells (27), Retford Portershouse (30), Barnsley Town Hall (December 1), London Marquee (3), Brighton Polytechnic (8), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (14) and Nottingham Boat Club (22). More are expected next week.

HEADS ARE ROLLING

— at a dozen top venues

THE TALKING HEADS were this week signed for a major British tour in December, their first for more than a year — although they were here briefly in the late summer to make a one-off appearance in the Edinburgh Rock Festival on September 1.

The band will be playing a dozen dates around the country, and full details are expected to be announced next week. In fact, NME understands that their itinerary — which includes a show at a leading London venue — has already been finalised.

However, at press-time, approval of the date sheet was still awaited from the Heads' management. Although this is only a formality, the tour will not be announced officially — as a matter of courtesy — until it is received.

A new album by the Heads, together with a single culled from it, will be released to coincide with the tour.

Damned's gigs re-set

THE DAMNED — who last week were forced to scrap previously-announced tour dates, as recording sessions for their new album 'Machine Gun Etiquette' were over-running — have now re-arranged most of their schedule. And in the process, they've managed to retain the original date for London Rainbow — November 30.

More gigs are still being lined up, but the others confirmed so far are: Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 22), Cambridge Corn Exchange (23), Peterborough Werrans Stadium (24), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Plymouth Fiesta (26), Glasgow Apollo (December 4), Bradford St. George's Hall (5), Derby Kings Hall (6), Coventry Theatre (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9) and Manchester Apollo (10). Slaughter & The Dogs are special guests, and Victims support.

J.P.'s package

JIMMY PURSEY is to present his 'Purse's Package' for two nights at London Kensington Nashville on Friday and Saturday, October 26 and 27. It comprises Bob A. Lewis, Jimmy Edwards, Long Tall Shorty, Kidz Next Door and The Low Numbers, all of whom are making their bow on the Warner Brothers label with Pursey-produced singles. They are 'Twentieth Century Time' by Jimmy Edwards (out this week), 'What's It All About' by Kidz Next Door and 'Keep In Touch' by The Low Numbers (both out on November 9), and 'Buy You Love' by Long Tall Shorty (November 16), with the debut of newest recruit Bob A. Lewis to follow shortly afterwards.

R & B extravaganza

AN R&B extravaganza is being staged at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Saturday, October 27 (tickets £2.50), and the whole evening will be recorded by Radar. Taking part are The Innates, Lew Lewis Reformer, Little Roosters, Red Beans & Rice and The Bogey Boys. Promoters are Straight Music.



Motels drive in

RED HOT Los Angeles five-piece The Motels — who made their British debut at London Marquee last Friday, before setting out on a European tour — return here later in the month to play six more dates, including another London show. Gigs confirmed this week are at London Victoria The Venue (October 25), Liverpool Eric's (26), Sheffield University (27), Manchester Polytechnic (28), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (29) and Newcastle University (30). As reported, their first album for Capitol — titled simply 'Motels' — comes out this weekend, hot on the heels of their single 'Closets And Bunkers'. Brakes, who have just released their debut single 'For Why You Kicks My Donkey' on the Magnet label, support The Motels on these six dates.

BLONDIE SHOWS IN LATE DECEMBER?

BLONDIE may now be performing in Britain rather sooner than was anticipated. As reported, they were expected to play a series of dates here in the New Year, and there was talk of them flying in during December to set up their tour. But NME understands that this preparatory visit has now been scrapped, and that plans are under way for the band to play a string of concerts (probably three) at London's Hammersmith Odeon immediately after Christmas. No official confirmation could be obtained this week, but details are believed to be close to finalisation — though it's not known if they would undertake any provincial gigs at that time.

● THE DRONES, the Manchester band who've just been signed by Quarry Management (of Status Quo and Penetration fame), support Sham 69 on their short tour opening tonight (Thursday). They've just completed work on a new single, and Quarry are negotiating a record deal for them.

● THE FLYS will not, after all, appear in The Ruts' gig at London Camden Electric Ballroom tomorrow (Friday) — even though they are filling the support spot on the rest of the tour. Reason is that they're being lined up for two London headlining gigs of their own next month, details to be announced shortly.

● THE UNDERTONES are being joined on the final leg of their current tour — from Aberystwyth University (this Saturday) to London Rainbow (October 30) — by Ten Pole Tudor and his band. Ten Pole himself appears in the Sex Pistols' film 'Rock'n'Roll Swindle', and sings 'Rock Around The Clock' on the B-side of their latest single.

● THE BUZZCOCKS have added two last-minute dates to their current UK tour — at Bangor University (tonight, Thursday) and Loughborough University (this Saturday).

PENETRATION SPLIT: Page 11

● ELVIS COSTELLO makes a brief cameo appearance in a film called 'Americathon', which is already on view in the States — where it's been slated by the critics! It's set 200 years in the future, when the world's oil supplies have run out. It's not clear why Costello should perform a two-minute unrecorded song midst all that gloom!

● JOHN COOPER CLARKE is being lined up for a British tour, starting next month and running into December, supported by Manchester band Chris Sievey & The Freshies.

● THE MERTON PARKAS pulled out of their gig at London Chelsea College last Saturday, 30 minutes before it was due to start. They say the authorities would not let in hundreds of the general public gathered outside, and were admitting NUS card holders only — a situation which the band were not prepared to accept. By way of compensation, they are now planning a free London gig in mid-November.

MORE VENUES HIT BY SQUEEZE!

THE SQUEEZE tour, already drastically re-shaped and curtailed, was cut still further this week — and their projected concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 9 is among the latest batch of gigs to be axed.

The band were originally due to open a 28-date tour last weekend but, due to recording sessions over-running, this was re-arranged (as reported in our last issue) into an 18-date schedule opening on November 6. But it now transpires that they won't be ready to go on the road for a further week.

The 'final and official' date sheet, announced this week, shows that — besides Hammersmith — Oxford (November

6), Wakefield (7), Loughborough (8), Dunstable (10), Birmingham (11) and Bristol (12) have also been scrubbed out. The only gigs remaining are the 11, listed in last week's NME, running from Exeter University (November 13) to Manchester Apollo (23).

Squeeze say they are doing their utmost to slot in a major London venue in late November, before they leave for tours of Europe and America. They apologise for all the confusion, and promise to compensate on their next UK tour. Their new album — the cause of all the trouble — is planned for release in January, when they will be busy touring Australia.

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Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 8p/10p stamp

This week's best selling SONGBOOKS

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JAM All Best Songs	£2.50	ROBBIE THE LIVES & TIMES OF	£1.25
SHAM All Songbooks	£2.50	ROBBIE	£1.25
THE LIZZY BIRD Song	£2.50		
THE BLIND TITLES	£4.25		
MOTOWNHEAD Debut	£2.75		
BLONDIE Songbook	£2.50		
THE CLASH Songbook	£2.50		
KATE BUSH The Rich Inside	£1.95		
KATE BUSH Songbook	£2.50		
IAN DURY Songbook	£2.50		
SEX PISTOLS Never Mind The Bollocks	£2.50		
DEEP PURPLE Machine Head	£1.75		
TWIN LIZZY Best of	£2.50		
BUZZCOCKS Songbook	£2.50		
DOWNTOWN RATS Songbook	£2.50		

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NEWS ROUND-UP

● **BEN E. KING** returns to Britain to headline a concert, club and cabaret tour in the late autumn. Dates are still being finalised, but the first confirmed is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on November 30. Support act on concert appearances is Jimmy James & The Vagabonds.

● **SHIRLEY BASSEY** is in concert at Manchester Apollo (November 2 and 3), Brighton Centre (7, 8 and 9), London Wembley Conference Centre (12-16 inclusive) and Birmingham Odeon (19, 20 and 21). The November 14 show at Wembley is a special Royal Gals Performance.

● **THE PASSENGERS** join the After The Fire tour as special guests from this weekend, their first date being at Aberdeen University tomorrow (Friday). And to coincide, Epic Records — with whom they recently signed — are rushing out their single 'Two Lovers'.

● **ANDY WILLIAMS**, already set for three nights at London Dominion Theatre (November 29-December 1), also plays a UNICEF benefit at Windsor Blaziers (November 23), Glasgow Apollo (26), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Halifax Civic Theatre (27), Brighton Centre (28), Manchester Apollo (December 2) and Birmingham Odeon (3).

● **MODERN ENGLISH** play Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (October 23), Peterborough Focus (27), London Leicester-Sq. Notre Dame Hall (29) and Coventry Leamington Polytechnic (November 3), in support of the re-issue of their first single for Limp Records — it's a double A-side comprising 'Silent World' and 'Drowning Man', and is distributed by Pinnacle.

● **WHITESNAKE** have added a second concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 29, the concert there the previous night having now sold out. They have a three-track single issued by Liberty United on October 26, on which the main title is 'Long Way From Home' from the current LP — and the other two titles are 'Trouble' (from their previous album) and a live version of 'Ain't No Love In The Heen Of The City'.



● **PAULINE GILLAN**, younger sister of Ian Gillan, is the co-founder of a new band called Jynx — along with Paul Dean, former leader of heavy rock outfit Jerusalem. They share vocals and all songwriting. They are currently recording a single, and start work shortly on a debut album, with live work to follow in the New Year.

● **RANDY CALIFORNIA**, currently touring as special guest with Gillan, makes a headline appearance at London Victoria The Venue on Saturday, October 27. And a late venue booking is for this Sunday (21), when Prince Hammer and Creation Rebel appear.

● **COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL** are to support Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel in their one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon this Saturday (20). The band's debut album 'The Original Sin' was recently released by Virgin.

● **THE MO-DETTES** and The Delta Five, who both have singles coming out shortly on Rough Trade, co-headline at the Notre Dame Hall in London's Leicester Square next Monday (21), supported by Dr. Mix & The Remix. Tickets are £1.75 (doors only).

● **SLADE** have added another London date to their previously reported autumn tour — it's at Camden Music Machine this Saturday, October 20.

● **TOURS** — the Dorset band newly signed by Virgin, who release their single 'Tourist' information next month — play Coventry Leamington Polytechnic (this Saturday), London School of Economics (October 24), London Islington Hope & Anchor (25), London Southbank Poly (26), Winchester Tower Arts Centre (November 2), Birmingham University (3), Kirkcaldy Country Club (8), Leicester University (9), Portsmouth Poly (15), Stafford North Staffs Poly (23), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (24) and London Marquee (27).

● **MOTORHEAD** have invited Saxon to be special guest on their upcoming 24-date Bomber Tour, opening in Bracknell on November 10.

● **CIMARONS** have decided to return home to Jamaica for good, after their headlining concert at London Rainbow this Saturday (20), and they have no immediate plans for a UK return. But they have signed a new deal with Third World Records, who release their latest single 'Love Has Got The Need' (recorded in Jamaica) this weekend to coincide with the Rainbow gig.

● **PINPOINT**, the three-piece outfit from Fulham, have London gigs at Kensington Nashville (October 29) and the Marquee (November 3 and 7), and they also play Uxbridge Brunel University on November 11. These dates are in support of their debut three-track single 'Richmond', released by Albon Records on October 26.

● **PIERRE MOERLEN'S GONG** play a one-off at Keesa University on November 6, as a warm-up to a European tour, which will take in further British dates at the beginning of December (details to follow shortly). Their new album 'Time Is The Key' is released this week by Arista.

● **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** are to headline two nights at London Marquee Club next Thursday and Friday (25-26), and these now become the final dates of their current tour.

● **BACK TO ZERO** have finally found a new drummer, several months after the departure of Andy Moore — he is 18-year-old Nigel Wolff from Dagenham. He makes his live debut with the band at Northampton Paddocks (tomorrow, Friday), London Marquee (Saturday) and 'Liverpool Eric's' (October 22).



Specials package — still more gigs

THE MASSIVE 2-Tone package tour featuring The Specials, Madness and The Selecter — all of whom are pictured *en masse* above, when they met up last week to prepare for the outing — has had still more dates added to its itinerary. They are Nottingham Kimberley Recreation Hall (October 25), a revised date for Blackburn Golden Palms — which was pulled out last week — on October 30, Manchester Apollo instead of Lancaster University on November 1, and Malvern Winter Gardens (November 30). The Manchester gig is the only seated venue in the entire tour, although we're assured there will be no restrictions on dancing! This brings the schedule up to a total of 39 gigs and, in order to meet the target of 40 dates, one further venue will be announced shortly. As already reported, Madness will be leaving the tour from November 15, and it was learned this week that they'll be replaced on the remaining dates by Dexy's Midnight Runners.

CARAVAN ADD DATES, BUT SINCLAIR IS OUT

CARAVAN have added four more dates to their British tour, reported last week — at Colchester Essex University (November 3), Preston Polytechnic (5), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (15) and Lincoln Drill Hall (22) — but have cancelled their Leeds Grand Theatre gig planned for November 28.

However, their intention to revert to their original line-up for this tour has been foiled, because Richard Sinclair has been unable to free himself from prior commitments. This means that Dek Messacar re-joins the band, though otherwise the personnel remains the same as announced.

A second upset involves the

new album they were planning to bring out next month. This has now been scrapped and, instead, a live LP — probably recorded at their London Rainbow Show on November 25 — will be issued in the New Year.

● The Enid have also made a few changes to their upcoming tour. Aberdeen University is added on October 26, which means that Edinburgh Heriot Watt University moves back 24 hours (to 27), and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion is added on November 15. Since they were left on the road, David Storey (drums) and Terry Pack (bass) have left the band, and are replaced by original member Robbie Dobson and Martin Russell.

Showaddywaddy touring

SHOWADDYWADDY are set for a month-long concert series, in support of their new Arista single 'A Night At Daddy Gae's' (out this weekend) and album 'Crepes and Drapes' (released November 2). Dates are Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 10), Hull City Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Southampton Gaumont (18), Oxford New Theatre (19), Bradford St George's Hall (24), Scarborough Futurist (25), Stockport Davenport (26), Newcastle City Hall (December 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Liverpool Empire (3), Coventry Theatre (4), Preston Guildhall (7), Derby Assembly Rooms (8), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (10) and Brighton Dome (11).

GLASGOW ROCKS ON SUNDAYS

SUNDAY ROCK comes to Glasgow with the opening of a new series of shows staged by Regula Music, who will be using both the city's Pavilion Theatre and Trifany's, depending on the type of act. First confirmed bookings are The Revillos for the Pavilion this Sunday, 21, the Specials, Madness, Selector package (Trifany's on November 11) and Secret Affair (Trifany's on December 2), though it's hoped to present one gig per week once the season gets under way.

Furs trek round UK

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS, who've just signed a long-term recording deal with the Epic label, begin a nationwide tour this weekend. More dates have still to be added to their itinerary, including a major London appearance, but those confirmed so far are Winchester King Alfred College (tomorrow, Friday), Southampton University (Saturday), Ipswich Tracey's (October 22), High Wycombe Nags Head (24), Retford Portershouse (25), Manchester Factory (26), Dudley J.B.'s (27), Loughborough Town Hall (29), Stafford Top Of The World (30), Chesterfield Fusion (November 1), Cheltenham Tythe Barn (2), Bristol Granary (3), Taunton Camelot Club (5), Plymouth Clones (6), Leeds Fan Club (8) and Liverpool Eric's (9). The tour ties in with the release of their debut single for their new label on November 2 — titled 'We Love You', coupled with 'Pulse', it comes in a picture bag.



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McCalla's a Sniffer!

NOEL MCCALLA, former lead singer with the now-defunct Moon, has joined Sniff 'n' The Tears on their current American tour with Kenny Loggins. He's featured as vocalist and percussionist, and he takes over from Luigi Salvani, whose departure was announced last week. It's not yet clear if he will remain with the group on a permanent basis, as his own solo career is beginning to flourish — his solo album 'Night Time Emotion' and single 'Night Life On Venus' have just been released by Epic.

EDELMAN ONE-OFF

RANDY EDELMAN flies into London next month to headline a one-off concert at the Palladium on Friday, November 16 (while the resident show 'The King And I' is taking a week's holiday). Tickets go on sale next Monday (22) priced £8, £5, £4, £3 and £2.50. And to coincide with his visit, a compilation album titled 'Uptown Tempo — The Best Of Randy Edelman' is released by 20th Century (distributed by RCA) on November 9.

Gary Moore readies his debut solo tour

GARY MOORE, recently booted out of Thin Lizzy, is now plotting his UK comeback as a solo performer. He's currently working in Los Angeles with a bunch of American musicians, and is about to go into the studio to start work on his next solo album, for which he has written 20 new songs. He plans to start touring Britain at the beginning of next year, though it isn't yet clear if he would bring over his current U.S. sidemen or would form a pick-up band over here. Meanwhile his new single 'Spanish Guitar' — his first solo release since his chart hit 'Parisienne Walkways' — is issued by MCA this weekend, penned by Moore himself.



Misdemeanors of Ainley

These are THE MISDEMEANORS, formed about four months ago by Charlie Ainley and newly signed to EMI. They have their first single 'She Doesn't Love You Anymore' released on October 28, and during November and December they'll be recording their debut album for New Year release. Meanwhile, Londoners can catch them in action at Gannin Town Bridge House (tomorrow, Friday), Fulham Greyhound (this Sunday) and Camden Dingwells (October 24 and November 7). The line-up is, from left to right, CHARLIE AINLEY (guitar and lead vocals), SAM HARLEY (bass), RON TELEMACHOU (drums), ROBIN BIBI and ROB HENDRY (both guitar).

HALEY CLOCKS IN

BILL HALEY & THE COMETS — who are to appear with Boney M and Amii Stewart in the Royal Variety Show at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on November 26 — headline four successive nights at London Victoria The Venue from November 17 to 20 inclusive. And they are also set for London Woolwich Odeon (November 16) and Crawley Civic Centre (21), with three more dates still to be announced (22-24). Haley — currently celebrating the 25th anniversary of the release of his classic 'Rock Around The Clock' — has a new album released by Sonet on November 9, titled 'Everyone Can Rock And Roll', and recorded in Muscle Shoals in June.



HAZEL O'CONNER

The face of 1980?

Meet HAZEL O'CONNER who's being tipped as one of the names to watch for next year — and with good reason, because she's already landed the lead female role in a film called 'Breaking Glass', co-starring with Phil Daniels of 'Quadrophenia' fame. And what's more, Hazel has herself written the entire music score for the movie, which is produced by Tony Visconti.

The picture is loosely based on 'Rock Follies', and tells the story of a girl singer in a group, and her relationship with their manager (Daniels). It goes into production shortly, and there'll be a soundtrack album to coincide with its premiere next summer. Meanwhile, Hazel has signed with Albion Records (distributed by Arista), and has her single 'Ee-I-Adio' issued this weekend — it's taken from her debut album, due out in January.

● Neil Young's film 'Rust Never Sleeps', a blend of surrealism and in-concert sequences, has been picked up by CIC and should be screened here before the end of the year. There will be a soundtrack album to coincide — with, confusingly, the same title as his recent studio LP.

OFF THE RECORD

Madness LP & single

STIFF RECORDS have switched distributors from EMI to CBS, and the first releases to be affected by the change are the new Madness album and single issued this weekend, both titled 'One Step Beyond...'. The B-side of the single is 'Mistakes', with an extra track called 'Nutty Theme' on the 12-inch version, though neither of these titles is contained on the LP. The album, which includes a re-recorded version of their hit 'The Prince', will sell at £3.99 for the first 10,000 copies before reverting to the regular price of £4.78. These are the first Madness releases on the Stiff label.

- Nightmare, the five-piece band who gained notoriety earlier this year over their stage re-enactment of the hanging of Ruth Ellis, have been signed by PVK Records. Their first single, out this week, is a revival of the classic 'Great Balls Of Fire'. They're going on a six-week tour to promote it — complete with vintage hearse and Oracle-type coffin!
- Two hot import singles have been picked up for UK release by Pye-International. They are 'River Drive' by Jupiter Beyond (out November 2) and 'Mellow Mellow Right On' by Lowball (November 9).
- The fourth release this year on the Tyger label is 'Dumb' by The Statisties, who begin a nationwide tour next month to promote it.

Secret Affair follow-up



● Secret Affair's follow-up to 'Time For Action' is the single 'Let Your Hair Down', one of their most popular stage numbers, issued by 1-Spy on October 26. They are currently putting the finishing touches to their first album, for rush release next month.



● Arista have released 'Feeling Good Being Bad', the debut single from Sweden's Mary Stavin, who was Miss World in 1977. We're assured that it's not a gimmick, as she has been singing for more than five years!

Buzzards' potted history

THE BUZZARDS have their first album 'Jaffed Eels To Record Deals' issued by Chrysalis on October 28, at the budget price of £3.99. It contains 17 tracks and spans their entire career — from early demo tapes and Small Wonder's '18 & Mad' to their latest single 'We Make A Noise', and it includes six tracks recorded for John Peel's Radio 1 show. The band say they are about to make significant changes in musical direction, and the LP is regarded as a record of their history to date.

● Charisma has signed Los Angeles band Vixen to a five-year worldwide contract, their first-ever direct U.S. signing. They were formed last year and discovered by Peter Gabriel. Their first single, out this week, is 'Man From China' — to be followed in the New Year by their debut album.

● Surrey-based 'future-wave' band A.D. 1984 have their second single (the follow-up to 'The Russians Are Coming') issued by Voyage International on November 2. It's a double A-sided comprising 'Clock Work Generation' and '1984'.

● Following their appearance in the recent Bad Music Festival, The Instant Automations are releasing their first album 'Radio Silence (The Art Of Human Error)'. And it's free to anyone who sends a C90 cassette and SAE to Deleted Records, Low Farm, Brigg Road, Messingham, South Humberside.

● Gem Records this week release the title track from the new GTD film 'Phantasm', performed by Captain Zero. It's a 12-inch, and it comes in yellow blood-stained vinyl! The movie's soundtrack album follows on November 9.

● The Mills Jackson and Isaac Hayes duo album 'Royal Wrappings' is issued by Polydor on October 26, the same day as a single taken from it titled 'Feels Like The First Time', which is available in both 7" and 12" form.

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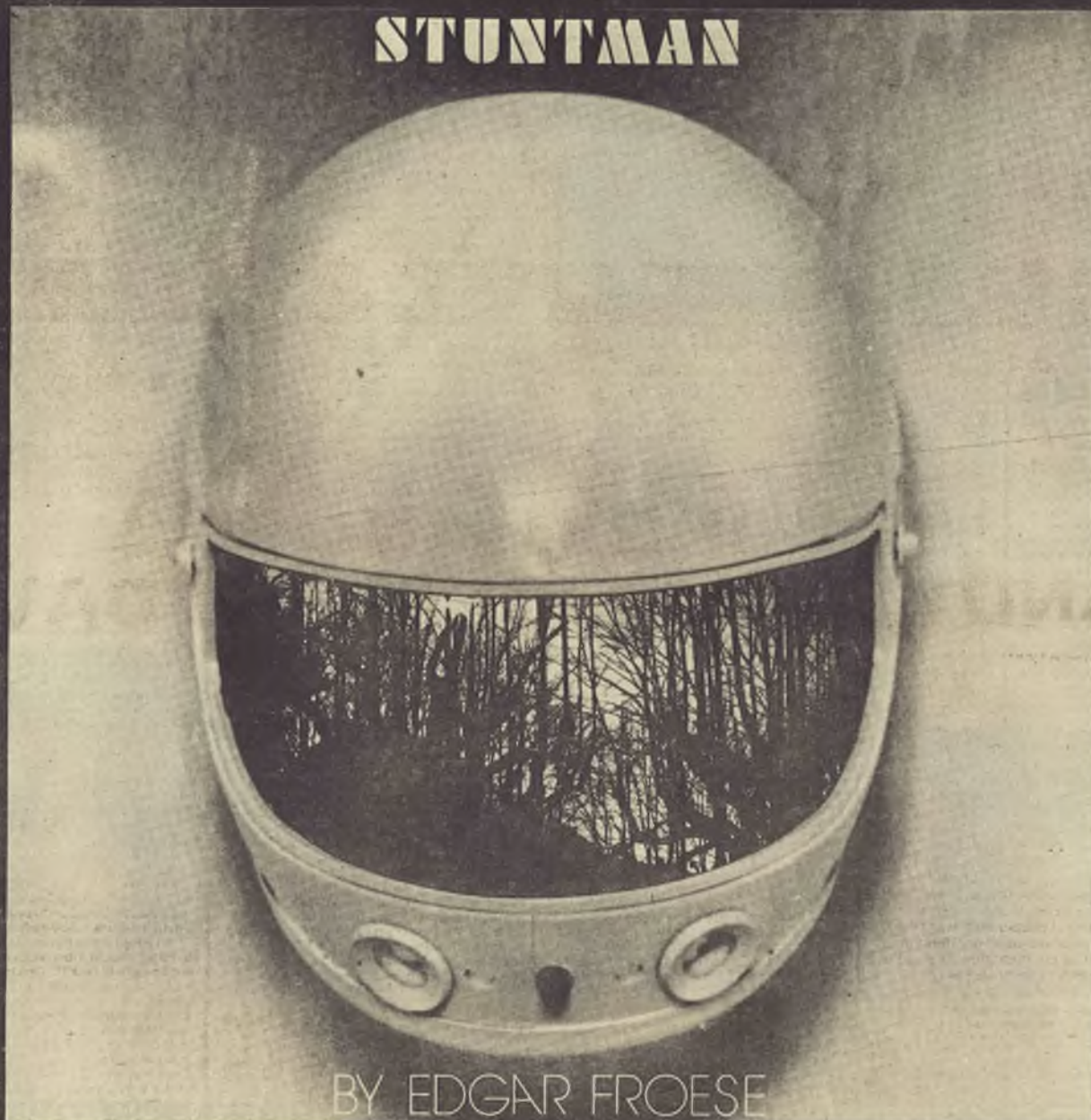
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Andy Partridge looks for a way out. Pic: Chris Horler.



MAKING PLANS FOR ANDY, COLIN, TERRY & DAVE

I FEEL GREAT antagonism towards the press we've all too often received. They always seem to end up never actually talking to you, they just talk to the idea of what they have preconceived XTC to be.

"It's always a case of them simply looking at our supposed 'techniques' as opposed to viewing us as individual personalities within a group framework — which to me is the vital factor in taking on a group of any consequence. Like The Beatles — there you had four distinct personalities working together and it was great in that you could always tell that from the music. I desperately want the press to see that we've all got definite, very distinctive personalities. That we're not just a bunch of smart-arses constantly scrabbling around thinking up clever riffs and 'oh let's throw in a discord here. Let's disorientate the listeners. Let's alienate them with our self-indulgence, ho, ho'."

Andy Partridge, XTC's most loquacious spokesman and self-confessed "idea man" for the group is expounding on a subject that has caused him much grief: XTC vs the slings-and-arrows of the rock media. And certainly his expansive and often bemused diatribe against said preconceptions rings true.

"All these adjectives they use — quirky, wacky, jerky, herky, etc. — virtually every two syllable word ending in 'y' has been used disparagingly to define our sound! Not to mention 'clever-clever'. Now I want this explained to me! With someone please give me a reasonable definition of the phrase 'clever-clever'? I mean one 'clever' is OK, but two's a bit 'saaghty'. Know what I mean?"

Well Andy, the term is basically used to define a penchant for languishing amid pointless displays of niggling self-indulgence. It's a fairly random term, mind you, that can denote a certain cockiness which tends to outstrip the actual talent at hand. At the same time, it's also a term used by dullards whose limited intelligence dictates that anything they can't instantly grasp onto is immediately labelled 'pretentious crap' or viewed merely as the masturbatory art of clever-cleverness. Now do you comprehend?

Partridge understands, certainly, but this fails to assuage his tongue.

"This whole 'clever-clever' label has got me very, very worried. I really do think people have got me all wrong."

But before I can attempt to temper his very real sense of doubt and concern, the interview sets off on a confessional of sorts

regarding XTC's work and its attendant audience.

"Actually... yes, I really feel I must put this down in print. The other night, this thought hit me and it really, really depressed me in terms that what we'd been doing all along everybody had been criticising purely by usurping other people's angles. And like, I felt suddenly that instead of having a centre-point for any given XTC track, there was actually really nothing much down the middle. The words, for example, would be placed in the middle purely as embellishments, as sounds that really don't mean anything. And chords would be put in just to disorientate. In fact it was just like we'd been concentrating purely on the 'icing' whilst all the time there was never any cake to spread that icing on."

Obviously Partridge's shied self-confidence has tamely been shattered from its moorings, leaving him at the mercy of the belittling smirks of XTC's detractors, to the point where he's actually unable to believe their accusations. But Partridge brusquely counters his Doubting Thomas slant with a more tempered view.

"I really believe that people have this vision of XTC sitting around at rehearsals with some song, saying 'Well kiddies, this is all pretty duff at the moment, any ideas about how to sparkle it up?' Any clever discords we can toss in? Any weird sound effects?"

"And it's not like that at all."

WHAT THE XTC process of composition and arranging actually is, not to mention further Partridge verbal angst, can wait awhile whilst bearings are checked and the context for this article is defined.

An XTC piece with yours truly on the case was initiated primarily because I consider their third album 'Drums And Wires' to be something of a masterpiece which finally captures the group in the ascendant, and also because, as Partridge himself complained earlier, the group have all too often been tackled by the press as an 'idea' and not as distinct personalities. I've long grown tired of articles on the band based around a strict "on-the-road" context, replete with stockpile of witty little vignettes, the scribe at hand often underlining these rib-tickling episodes with the stunning revelation that, well, they may second like An School Clever-Treys but in actual fact they're just normal.

happy-go-lucky chaps from "Bowyers Country" (despite the fact that Swindon, XTC's locale, and Wiltshire's Salisbury City itself are some 50 miles apart). Thus I elected from the outset to interview members separately and off the record in Swindon.

'Drums And Wires' displayed a band united and veering well away from the over-embellished likes of its predecessor, the star-crossed 'Go 2'.

Andy Partridge's feelings on 'Go 2' are that "the personal chemistry of the band was on overload, what with not only myself and Colin Moulding composing but also Barry Manilow. It was a very bad situation with Barry, because his material was a definite departure from previous XTC work. We felt that we simply had not built up a strong enough musical identity for XTC at that juncture. We hadn't yet constructed a platform to jump off. There was no firm XTC stamp of identity. Certainly myself, Colin and Terry felt that to be very much the case anyway."

Up at Virgin Records, the company's A&R supremo Simon Draper echoes Partridge's views on 'Go 2' amongst other "diplomatically sound" verbiage concerning the group.

"XTC are a group that Virgin as a whole — and that means everyone of any consequence working here — consider to be of great worth, a really exceptional band. From the outset, I felt they were a perfect band for us, appearing as they did on the London club circuit right at the height of the punk/new wave movement, but at the same time possessing a definite — albeit embryonic — sophistication to their music. They had a virtue which I would immodestly claim to be fairly typical of the great Virgin band, which is a definite sense of musical adventurousness. Plus they wrote great pop songs. What more could you ask for?"

What indeed? And yet whilst a teeming mess of new wave bands have lambasted the charts with comparatively rank, tepid fare, the five singles XTC have released have been doomed to commercial oblivion. Confronted with this point, Draper becomes... well, as close to candid as one in his position can ever be.

"Apart from the fact that the 'idiosyncratic' element notable in the band has been far too overstated, I feel the band previously tended to almost 'throw away' some great pop hits by tossing in the odd discord here and there, thus making their tracks commercially unpalatable to mass tastes."

"And secondly, the second album 'Go 2', though the critics loved it, was just a little too ummm... 'adult' for the fans."

Still, Draper is adamant about maintaining the band's twist group and label. The average sales figure on each album so far numbers just over 30,000, which in the current climate isn't bad at all, whilst the boyish-faced A&R kingpin talks heatedly — if vaguely — of "strong international expectations".

"XTC are — if you like — carrying on the tradition of Virgin acts like Henry Cow and Slapp Happy. Only XTC are far more commercial."

Yet, I remind Draper, both Henry Cow and Slapp Happy were dropped from the company roster back in '76 — coinciding, if not directly, with the new wave spring-clean. Draper redefines XTC's position as akin to Kevin Coyne's secure cubby-hole in the company.

"If I asked the company as a whole what one band we should most retain a hold on, the answer would be XTC. One hundred percent. I mean" — here he points to the gentleman seated to his right, in whose office this interview is being conducted — "you only need to take Al as an example."

Al Clark's name often creeps up in XTC features, but there is one good reason for this: Clark may well be XTC's No. 1 fan. As head of PR for Virgin, and thus responsible for handling press on behalf of a large roster of acts, Clark still remains candidly biased towards the XTC cause. His fervour for the group appears insatiable, his commitment as fierce as it is touching. He willingly whiles away hours talking about the band and will even liken XTC's potential to that of The Beatles — with Partridge the Lennon-esque figure with the slicing wit and cynical exuberance, and bassist Moulding the young, burgeoning McCartney, more conventionally melodic in his output. So staunch is Clark's fervour for XTC, one genuinely wonders whether the publicist would do the job for free. Certainly the call of duty has drawn him to willingly accompany some inky scribe or another to America, to Australia, to Japan (Oh, the hardship! — Ed).

AND NOW to Swindon. Now for the first time, mark you, Clark has made the 60-minute train journey to this shabby, nondescript town many times before. For me though, it's been a fair 10 years or more since was last forced to visit the place in order to meet a particularly hideous aunt of mine. From those childhood days I'd always had bleary memories of the town as a surrogate Cheltenham, although XTC's newest recruit guitarist Dave Gregory, a life-long native, disagrees.

"Cheltenham is a very middle-class town."

■ Continued over page

The Agony of XTC

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From previous page

conservative sort of town, whereas Swindon is far more working-class. It's still got the railway culture, for example. But as bastions of apathy, Cheltenham and Swindon certainly share that trait.

Gregory's modest semi-detached house "Doesn't it remind you of a Men's Club?" enquires Andy Partridge (left) is our first port of call — which seemed at the time to be not the most inspired of manoeuvres, what with the genial round-faced Gregory being the band's "new boy" and all. However Gregory was to prove a virtually invaluable source of quasi-objective perspectives and anecdotes about XTC from the very beginning onward.

His close relationship with the crew that most Swindon youths would always refer to somewhat disparagingly as "Partridge's mob" was in fact a cardinal reason for Andy Partridge phoning Gregory up from Boston once it had become clear to all concerned that Barry Andrews was exiting the combine, and virtually offering him the replacement gig.

"The offer came completely out of the blue," remarks Gregory. "I mean I, like most others, reckoned that XTC would recruit another keyboard player."

Gregory himself, slightly older than the rest of the band, started playing earlier. He reckons to have commenced playing the guitar maybe two years ahead of Partridge, although when the pair were in their mid-teens a comradeship was instigated involving endless guitar-playing sessions in bedrooms and local guitar shops. Soon the bedroom thrashouts turned into getting ramshackle youth club bands together, with Gregory getting "the first heavy metal blues band in Swindon together", whilst Partridge was soon to follow with a coalition known as The Stray Blues Band who — according to the former — debuted at Kilroy's Ballroom, the town's only disco, where one half-hour set provided the band performing with a princely £8 to be shared amongst all participants.

"They (Partridge's band) were booted off after two numbers," recalls Gregory. "They literally had to beg to come back and do a third."

Although Gregory and Partridge were mates and burgeoning guitar-heroes of a sort, Gregory readily admits to being "a far more conventional player," going from Eric Clapton in his Bluesbreakers and Cream days and then being flattened totally by seeing Jimi Hendrix do "Hey Joe" on *Top Of The Pops*. Partridge never took any remotely "obvious" route when it came to playing guitar.

"He started out being besotted by Sonny Rollins' saxophone playing (Partridge's favourite album of all time is Rollins' classic *East Broadway Rundown*) and his dad's jazz collection. Actually I could never understand his attitude to guitar playing. He went through a stage of learning 'technique' from records but he always somehow took a different way around."

"Like the album *Trout Mask Replica*. He was just totally besotted by that. He copied all the guitar-playing on the album literally note-for-note."

Gregory's reminiscences are particularly vivid in regard to Partridge's pre-XTC combo, The Helium Kids (also known as Star Park).

He was particularly impressed by the band's often cacophonous originality.

"It's like they (Helium Kids/XTC) had their 1977 back in 1973. That's probably a rather high-handed statement to make, but the songs Partridge was writing, the vast majority of which have long been discarded — though 'Neon Shuffle' from 'White Music' comes from that era — were two minutes long, very fast and cacophonous. I mean the sound was just disoriental, but they were great, great songs."

Gregory recalls titles like "Oh, Saturn Boy" was one and there was this great song called 'Sne Fell In Love With A Detective' also known as 'Private Eye', which was about a guy who hired a private detective to check whether his wife was playing around whilst all the time the private eye himself was the real paramour."

Aside from the often ingenious songs, Partridge, abetted by future XTC colleagues Colin Moulding, Terry Chambers, plus a second guitarist in one Dave Carner (later sacked due to his refusing to take a day off work in order to do an audition in London) chose, at Partridge's instigation, to don highly gauche 'glam-rock' clothing — ie tight, bouffant hair, make-up, leopard-skin, etc.

"Partridge was very enamoured by The New York Dolls," recalls Gregory. "They were the first group he could truly relate to in terms of his song-writing — plus their strong image."

Gregory meanwhile was taking a more conventional approach to his semi-pro career as a guitarist.

Whilst The Helium Kids were being formed, a heavy metal combo called Ale House was the guitarist's means of employment (ironically, both bands were to be featured separately in an abortive NME new band section circa 1974). With Gregory writing most of the songs, he claims, "We had a following in Swindon because we were a very obvious HM group in a town where there were hardly any."

Finally came Barry Andrews' exit and Gregory was one-quarter of XTC, a band "I loved. Not because of our friendship but because to me this was the real 'new wave' music done with style, verve and thought. It was very intelligent music — not your average rama-lama-dole-queue drive! — but with a really great sense of humour going for it as well."

"From the outset, it was very frustrating for me because I was seeing them and thinking Jesus Christ this band could be really big. The songs are great, the lyrics — I mean God knows where Andy Partridge found the inspiration to come up with them — plus the slant was really original and exciting. And yet there

they were, stuck in this wretchedly apathetic reactionary town. How the hell can they get out — or get people to see them?"

The answer came via one Ian Reid, XTC's manager and the owner of a Swindon club. The deal was simple: Reid would allow London promoters to book bands into his club if they allowed XTC to play in the London clubs.

As to his own role in the group: "I see my job in XTC as simply being the anchorman. I leave all the tough stuff to Partridge and tend to work more with Terry (Chambers, the drummer) than Andy. Actually the style of guitar I play — it's mostly rhythm-based — sometimes doesn't lend itself to the classic band sound."

"The XTC sound is really solely Andy Partridge. He can really get out of control, go away over the top — But it works. With me... well, I suffer from a lack of confidence. I don't have his front, his extroversion. More to the point, I don't have his talent."

"When I joined he just said 'Play anything you feel. Go on your instinct'. 'Also,' Gregory laughs, "he said 'If you play one bum note, always play another one! It's arty as hell! XTC have made a whole career out of playing bum notes.'"

A CLASSIC scraping of Partridge's badinage — the Swindon wit with fathomless reservoir of canny humour at his disposal.

Yet Andy Partridge's natural effervescence is somewhat lacking when we settle into his sparsely decorated apartment over a shop just off one of Swindon's main streets. A more incongruous figure it would be hard to locate. A blondish

Sorrel-short crop of hair atop his rounded cranium, his eyes are hidden by a pair of odd Jim McGuinn-like granny glasses that make his face occasionally resemble a grown-up version of Piggy from *Lord Of The Flies*. His torso — neither lean nor plump, more 'ample' I suppose — is clothed in a checkered lumberjack shirt fastened at the neck by a cowboy's bootlace tie. His trousers meanwhile look like typical Oxford jobs. It's easy to see why Swindon has regarded him with a mixture of disdain and acute suspicion.

Partridge's wit has kept many XTC articles buoyant — with Barry Andrews providing the perfect buffer. So it is, then, that Andrews' departure is first called into discussion.

"The central issue of conflict between us was simply that Barry was a classically trained musician — in fact the first ever rock album he heard was Bowie's 'Pin-ups' — and his whole

style of playing was essentially concerned with decorating, embellishing, icing the cake, so to speak. I, on the other hand, always like to strip things down, make them as sparse as possible."

It seemed odd at first to hear Partridge defining his personal choice of XTC sound as "stripped down", particularly considering the busy style the band appears to have favoured. Partridge virtually leaps forward to demonstrate the "sparseness" and "lack of self-consciousness" he claims belies the XTC arrangements. "With all arrangements, it's exactly the same. I simply whack out the chords to the song and then try and describe a particular atmosphere I'm after."

"Take 'Life Is Good In The Greenhouse' off 'Go 2' for example. It was very much a last-minute idea and we only had the chance to rehearse it once in a cellar. So I said to the band, 'Look I'll take too long to show you the chords, so all we'll do is — right — I'll play and all you do is... you're not obliged to play anything but if you do, imagine it's hot and sticky and very humid. I want a very hot, steamy atmosphere. Then I just said 'Go' and we got it all in one take!"

"Same with 'Battery Brides'. I just said, 'It's got to sound dull, boring and repetitious. Vaguely like Terry Riley when his work kind of lulls you into a sense of limbo so that you almost want to topple over.'"

"I can't write music, so describing an atmosphere is all I can do. Same with Colin's songs. And Barry too when he was there." Partridge pauses for a second "Andrews-era XTC!" he laughs. "Sounds almost like Barrett-era Floyd!"

Asked about his original desires on forming a group, Partridge remarks simply: "I wanted to be in a group-group! Y'know, like The Monkees. Or The Beatles. That's always been my idea of groups."

All of a sudden he changed the subject for no explicable reason, choosing to confess another recent personal trauma.

"The other night, I had this really horrible period of totally doubting everything we'd done to date, like everything we'd composed and played was utter shit! I felt we came from the wrong place, that we were too old for this and too young for that. That we were totally up shit creek, in other words."

I find this confession odd, particularly in the light of 'Drums And Wires'. Partridge continues unassaged however.

"Actually, the other night I just felt that I never wanted to write another song, because everything I'd done before seemed totally meaningless. It's like I've been hiding things in the past by writing in this stupid sort of code language. I've been singing in a private code that no one can really understand. I really think now that people just haven't been able to break into our songs — and it's totally our fault."

Al Clark immediately points to the clear perspective of certain 'Drums And Wires' reviews.

"Yeah," retorts Partridge. "but that's no point because we've just made it easier for them, the critics. It wasn't them coming to us so much as us coming down to their level. It was purposely made as our simplest album to comprehend."

"No, it's become an obsession, this



XTC (L-R). Chambers, Partridge, Gregory, Moulding — plus (behind) Barry Andrews. Pic: Chris Horler.

Continues page 77



Mickey Gallagher forgets to strap on his second fan.

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154
WIRE



WIRE

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Album & Tape

OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.B.P.	OUR PRICE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.B.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	THE POLICE — REGGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74	31	23	BY CODGERS — BOF TILL YOU FALL	5.00	3.75
2	4	FLISTWOOD MAC — TUSH	8.00	5.99	32	27	COMMUNIQUE — NIGHTMAGIC	5.69	4.44
3	3	BLONDIE — SAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74	33	31	SPYRO CYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
4	2	EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.75	34	40	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74
5	6	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74	35	32	TUBESWAY ARMY — REFLEX	5.00	3.75
6	24	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74	36	33	NANDY CRAWFORD — NANI SUE	5.00	3.75
7	20	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.69	4.44	37	46	DAVE TOWNSEND — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
8	8	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74	38	38	SPYRO CYRA — FIRST ALBUM	4.69	3.44
9	4	STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	3.74	39	29	CLIFF RICHARD — ROCK W ROLL JUVENILE	5.29	4.04
10	5	GARY NUMAN — THE PLIKESURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75	40	34	TONY BANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.65	3.40
11	9	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.74	41	26	SUITS — SUIT	5.69	4.44
12	7	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04	42	18	WIRE — 154	5.29	4.04
13	15	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40	43	37	TALKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75
14	16	LEATH WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04	44	48	WHITENAKES — LOVE HUNTER	4.99	3.74
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20	25	ME — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19	50	43	JUAN ANNA TRADING — STEPPIN' OUT	4.99	3.74
21	21	ELTON JOHN — VICTIM OF LOVE	5.30	4.05	51	44	DE DEES — ANOTHER KING	4.49	3.24
22	22	JUDY TUCKER — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40	52	38	BRAND X — PRODUCT	4.65	3.40
23	30	GREY MANILOW — ONE VOICE	5.00	3.75	53	45	SHOOTER & THE SHOOTERS — JOHN HANCOCK	5.06	3.81
24	13	JETHRO TULL — STORMWATCH	4.99	3.74	54	51	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP!	4.99	3.74
25	44	QUADROPHENIA	7.50	5.75	55	54	LEO SAYER — HERE	4.99	3.74
26	26	STATUS QUO — WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.30	4.05	56	50	BOB DYLAN — AT BUCKMAN	7.99	5.49
27	19	SABOTIN — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81	57	49	ALAN PARSONS PROJECT — TW	5.00	3.75
28	21	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75	58	47	THE PHOENIX — HAPPY BIRTHDAY ROCK'N'ROLL	4.50	3.25
29	36	BUCKLE UP — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99	3.74	59	58	LAUREY HAGAR — STREET MACHINE	5.29	4.04
30	28	FRANK ZAPPA — JOE'S GARAGE	5.29	4.04	60	60	DARTS — DART ATTACK	5.29	4.04

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FEATURING THEIR NEW SINGLE 'SO MUCH TROUBLE'

THRILLS

'Don't let them win don't let them drag you down
SHOUT ABOVE THE NOISE

PENETRATION will soon be no more. They have made their choice. Enough's enough. "I never wanted to be in Penetration and to be worrying all the time," sighs a weary Pauline, "I wanted it to be fun, not to be always thinking of hit singles and cracking America and writing for the next LP..."

It was in their home town of Newcastle on Sunday that Penetration decided to announce publicly that they have splintered, helplessly sucked into a routine they find both oppressive and futile.

The decision concludes three years activity, or what the group will say has lately become 'slogging away with no idea what the target was.'

"We felt a bit guilty doing some of the concerts on the

tour," admits Pauline, "and it's been odd doing them knowing that we were going to stop, but for most of them it's just felt great that it was all over, that we'd made the decision which has to be right,

which is how it should be, how it used to be.

"If we hadn't decided before this tour that the best thing was for us to finish, then we'd have definitely fought and split up half way through the tour. It would have been ugly."

In the large dressing room before the City Hall show, the atmosphere is restless. "I've never been so nervous before a gig," marvels bassist Robert Blamire. "I just can't keep still," Pauline moans. "I never started out to be a star," and as it went on those were the kind of pressures that were coming down on us... to have a hit single, to do another tour, to be a success. I never cared if we sold records or not. What's happened isn't how it was meant to be."

During the last years Penetration's regular singles

releases and two albums on Virgin have not been wild successes. But it's not lack of success that is the cause of the break. In a way, it's the opposite. They have built a steady following, enough to tour the country and three-quarter fill halls. "You get tired," explained Pauline about the seemingly never-ending run of gigs, "the sparkle goes. It gets to be that whether you like it or not you're going through the motions. It'd be a lot better if you could just do a couple of gigs every so often."

"Wire's album is higher than ours in the charts," Neale's not really bothered but he's making a point, "and they don't do endless tours purely for promotional reasons."

"That's what happened," Pauline resumes, "you begin to work for the record company, not them work for you. You get to lose control. It's business, business. The album cover will be like this. 'We were rushed into doing the second LP. We had to write some songs in the studio, and they say 'here's a set of dates to do', and you don't know anything about them. I don't want that feeling where I don't know what's going on ever again."

As Penetration moved forward with glossy albums, headlining tours, they moved away from the reasons they started. They found themselves on a five week

tour of America, a novelty for them and in that respect fun. But, as Floyd points out, they were there as promotion, as part of Virgin's descent on America. They played in little bars, met lots of weird people and couldn't understand what they were doing there. They came to blows in San Francisco. When they arrived back home, exhausted and confused, they learnt that there was to be a three month tour of America for them at the end of the year. That was more or less the end.

The show that night is a messy celebration, with more encores than songs in the set

■ continues over



Penetration Pack It In

Carry On, Nietzsche! (or Nietzsche on Carrie!)

JACK Nietzsche is in a lot of trouble. The man who started his career as the arranger of Phil Spector's classic early sixties Chrystals' and Ronettes' singles and more recently produced Mink DeVille's two albums and Graham Parker's 'Shooting Up Sparks' and also wrote scores for movies like *Blue Collar*, *Performance* and *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* is currently facing a five count felony charge.

This charge is a result of an incident that took place at the Los Angeles home of actress Carrie Snodgrass on the night of June 29th last.

According to deputy District Attorney Marissa Barr, Nietzsche is alleged to have entered the 33-year-old actress's house through an unlocked door, threatened her with a loaded gun, hit her about the head with a weapon and then, grabbing her by the

hair, forced her into the bathroom where he raped her with the barrel of the gun.

Ms Snodgrass, an Oscar nominee for her part in the movie *Diary Of A Mad Housewife* and an ex-girlfriend of Neil Young "suffered a fractured cheekbone, a number of bruises and a cut in her thumb that required eighteen stitches."

The case is the first brought under a new California law that specifically covers "rape by instrumentality", a rape in which a foreign object is used as the means of assault.

Nietzsche has pleaded Not Guilty to all the charges and is currently free on five thousand dollars bail.

The trial continues.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Managing Mensi

SOUTH SHIELDS magistrates court was told last week that the activities of Keith Bell, former manager of The Angelic Upstarts, led to the mother of Mensi, the band's singer, being reduced to a nervous wreck.

Mensi's moving from his home territory of the North-East to London was also said to have been a direct result of "the acts of Mr Bell and his gang".

These remarks were made by Jeremy Hargrave, defending Mensi when the singer appeared with former Upstarts' drummer Derek Wade on a joint charge of criminal damage.

Mensi, charged under his full name of Thomas Mensforth, and Wade both admitted that last August 30th in South Shields they broke two car windows worth £100 belonging to Mr Ronald Casey, an associate of Keith Bell's. Each was fined £25 and ordered to pay £50 compensation.

After Casey saw the pair smash the windows with bricks Mensi told the police: "We did it to get even with Keith Bell and his cronies. They have been giving us a lot of harassment recently."

Thomas Mensforth, senior, Mensi's father, told the court that after Bell was replaced as manager he received threatening phone calls and had to change his telephone number. His windows were also smashed and "groups of men drove past his home at all hours shouting abuse".

Jeremy Hargrave said that the

Upstarts were formed about two years ago and that, although then did not seek a manager, Keith Bell arrived on the scene and they found their affairs being looked after by him.

This would appear to be at odds with a quote Mensi gave *Monotony Maker* in which he said that the band brought in Bell, a former North East boxing champion and former National Front member, "for security reasons, to stop us getting filled in. He had a hard reputation."

Hargrave further explained to the court that, dissatisfied with Bell's services, the band dispensed with him as their manager last June and have since signed with a London-based management company. "This was not to the liking of Mr Bell," Hargrave continued, "For some considerable time now Mr Mensforth's family have been subjected to a reign of terror."

Bell himself has told the press that Mensi had, in fact, always gone along with his managerial tactics: "It was organised violence, so that the band would be recognised. We did anything for publicity. When the Upstarts were supports at the Newcastle Guildhall, with Punishment Of Luxury, Mensi and Catfish Kenny were in the audience hurling bottles at the other band."

He "enjoyed working with the Upstarts at first, because it was fighting music," said Bell. However: "The band aren't fighters. Mensi used to incite the crowd and then stand behind me."

Bell claimed that rather than having been sacked he quit the band's management following a Wolverhampton gig after which he was hospitalised with a stab wound and sixteen stitches in the head.

HORACE RUMPOLE

THRILLS



ARCHIVE FUN

MOVE OVER Bootsy and tell George Clinton the news, funk pioneer Sylvester 'Sly' Stone returns to the turntables any minute now with a brand new platter entitled 'Back On The Right Track', and a special discmix album of the Family Stone's past classics trumpeted as 'Ten Years Too Soon'.

Among others, 'Dance To The Music', 'Stand', 'Everyday People' and 'I Want To Take You Higher' have been resurrected from the era of Luv'n' Haight and remixed by discmixer John Luogo, who felt that "there is a whole new generation of record buyers who hadn't been introduced to Sly's music, which was most definitely a forerunner to disco."

Thrills takes this opportunity to sock it to ya with a super psychedelic stone soul snap from '68.

SHAUN HUFF

THRILLS;



FOUND: The Knack

TIME WAS when not a week would pass without some shark declaring: "I've found a new group that's the greatest thing since The Beatles!" To which some wag would reply "How mervy."

So meet the Greatest Thing Since The Beatles for the week ending March 25th, 1987... The Knack. Any similarities between this Knack and America's busy number one sensation of the same name is purely coincidental — as is the fact that The Knack, The Knack and The Beatles Record for Capitol Records.

No-one knows for certain if The Knack ever caused the slightest stir outside the offices of *Beat* — America's Pop Music Newspaper when they released their prelude to the 'Me' generation, 'I'm Aware' — but we sincerely hope fluffy cravets did everything for them that skinny ties have done for the new Knack.

And as for the name... Capitol's official biography claims that "Mike, Larry, Dink and Pug, once having found it, defined it and created it, realised that having the knack was not enough... so they became it". Posterity salutes you, Mike, Larry, Dink and Pug ("the silent member of the group") and salutes also the time when a group wasn't a group unless it had a silent member.

TINY TIM

THRILLS

Rock and Roll Swindle?

THE CREDIT company American Express have taken legal exception to Virgin Record's advertising campaign to promote the loathsome new Sex Pistols product 'Rock Around The Clock' using an illustration that patently imitates the copyright design of their product.

American Express are so miffed at Virgin's heinous design for the S.P.'s single cover that they have won a temporary court injunction banning the sale of the single.

Virgin first learnt of the injunction proceedings when Richard 'Croase and' Branson thrummed through his answering machine late last Saturday. On Monday a testy telex stared the over ripe magnate full in the face. American Express had Virgin on the hop, their company lawyer was unable to produce a satisfactory defence and the case was adjourned. AE testified on three grounds: a) Breach of Copyright; b) Trade Marketing Infringement (which Virgin contested because the name American Express didn't appear in the ad) and c) Trade Libel, or Ingenious falsehood.

The presiding Judge, a Judge Dillon appeared to take the Virgin side throughout. At one time he produced from his pocket a genuine American Express (Gold) card and commented on comparing the original with the parody "I think the right honourable gentleman must agree that the gladiator's head is a tad different, what? Hmm? How say you sir?"

Virgin Records themselves are in the invidious position of owning a corporate American Express card which they use to further their nefarious activities on both sides of the globe.

ROCK A FELLA

THRILLS

Dark Star

Okay, spot that deliberate error in that piece on the folding of fanzine distributor Phoenix, did you?

You know, the bit where we said that the stout men of West Coast Kermine *Dark Star* were trembling at the thought of what would befall them without Phoenix.

Well, as any fool knows Phoenix have not distributed *Dark Star* for over a year.

Actually, editor Nick Ralphs was a bit troubled at our deciding to test you out with his mag as the subject. *Dark Star* is already running late due to Nick's having been involved in a bad car smash and he feared you might believe it had gone to the wall.

Normal service, will be resumed as soon as possible. In other words, November.

From Cashbox Oct 6.

Infinitely Pope LP Ships Platinum

by Charles Follert

NEW YORK — Virgin Records has announced one million copies of the album 'Pope John Paul II: Songs of the Father's Smoothing' (C 1001) shipped across the country. The album is expected to be in store by the end of the month in the United States.

The album, which was at \$19.95 is being sold to all record stores through MCA. Outstanding at \$19.95 for the album and \$19.95 for the cassette and 8-track. The cassette and 8-track are available in the UK.

— Charles Follert, New York City

POPE JOHN PAUL II

SINGS OF THE FATHER'S SMOOTHING

C 1001

MCA

NEW YORK CITY

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NEW TIPS FROM AMSTERDAM

CENSORED

The METEORS

With their hard hitting single
MY BALLS ACHE

Come and see
them on tour with
Lene Lovich

EMIS 000

Penetration

■ From previous page

proper. Outside Virgin's omnipresent Manor Mobile soaks it up on tape. "They won't get anything from that for a live album," snickers the group.

I get throttled and thrown out of the hall by some moustached hired thug after I pulled him away from mindlessly flailing out at some fourteen year old kids. Penetration had figured they'd at least got that sorted out for the night, having told the bouncers to stay cool, and are further depressed when I tell them what happened later.

"This is what we mean, about how you don't know what's going on. We thought the bouncers were well behaved."

Pauline finally gets to telling the audience about the break. She doesn't do it very well.

"I've got something to say. This is the last time that we're going to be playing here. Everything has to change after a while." The words get lost in the night. Few understand.

After the show and a silent wind-down fifty fans filter through into the dressing room for any souvenirs they can whip. They ask if some one is leaving the group. Everyone is a little hesitant in admitting what has happened. Drummer Gary Smallman simply says "If we play here again, it won't be with the same line up."

Floyd squats in a corridor signing autographs. It was he who came forward and said he wanted to leave the group.

"I want to make records in small studios, I'm not bothered about getting in the charts or anything like that. Make records of my own. With Penetration my contribution gets filtered down so that it's not really me. I joined Penetration as a fan but I soon realised that things weren't too good, that everything was getting back just like the old days."

"What really grieved me was making the new LP in

Yes's studio or something, and putting money into these hippies' pockets. Recording in 32-track studios isn't supposed to be what it's about.

"There's a number of reasons why I got fed up. America was really awful. The band had really become a soft touch for everybody. They were too nice. I hated the horrible horrible image the band had got. So nice!" he cringes in distaste as Robert walks by. As we talk guitarist Fred Purser leaves the hall with his father. He hadn't given away much of an idea of what he'd be doing next. None of the band except maybe Floyd are sure.

The group, bar Purser, move to the hotel where I'm staying and we chat informally in the lounge until the early hours. Each shares a complete and utter disillusionment with the business.

Pauline tells me how when Virgin boss-man Simon Draper heard of the split he suggested that she do some cover versions and go for a hit. She almost splutters into her coffee. "It becomes a career. That's wrong. I told you before that if I didn't feel like doing it anymore I wouldn't. I don't and I'm not."

Penetration may never have been a vital group but their decision to halt is a brave and realistic one. It would have been easy for them to continue, a few other groups could try the same re-evaluation.

"I'm determined not to make the same mistakes," Pauline promises. "I want to do what I want to do and I'm going to do it."

The rest of the group nod in silent agreement.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

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Rock Against Bloodsports

OF INTEREST to all reasonable human beings who abhor the thought of defenceless animals being terrified and torn to pieces by blind, elitist members of the human species is the moving of the previously Southampton-based Rock Against Bloodsports to London.

The organisation exists "to make money for the Hunt Saboteurs' Association" and claims it has no affiliation with Rock Against Racism or similar allied bodies.

Rock Against Bloodsports, which has already promoted gigs in Southampton, is promoting a concert on Friday, November 2, at Finsbury Library Hall, 245 St John Street, London EC1. Featured bands will be Bloodshot, Door And A Window, and Total Attack. Admission is a pound and the gig, which runs from 7.30 to 11.00, is licensed.

DORIAN WILLIAMS

THRILLS

Mayall Sets Hollywood Alight

HOLY BUSHFIRES! John Mayall's out on the tiles.

It's tragic but true; the raging inferno — believed to have been sparked by a wayward firecracker — that clean-swept the Hollywood hillscape ten days back has left the veteran disco fusion buff at the mercy of the elements.

A glance at this attendant holiday snap confirmed that all that remains of Johnnie's bijoux residence is a gutted four-wheeler (pictured) and two casserole dishes (not on display).

Gone is his priceless axe collection, gone is his near-legendary stockpile of porn spanning back to the 1800s that the bacchanalian bluesman attests is "one of the largest in the world".

But worse still gone is his kneecap, an appendage broken while diving into his pool at one of his more reckless nude bathing parties and which has apparently graced his mantelpiece ever since.

The desolate Mayall, who's parked his bedroll in neighbourly John McVie's duplex, is believed to be alive and limply kicking.

ARTHUR BROWN

THRILLS



Pic: Jeffrey Mayer.

Blackmail Corner

LOOK AT the nice, sharp mod band with the nice sharp modern lampshade. Note how happy they are with life [except for the one behind the lampshade...] how willing to smile for the lensman, how jubilant they are to rejoice in the sharp modern name of Zoot Money's Big Roll Band. All this around 1965.

But these men were about to embark on a journey, to travel to hell and back, to voyage down the labyrinths of the human unconscious.

It was a mission which only two of them would survive: the chirpy chap in the dark suit and the Little Boy lost on his left. (Moral: if you want to get ahead in life get at the front of the group photograph...)

Now see them after they smoked the banana skins in the Summer of Love, 1967.

Look at how their nervous systems have been ravaged by the drug! See how calorie-packed LSD has made Zoot Money (rear) put on pounds and adopt an odd distant air.

Only the Little Boy lost in his new Granny Takes A Trip kaftan (front) has any sense of purpose about him as, taking inspiration from his fellow members of Dantalian's Chariot, he is given a glimpse into the enormous success for which he will still have to wait another twelve years, bolstered only by his success as a featured star in Jenny Fabian's Groupie.

Who is this mystery man and why is Thrills dredging up these embarrassing memories of his past?

Turn to page 20 for the shocking truth!



EARTH, WIND & FIRE

In the beginning there was
'LAST DAYS AND TIME'



Their first album
re-released and available at only
£2.79
R.R.P.

Straight From The Horse's Mouth

'Rockers' star in heavy manners shock

It appears that certain of the Youth of this yard have left the *Rockers* film impressed by the performance of its protagonist, Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace.

Yer Robbie Shakespear, yer Jakes Miller, yer Gregory Isaacs are all immediately recognisable... yet from whence has come Horse, the film's most rankin' performer and most masterful exponent of Kingston steppin'?

Simple answer, skip! 'Orsey, 'im jus' a sta-a-aarr. Horsemouth, presumably so called because of his visage's likeness to that of one of our four-legged friends, is one of the hardest drummers in Jamaica. If it isn't Sly Dunbar whose moniker is behind a reggae drum-sound then the next most likely name is certainly Horsey's. The current *Rassas* album

features his stickwork but he's also played with Culture, Tosh, Spear, Greg Isaacs and on half the 45s that come out of Jamaican studios.

Unlike Sly, however, who is renowned for his peaceful, loving nature, Horsemouth is known amongst the *Idler's Rest* set as a dangerous character.

And well he might be. One fine day in Kingston at the beginning of last year photographer Kate Simon and myself ran into Horsemouth. He was on his way from a court appearance at which he'd been granted further bail on a charge of assaulting one of Kingston's finest and on his way to a gig at Trelawney where he would be drumming behind Culture and Spear and The Heptones.

He agreed to give us a lift there and on the way out of Kingston he stopped off at a detached bungalow which,

had been rented to *Rockers'* director Theodoros Bafaloukas. Somehow Horsey had managed to take it over and remain living there after Bafaloukas had finished work on the movie.

He told with glee how after shooting had finished he'd gone up to see Bafaloukas at the Sheraton Hotel — where, incidentally, other sources tell that Horsemouth kept half the dreads in town well-victualled on the director's room service number during the making of the film. The drummer decided it was time he was given his full payment.

But, protested Bafaloukas who had perhaps been hoping to pull off something of a colonialist exploitation number, what about the money I was giving you every day after shooting. That was your payment.

Nah, Horsey described how he'd leant over the film

director, that was expenses. Now he wanted his fee.

During the course of the car journey to Trelawney Horsey stopped off at a roadside rum bar to buy some matches. We remained in the car.

Suddenly there was an aggressive-sounding commotion that made us both look up: Horsey had somehow acquired a vicious-looking machete. With his back rammed up hard against a wall of the bar was an older straight-looking Jamaican. Horsey was tickling his Adam's Apple with the tip of the machete.

The straight-looking Jamaican had insulted Horsey's way of dress.

Before, however, you recall the "I a peace-loving Rastaman" speech in *Rockers* and conclude that young Horsemouth is guilty of grand hypocrisy it should be pointed out that it was later whispered in my ear as to just how much the drummer loves putting on a show for his guests...

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS



Pic: Kate Simon

Lowry



Tories Act Tough

THE NATIONAL Conservative party conference responded with unbridled enthusiasm to the announcement by Home Secretary William Whitelaw that young criminal offenders will soon face an up-dated equivalent of the time-honoured reactionary prescription for society's ills: 'a spell in the army'.

The courts are to be given greater sentencing powers, and two experimental military-style centres are to be set up in Yorkshire and Surrey presumably with the aim of superceding the patently ineffectual Borstal system. Up to 200 young 'thugs' at a time will have their delinquent tendencies square-bashed out of them and a tough, sharp regime of drills, and manual labour is promised.

"These will be no holiday camps and those who attend will not ever want to go back."

said Whitelaw. "Much greater emphasis will be put on hard and constructive activities, on tidiness, and on discipline and respect for authority."

He went on to assure the conference that it was nonsense to argue that 'society as a whole is somehow responsible for the wrongdoings of every criminal within it,' and placed much of the blame instead on the previous Labour government's "determination to destroy society!"

Whether this new move stems from anything more than the rising tide of right wing law and order paranoia remains to be seen — we hope, for your sake, from the outside.

THE BRIGADIER

THRILLS

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Running into the next decade

SANTANA

Their new album

MARATHON



After 10 years of chart albums and headline tours around the world, Santana are still out in front. Their new album "Marathon" bears the unmistakable Santana sound and ten brilliant tracks, including the single 'You Know That I Love You'.

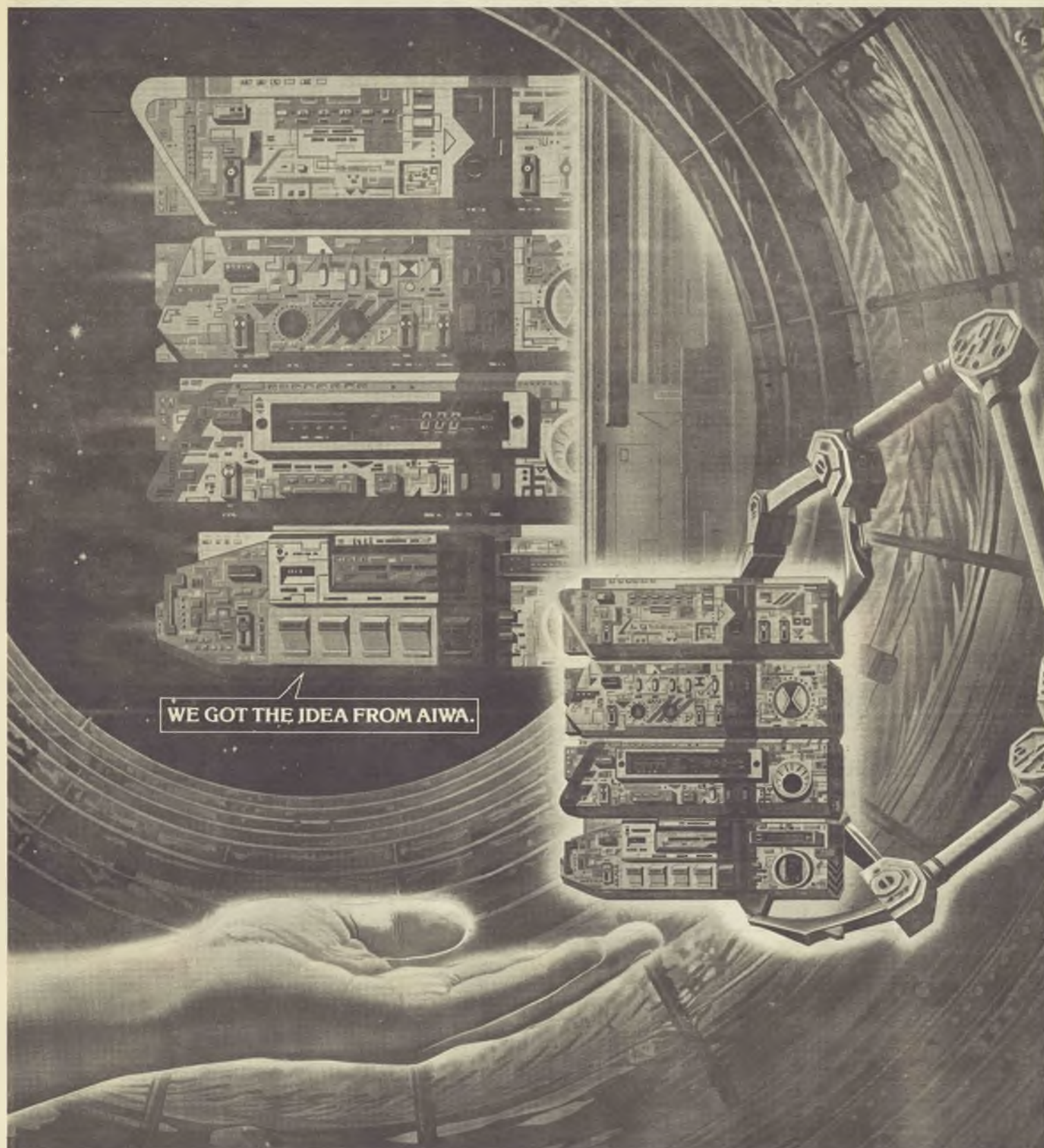
Marathon leads the way



Produced by Keith Olsen in association with Santana and David De Vore.



Album: "Marathon" CBS 86098
Cassette: CBS 40-86098



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THOSE
FABULOUS
FURRY



GILBERT Shelton in person would come as a surprise to most of his legions of fans. The man who created The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, Fat Freddie's Cat and Wonder Warthog is rather shy and retiring, wears his hair short and dresses in corduroy jackets. There's little outward sign that here lurks the brain and hands responsible for a thousand drug-soaked fantasies, for creating those archetype figures of the Drug Culture.

"We've heard various reports about a Furry Freak Brothers film. Is this now a reality?"

"Yeah. Universal Studios have purchased the film rights to the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers and it's going to be produced by Tom Holt (?) and the screenplay will be written by B.W.L. Norton (?), as he is known. He'll also be the director. Dave Sheridan, my former partner in the drawing of the Freak Brothers is going to be technical adviser but I'm going to be in Europe till its over with."

"How did the Furry Freak Brothers begin?"

"That was a long time ago when the Freak Brothers started around '68 or '69 and I just did a few now and then. They would be published in various underground papers and, after I'd been doing them for a couple of years, I started my own publishing company, gathered them all together, and published them in a comic book. That one book is almost ten years old now and it's still selling at the same rate that it always was."

"Were the Freak Brothers based on anybody you knew?"

"That would be hard to say."

There's probably some real people involved but they probably wouldn't want their names to be known now. But if real people did what the Freak Brothers do, they couldn't have lasted all this long. They would have been dead by now."

I occasionally get letters from people, and pictures, saying: "Is your model for Fat Freddie so and so from Orlando, Florida. I'm sure it is because he lives down the street from me."

When I was publishing the Freak Brothers weekly in the Los Angeles Free Press back in 1971 I thought I was going to produce a Freak Brothers movie myself and I advertised a look-a-like contest and also printed letters which I would hand-let, photocopy and type at the bottom of the comic strip. I never really judged it, there was never a conclusion, but there were some remarkable entries."

"What about the cat? How did he come about?"

"The old-time newspaper strips in the States used to have a big strip that would cover most of the page and then a small one that was related at the bottom. There was Mutt & Jeff who sometimes had a related strip called Cicero's Cat, the cat with the human face, like Fat Freddie's Cat. That might have been my inspiration."

"You don't have a cat yourself it was modelled on?"

"No. I knew some, they're dead now. Eaten by dogs. Smashed by cars. Cats don't live forever, especially tom cats that get out and run around. We do have a cat back in San Francisco but it's a little old lady

cat."

"Were you surprised at the way the Furry Freak Brothers grew in popularity?"

"I still don't know what there is special about it. Maybe just the bulk of it makes it into an epic. Maybe some people aren't aware that it took longer to draw than it does to read it."

"How do you produce a strip?"

"It can happen any way. In my case I'll hunt for one funny idea and build it. If the idea's in the middle, fine. If it's at the end, fine. You just build around it. You write it backwards a lot of times, building to a funny point at the end. Because it has to come out the proper number of squares — that makes it different than prose. It makes it a little bit like a portrait, where you're bound by special rules. The lines have to come out even."

"The Freak Brothers have always stayed in the same place and time. Do you ever feel you would like to change that?"

"I think about it sometimes but actually I try and keep the ambience ambivalent as possible, just because less is more and ambience is hard to draw."

"But when the Freak Brothers first came out, it reflected the mass culture of the time, but that has now moved on to disco and God knows what else."

"Actually now that decision whether to modernise the Freak Brothers might be up to Rip Off Press. I myself, I'm not sure. I want to see what the movie does to the image of the Freak Brothers because the movie will probably be seen by more people than the books, which

sold a million or more. But how many people go see a movie? More than a million."

"Do you ever feel trapped by the characters you've created?"

"I haven't let it get in my way too much but there are other things I would like to do. For the last three years I've been working on a new Wonder Warthog book. I would like to hype that now. One chapter from it will be published here by Hassle Free Press entitled "Philbert Desanex's One Hundredth Thousandth Dream. Philbert Desanex is Wonder Warthog's altered identity. It's a forty-page comic book of one continuous dream."

"I'll just keep doing comic strips as far as I know. Occasionally the idea crosses my mind of maybe doing musical comedies, musicals, that sort of thing. Movies are scary. As it done by Hollywood its high pressure, highly professional and too much hard work for me. I like to spread it out over a long period of time. That's my style, coming from Texas, where there's lots of spare time, lots of space, lots of people with nothing to do, sitting around, bored, happy to be extras in a movie for nothing at all, just for the fun of it."

"Actually, I don't like to draw much."

DICK TRACY

TRILLIS

All the Furry Freak Brothers comics and Fat Freddie's Cat cartoons are available from Hassle Free Press. They will soon be publishing *Thoroughly Ripped*, a full-colour annual of Freak Bros adventures. Price £4.95 plus 15% p&p. Full mail order list available from them at BCM Box 311, London WC1V 6XX.

The Fabulous Furry Gilbert Shelton



Shelton: self-portrait

LEO KOTTKE



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A team of dedicated hype artists have been working day and night to bring NME readers the chance to catch the first train to Skaville from a select backstage position. Not only will our lucky winner be able to hang out and meet the stars, but to save him or her from boring the ste-prast off their friends afterwards, they'll be able to invite three chums of their choice along for the ride.

And that ain't the half of it: the lucky foursome will also be showered with all sorts of exclusive promotional booty to round off their evening's entertainment.

The usual Crackerjack pencil and a copy of The Specials' album to the first 21 runners-up.

So take off that trilby, scratch your brains, and get cracking on the answers to the six simple questions on the right. Closing date is November 1, 1979.

This is a heavy, heavy competition. Don't do that... Do this!



This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Two Tone and Chrysalis Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of NME.

A SPECIALS NIGHT OUT

NME'S SPECIAL TWO TONE COMPETITION
55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

Ring correct answer:—

- (1) The name Two Tone comes from:
a) Clothing material
b) A Midlands club
c) A Jimmy Cliff record

- (2) Fred Perry is:
a) A clothes designer
b) A sportsman
c) A record producer

- (3) The original 'Message To You Rudy' was recorded by:
a) Toots & The Maytals
b) Dandy Livingstone
c) Bunny Livingstone

- (4) The original 'Monkey Man' was recorded by:
a) Toots & The Maytals
b) Dandy Livingstone
c) Bunny Livingstone

- (5) 'Gangsters' was produced by:
a) Elvis Costello
b) Dennis Bovell
c) Specials

- (6) 'Do The Dog' was a featured number for which of these '60s British acts:
a) The Rolling Stones
b) George Formby & The Blue Flames
c) Herbie Goins & The Nightingales

Now complete the following in not more than 12 words:

Rude Boys cannot fail because

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.....
.....

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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Tel.....

Blackmail
Victim Exposed!

Come out, Andy Summers of The Police. You're nicked!

The Lone Groover



Benyon

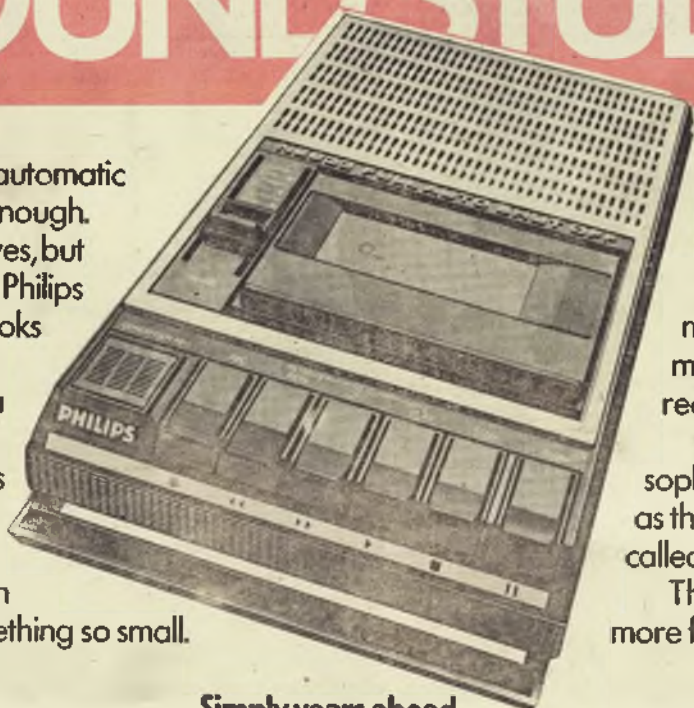
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The portable sound studio is much more flattering.

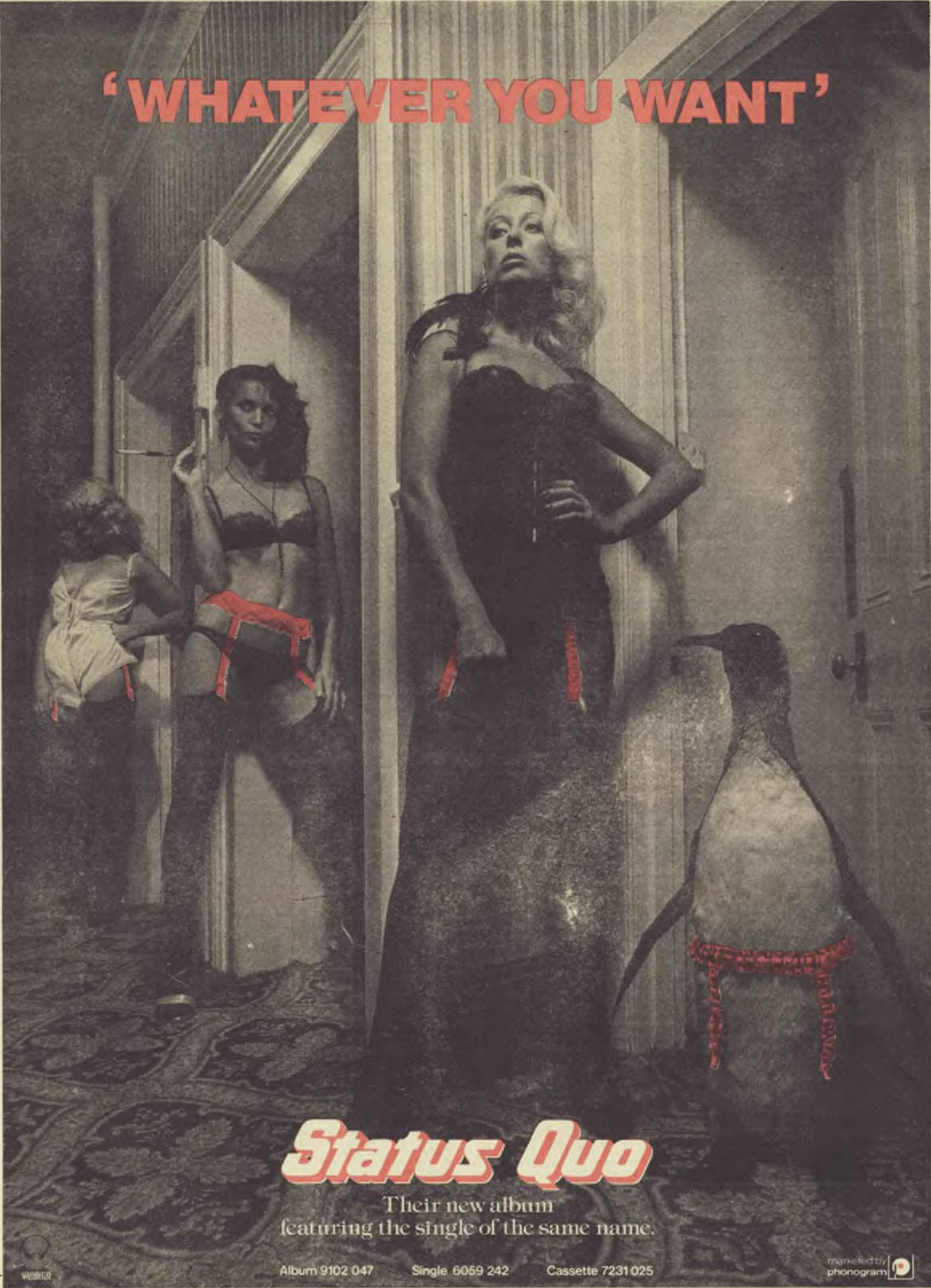
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Simply years ahead.

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'WHATEVER YOU WANT'



Status Quo

Their new album
featuring the single of the same name.

Album 9102 047

Single 6059 242

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marketed by
phonogram 



Paul, Mick, Topper & Joe pose for legendary portrait, Niagara Falls.

The Fastest Gang In The West (Part 2)

DETAILS: THE FIFTH MEMBER

Micky Gallagher turned up in Boston. Four or five dates into the Clash itinerary and The Blockheads' jumpy Irish keyboardist slips in to play, hanging about during daytime hours waiting to meet up with Clashmen who stay in bed late recovering from a 15-hour journey from Detroit. "I hated that, waiting around."

Gallagher has contributed keyboard sounds to the deeper, wider new clash songs, but knew little of The Clash from 'White Riot' through to 'I Fought The Law.' Only recently had he familiarised himself with Clash history.

His presence is part of the Clash growth process.

"I never envisaged this kind of development," admits Strummer. "Mick said to me six months ago we'll get a piano player for the British tour and I said 'Oi leave it out, we're a four-piece group', and then we got Mickey down to play in the studio. Organ's so much cooler than piano!"

Visually Gallagher is an interference, musically superfluous, but he's a necessary experiment. And 'White Riot' or 'Garageland' with Gallagher frantically washing the rush riffs with organ swells has to be a 'Blonde On Blonde' on speed design. "Great, great, what a sound," drools Strummer, an unashamed rock historian.

"When I was on the plane coming over," confides Gallagher a couple of hours before the show, finding it difficult to keep still. "I wondered what the hell I was doing. But then I realised it was too late, I had to get on with it. I get off on the nervous energy of the group, different kinds of energy. That'll get me through. There's Joe's energy and Mick's energy and Topper's energy and Paul I don't really know, he's a bit quiet. I'm looking forward to it." He attempts a smile. He can't keep still.

Gallagher and The Clash spend the Boston soundcheck getting used to each other; plenty of A's and B's and D minor's fly around as Gallagher within an hour attempts to become an integral part of the Clash slam. The night's show indicates no radical progression. Tucked away at the side of the stage, Gallagher is barely heard or seen. He chews gum feverishly and is kept on his feet. Just before

Details: PAUL MORLEY Photography: PENNIE SMITH

going on stage, for the ninth song in the set, to play through to the encores — 19th or 20th — Gallagher seems to be edging towards the side door, a sick look on his face.

The first time Mickey Gallagher ever saw The Clash live on stage he played with them.

DETAILS: THE INTERVIEW

Boston hours are split between absorbing Gallagher and squalling about when to journey to New York for the next day's Palladium appearance. Initially Headon, Strummer and Simonon favour travelling immediately after the Boston gig, which will get them into New York by eight. Theoretically, Mick Jones dislikes the idea, preferring to leave Boston early in the morning. Ten to arrive at two. Clash aren't the world winners at early rising.

After much discussion Strummer and Headon come round to Jones' way of thinking. Simonon unfussily travels on the roadies' bus straight after the gig with his New York girl friend Debbie. The other three decide to sleep in Boston and leave early for New York — which ultimately sees them departing at midday, arriving at four and going right into the soundcheck.

Clash's journeys through America are on a silver thin coach, complete with claustrophobic bunks, a toilet, a table, some cupboards, some seats, and plenty of rockabilly, reggae and Motown. It's not luxury travel, but it's a couple up on The Undertones' car and Gang Of Four's transit. With Kozmo Vinyl on board, parts of the journeys are something like parties.

There are a number of overnight journeys without hotels. Vast expanses of America are glimpsed brokenly through darkened windows; fleetingly, frustratingly. Forgotten. Bits of cities are seen at a distance. The mind strays behind the body. Is this a sacrifice? An adventure? A privilege?

"Well, we must always compare this poncing about with what they're doing back home," reasons Strummer. "Like say what my mates are doing, maybe working in a motorcycle shop, right? I mean we've either got to do that or do this as far as I'm concerned. There's no lying about on the beach ... if you have a job — you've done a job, getting up and things — that's a pressure, and we don't have to do that. We have to do this instead. That's what we've got to compare it

with. To take the rough with the smooth."

Strummer thinks a lot in these terms. "It can turn round that you don't. It can happen. But having people like Koz along on a jaunt like this can help, especially if you're down ... he says things with that in mind, like say you go, oh no another five hours to Chicago, he'll go, well it's fucking better than this!" and he'll describe someone working in a baker back in England or something. That helps me. You'll sniff and go bollocks no hum, Detroit, or whatever, you'll slip — and you need someone to come along and go, you tosser, do you know where you are? And you go, that's right! All that childish sort of thrill is essential when you come over here. My God! We're going to New York! I hope I never lose that."

Coch journeys can be smooth enough and monotonous enough — time stands still — to be ideal places for tape recorded conversation. Insulated by circumstances, interviewees staring out the back of a coach at disappearing countryside become revealingly introverted.

Boston to New York; up the back of the coach sat by a crumpled Mick Jones who's sleeping off the genuine traumas of having to rise at 11 o'clock, Joe Strummer, looking preoccupied yet talking sharp, speaks his way towards Manhattan.

What you're doing, I ask ... it has to be done? "Yeah. It has to be done. The same way that Koz talks about the radio airwaves, every second we're on the radio that's a second less Boston or Foreigner. In the same way I keep thinking of all those studios in London or Kingston Jamaica or anywhere, and you get a picture of London with like fifty recording studios and they're full with groups in the morning and groups in the afternoon, all those studios used by all those people and I just think we gotta get in there and grab some of that time."

"That's why I say it's gotta be done. If we don't come other group's gonna get in there, you know what I mean, and we're egotistical enough to think we've got something to say. All those tape machines are waiting there for our big say."

Do you have to do it for yourself? Strummer shrugs, he looks around, his mind seems to wander.

"I don't know. I'm not sure how I got to be here. I can't put no perspective on it. It hasn't happened that fast, we've been going for like

three years and that's a long time, so I dunno, I can't quite figure out what it is that we do. Maybe we're so close up to it, the records and the shows and the interviews, and I just can't see what it is that we are."

So what was the initial energy? "I think it must be the hunger," concedes Strummer, seriously. "That thing, everyone says the best groups are the hungry groups, the ones that want a piece of the action. I think it was hunger to be heard, hunger to make your mark. Through Bernie Rhodes or Johnny Rotten or our own thinking, or a combination of those things we found something to write about; it's a strange thing to say but everybody needs something to write about."

"I remember what a fuck-up it was after the first record. We wrote all those songs, believed in them, dead sincerely, maybe naively — you can listen to them now and maybe laugh at some of them, but after we'd done that we kind of turned round and said now what are we going to do? We just couldn't think of anything to follow it with really. We sat back and it was kind of yeah, and then it was what about the second LP? And we were kind of going, hey hang on a minute, and so we had to think about it for a long time. Eighteen months I think it took us."

It's taken The Clash this long to get over the force of that first LP; its reputation, its comparative completeness.

"After doing the second LP it almost killed us. Somehow all that business of flying over to America and like all the hours with Pearlman in the studio, it half killed us. We came out like zombies — and we looked at each other and we said we don't want to go through that again. We were really low at the beginning of this year, spiritually, really low. We'd just done a tour of Britain or somewhere, and we thought now is the time that we want to sit down and write a load of new songs, and throw all the bollocks out of the window, forge on new."

"We went and retreated into Pimlico and we stayed there for a couple of months, writing everyday and recording ..."

Mick had been talking a lot about how the changes since the first album, the growing pains, the mistakes, had been done under public scrutiny: "washing out our dirty linen in public". Was this the first time since the opening period you've been able to work more or less privately?

"Yeah, it was. In Pimlico we were all on our own. It was the only way we could survive."

Do you feel pressures? "I don't feel too many pressures at the moment but sometimes I feel pressure to bust. The number one pressure is coming up with it."



During the gig...

There's always that pressure five seconds before a show, it's kind of like you have that moment of self doubt: can I come up with it? Or before a take, making a record, and you're singing a vocal that no one's heard, and even going to a radio station and they like drag you out of the car, and you slump in front of the microphone, and I think, oh god I feel just like a blank empty bag, a paper bag, I don't feel like bursting HI AMERICA!

"That's a pressure. You want to wake up one day and wander amongst the bushes or a bar in Camden Town. Just wander off, sit down and scratch your head or something. But you can't, can you?"

Have you lost anything during the days of Clash? Jones murmurs in his sleep. Joe Strummer slowly nods.

"I've certainly lost my youth. I'm 27. A few weeks ago ... So I've had to seriously ... Like when you're 22 you're still a young man, you're practically a teenager. I don't want to sound like an old gaffer, but imagine being 27 ... You have to do some serious thinking. You have to say goodbye to some stuff, torturing your body with all kinds of stuff. You can't do that, once you're past 25 it leaves a mark, scarred face and all that. You have to kiss good bye to all that.

"Actually it's a great relief for me to be 27 in a way, cos I think the worst time of my life was when I was 24, cos I used to lie about my age, make myself younger, say I was 22 or

something, I was so paranoid about it. It was the early days of Clash, like fuck if they find out how old I am that's it. I'm in the bunker, the dumper ... and then I thought fucking hell I feel great, I feel like cos I'm older than this lot I've got a little bit extra to add. Kind of experience."

Does he feel comfortable at 27?

"I'm really comfortable with it. I feel lively. I can't do what I used to, I must admit I have become ... in order to do the shows I can't really get into boozing. At times like this when we're riding along in the bus I might have a beer, and even this week piss they've got here, for me that's about it. A few years back it was like ten bottles of Special Brew every night. Just to feel alright I had to do it. So it's better in a way, to be normal. If I was 22 I'd think I'd be a right piss artist ... I think about Paul Weller, right, no one seems to remember that he's really young. Nineteen and he'd made three albums or something ridiculous. I got to raise my hat to him, cos I'm not sure, god knows, I've had seven years more living than him."

Strummer speaks with a roofless voice through rotten teeth and a goofy sort of grin. I ask him how he sees the notion of change. He delivers a manifesto of sorts.

"Punk came out and said bollocks to the lot of you, change is what it's all about, this is

► Continues over



After the gig (Paul)...

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Clash USA '79

From previous page

new... new, change, new, change, right? And now people are saying, Hang on a minute mate that ain't quite punk, you're not quite tooting the rope, and they're treating punk as something like hippy music or teddy boy R&B. Punk's now become Oh yeah he's got zips all over him sowed on by his mother and he's shouting in Cockney making no attempt to sing from the heart and the guitarist is deliberately playing monotonously, and they're all playing as fast as possible, so this is punk so yeah I can dig this. There are some people who are becoming snobs.

"I don't want to see punk as another slavish attitude and image and everything is pre-planned and pre-thought out for you to slip into comfortably. Like say mod is. Let's all put on mod suits and feel less nervous.

"I vote for the weirdo, I vote for the loonies, I vote for the people off the left wall, I vote for the individuals.

"Because that was what we were all like in '76. It was all like individual. There was a common ground, it was punk rock, but anything was OK, like he was wearing this and he was wearing that, and he was experimenting with that, anything was alright.

"But to think, Oh you've got to wear zips and hang on a minute those shoes ain't punk or hey this beat ain't punk, that like, God help us, have we done all that to get here? That's why we're going to do a tour of Britain as soon as we get back home because it seems like we haven't toured there for years. We're going to take out a show on the road that is just going to be fucking great. If people are going to stand there saying this ain't punk or whatever then they'll be the fucking losers. I mean if people stand and watch us do a song with Micky Gallagher and they go, What the fuck's this? they're gonna miss the point. Because it feels good to me."

What does he see as the power of rock 'n' roll to affect people?

"We all know that the song is the be-all and end-all of everything. It is in my life anyway. No one can take a song away from you, even sitting in a Kentish Road jail, at least you've got a song right, and that seems to me to be the most powerful thing ever. I think it has got the power to change, it's got to change, hasn't it? People go to clubs and they hear the songs and the words coming at them, and that's where the information is, so it's gotta be the only thing.

"It's sharing human experience and having new knowledge and insights to it, and the more people know about it, the further we're getting into it."



Mick makes up for all the missed lessons

What kind of things turn you on apart from rock 'n' roll? Strummer thinks I ask what turns him on about rock 'n' roll, and his face registers a slow shock at the stupidity of the question. Apart from rock 'n' roll!

"I like the look of things... I'm kind of generally interested in everything. I get interested... I want to know about everything really. When you're in some god-knows-where cafe and you're feeling down and you're having a cup of coffee, you can start listening to what they're saying at the next table and for me it almost becomes grippingly fascinating. I almost forget totally about myself and I start working out who they are and what they're doing. I dunno. I get interested in any old crap."

DETAILS: THE SHOW

1. BEFORE. Think of Detroit and think of... MCS and Cream magazine?

During the day at Detroit, after soundcheck and at the hotel, Clash are interrogated by Cream magazine. The pop papers have minimal influence over American rock standards; they're utterly impotent next to the radio. Their consistent inability to cover emergent trends and cults, to alter their perspective, is, paradoxically, one reason why American rock culture curled up and moreover, why the bulk of the audience grew tired. New British music confuses them. The elder statesmen of rock critics — Bangs, Marcus, Rockwell, sweet things — treat Clash

as the honeys of the new age, but so far this has meant little.

The Creamguy interviews Strummer a few hours before the Detroit show, at the motel, and spurs Strummer into a rage by ignorantly blowing smoke into his face. A sensitive area for Strummer, who despite being a smoker superstitiously steers clear of any smoke before an appearance. He walks off.

Later on in the dressing room he quietly apologises to Kozmo. "He was getting on my nerves!" Koz cools him. Still to come is the half legendary Cream Boy Howdy/Lifeline peg: Clash must be pictured supping Boy Howdy beer and underneath Cream will invent suitable lifelines. Clash go out of their way to make sure they do the lifelines, and then invent equally frivolous insertions.

Clash become irritated by the Cream presence, not really bothered about pages in the magazine, and as they sit and fidget in the dressing room there are sneers whenever the photo session is mentioned.

Strummer thinks that Cream's mock Boy Howdy brand is a genuine beer that Cream sponsor. "Well, you learn something

everyday," he marvels when he discovers the secret.

The Clash eventually reluctantly gather for the shot. Two plainly nervous photographers have prepared a room with white sheets, harsh lights, and have carefully wrapped Boy Howdy stickers around Budweiser beer cans. The Clash are restless and playful.

"Don't take any pictures until I say," raps Kozmo, a West Ham fan. "If you take a picture while they are smiling," he threatens, rubbing his hands together remembering his George Cole poses, "then you will be kicked out of the hall and have to buy your pictures at vastly inflated prices from Pennie Smith." The two photographers chuckle nervously.

The Clash drop into contrived roles of outrage. Fangs and claws appear from nowhere. Expressions contract into fake fury. "Right," cues Kozmo, an expert choreographer, and cartoon hell breaks out in front of the unsteady lens. Cans are ripped open, stamped on, hurled onto the floor, at the walls. Somehow the damage doesn't stretch beyond the four people area. Within the area: packaged destruction. Foam, curled lips, hate. A peculiar switch-on.

The two camaramen hurry for their shots. It's all over in a few seconds. Clash slump off, shaking away spilt beer, dropping back into impatient pre-gig attitudes. The photographers visibly shaken, gratefully pat affable Kozmo on his ample back. He shrugs it off and joins the group back in the dressing

room. The photographers peck up, thinking of the tale they'll have to tell.

The minutes slowly disappear before the show. Joe tries to stay in one place, Paul has an injured hip lovingly bandaged by Debbie, Topper and his girlfriend Dee frolic with each other. Wayne Kramer, renowned MCS guitarist, has arrived, and he and Mick Jones have a lot to say to each other.

One by one the group leave to prepare for the show. Soon only Topper and Dee remain in the dressing room, Dee trying to hurry the diminutive drummer. "There's no panic," Headon excuses himself as he carefully introduces a large slice of ham into his mouth. Dee shuts the door on him: "I don't believe that man," she sighs.

2. DURING. "Whichever way you look at it it's a show, innit? It's like we're on a show bus travelling on a show circuit, and kids are paying to get in and see the show. It is a show. We happen to be dealing with that other stuff, the things that matter, because it seems kind of deceitful not to, which The Beatles didn't deal with."

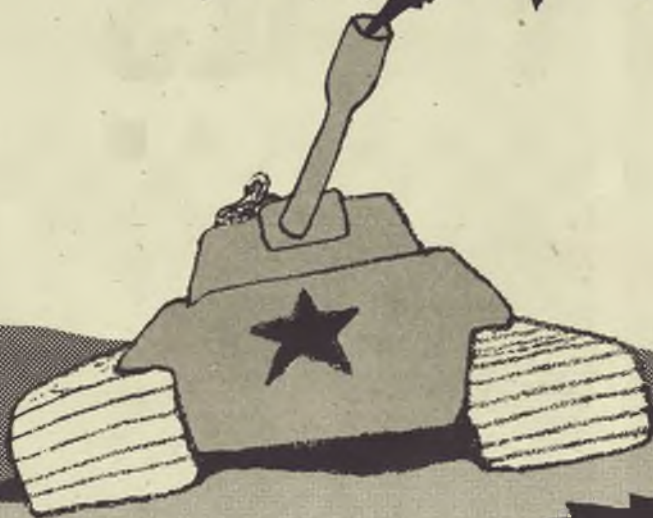
A Clash show, good or bad or thrilling, illustrates the maturity and discrimination of their rock perspective, unique amongst their contemporaries, and their determination to convince, which sets them amongst the greats. They understand the economy and tone of the '50s, are suckers for the flash of the '60s and early '70s, invented the direction of punk, can translate the slip and slide and feel of reggae, and they know how important it is to look good and move good.

It is a show — entertainment — and it is experience. They are clichéd and they are inspired. Through Jones' natural posturing, Strummer's intensity, Headon's skill, Simonon's introversion, they communicate; people will listen. No show is the same. One night Strummer will leap clear over Topper's drumkit — Headon not missing a beat as Strummer's arm and leg whisks by his hair — another night Simonon will destroy a Fender bass, because he felt a bit funny. "Sometimes I feel a bit funny."

Three new songs from the upcoming Clash double LP indicate the current Clash state. "Jimmy Jazz", which swings and stutters and stretches. "Clampdown" featuring a riff of sublime precision and aggression. "Guns Of Brixton" sung by Simonon with Strummer on bass, starkly elegant, effectively repetitive.

This new music isn't unusual. It uses tradition; it uses more of it and uses it better than anybody else. It doesn't forget black music, past or present. The music looks all

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over the place. The Clash are growing up, potentially not a group for the squeamish.

Literally, there's a change too. Less a perverse, persistent journalistic parody, a commentary on surroundings, more a concentration on the nature of response. Mastering or reacting to events? Looking in, not out. Exploring.

"We're stepping into a few areas that we've left untouched, like sexuality... things like that, I dunno, urban psychosis... like plumbing the depths," Strummer tantalisingly explains.

"Depression," Jones sneers with a mixture of ralism and distaste, "real depression, as opposed to being depressed cos you haven't got a job."

Confessional? Clash depression?

"It might be something to do with being in The Clash," Jones enunciates, "All of it actually, it's everything."

"It comes with pumping it out all the time," Strummer thinks, "and sometimes we don't get nothing back and we really get down."

Are you bothered how people are going to take it?

"Naah," Strummer dismisses the idea. "We're so far gone, I tell you. I feel I could get up and do anything really. Y'know, I'm way past all that. What are they going to think of this? I don't care anymore... cos whatever you do people are going to say bollocks — it doesn't matter what."

Clash are playing halls in America, and responses are good, sometimes too good. "New York is a Clash city, Chicago is a Clash city. Los Angeles is a Clash city. Boston is a Clash city... Detroit isn't but we're working on it."

Detroit is notoriously tough city. The audience is not particularly aggressive, just blank. The Clash sensed the negativity from the stage and grew progressively angry. They failed to finish the set. "We did what we had to do, we did our job."

Locals reported that the response was, for Detroit, favourable. I suggest that maybe The Clash, to reach the suspicious and the cynical, should be a little more patient.

"When a group gets in a bad mood it's in a bad mood," Strummer tells me. "To have a good night you've got to have a bad night, and like I was just in a bad mood. I don't know why... but it was such a comedown after playing Chicago, that was like playing Manchester or something like that. That's a bad mood to get into, I like to stay clear of it. It's really really nasty: you're playing songs for people, pouring out your heart and your whole, but at the same time it's like schizophrenic, cos you

hate them. It's really weird.

"I was pissed off because I'd been around all those radio stations in the morning" — every city The Clash visit Kozmo arranges radio interviews to noisily spread the message — "and I knew that as soon as we left them they'd been going. And here's the new one from Styx or Boston, or mommas going to lick you tonight..."

"We were getting out the Foreigner and Boston LPs at one of the stations we were at" — Jones rolls his eyes — "scratching them and putting them back."

Strummer: "So they'd go to get their most played LPs and they'd say, Gee we don't have a copy."

Jones: "Or hopefully they'll not notice and play them... it'll get through quicker, it'll jump. We'll try anything..."

"But I was feeling really hopeless."

continues Strummer. "Those radio stations in Detroit — I knew that as soon as we drew out of the car park they'd be into the old Styx. And it just seems all the Epic guys that you meet across the country, they're kind of 'Yeah I really think you stuff's great' but they're wearing Meatloaf jackets, and you realise Meatloaf, The Clash — it all means the same thing to them. The great grey people out there, it means the same thing to them. That really does get on top of me, the thought that people have no judgement."

"I was feeling angry about this and then the Detroit audience just sitting there didn't help. We've really got high standards. The British audiences that we've been brought up on have always been great and that's our high standards and if an audience doesn't reach that or if we can't get an audience up to that pitch, then we'll feel angry and we'll blame it on them. We'll take some of the blame, but we'll blame it on them too cos it's got to be both, hasn't it? And I can't stand it if they're just going well hit me baby. Like fat Rob Tyner sat in the front row, with his arms folded. Hit me... Yeah!"

"I gave him a look to melt him," grins Jones, referring to Tyner, another member of MCS. "The difference between that guy and Wayne Kramer! Kramer said before we went on, Don't ever pander to these people, really hit hard, and after the show he was the first one back to still be positive, and that's the difference."

"Audiences have got to help," Strummer won't let go. "They've got to get up and say, Give it to me! I'm ready for it. It's no use sitting back and saying, Impress me, cos if I feel that they're doing that I get really pissed off. That's when I start hating it, that's when it starts coming over really twisted."

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION IMMIGRATION CANADIENNE



Joe at Canadian Customs

3. AFTER. Following most shows Clash wound down in small hotel rooms with liquor and late night TV movies, or travelled to the next city. Detroit had to be different.

In a small club somewhere in the city Wayne Kramer, dressed like a bank clerk somehow managing to play crude jams with Johnny Thunders, falling over somehow managing to play sweet on Berry and Hendrix bar songs. The legends pile up on top of one another. Thunders and Kramer in a Detroit club!

Jones breaks out of himself. He's just finished his own show: "This is what it's all about," he gushes, swaying at the front, loving it all, hardly believing it.

Once, on the coach, as Jones rolled yet another joint, I laughingly pointed out that here was the definitive Jones. He laughs a little, but he suddenly realises what I mean and he's quite hurt. "No it's not," he insists. Of course, he's right. The definitive Mick Jones is onstage, holding a guitar.

After Kramer and Thunders have licked each other, and Kramer has insulted me, Jones is first on the coach ready for the short journey back to the motel. As everyone else gathers he's wildly enthusing. "That was something special."

When a couple of manager type persons are in earshot he exclaims: "We've got to get them on a couple of American dates." Financial difficulties are pointed out. Jones is still on a high. "We've been privileged to see that, but how many people get the chance to

got to a Detroit club? We've got to get them on the British tour!" It's carefully pointed out that this isn't as easy as it seems. The dream crumbles around him. Jones slips from his high. By the time the coach pulls up outside the hotel, he's totally quiet. Putting on a brave face.

DETAILS: THE WAY OUT

On the Boston to New York coach Mick Jones has surfaced from his deep slumber and has joined in the conversation. We're discussing how the old rock people let us down: how they didn't drag anything with them, how they abuse their position of power. They don't use their influence positively. Is it possible?

"I think it's because they're not bitter enough. We're really bitter enough."

Clash have it within their potential to be superstars. These words are realistic.

"Yeah, we're really bitter and no amount of sweetening will change that... I dunno, I just don't want them to get around us..."

Can they resist the effects that mellow out and isolate?

"Yeah. Our only hope lies in the fact that they've all been and done it. When we were in school we watched them do it, and so we've got one more dimension than they have. This ain't the '60s. Things are different, y'know, and we're a really different group than there used to be around. Things are changing and this is one of the aspects of the change. Y'know? I mean, should we really be here...? We could've exploded already... gone on self-destruct in Guildford or Aberdeen..."

"Those early dates?" asks Strummer.

"Yeah."

"But we've got to go 15 rounds,"

emphasises Jones.

But is that it? Fifteen rounds and over?

Strummer thinks it over. "Well, you see, people think doing one round is it, but they don't realise that there's fucking 15 rounds! Look at the Stones — they're maybe on the 10th or 11th. Chuck Berry's on the 15th and maybe he's gonna come out for another bout. It's so quick in London, your 15 minutes of fame and then you're into the dumpster. It's so quick people think that's all there is. But they don't realise that it's got to go on and on and it's no use counting up now." Strummer continually speaks in the sturdy language of the rock 'n' roll traditionalist.

What round do you think you're on? Three or four?

"Actually I don't think that we've done three or four... maybe one. One round, come out,

■ Continues page 42

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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

Nils Lofgren: No Mercy (A&M). Nils Lofgren — has on this vignette produced a quite remarkable and convincing mental movie centred around a prize fight. Casting himself in the role of the contender he succinctly details the events (replete with just the right amount of atmospheric sound effects) not from the raging bull standpoint of a dumb Rocky meat grinder but as a professional pug who, with the title just a barrage of punches away, suddenly realises it's an empty victory.

"I wish another could do this for me — his eyes are flooded. God he cannot even see / I hunted this title, but now it doesn't seem right — I fight back tears as I destroy his life."

THE OUT: Who Is Innocent? (Virgin). The history books have got it all wrong. The likes of Freddie & The Dreamers and Wayne Fontana weren't remotely representative of the wealth of live music that made Manchester such a hotbed of great (though criminally unexploited) talent in the '60s. And perhaps subconsciously aware of having being relegated as an also-ran in The Big Beat Wars, like well trained partisans the new breed of Mancunian musicians continue to strike back again and again with a vengeance. Unknowns like The Out regularly concoct some of the most vital (though often quite manic) modern dance music of the late '70s. Leased from Rabid justifiably, this single should

THE HEAT: Instant Love (Hot Stuff). Though by no means perfect, this multi-racial New York-based four-piece have come up with the best sounding backing track I've heard in weeks (let's hear it for producer Joel Webber and his sound engineer Mike Friese). And for that alone it justifies consideration as a single of the week. Effectively combining some of the best characteristics of both The Cars (rhythm figures) and The Small Faces (soul, vocal and clout), The Heat encounter little difficulty in fusing such elements into a no-nonsense identity which, one suspects, could be quickly developed into something even better. A high-octane pease to lust at first sight, brought home with an unflagging sense of precision and purpose. Great graphics as well.

THE SEARCHERS: Hearts In Their Eyes (Sire). What many people are totally unaware of is that, at one time, not only were The Searchers second only to The Beatles in Stateside popularity, but their unique combination of tight harmonies and jingle-jangle guitars were just as much an influence (in many respects longer lasting) on Rock Americana. From The Byrds (who owe the biggest debt) right through to the Buckingham-Nicks Fleetwood Mac, Tom Petty and The Records, The Searchers' distinctive spectra proliferates. Like most people, I reckoned The Searchers to be a spent force running strictly on a nostalgia ticket. Shows you just how wrong you can be. They're back to reclaim their estate and a place on the charts.

QUEEN: Crazy Little Thing Called Love (EMI). Or is it, 'What's This Crazy Little Thing Called Love.' Whatever, prima ballerina Bud Fred Mercury resculptures barnet



League — this time around extolling the virtues of muting — have the edge when it comes to a droll sense of humour. However, there are those about us who insist that Gary has a premium on that as well.

THE OFFS: Johnny Too Bad (Crack In The World); GIRL SKWADD: Sweet Talk (Ariels); DERISLANDZ: They're Not Needed/You Asked Me/THE REACTORS: I Want Sex/I'm A Reactor (Sabotage). The biggest drawback with excruciatingly bad records is that they very rarely offer the same perverse fascination as excruciatingly bad movies. Nevertheless, both The Offs and Girl Skwadd get a split decision for a covered 'so-bad-it's-good' citation (an even harder accolade to earn than mere single of the week). The former for their rickety rockability reggae rendition of The Slickers' 'Johnny Too Bad,' the latter — accompanied by ping-pong

Euro-electronics — for sounding like a legless Siouxsie doing a wicked send-up of El Duce Ferrara. As for the lucky runners-up: Derislandz give some insight as to how Wild Man Fischer would cover Talking Heads' Greatest Hits whilst The Reactors get shortlisted for the Hugo Award for Science Fiction Literature with this cosmic couplet: 'I've got my neutrons, I've got my protons / I've got my electrons / I've got my... 'er... shoes on!'

SHAM 69: You're A Better Man Than I (Polydor). What with young Pursey changing his mind more times than a boutique full of bints on pay-day, he now finds himself still promoting his First Farewell as he embarks upon a Comeback. Still, his heart's in the right place. And the rework of the old Yardbirds anthem for the common man is well suited to his present frame of mind. However, taking into consideration his

unpredictability, next year if you're going to Hershman it could well be with flowers in your hair.

ZERO PASS SEVEN: Worry (Virgin). Reasons to be worried parts one and two. The sleeve of this little oddity is crammed with so much technical data regarding how the recording was made that one could be excused for thinking it's intended as a promotional freebie with the next edition of *Stereo Amateur Strangler* magazine. If Bowie and Zappa found themselves double-booked in the same studio and decided to cut their losses, it might sound vaguely like this or even like that and then it might not. Tubular Bells in another kitchen.

THE RUNAWAYS: Right Now (Cherry Red). If, at the very outset, it had been Mickie Most instead of Kim Fowley who had launched their career then, conceivably, The Runaways wouldn't have degenerated so rapidly into one of the worst-ever disaster areas in living memory.

THE SHADOWS: Rodrigue's Guitar Concerto De Aranjuez (EMI). A much-recorded classical gas but being the posuer that I am I much prefer the sensitive Miles Davis interpretation on 'Sketches Of Spain.'

PLASMATICS: Dream Lover (Vice Squad). By now we're all pretty much aware that The Ramones were a Roger Corman-esque concept, but if that other celebrated Trash-Kulture avatar Russ Meyer chose to make rock records instead of meat movies this is quite probably the kind of over-the-topness he'd aim for. Second time on vinyl, stacked-siren Wendy Williams reveals her

even be remotely considered as a black of joke. Faked dry-ice majestic machismo and an attempt to confuse the listener into believing something of earth-shattering self-importance is taking place only compounds this heinous crime.

THE DOTS: I Don't Wanna Dance (With You) (Dot). Force-feed three young Manhattans each with a different Jam album and this is the outcome. Enthusiasm outweighs proficiency but even then this is far more agreeable than the kind of no-hope rubbish most American majors are throwing at the wall in the name of progress.

SCREEN IDOLS: Blindman (Cobra). If, as EMI maintain, they're currently in the dumpster, then what on earth motivated them to squander precious funds on financing a brand new label and then to launch it with such second-rate material. For the second release former Spider From Mars and U-Boat Commander Woody Woodmansey links up with three blokes and one girl in a luckless attempt to divert stray hard-of-hearing Fleetwood Mac fans with no sense of direction.

MOON MARTIN: Rolene (Capitol). So far Moon Martin's recording career has been all down to his label financing costly demos of his songs for other artists to score hits with — Robert Palmer ('A Bad Case Of Loving You') and Mink DeVille ('Cadillac Walk')



whilst The Ig is now in the studio toying with 'Hot Night In Dallas.' This mainstream roadhouse chug, loosely based on some obscure Marc Bolan guitar lick (which Boley himself probably teased from someone else) might be the stuff of which Top 30 hits are currently made in America, but competition is far too stiff over here for Martin to enjoy such an easy run.

BRUCE WOOLLEY & THE CAMERA CLUB: Dancing With The Sporting Boys (Epic). As we sturdy hearts-of-oak prepare to confront the energy-crisis '80s with the spirit of determination, Woolley — the archetypal class wimp — cries chicken, runs back home to Mummy and desperately clings to the least salvageable flotsam of the '60s.

THE NEW YORK DOLLS: Personality Crisis/Looking For A Kiss (Dutch-Bellaphon); Bad Girl/Subway Train (Dutch-Bellaphon). In terms of available product, Dollies

versatility by switching from buzz-saw to machine gun whilst, for reasons never made apparent, the group employ Bobby Darin's 'Dream Lover' as some obtuse excuse in an attempt to try and break some kind of oblique world speed record. They probably achieved it at that.

DUROCS: It Hurts To Be In Love (Capitol). Wrong. Not a new brand of contraband but according to the sleeve: "A breed of large vigorous red American hogs. Noted for superior intelligence and exceptionally large ears." I neither know or care if this description also applies to the musicians responsible for this desecration of a harmless Gene Pitney scream. It's so utterly horrendous that it can't

Continues over



chart before the end of the month. If not I wanna know why. Rack it alongside the Lofgren single.

CLIFF RICHARD: Hot Shot (EMI). It's very easy to be smug and dismissive about Cliff Richard. The undeniable fact stares you square in the face — the longevity of his hit-making prowess has tapped everyone of those artists who originally lined up for the big race in the '50s. But that's only part of it. By any standards 'We Don't Talk Anymore' was a classic in terms of both quality material and a quality performance and though not up to the diamond-cut of that particular song the follow-up depicts Cliff checking out Billy Idol for vanity whilst his writers (occasionally tongue-in-cheek) scrutinise Ian Page for clothes conscious bravado and EMI's sales force the possibility of averting redundancy by seeing to it that supply meets demand for this quite aggressive and spirited dancer.



into a short greaseball Travolta, checks out first Ricky Nelson LP for ideas and doesn't discover any.

THE CLAP: Hey Little Girl (Cue). If lack of inspiration isn't sufficient to slow up sales, the group's moniker will sure as hell do the rest. Depending upon where you buy your records, the reply to "Scuse me darlin', have you got The Clap," could vary greatly.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Empire State Human (Virgin). Whilst being preserved in aspic, glazed Gary Tubeway may have devised an alternative method of playing around with synthesizers (riffs as opposed to bouncing ball repetition), but The Human



It's all in a day's work for ROY CARR

MOLLY HATCHET

FLIRTIN' WITH DISASTER

"I hope nobody starts spittin' - I'll beat the shit outta somebody who does that in fronta me!"
DANNY JOE BROWN, 14th JULY 1979

That summed up the bands attitude before their magnificent performance at the Reading Festival. That performance gave a taste. This album delivers - with both fists.

SINGLES

From previous page

devotees have even less reasons to be cheerful than Pistols packers. Whilst taking into consideration that all four songs under review are available on the Dolls' debut album, this pair of Dutch treats are invaluable to the cognoscent because they represent the only commercially available recordings featuring their original stickman the late Billy Murcia. The results of a Mickey O'Keefe/Miki Dalton studio audition held in London (1972) prior to the Manhattan Marauders signing with Mercury, these takes are slightly more ramshackle than the more familiar versions and, if memory serves me well, truer to the Dolls' live sound. Though the basic arrangements are pretty much the same as the Mercury models, 'Personality Crisis' doesn't have the pounding piano accompaniment that underpinned the kamikaze twin guitars of Thunders and Sylvain, whilst 'Bad Girl' is taken at a slightly slower gait.

CHEETAH CHROME: Still *Wanna Die* (Ork). Well, don't let me stop you. Despite being given something suspiciously akin to the Good Housekeeping Seal Of Approval by *Rolling Stone* magazine as their 'token' American punk band (a kiss of death if ever there was one), The Dead Boys (deceased) never amounted to anything more imponderable than a

stale fart in a dirty bottle. And when they disbanded, a nation didn't mourn. Cheetah Chrome — an even daffier moniker than Stiv Bators — is the second Dead Boy in a fortnight to rise from the grave. Comrade Chrome heads for the terminal zone with his self-conscious adaptation of the "hope I die before I grow old" Townshendian theory. That in itself should be sufficient inducement for anyone to elbow this record.

FREDA PAYNE: *Band Of Gold* (Inferno). If, as fate decrees, our Freda is to be forever remembered by just one single, then she couldn't have done much better than with this three minute (gold vinyl) monument to unconsummated nuptials.

SONGS FOR SWINGIN' SUICIDALS!
LOS NUNS: *The Beat* (Rosco); **FAD GADGET:** *Bad To Nature* (Mute); **THE MOTHMEN:** *Does It Matter Irene?* (Absurd); **TWILIGHT ZONERS:** *Zero Zero One EP* (Zip); **DALEK I:** *The World* (Vertigo); **R. L. CRUTCHFIELD'S DARK DAY:** *Hands In The Dark* (Strike). Why, one ponders whilst dialling *Crossroads*' Samaritan counsellor Sandy Richardson, do artists who dabble in abstract industrial electro art rock seemingly all have dead eyes and even deader voices? The only person ever to have pulled that double-top off and still retain a sense of humour was Jim Morrison.



ACROSS

- 5 On which Andy Williams and The Clash are labelmates
- 7 Blondie in the fast-food business? (3, 2, 3, 4)
- 10 Follow-up to 'Masquerade'
- 11 & 19 Even Dad's mad (anag.)
- 12 Noel Edmonds had a bit part in *Quadrophonia!!!*
- 13 'Living On The Frontline' was the first hit of his own record company (4, 5)
- 15 Paul Gadd as teen legend (4, 7)
- 18 Yes please, ten (anag. 8, 4)
- 19 See 11
- 21 Ray or Dave, Muswell Hillbillies
- 23 What Mama Ramone's boys did after they left home! (6, 2, 6)
- 24 San Francisco independent roster includes J. Richman and G. Kinn
- 25 & 6 Second 8 of 88&A
- 26 See 9

DOWN

- 1 Judy Tzuke's chart elpee (7, 2, 3, 6)
- 2 Stiff Little Fingers in the Feb 40 (5, 4)
- 3 Nee Fald, elf born to bop
- 4 Gets Reed here (anag. 5, 7)
- 6 See 25
- 8 American jazz-rock drummer who played in Jimi Hendrix' Band Of Gypsies (5, 5)
- 9 & 26 Eddie & The Hot Rods second chart shot, followed 'Live At The Marquee'
- 14 Made their chart debut earlier this year with an old Kinks song
- 16 'Back Of My Hand' group (3, 4)
- 17 Aka David Letts, punk vampire (4, 6)
- 20 Here's one for stray MM readers: Uriah Heep guitar star (sic) (4, 3)
- 22 Sheffield Joe

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 'Back Of My Hand'; 7 (Ant) Garfunkel; 9 'Cut'; 10 El; 11 Ian Page; 12 Stiff (Little Fingers); 13 Damned; 16 'He's So Fine'; 17 'Ben'; 18 (Mick) Ronson; 20 (Stiff) Little Fingers; 22 'Street Life'; 24 Ted (Nugent); 25 'He's So (Fine)'; 26 'Gloria'; 27 (Leon) Russell; 28 'Go Now'.

DOWN: 1 Buggles; 2 Carly Simon; 3 'Making Plans For Nigel'; 4 'Holland'; 5 Stevie Nicks; 6 Keith (Emerson); 8 Unit Four Plus Two; 9 Cream; 14 Leon (Russell); 16 John Lennon; 17 Bill Withers; 19 Real Thing; 21 Tourists; 23 (Keith) Emerson.

Molly Hatchet
'Flirtin' With Disaster'



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"Well, they said anything could happen."



Remember: whatever happens, don't overdo it

Your VFM (VALUE FOR MONEY) 20p NME is always tops for fun

Kate Bush puts the problems of western society in perspective

EMI: THREE letters that have come to represent 'the enemy' in rock'n'roll's war games.

EMI House rambles like a country home with a thousand warrens of ministry — type boring pools and divisions. The guard on the reception listens to my appointment with Kate Bush with all the emotion of a weighing machine being told a hard luck story. Like everyone else, I get told to take a seat while he talks unheard into one of the extension phones. About ten minutes later I'm led down and through EMI House and up to a corridor down which the *Daily Mirror's* Pauline McLeod is striding. She's out — I'm in.

Kate Bush is sipping Perrier water from an elegant glass. I tell her she'll get a royal old bulge if she carries on guzzling the gin like that and she laughs naturally. She's far more attractive than I'd ever thought — not being the globe's most rabid fan of the woman y'understand — although quite short.

NME had been after a KB interview for a while but, so I'd learned on leaving the office, her management were less than obliging. Me? Well the truth is that I had no opinions about Kate at all. I knew the singles but I really couldn't find it in me to go any deeper, to check out her roots (he said, nicking in this piece's most contrived gag). I still don't... such was our meeting.

HEY KATE. Do you feel obliged to sing like that these days?

"What? You mean...?"
Y'know, like you could age the nation's glassblowers.

"Oh yeah, sure. I mean I don't feel obliged — that is me. See, like in a recording studio when it's all dark and there's just you and a couple of guys at the desk, well you get really involved that to actually plan it out becomes out of the question. It just flows that way and as a writer I just try to express an idea. I can't possibly think of old songs of mine because they're past now and quite honestly I don't like them anymore."

Doing "Wuthering Heights" must've been murder then.

"Well I was still promoting that up until 18 months after I'd had it released. Abroad I was still promoting it on TV where I was able to do it backwards and (she mimes it whilst picking her nose nonchalantly)... just weird."

Have you still got people around you who'll tell you something's rubbish?

"My brother Jay, who's been with me since I was writing stuff that really embarrasses me, he'd let me know for sure... Yeah, there's a few I can really trust."

She smiles again and I was warm to her. Mind you, she speaks my language so I could be sympathetic because she's one of the South London rock mafia. I ask her what it's like to be paraded in the *Sun* and suchlike as The Sex Goddess Of POP!

"Hmm. Y'see, you do a very straight interview with these people without ever

A The best of TDK tapes

Danny Baker hears the Pop Goddess tolkein about her

favourite hobbits

But at the same time, I sense that they're very respectful, because they make me aware of being aware of being a woman and will lay off the dirty jokes an' that . . ."

Incredible. Do you find men are in awe of you?

"Socially? Well I find that with people that I haven't seen for a couple of years, because they won't treat me as a human being. And people in the street will ask for autographs and also won't treat you as human but . . . ah . . . Sometimes I get really scared."

Sometimes when I'm going to the supermarket to get the coffee and cat litter, I get freaked out and see all these people staring, and you turn around and there's like forty people all looking at you . . . and when you go around the corner they're all following you! You start freaking out like a trapped animal."

"However, I don't notice guys doin' it on a personal level. Maybe some will keep their distance but that may be because they don't get off on me."

"Y'see when I first got started I thought that I'd better watch out for these rip-off artists and stick with old friends. But it's amazing that since I've been in the business I've made so many more real friends, especially on a working basis. I find that I can get so involved with a guy working with me — and usually on a platonic level, which is great! That's so special, like these two minds linked on this one project. And that is a very beautiful thing that I'd never have experienced had I not been in this business."

"And what's more, I'll keep these friends for life, because not only do they care for you but they give me information and their teachings. What more could I ask for?"

Do you think there's a danger of becoming detached inside music?

"Probably. I don't read newspapers and I've said I don't watch the news. I love books but I don't read much."

"What I do is I get people to read to me and I put the stories in my head."

A bit like a hat I suppose.

"And films. I watch an awful lot of TV films." Do you think you might be avoiding real life?

"Well no, because I think that all these heavy issues — equality, black and white, etcetera — have all been done before and if you do it now it has to be very cleverly handled. It all gets too negative and clichéd. So I find that working with fantasy I can handle the same issues perhaps but in a more positive way."

Don't you think that albums can make you feel and think sometimes without er, pussyfooting. I remember the first time I heard *The Clash* and . . .

"Oh yeah, some of these new bands are amazing. They're just springing up. The Police are just amazing . . ."

Here, listen, I think you've got the picture. Kate Bush, to meet, is a happy, charming woman that can totally win your heart. But afterwards on tape, when she's not there and you actually listen to all this, well . . . golly gosh. Don't lose sleep, old mates, it's just pop music folk and the games they spin. Wow."

This was Chicken Licken, Cosmic News, Atlantis, goodnight, man . . .

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

"WOW, WOW, WOW, WOW, AMAZING, AMAZING, AMA—"

(. . . and that's only at the supermarket)

mentioning sex, but of course that's the only angle they write it from when you read it. That kind of freaks me out because the public tend to believe it . . ."

Asking a few more questions, I begin to realise that this isn't the kind of stuff that weekloads of *Gasbags* are made of. I'm searching for a key probe, but with Kate Bush — well there's not likely to be anything that will cause the twelve-inch banner headline stuff, is there now? I recall Charlie Murray's less than enthusiastic review of her Palladium shows, which were apparently crammed with lame attempts to 'widen' the audience's artistic horizons — y'know, lots of people dressed as violins and carrots an' that. CSM reckons it was one of the most condescending gigs in the history of music. Kate had read the review but she didn't break down.

"Just tell me one thing," she said in normal tones, "I mean, was he actually at the show that night?"

Yeah sure. I remember he told me he'd

spent a week there one Tuesday.

"Oh well in that case, I guess that's just his opinion and he's entitled to it."

We all smiled again and Kate asked me if I'd seen *Alien*. I wondered if she got out much herself.

"Well, I don't get out to parties and that. I have this thing about wasting time . . ."

Oh really? Which thing is that?

"Y'know, I nag at myself all the time for being a waster. I think, 'Gosh you could be creating the world or something' . . ."

Well, that certainly seems a worthwhile thing to do alright, although it has in fact been done before. Y'see occasionally Kate allows the poet and all round Tyrannosaurus Rex dreamer to slip out, a sucker for *Lord Of The Rings*. For a start I have cut about a hundred

"wows" and "amazings" from her speech. She talks at length about how important she feels it is to be "creating" all the time, and when I asked her if she looked to the news for any song inspiration I got this curious answer:

"Well whenever I see the news it's always the same depressing things. Wars' hostages and people's arms hanging off with all the tendons hanging out, y'know. So I tend not to watch it much. I prefer to go and see a movie or something where it's all put much more poetically. People getting their heads blown off in slow motion, very beautifully."

SHE GRINS broadly again. Kate is an artist through and through, seeing the world as a crazy canvas on which to skip. Her outrageous charm covers the fact that we are in the midst of a hippy uprising of the most devious sorts. I approach her on the question of being a woman in pop music once more. How do her work mates treat her?

"Well when I started, I felt really conscious of being female amongst all these fellahs. But these days I feel like one of the lads."

That doesn't sound very healthy.

"Oh yeah, it is. When I'm working it's really important for me to get on with it in that way."

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Silver Screen

Dopey shit

Up In Smoke

Directed by Lou Adler
Starring Tommy Chong
and Cheech Martin
(CIC)

ANYONE seeking evidence that dope-smoking may cause irreparable brain damage need look no further than Cheech and Chong. Following their singularly unfunny

'comedy' records of years ago, they have re-emerged unimpaired and unimproved with a film that's a total turkey from beginning to end.

The 'plot' concerns the adventures of two bumbling heavy-duty dopers (C'n'C) who spend most of their time either scoring or toking, while the, er, script is made up chiefly of phrases like "yeah man" or "no man" or even "far out man". Even Horse Badorties would blush in embarrassment.

C'n'C try so hard to be groovy, wacky and chucklesome. They throw in a deranged 'Nam veteran, giant joints, a truck made of Acapulco Gold, nuns, tits, detectives, punk rockers and then resurrect jokes about them that were hoary with decrepitude before film was even a twinkle in O.W. Griffiths' eye. A woman snorts a few lines of Ajax instead of cocaine — this is one of the film's big momental Huh, too much.



"Hey, man, is it true, man, that smoking, man, makes you go deaf, man?" "Pardon?"

C'n'C act in and wrote the film — in so far as the film can be said to be acted or written. They seem to imagine that dope-smoking is interesting and funny per se, whereas anyone who's ever met one knows that dope-freaks are about as witty and inspiring as

your average drunk.

Up in Smoke is like a very bad Abbott and Costello version of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. It proves the ancient adage that the only thing more boring than a stoned old fart is two stoned old farts. Maybe the truth of it

is that C'n'C have never touched dope in their lives, maybe they're really CIA agents out to discredit the killer weed and its attendant sub-culture. They succeeded. The hippie revival has just been stoned to death.

Graham Lock

Crash landing

Airport '80... The Concorde

Directed by David Lowell Rich
Starring Alain Delon,
Susan Blakely, Robert
Wagner, Sylvia Kristel and
George Kennedy
(CIC)

THE relationship between this cinematic milestone and the original disaster movie blueprint as set out in *Airport* is roughly that of *Brotherhood of Man* to *Abba*. Sure, the earlier version was hokum too — but at least it was good hokum.

Arthur Hailey's original, for instance, had Burt Lancaster agonising about the ethics and logistics of air travel: expansion in the modern world, a theme which ran from the opening scenes to the denouement. Here, the 'serious' / 'moral' theme consists of three men in a balloon waving "Ban The Concorde" placards for ten seconds. They are then forgotten.

It's a forgetful kind of film. Twice on its journey from New York to Paris, Concorde is attacked in mid-air. Nobody

knows by whom, or why — and nobody makes any attempt at all to find out! Next day, mainly Messrs Delon and Kennedy blithely continue their flight to Moscow as if nothing unusual had happened. What's a few measly guided missiles? Forget 'em.

That's typical of this film's insulting sloppiness.

Hailey's technique was to intertwine the traumas of an airport (or hotel, or hospital) full of characters and resolve them all via one cathartic climax. *Airport '80* dutifully sets up its ten cardboard cut-out life-or-death situations — the human heart en route to save a life, the jazz singer in search of her self-belief, and others too boring to remember — but half of them are left unresolved (the singer), half of them are used and discarded without making any kind of dramatic contribution (the heart), and all of them put together add up to nothing at all.

At twice the speed of sound, maybe *Airport '80* will have moved on from your local before you get a chance to shell out with the suckers. I know, I'm one.

Phil McNeill

Sibling rivalry

Bloodbrothers

Directed by Robert Mulligan
Starring Paul Sorvino,
Tony Lo Bianco and
Richard Gere
(Warner Bros)

THE current vogue in American movies concerning ethnic minority groups is probably due to the nature of recent stars more than anything else. Robert De Niro, Sylvester Stallone and even John Travolta all possess Latin-American features as well as wop monikers and, up until recently, have been a guarantee of financial success.

Thus a spate of movies ranging from *Saturday Night Fever* to *Boulevard Nights* illustrates life among immigrant groups and usually includes an attempt by at least one enlightened individual to escape the crushing pressure of family ties, social mores and detrimental chauvinism that knit such societies together, and consequently sustain the inter-group tension that makes the USA (and Britain to a lesser extent) such a wonderful place to live in.

Bloodbrothers states the case for Italians in New York and falls between several stools. The prime target is the male machismo (sex, booze and blood), clearly defined in the opening scenes as Chubby (Paul Sorvino) and Tommy Di Coco (Tony Lo Bianco) horse around in a bar while the latter's son Stoney (Richard Gere) drives himself into a frenzy of sexual frustration

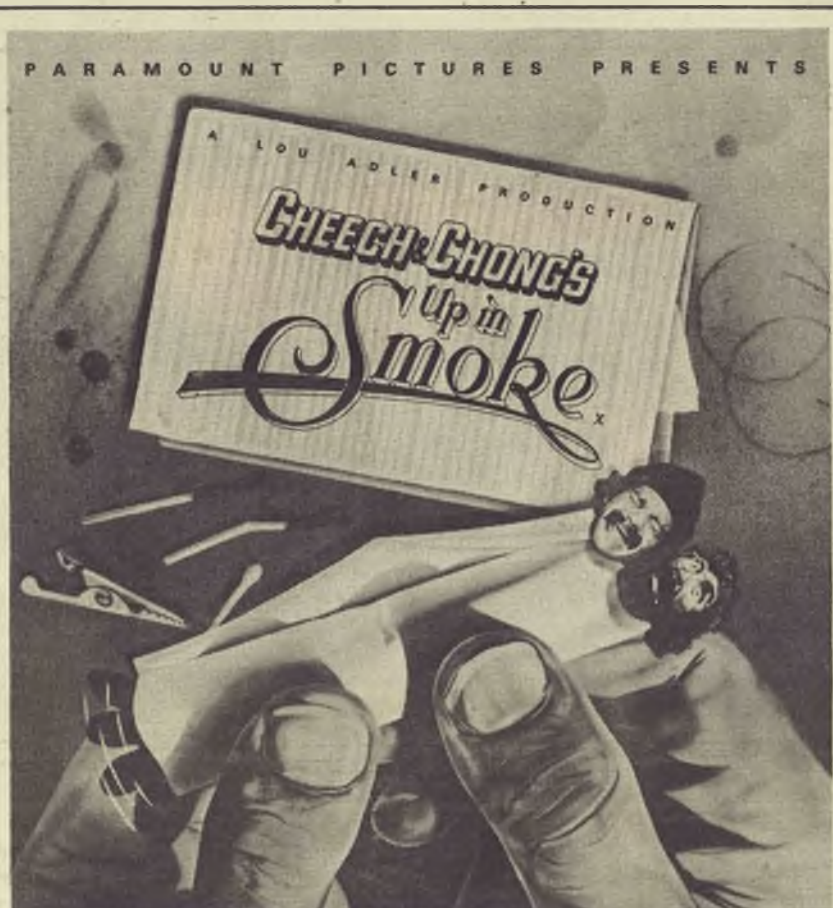
down at the disco. The two contrasting generations are depicted in harmony, in doubt and distrust, and ultimately in unanswerable conflict as the film moves through a series of set pieces of varying conviction. The fight at the building site where Stoney wins his spurs and the passage with the kids in hospital are clear-cut gems of performance and direction. Stoney's heart to heart with the 'town pump' Annette is less convincing, and lines like "and then I shacked up with a twenty year old ex-con smack freak" do not, I fear, fall trippingly on the ears.

Ultimately the insensitivity of the characters combined with a loathsome sentimentality just brings you down by the end. It succeeds in asking questions and provides few answers and though it does veer occasionally towards complacency its conclusions are deliberately ambivalent. Like Stoney, you end up not knowing what you want — just certain of what you don't want. I'd have liked a little more background detail of the preceding generation; we have, for example, to be satisfied with the fact that Pop "was a mean bastard with his hands".

It depresses more than it disturbs; discomforts rather than illuminates. But it has advantages in the performances that give it just enough edge — Richard Gere is particularly good.

And I swear I'll never chase pussy or drink hard liquor again. Well, hardly ever.

Neil Norman



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When LA Zigs The Motels Zag

Paul Du Noyer meets the band who would be Roxy Music — but don't sound anything like them.

I WENT to New York and it was shut. But at least The Motels were open.

Today is the Jewish New Year; and a cold, rainy-grey Manhattan seems to be doing a fair impersonation of an overgrown Oldham on a wet weekend, with hardly a soul about (more joggers than muggers, any road) and sod-all by way of this 'street-heat' business we keep hearing about. Not a Star nor an obliging psychopath around to pose for a quick click o' the Instamatic — at least not till I reach the repulsive Times Square, where from every dark doorway there's somebody wants a word in your ear...

This ain't the place for me. So let's yellow-cab back to the hotel and back to The Motels, and bend an ear to a taped re-run of our talk the day before — sat somewhere much too close to God and all His Angels, in the skyscraping mid-town fortress of Capitol Records USA.

The Motels are held by many, not least their record company, to be something quite special: as an instance of that rare-ish occurrence, the non-boring West Coast group. Grown up and out of an LA scene from which we've come to expect nothing but nothingness itself, this group is judged to possess the creative toughness that'll see them through both here in sceptical NYC and, this very month, over in Britain as well.

Well, we'll see, won't we?

WHAT I'D seen the night before, in the Hurrah club, was an unsure band that had to struggle with an indifferent audience. I'm assured it wasn't a typical gig (but then that's what they always tell you) and that their home-ground crowds back in LA are a different matter.

Martha Davis, The Motels' singer and main writer, and guitarist Jeff Jourard take up the theme: "Last night was amazing, it was like The Night Of The Living Dead", Martha reflects. "And I really work on that — if I see someone who looks bored I'll try and single them out of the crowd, look at them, wink at them, anything to try and suck 'em in!"

"It's like driving in your car," adds Jourard. "When you're in your car you can pick your nose, or sing, and if people look at you it's 'I'm not really here, I'm in my car'. Last night the front row was like that: they're

so close but they're not really part of it."

Whereas in LA, he explains, the post-punk era has seen the emergence of a diverse and thriving scene, coupled to an encouraging and receptive market — one that's taken to The Motels' mature brand of commercial new wave.

I wondered aloud whether a movement like punk could have much relevance beyond pose-value in an environment like California.

"It did, it was an attractive outlet. It served a totally different purpose but it was just as valid. It wasn't the low-life street-kids trying to be heard and being frustrated — it was the bored-to-death pissed-off kids. Most of the punk bands in LA were from Beverly Hills and they were just brats but, y'know, 17 years old is 17 years old wherever you live and you still wanna spray paint on things and no matter how much money you got your old man is still an ass-hole and you're still not any happier. It was right for LA."

"It's pretty healthy there now; it's the first time since Surf Music it's had a scene of its own. There were so many kids that were just so sick of the LA bullshit, they were ready."

"Up until New Wave you had one direction in rock and that was Aerosmith, that was Van Halen, that was rock; narrow, distilled, slick, like a formula. That ground had been covered so thoroughly, I wanted to make music that avoided the same old shit."

In so doing, The Motels have evolved a sound that often finds itself compared to Blondie or Patti Smith, though probably for no better reason than having a female vocalist over a vaguely modern approach to their music. Foremost among the sources of inspiration which Martha will claim for her dark atmosphere songs is Roxy Music.

But you don't sound anything like Roxy Music.

"I know, it pisses me off! But at least I'm not getting compared to Grace Slick. I like it when people come up and say 'You remind me of Bruce Springsteen'."

Jeff Jourard: "I've always hoped that we'll be in a position where we can only be described as a Motels-type group, where it's difficult to say what it is till you hear it."

"It's always been my philosophy to zag when everyone else is zigging."

The difficulty with following your own path is you don't know where you're going — whereas people can follow very easily. That's the beauty and tragedy of doing it yourself, when you win it's all yours, when

you make mistakes whoever's copying you will know what to avoid."

PERSONALLY I can't detect anything that unique in the band just yet, although the debut album (which yields the present single 'Closets And Butlets') has a slow, steady way of infiltrating the brain. Martha Davis is certainly an interesting writer; as a performer she exudes an air of romantically low-key intrigue but maybe, like the band as a whole, it's more subdued than it needs be.

As Martha and Jeff tell it, events have moved so fast for The Motels in the bare twelve months of their existence that even now they regard themselves as being only at a formative stage, musically. One asset they do have is a wealth of expertise and experience ("We're not spring chickens. We're not 18, add another 10 years and you'd be about right."). The other three Motels comprising of bass-player Michael Goodroe, Jeff's brother Martin Life Jourard on keyboards and sax, and drummer Brian Glascock from London, ex of Toe Fat (you remember Toe Fat, don't you?)

If there's a common theme which links all their material, it's the mysterious sense of insecurity which Martha seems to project.

"You got it, you nailed me. I don't know, I've been trying to fight it all my life."

"First her turtle died," Jourard helps out. "Then someone stole her tricycle. Then someone pushed her and she fell into a trashcan and couldn't move. Then a drummer

came and sat down next to her and put his hand on her knee..."

And Martha: "I have this tendency to be rather morbid. I'm told that I look kinda vulnerable on stage. Some things are pretty universal, that everybody can relate to but they don't like to wear on their shirt-sleeve."

"It's like watching a sad movie, I always cry. I never cry in real life, I just march right through. But as soon as I see a reproduction of that same situation, I'm a puddle. Hopefully, we can do that."

"That's a wonderful thing — to make people laugh, or cry, or shit their pants."

Could Vera Lynn have put it better?



Motels, left to right: Brian Glascock, Martha Davis, Jeff Jourard, Michael Goodroe, Martin Jourard.



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- 23 CANTERBURY Odeon
- 24 SHREWSBURY Music Hall
- 26 GUILDFORD Surrey University

- 27 NORFOLK West Runton Pavilion
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- 30 EXETER Routes
- 31 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic

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Silver Screen

Dopey shit

Up In Smoke

Directed by Lou Adler
Starring Tommy Chong
and Cheech Martin
(CIC)

ANYONE seeking evidence that dope-smoking may cause irreparable brain damage need look no further than Cheech and Chong. Following their singularly unfunny

'comedy' records of years ago, they have re-emerged unimpaired and unimproved with a film that's a total turkey from beginning to end.

The 'plot' concerns the adventures of two bumbling heavy-duty dopers (C'n'C) who spend most of their time either scoring or toking, while the, er, script is made up chiefly of phrases like "yeah man" or "no man" or even "far out man". Even Horse Badorties would blush in embarrassment.

C'n'C try so hard to be groovy, wacky and chucklesome. They throw in a deranged 'Nam veteran, giant joints, a truck made of Acapulco Gold, nuns, tits, detectives, punk rockers and then resurrect jokes about them that were hoary with decrepitude before film was even a twinkle in D.W. Griffiths' eye. A woman snorts a few lines of Ajax instead of cocaine — this is one of the film's big moments? Huh, too much.



"Hey, man, is it true, man, that smoking, man, makes you go deaf, man?" "Pardon?"

C'n'C act in and wrote the film — in so far as the film can be said to be acted or written. They seem to imagine that dope-smoking is interesting and funny per se, whereas anyone who's ever met one knows that dope-freaks are about as witty and inspiring as

your average drunk.

Up In Smoke is like a very bad Abbott and Costello version of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. It proves the ancient adage that the only thing more boring than a stoned old fart is two stoned old farts. Maybe the truth of it

is that C'n'C have never touched dope in their lives, maybe they're really CIA agents out to discredit the killer weed and its attendant sub-culture. They succeeded. The hippie revival has just been stoned to death.

Graham Lock

Crash landing

Airport '80... The Concorde

Directed by David Lowell Rich

Starring Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner, Sylvia Kristel and George Kennedy
(CIC)

THE relationship between this cinematic milestone and the original disaster movie blueprint as set out in *Airport* is roughly that of *Brotherhood of Man* to *Abba*. Sure, the earlier version was hokum too — but at least it was good hokum.

Arthur Hailey's original, for instance, had Burt Lancaster agonising about the ethics and logistics of air travel expansion in the modern world, a theme which ran from the opening scenes to the denouement. Here, the 'serious' / 'moral' theme consists of three men in a balloon waving "Ben The Concorde" placards for ten seconds. They are then forgotten.

It's a forgetful kind of film. Twice on its journey from New York to Paris, *Concorde* is attacked in mid-air. Nobody

knows by whom, or why — and nobody makes any attempt at all to find out. Next day, mainly Messrs Delon and Kennedy blithely continue their flight to Moscow as if nothing unusual had happened. What's a few measly guided missiles? Forget 'em.

That's typical of this film's insulting sloppiness.

Hailey's technique was to intertwine the traumas of an airport (or hotel, or hospital) full of characters and resolve them all via one cathartic climax. *Airport '80* dutifully sets up its ten cardboard cut-out life-or-death situations — the human heart en route to save a life, the jazz singer in search of her self-belief, and others too boring to remember — but half of them are left unresolved (the singer), half of them are used and discarded without making any kind of dramatic contribution (the heart), and all of them put together add up to nothing at all.

At twice the speed of sound, maybe *Airport '80* will have moved on from your local before you get a chance to shell out with the suckers. I know, I'm one.

Phil McNeill

Sibling rivalry

Bloodbrothers

Directed by Robert Mulligan
Starring Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco and Richard Gere
(Warner Bros)

THE current vogue in American movies concerning ethnic minority groups is probably due to the nature of recent stars more than anything else. Robert De Niro, Sylvester Stallone and even John Travolta all possess Latin-American features as well as wop monikers and, up until recently, have been a guarantee of financial success.

Thus a spate of movies ranging from *Saturday Night Fever* to *Boulevard Nights* illustrates life among immigrant groups and usually includes an attempt by at least one enlightened individual to escape the crushing pressure of family ties, social mores and detrimental chauvinism that knit such societies together, and consequently sustain the inter-group tension that makes the USA (and Britain to a lesser extent) such a wonderful place to live in.

Bloodbrothers states the case for Italians in New York and falls between several stools. The prime target is the male machismo (sex, booze and blood), clearly defined in the opening scenes as Chubby (Paul Sorvino) and Tommy Di Coco (Tony Lo Bianco) horse around in a bar while the latter's son Stony (Richard Gere) drives himself into a frenzy of sexual frustration

down at the disco. The two contrasting generations are depicted in harmony, in doubt and distrust, and ultimately in unanswerable conflict as the film moves through a series of set pieces of varying conviction. The fight at the building site where Stony wins his spurs and the passage with the kids in hospital are clear-cut gems of performance and direction; Stony's heart to heart with the 'town pump' Annette is less convincing, and lines like "and then I shackled up with a twenty year old ex-con smack freak" do not, I fear, fall trippingly on the ears.

Ultimately the insensitivity of the characters combined with a loathsome sentimentality just brings you down by the end. It succeeds in asking questions and provides few answers and though it does veer occasionally towards complacency its conclusions are deliberately ambivalent. Like Stony, you end up not knowing what you want — just certain of what you don't want. I'd have liked a little more background detail of the preceding generation; we have, for example, to be satisfied with the fact that Pop "was a mean bastard with his hands".

It depresses more than it disturbs; discomforts rather than illuminates. But it has advantages in the performances that give it just enough edge — Richard Gere is particularly good.

And I swear I'll never chase pussy or drink hard liquor again. Well, hardly ever.

Neil Norman

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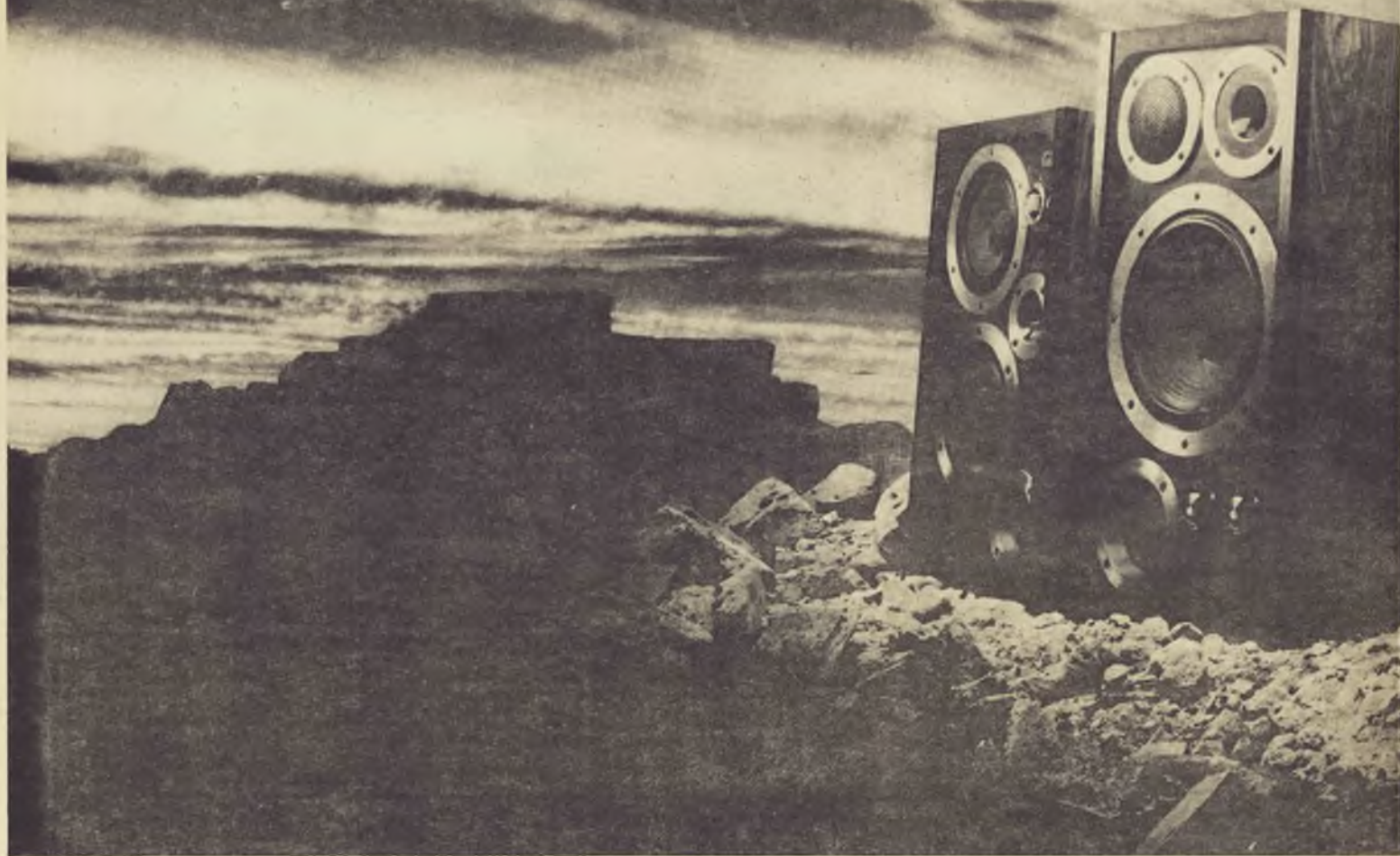
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ISLAND

LEAVING THE SEVENTIES BEHIND



The Rat Who Would Walk On Water

The continuing coming of Boomtown Bob & the boys from way out west...

AUTUMN: A LIGHT drizzle is falling on Edinburgh. It lacks forty minutes of midnight and most good citizens are abed.

A few of the populace wander through the dampness, languidly travelling from here to there. On Princes Street, a knot of noisy young men search for a taxi, periodically collaring passers-by and interrogating them as to the whereabouts of an establishment known as the Astoria Club, where at this very moment Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders are filling a room with harsh incantatory R&B voodoo.

The tallest of the party is getting spiritually prepared for the midnight chimes which will unofficially announce the commencement of the 27th anniversary of his birth. He has, however, soundchecked his birthday by erroneously announcing it 24 hours prematurely, thus ensuring two nights' worth of free drinks, and only a 'phone conversation with his girlfriend in London has brought this mistake to light.

Fuelled on Pina Colada and a plate of spaghetti and insulated against the damp in a garment which could only be described as a windcheater, he perceives another potential source of vital information, approaches him with a gait halfway between a shamble and a lope, asks the way to the club.

And — just like a 'B' movie — the light hits the shambler from the darkness full in the face, and his victim turns round, checks the thick hair, the face slightly too loose for the skull, the lanky frame, the pyjamas under his closest companion's trench-coat... and his mind's in sync like clockwork and he gestures down the road with his thumb and says in the most perfectly pinched and pawky Edinburgh voice that any film-maker could possibly want:

"Ah doan leike yer reicuds tha' much, but the club's doon theire."
She lala lala lala la la. Happy birthday, Boomtown Bob!

FACT: ANY WAY you want to slice it, pal, The Boomtown Rats are probably the biggest group in the UK right now. Normally, statistics relating to mass consumer spending are only fit to line your lunchbox. By now, most people who follow these things have long lost count of the number of movies that are supposedly the greatest success in the history of the commercial cinema, and the number of recording artists who have been touted as the biggest, fastest sellers of all time is probably astronomical. As ever, the Americans are the worst offenders in this respect: who can be bothered to whip out the calculators and work out whether The Bee Gees or Boston or Frampton or Fleetwood Mac or The Knack or whoever had the most impressive sales figures?

It's the silliest spin-off rock and roll brag-match of all: my sales are bigger than your sales! Worse, it encourages people to hero-worship execs and accountants as well as players. If the imaginary guitarist was this

much of a blight, are we ready for the imaginary calculator?

So there are three kinds of falsehoods: lies, damn lies and statistics and we're hip to all that, but that still leaves us with the fact that the Rats have had two number ones on the trot, that their tour sold a quarter of a million tickets nationwide in one day (work it out: that's an average of 10,416,666 tickets an hour. See what I mean about statistics?). Their last single did Ireland's national drink honour by nudging 'Mull Of Kintyre' out of the Guinness Book Of Records, and as Bob Geldof took great pleasure in informing Paul McCartney, "We didn't need folkies' bagpipes to do it with, neither."

The Rats' third album 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing' comes out in a week or two, and will probably bring more statistics in its wake. Maybe *Sun* readers prefer Abba and Wings; maybe *NME* readers ballot in The Clash as the main squeeze, but until it's wrestled out on a formal basis with some long-term institution from the days of the Rats' '60s youth, it comes back to our fact: The Boomtown Rats are currently in charge.

Go see the Rats and you find yourself without landmarks. Anyone accustomed to consuming music tribally will be astonishingly confused, because there's no clear-cut grouping at all, no neat punks/mods/skins/dreads/matazoids polarisation. Outside Newcastle City Hall, the girls wait patiently to leap on Bob Geldof or Johnny Fingers in that no-mans-land between door and coach. Inside you find everyone from the tough, crusted punk diehards with the zips and the clips and the chains and the Sid slogans whitewashed onto the back of the Lewis Leather right through the pop kids and the older hey-we-know-about-music crew... and grannies, and people who've never seen a rock show before in their lives.

"Some of them," Geldof is explaining

somewhere, in a hotel room or in a taxi or a coach or a restaurant or on the street, anywhere people talk, "have never been to any kind of gig in their lives, man. I had this theory and one night I thought I'd check it out so I asked, 'Hey, don't be shy now, who's never been to a concert before?' and quite a few put their hands up. They'd seen us on TV, and come along to see *Top Of The Pops* live..."

ACCESS ALL AREAS is what it says on Bob Geldof's backstage pass, and thus far in the game he's well on the way to achieving just exactly that thing in terms of — what's that charming expression — *market penetration*. All across the board. The Boomtown Rats are the pick to click. First new wave band on the playlist. First new wave band on *Top Of The Pops*. First new wave band with a unilateral number one single ('God Save The Queen' didn't top *all* the charts).

Whether you regard those as achievements or evidence of selling out and/or terminal blandness decides which side of the Rats' fence you're on.

It also says that whether you attribute the Rats' success to cunning, manipulation, exploitation and marketing or to suss, energy, instinct and equal dollops of raw talent and sheer brass neck is ultimately immaterial. What it comes down to is Bob Geldof and Paula Yates making the front page of the *Evening Standard* just for showing up at the *Quadrophonia* premier, or Geldof getting a round of applause in Newcastle just for taking his jacket off, or Geldof's slow leer and fast mouth front and centre on a TV screen, or yet another smash single that artfully bestrides inspiration and scam, or Johnnie Fingers signing his 17th autograph of the day before he's even properly awake...

What it comes down to is TOP BAND. The

Continues over

Interview: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
Pix: ADRIAN BOOT

MO' RATS

From previous page

Clash have the guns, but the Rats have the numbers.

And once you step out of the immediate environment of the band and their followers, a world in which cute eerie Johnny Fingers, shy shaded Gerry Cott, bouncy little Pete Briquette, rough red-eyed Gerry Roberts and sensible immaculate Simon Crowe all carry their weight, play their part and make up irreplaceable portions of the whole Boomtown Rats thing, once you get into the outside worlds where television is real... then the man with the numbers is Bob Geldof.

OBVIOUSLY TO a large extent people consider it to be a one-man affair, which it really isn't," Geldof is saying. He is sprawled out on a hotel bed contemplating a melting glass of Bacardi and coke. He has three more hours of being 28 left to go.

"I could pull out endless examples... I'm the most garrulous, I represent and articulate a lot of what they believe, I might say something and Gerry or Gerry might not agree and we'll argue over it and in that sense I would not presume to speak to them, but in a larger sense the sentiments are the same. They'll argue with you in pretty much the same way that I would argue with you. We were friends before the band because we shared common interests and when you've shared a friendship for a long time you share ideas. I just did the talking because I was the most gregarious and garrulous and had the habit of talking in one-liners like the person sitting opposite me..."

CUT AWAY: Geldof in a hotel lobby recounting the tale of the time that — in jocular mood — he regaled the audience at the New York Palladium to a comparison between the creative powers of Bruce Springsteen and the Rats which found little favour on 2nd Avenue. "When we said that thing about Springsteen..."

Gerry Cott, sitting opposite Geldof, raises his eyebrows sufficiently for them to be visible above his shades. He waggles them slowly and deliberately. "When we said that, Bob? Did Pete and I say that?"

CUT BACK: "It wasn't something that we considered or developed. To a certain extent it was foisted on me because once I started mouthing off about all and sundry people kept wanting more interviews with me as opposed to interviews with Fingers, say. They consider that they are far more likely to get something which is good copy from me than from Gerry or Gerry or Pete or Simon, which isn't necessarily the case..."

CUT AWAY: Gerry Roberts out to lunch, jammed into a hotel room which — support band blues — houses all of Protex, the Belfast band who're supporting the Rats on tour. Also present are Briquette, Fingers, Cott and lots of tapes and whisky. As Ian Hunter bawls out his deep concern about something or other over howling Ronson guitar and a drum sound that would make Phil Spector blow up his mixing desk, Roberts intones: "I don't give a fuck whether I get my name in the papers as long as it's spelled right."

JUMP: a rainy afternoon in Newcastle. On the second day of a two-day stand at Newcastle City Hall, the Rats are splitting up to undertake specific pre-gig responsibilities. Fingers, Briquette, Cott, Roberts, Crowe, guest saxophonist Dave McHale and the crew pile into the coach and head for the soundcheck while Geldof goes up to his room to get changed and watch *Star Trek* while waiting to go to the BBC's Newcastle studios to do a quick interview. He wears grey-blue baggy jeans, an old grey windcheater, a late-model Rats T-shirt and a red bandana and as the camera focuses in on him for the trailer, the media effect is readily apparent.

Science! Geldof's hair, skin and clothes take on brighter and more interesting hues as the engineers adjust the colour. Even without TV make-up, Geldof takes on a slight glow. While they do the "lateroninthe-programme-we'll-be-talking-to" bit, he ruffles his hair, grins, sulks and then comes back down to wait for the interview proper and have a quick drink. He tells the TV guys about the rise of the independent labels, retails a scabrous, surreal anecdote about a night spent in Zurich in the company of H.R. Giger, the artist who designed *Alien*, fields their earnest what's-the-answer-then-Bob probes with firm politeness, tells a couple of jokes, climbs the stairs again to do the real thing, dances through it without raising a sweat, charms everybody stupid and cabs it to the gig in time to eat spaghetti backstage with the crew and the rest of the band.

"He's a genius!" enthuses a soldier on the train whose other faves include Ritchie



"No interview for me again then."
... Johnny Fingers chews them.



"Who cares..." Gerry Cott gets head down.



"They'll get round to us..."
Pete Briquette tips the wink.



"At least I got me pic in for once..."
Gerry Roberts celebrates.

Blackmore and Derek Harriott. "Magic!" says the cabdriver, who doesn't buy records any more but listens to what his niece brings round. "Oh, he's so big-headed," says Shelley, a lean lively blonde girl who sings with a Newcastle punk band called Screaming Targets. Bob Geldof is called upon to have an opinion about everything, and just about everyone with more than a passing interest in today's vital, bouncy, alive pop scene has an opinion about Bob Geldof.

Talk to insiders with grudges and you hear that Geldof has OD'd on media, that he's gone Hollywood and is now completely unbearable, that he's planning to dump the Rats and go solo... well, if I'm any judge of anything at all then all that is nothing but 57 varieties of bullshit. Bob Geldof is no more unbearable than he was two years ago, which means that he's still the same rapid, forceful, generous, ruthless, amusing, infuriating parcel of contrariness, charm and ego that he was a year and a half ago. He's wiser and warier now, a lot more skilled and a lot more paranoid, but... anyone who thought he was an asshole or a charlatan back then will undoubtedly consider themselves vindicated. Anyone who got on with him and instinctively liked him then (and I'm that soldier) will have found no reason to modify that judgement.

So is he the same as when he began? "What we were talking about earlier — the ACCESS ALL AREAS aspect of the dream — I still want that. In those countries where we haven't done it I still feel this... need... to do it as I did here at the beginning. I feel driven to maintain what we've got, and I still feel a keen sense of competition. Everything to me is potential competition and must be viewed in that light."

"I don't know if I have any more ambitions, but I have a lot of dreams. Ambitions are things you'll probably attain; a dream is something that you hope you'll attain. An ambition is more readily definable than a dream, a dream has a nebulous quality. If your ambition is to get to number one, when you get there you've achieved that ambition. I don't think the dream that I had at the beginning has been attained, but a lot of the ambitions have been."

How much of what's happened for The Boomtown Rats has been the way you thought it would be?

"All of it, and I wouldn't change any of it. In retrospect, I was very much aware of what I was going into, probably because of having worked on the papers. I'm certainly not disappointed. It's all turned out just as brilliant and as wonderfully exciting and as challenging as I hoped it would be. I'm coming out the other side a little dented and a little depressed about various things occasionally..."

CUT AWAY: rust never sleeps and neither do telephones. Geldof had heard on the wire — London calling — that the Rats' reviews had been a trifle uncomplimentary, but a slap in Sound perceived before the Newcastle gig had led to nothing more than Geldof mock-ordering the band, light and sound man "More cock-up tonight, please. We're too slick. Let's have dull sound, dull lights, naffo playing and street credibility." However, the following day en route to Edinburgh, an *NME* had materialised on the coach and he read it over my shoulder, looking alternately at it and away like a kid at a horror movie.

He looks up then and catches sight of the headline on last week's *Live!* review. "When you get rich and famous you can afford to shit on the fans," it says. Even without looking around I know he's seen it, because a barrier stems down and the chatty, playful argumentative Geldof I'd been sitting beside is transformed into a deflated, wounded creature I'd never seen before. He wraps the hurt round him like a blanket, solidifies it into a cave. He draws his legs up until his knees are at chin level, then clasps his head in his hands. Half to me, half to himself, half out of the window, he hisses: "When... will... learn... to... keep... my... fucking... mouth... shut? WHEN? Ahhhhhh, Jesus..."

He turns to me, maybe seeing me, maybe not. "It was a joke, man. I said it like..." He switches into a ludicrous American radio voice, the phoniest voice imaginable. "Heeeyee! When you get to be rich and famous you can afford to shit on your audience! It's an old Steve Martin joke..." Steve Martin is a person of the comedian persuasion who is considered amusing by Americans and persons who have spent much time in the land of the dollar.

"No-one could possibly think that even for one second I could have... when will I fucking learn, man!" A bleak vista opens up before him: a year, two or three years maybe, of having to explain away that quote, a one-off joke delivered in what he felt was the most blatantly obvious manner. He appears near tears. I feel like The Compleat Schmuck.

Look. Geldof is my friend — I hope he is, anyway — and when a person you consider to be a friend is in distress or pain and depression, then your instinct should be to steam in and offer what crumbs of consolation you can: aid, comfort, whatever. Right now, I'm the enemy. Whatever has been done to Geldof has been done by me and mine. Under those circumstances, comfort is an insult. The silence is horrible. All the palling

around of the morning and the night before seems a ghastly joke. Finger spots his frontman's distress and aims the coldest of gazes. It is nearly twenty minutes before Geldof speaks again. At this point, no formal interview material has been taped and the whole thing begins to look doubtful. "You'll have to bear with me," Bob says flatly. He gazes pointedly out of the window.

Later, Geldof pulls me aside and asks me to forget his little outburst. "It's like Jimmy Pursey on a bad day," he murmurs, a trifle embarrassed. Lots of people feel that Geldof is an arrogant, self-important clown whom they'd like to see taken down a peg or two. I have, and I never went to see that again.

CUT BACK: "... a little neurotic, more neurotic than I was before. It's all so public when you achieve those ambitions and you've got so much to live up to constantly; that's the only pressure that I could really do without. But then again it's healthy... I suppose."

Earlier on during the coach ride, once Geldof had regained his equanimity, he'd explained that the reason that he'd blitzed the media, gone on every TV show that would have him, talked to every paper that was interested, was that he wanted to avoid the growth of any mystique, to allow familiarity to breed... not contempt, of course, but safety. A state whereby people could be as familiar with him as they were with their friends, whereby Bob Geldof would be no big deal, whereby he would be believed when he said something he meant, indulged if he got silly, understood if he took the piss.

On tape, the same topic: "A lot of people won't accept the demystification theory. They'll think it's bollocks, but believe it or don't believe it that's what I thought would happen. People must be so sick of seeing me by now on TV or reading about me or just constantly being exposed to me. I thought that after a certain point it just appears normal that there is this kind of growing media stature, but after that point it works against itself. I can walk through Clapham and people just go, 'Elio Bob'. If you don't ponce about in limos... I don't make a point of walking through the fokin' West End, but if I have to get to the Marquee I'll take the tube and walk. There are no riots in the street, but people come up and ask for autographs — and I wanted that accessibility, so that people wouldn't be afraid to come up and chat. I thought that was healthy."

"It wasn't any big crusade, any great plan to demystify as such, I just never saw any necessity to become a Rod Stewart or a Rolling Stone or a Beatle. The Beatles probably couldn't go out on the street without being seriously mobbed, but I figures that if I shot my mouth off constantly people would get tired of seeing me..."

Yeah, but if that backfired they could also come to Rats gigs.

"That's a risk you have to take. They kept telling me I was getting overexposed, that it was too easy to get to me." He lapses into the American Bullshit voice. "Hey! Don't go down to the radio stations, don't go down to the TV stations. Create some mystery, Bob!"

After the Newcastle gig, the Rats put in an hour talking to fans, and two more hours with any fans who make it back to the hotel, though they sneak away from the bar for an hour to consume coffee, sandwiches and '60s popcocktail hits from the jukebox. Gerry Cott, the shyest Rat, is desolated because his main stage guitar, a custom-built Aria, has been ripped off from the dressing room.

Cott is, perhaps, the perfect antithesis to Geldof. Where Bob will stick his hand out and introduce himself to anybody in the room whom he wants to meet, Cott is almost painfully restrained with strangers. The last time he conquered his inhibitions was in Liverpool, when The Slits were playing Erics, and Cott rushed straight round to see them after the Rats had finished their own gig. Finding that he'd enjoyed what he'd seen, he'd gone backstage to offer his congratulations and cut out dead by Ari for his pains. After all, The Slits are Artists and they couldn't compromise their feigned integrity by hobnobbing with one of those pushy paddies from *Top Of The Pops* come down to patronise them.

Thus it was when Bob was celebrating his birthday at the Astoria in Edinburgh, Gerry hung back in the bar rather than come down to Wilko's dressing room with Geldof and Briquette. Cott had idolised Wilko since the Rats started out in Dublin as Feeldogs copyists, and it wasn't until a wild-eyed Wilko arrived at the Rats' hotel demanding bitter demons and company that Cott got himself introduced and was happy at last, as happy as he is playing his guitar in front of the giant electronic backdrop that Geldof thinks looks like a hi-tech version of the frame from *Jailhouse Rock* and which other people think looks like expensive megalomania.

The gig went off like clockwork: there was something drastically wrong with the event, and it wasn't the Rats' performance. Rather it was that the Rats were trying to be a punching, jostling, all-action rock band with a high-energy low-bullshit presentation (apart from the set, which is at least democratic in that it dwarfs all six of them impartially), but the audience were — them — in a different

space. They were in a *Top Of The Pops* star space, punks and Grannies alike. They applauded the removal of Bob's jacket, submitted with warmth and good grace, enjoyed themselves and went home. The great gigs happen when the passion of the performer is met and matched by the passion of the audience, but while it was a loving and acquiescent audience, it was not a strong audience. Their response was soft, and sitting amongst them halfway back was like being at the movie.

"You can get it if you want it and you need it bad enough," sang Geldof. "Cause you're young and good-lookin' and you're acting kinda tough..."

Ay! And what then?

THERE MUST come a point when people get sick of reading about you, but this seems not the case. We've had this kind of quasi-Ratsteria shit, which is flattering up to a point, but then I didn't think it would occur. I worked consciously to deflate that, to show that it was *no fokin' big deal*, it was just six guys up on stage playin' instruments, and that is it. I realise that a big part of the fairy tale is the projection of that dream: there you are on stage and you exist because they allow you to exist and by the same token they're the projection of our fantasies. And of course they're shouting and rearing and that was part of the fantasy, part of the dream. They're clapping you and your songs; they know the words. I defy anyone not to be flattered by that.

"But I always thought that we neutralised idolatry to a tremendous extent by talking at a normal conversational level without going into American Bullshit Voice! 'Heeyyyyyy! Alri-i-ight! Rock and roll!' and all that shit, you know?"

Geldof's rep as Grand Manipulator is another Rataspect that's more than a little overblown. 'I Don't Like Mondays' was originally written as a reggae number, and gradually mutated into its present form over a lengthy series of rehearsals and demos. And even then...

"I thought 'Mondays' was a B-side. I just couldn't hear the hooks. I couldn't hear the hooks on 'Rat Trap' either. I don't know why that was number one."

Much has been made lately of Geldof's reaction to what he considers to be the overrating of other artists like Bruce Springsteen, The Clash and The Jam. What that's down to is that he considers that their work gets taken seriously while the Rats' isn't, that their mystiques reinforce their work instead of devaluing it.

"I read," he will expound heatedly, "that Springsteen brought his kid sister and his fokin' mother onstage with him. Can you imagine what they'd say about me if I brought mothers and sisters on stage at Rats gigs?" It's like he wants to be taken as a Serious Artist despite his unwillingness to take himself too seriously, like he wants to be believed even when he's insisting on not being believed. Discuss an aspect of one of his songs and he'll do it in detail, singing the words to you in taxi or bar or street, clicking his fingers.

"I remember saying to you that I thought I had maybe 50 more years on average, and that I didn't believe that there was very much after that. So if you take that as your viewpoint, it stands to reason that you're going to push your life to the limits..."

In rock circles, remarks like that are normally just a glib rationale for taking too many drugs.

"I don't mean that! I mean trying to push yourself and your abilities to their extremes. I don't mean drug excess or booze excess and hastening your end, I mean testing your capabilities as a human being. If you've only got those few years to do it in, you have to go at breakneck speed, which is maybe a pessimistic point of view because any minute a guy could walk in with a gun: bang! Instant wipeout. I'm preoccupied with the romanticism of death, the finality of death..."

What's so romantic about death?

"Dead lovers don't have nothing but a certain desperate sense of style... I always wonder how I'm going to die. Will I go quietly in my sleep, will I get mangled by a car and lie there screaming or maybe it'll be some cancerous thing. It's going to happen and it's final. I'm not concerned with immortality, because I'd believed in the Catholic concept of eternity I'd be so frightened that I couldn't handle it. Immortality doesn't bother me. If people have forgotten about 'I Don't Like Mondays' two weeks from now, *no problem*. I've never considered immortality in terms of rock and roll. I don't think rock songs should be remembered. It's a 20th Century art form, it's here and then it's superseded. Immortality doesn't interest me. I'm purely concerned with the here and now. I reckon that if you're aware that you've only got a few years to do it, you end up with a fairly pessimistic viewpoint about most things. I've got fairly gloomy ideas."

"That could be absolute bullshit, but I've had to rationalise it in those terms. I'm just preoccupied with... death, which is very Woody Allenesque. Some people would think I'm trying to jump on some standard psychological bandwagon, but it's not true."

That ain't the side of Bob Geldof that crops up on the chat shows, though.

"When you're not actually consciously thinking about whatever it is that drives you..."

“They humour my so-called outrageousness because I put it in a way that seems acceptable . . . I’m no more outlandish than any Jack Average.”



"If she thinks that peck on the cheek will cool me out she's wrong." Modest Bob and Puritan Paula.

then you... I can't see a contradiction, because like I said, I want to push this lifestyle to its limits, which would fit in with me being this so-called outrageous person, but I don't think I've ever been outrageous in my whole fokin' life. I'm a *reasonable chap*. I have to reason things out with myself until I'm blue in the face. I'm Mister Liberal. I got a fokin' shitty review and instead of wanting to hit the guy I think God, *he's right. Why did he think that? Lemme think back. 'Mondays' was a hit. Why was that?*

"I suppose it was the way I was brought up. I do and say things very impetuously, which I know I will live to regret, but that's what I think so I'll say 'am anyway. People think I'm fokin' outrageous, but I'm not! I'm Jack fokin' Average!"

"We got to be a successful band and I got interviewed because they thought I could string two words together and that is it, but I'm no more outlandish or outrageous than any Jack Average."

Then there's the other side of it: the ones who don't think you're outrageous think you're too safe and cuddly. I mean, Jagger never got accepted that quick by the media.

"Well, in those days he couldn't have been acceptable because there were no standards for that sort of acceptance, but they humour my so-called outrageousness because I put it in a way that seems reasonable. I'm acceptable to them because I can pull figures. I'm aware of that and I will use it and they will use me. You scratch my back, I'll claw yours."

I'm more than willing to go along with that, because I can use that and I dig being on TV. I'm at a certain level for some shows, and more than that they can't have it.

"They don't think of it in terms of what I spend most of my time doing, i.e. writing songs, rehearsing them, recording them, performing them. They just think [he switches to American Bullshit] 'Heeyyyyyy! Bob Geldof! Lead singer of The Boomtown Rats! Per-son-aaa-lit-tee! Let's get him on the show!' Being on TV is not what I do..."

"There's the desire not to be this huge star, and on the other hand I enjoy the trappings, getting into discos free, because I'm not so removed from the normal that I don't get a buzz out of that. I'm not so cool yet that I haven't lost that."

"I wish sometimes that I had."

Fame fame fame faaaaaame. What's your name?

FOR THE RATS, it's only the UK that had totally toppled. In Europe and America, they're still fighting for a foothold. Geldof booked the Springsteen furore by slugging Aerosmith at some awful California test and totally pissing off all the Aerosmith fans, which had CBS execs turning pale. "Errhhh, Bob, hah heh," he mimics gleefully. "I reckon we just lost another market there." CBS have contrived to lose 'I Don't Like Mondays' in the radio shuffle, and on their

next American tour the Rats are going to have to bust their balls not just to satisfy demands but to create them. Over there, they're still fighting, and that's really what Geldof does best.

But what happens if Europe and the States fall on the same scale as the UK? What if that hunger to win audiences over is slaked?

"Then it just comes down to the joy of writing songs and performing. That's what you have when you start, and hopefully even when there are no more worlds to conquer, that's what you should always have."

And Bob Geldof becomes 27 on a bouncing dance floor in Edinburgh, listening to the blues. She lala lala lala lala.

Happily birthday, Boomtown Bob. They say that there's no such thing as a sane star and the only guesswork you have to do is diagnose the exact method of going funny in the head that the artists in question has chosen; but Geldof's in better shape than most. He is the same as when he began, and we even managed to get through all of this without once calling him Modest Bob—Ratal





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CLASH

■ From page 25

make yourself known, deliver your first punches."

Jones: "We had a big build-up..."

Strummer: "A long introduction! The band, silk dressing gowns..."

Are you looking forward to the day you can wave bye bye to CBS?

"I never realised when we got signed up — alright, here's your advance — I never realised it'd all go on touring, and I never realised that it would go click like that. You have to realise that you need to work for fucking years... people say to us, What are you going to do with your dough? What they don't realise is that it's going to take a few more years of slogging..."

Jones: "An advance means that we owe it. It's a loan. Record companies are like a bank..."

"I'm looking forward to the day the CBS contract runs out," Strummer understates, "although I don't think you can regret anything."

Do you feel comfortable talking in terms of slogging away for years, of entering the routine of album, tour, album, tour, the gaps getting longer?

"I dunno. I was thinking last night of the theatre — imagine you're an actor. Every night you go on and do the same thing, you're in the same play for weeks, that means every night except for Sundays you're going to go through the motions while loads of different people watch, and going to bed and waking up is the refreshment in order to be able to do that every night. It seems to me to be the same making a record. You make one, and you've got to forget all about it completely and then you make a new record and it seems like a new thing and then you forget all about that and when you come to make the next record it all seems to be new. I think there's enough time so it doesn't seem like routine. I enjoy making records, I enjoy doing shows. I don't know what else we can do..."

DETAILS: THE CLASH

"Well, I tell you," asserts Mick Jones, "if I wasn't in The Clash I would definitely have their records. The Clash is everything to me. I have nothing else... I'm under the impression that I have given up everything else for it, I'm under the impression that I have lost everything. It's my own personal dilemma."

You've lost everything?

"Everything. Home, personal life... everything. So my dilemma is in a way that I resent The Clash..."

Is this what depresses you?

"That and the world in general. Life itself depresses me. Neah, it's not too bad really... what did Woody Allen say? You should be happy to be miserable because if you're miserable you're better off than some."

Would you try and bland yourself out, become less intense?

"Never. I wouldn't allow myself to bland out. To be bland, I don't mind being obnoxious or depressed but never bland. Maybe on my own, actually, but when I'm out I refuse to be bland. I wanna feel... I wanna know what it's like."

It?

"Life. To live. It sounds like Hemingway! We should go to Africa."

DETAILS: THE END

Paul Simonon enters through the back door of the New York Palladium and limps towards the front of the stage, which is being prepared by roadies and technicians for a soundcheck.

He stares out into the lifeless auditorium, sized and shaped like a British Apollo or Odeon, maybe a little steeper. He shakes his head at all the empty seats, thinks ahead to when they'll all be filled.

"I don't know why they bother to come," he smiles shyly, and hobbles off towards the dressing room.

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ALBUMS

ALBUMS



A cellerful of Specials (L-R): Roddy, Neville, Jerry, Terry, Brad, Horace, Lynval. Pic: Mike Laye.

Something Specials This Way Comes

THE SPECIALS Specials (Two Tone)

YOU just can't shake the tunes out of your head, can't stop beating your feet to the heat as The Specials' unique excitement surges through the speakers. One irresistible song follows another until there are 14 in all — five covers, the rest originals. Shrewd Elvis Costello probably sat behind his producer's desk, mouth agog, glasses knocked across his nose, and congratulated himself on pulling such a cushy number; because The Specials have what can only be described as charisma.

It's there in their stage show — a rowdy exuberance that brushes with chaos but always just manages to keep some sort of order. There was little chance they'd allow the technology of a studio to diffuse that essence or to come between them and their audience.

On this debut album they sound as though they just turned up, plugged in and bashed it down. They've lost none of their live impact, nor their ramshackle enthusiasm, nor any of their indelible character.

For a seven-piece (nine with Rico Rodriguez and Dick Cuthell on horns) their sound is surprisingly sparse. But its power and presence come from an instinctive ability to put the right phrases into the

right places, with bassist Sir Horace Gentleman laying out the lines and along with keyboardist Jerry Dammers (undoubtedly the Chaz Jankel of The Specials) imposing a loose discipline that controls the more reckless spontaneity of the others.

Songs like 'Do The Dog' (credited to Rufus Thomas but liberally rewritten beyond recognition by Dammers), 'Concrete Jungle' (from guitarist Roddy Radiation, not The Waiters' number) and The Maytals' 'Monkey Man' are wild party pieces, chaotic and atmospheric with only the

steam of perspiration missing.

And although the predominant musical influence is black (ska, bluebeat, reggae and soul), it's wrapped in ferocious rock'n'roll: the kind of hybrid that so many other British bands have tried to contrive (The Members, Ruts and The Police) but, in comparison, failed to make convincing.

In this sense, if the term 'cross over' hadn't already been devalued by misuse, then there'd be no hesitation in acclaiming The Specials as its most successful exponents. This album

embraces two decades of black and white music, gives it perspective and then goes on to reflect the modern rock'n'roll culture.

From Coventry, featuring two blacks and five whites, The Specials instinctively 'feel' the true realities of Britain's multi-racial youth, and they too are subject to the same emotions.

In 'Do The Dog' there's bitter cynicism: "All you punks and all you Teds/National Front and natty dreads/Mods rockers, hippies and skinheads/Keep on lighting till you're dead/Who

am I to say?/Who am I to say?/Am I just a hypocrite?/Just a piece of your bullshit?"

More often than not, however, Dammers — who has written most of the original material except 'Concrete Jungle' — advocates dignity and tolerance. 'Doesn't Make It Alright' certainly emphasises the latter ("Just because you're a black boy/Just because you're a white/It doesn't mean you've got to hate him/Doesn't mean you've got to fight"); 'Blank Generation' and 'Dawning Of

A New Era' possess a similar philosophy. And even a song of such obvious resentment as 'Too Much Too Young' ("Call me immature/Call me a poser/I'd love to spread manure in your bed of roses") shouldn't be taken out of context as it clearly projects Dammers' ideas on pride as he harshly berates somebody for blowing away their youth.

"Now you're married with a kid/When you could be having fun with me."

But because of the live atmosphere — Terry Hall and Neville Staples' raggy vocals, the continually explosive drumming of John Bradbury, Horace's superb bass pacing — it'd be easy to neglect the subtleties of the set: the guitar work of Radiation and Lynval Golding, economic but brilliant (particularly on the light reggae rhythms of 'It's Up To You' and 'Doesn't Make It Alright', the short abrasive solo on 'Concrete Jungle'); Rico's superb brass passages on 'A Message To You Rudy'. The melodies are soft and warm, or else wild and relentless; the arrangements careful but free and unforced.

It's the kind of album that's musically faithless and it will probably establish The Specials as true hopes for the '80s. At the very least, this debut is essential for anybody who wants to know what's going on in rock'n'roll today.

Tony Stewart

...with something superficial to follow

THE BOOMTOWN RATS The Fine Art Of Surfacing (Ensign)

YOU hardly need to be reminded by now that Robert Geldof has well and truly filled his way into the pop firmament. He's mastered the fine art of suffusing second-hand styles with a new pop gloss, and I reckon I'd vote Tory too if I were in his tax bracket.

The man who often seems to want to be Mick Jagger is firmly entrenched in the nation's pop page psyche with his saucy girlfriend and glittering quotes, and appears quite willing to play that part to its hilt. He seizes his opportunities with such a determined grasp that in certain quarters it actually passes for savvy.

But the moves he makes are too loud and too crude. The smug way he whips up the frenzy at Brats gigs is more farce than insult when you realise what a coddly, effervescent shambles the music is.

None of this matters very much. We seem to tolerate our pop stars these days, if only to have something to refute the claim that it's all over anyway. We ask of Geldof all sorts of lofty principles that must mean sod all to a group with smash hits gloire to their credit — all because those principles once provided a handy leg-up.

We ask The Boomtown Rats to jeopardise their position so that all concerned might derive more than just vicarious jollies. Are we ever barking up

the wrong tree. And when it would be more fruitful to shake it at that. 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing' is the Rats' third album's worth of derivative fun-packed entertainment for today's pop kids — many of whom, as Geldof has perhaps shrewdly guessed, are getting their first taste of rock excitement from his bouncy combo. No one could argue that it doesn't deliver what's expected, and no one could ever accuse them of originality either. Even Geldof's juiciest quotes are not his own. "When you get to be famous you can afford to shit on the fans" — Fee Waybill made the mistake of saying he'd do that before he was in a position to say it.

But it's obvious that Geldof revels in his success, never mind how he comes by it, which is part of the reason why he is successful. The first words on this album are "On a night like this I deserve to be kissed at least once or twice", which has nothing at all to do with the perennia theme of 'Someone's Looking' but is nevertheless a great opening line for someone for whom modesty has not been a serious impediment.

With a chorus trill borrowed from The Yardbirds via David Bowie, an organ sound on loan from Steve Nieve and a vocal that is three parts Costello, one part Lynott, topped off with a dash of Steve Harley, 'Someone's Looking' more or less sets the pace.

Track two, 'Diamond Smiles', a song about a society suicide, introduces some faddish reggaemantic drums to the Rats' already bustling pastiche and

fades out on the kind of coddly Blondie write in their sleep.

Track three is another 'Like Clockwork' which might even be pretentious if it wasn't so silly that labours under the title 'Wind Chill Factor' (Minus Zero). Track four, 'Having My Picture Taken' is so coy it's embarrassing and track five, 'Sleep (Fingers) Lullabye' is the kind of lightweight joke they seem to feel is a vital part of their charisma.

The Rats' sound is so busy and bright that you barely have time to place it before it's off again on some other tacky tangent. It doesn't demand close attention, it just makes a lot of noisy fuss. Scrutinise it and it tends to collapse under the weight of its many influences.

You could call it clever but you can't really admire it for anything other than sheer crass nerve. You could excuse it as fun but it's so contrived that it isn't. All I'm left with is a list of people that Bob Geldof likes.

He likes Talking Heads on 'Nothing Happened Today' (for which he is forgiven a lot); he admires Elvis Costello on 'Keep It Up' (and wishes he could write as sharp a lyric); he has to hand it to Elton John on 'I Don't Like Mondays'; and on 'When The Night Comes' he reminds us that he likes Springsteen and, harking back to the first album's 'Joey', himself.

This is the fine art of surfing the commercial mainstream. I don't like The Boomtown Rats.

Paul Ramball



FLEETWOOD MAC

Tusk (Warner Brothers)
ALMOST everyone, barring the inevitable elitist bores blinkered by their own super-hipness, seemed to have a soft spot for Fleetwood Mac's 'Rumours'. In late '77, *Rolling Stone* even ran an absurd piece attempting to work out the whys and wherefores for the album's astounding success, only to waste several thousand words of piffle concluding that it was, in the words of Warner's Derek Taylor, "simply a very, very good two-sided pop record".

'Tusk', a long time in the making, is by and large a good four-sided pop record. It's no untarnished masterpiece, of course, but a highly adventurous gamble for much of its playing time, and certainly not just another coldly precise and pristine work.

In retrospect, although the fact didn't impinge on the listener, the contents of 'Rumours' were housed within a framework, that being the very real breakdown of relationships within Fleetwood Mac, the traumas experienced thereby and the need to come to terms with a then newly gained independence, all of which were apparently occurring during the album's recording.

But now some three years have passed since then and 'Tusk', bereft of such a stormy emotional centrepiece, can clearly zero in on the diverse compositional talents of the group's three songwriters, Christine McVie, Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham.

When this incarnation of Fleetwood Mac was ushered into the public eye with the platinum ice-breaker 'Fleetwood Mac', of the three composers involved in the enterprise it was the two ladies who shone. Although prolific, Buckingham seemed unable to match their standards, to the point where his songs lacked clout, sounded anonymous and appeared mere fillers.

But Buckingham mustered his resources for 'Rumours' and cute like 'Go Your Own Way' were amongst the album's high-points. Now on 'Tusk' he's become responsible for the largest output, clocking in a sturdy nine songs to McVie's six and Nicks' five. A 'Pure pop' purveyor, his work reeks of the influences of The Beatles, Beach Boys and Byrds, although he does manage to twist these tips of the pen to forceful effect.

After the set's opener, McVie's sparsely melodic 'Over And Over', Buckingham artfully breaks the potential preciousness of mood by throwing in a naggingly jaunty hoe-down of a rocker in the Carl Perkins tradition replete with effective loopy tweaks and a thick buzz-saw

guitar sound worthy of Dave Edmunds entitled 'The Ledge', which could easily fit into Rockpile's repertoire. McVie immediately responds with a smooth rocker, 'Think About Me', which, with Buckingham's raunchy guitar phrasing very much in the Keith Richards tradition, is to pop what 'Tumbin' Dice' was to rock.

Buckingham is all over the album, in fact, and his presence as a composer, producer and/or guitarist continually helps to keep

moments occur on side three with 'That's Enough For Me', a thrillingly dervish-fast blues rocker powered by Mick Fleetwood's wicked bass drum mule kick and Buckingham's sawing electric rhythm guitar underpinning a dazzling display of ragtime guitar picking. Finally, at the end of the side, Buckingham reshapes all the melodic power of 'Go Your Own Way' into 'I Know I'm Not Wrong', a driving piece of rock action building to an infectious climax that mates The Byrds'

Fleetwood Mac in good review shock!

everything diversified yet unified in its buoyancy. 'What Makes You Think You're The One' is an effective, lightweight and jokey slice of reclusiveness, not unlike some of The Beatles' 'White Album' frivolities. His Beach Boys debt is all too obvious in 'That's All For Everyone', which features a gorgeously floating and incandescent coda that makes for the finest Brian Wilson music never written since 'Sail On Sailor'. 'Not That Funny', on the other hand, is a Cajun-style brusing thump-up with a fade-out all too redolent of more 'White Album' idiocies.

Buckingham's finest

'Lady Friend' code with all the bollocks of Sex Pistol-like multi-guitar power.

As important as Buckingham's compositions are to 'Tusk', his production work helps to maintain an ever-effective spartan feel — only the essentials, with the odd embellishment carefully etched in for maximum impact — whilst his guitar playing continually impresses by dint of its virtuosity without ever being too flashy.

This feel is of paramount importance, particularly when faced with Nicks' songs. If Patti Smith didn't so desperately want to be a man and had a real comprehension

It takes two to Tusk



Stevie Nicks (above) and Christine Perfect take Led Zep and Eagles to cleaners. Pix: David Hill, Paul Canty.



of what makes for good musical structure, then she might well be Stevie Nicks. More to the point, even when her songs are obviously well constructed and lyrically intriguing, one continually gets this distinct image of Nicks as a young woman who played Ophelia at some high school production of *Hamlet* and never quite recovered from the experience. With 'Rhiannon', her dalliances with the supernatural were interesting and musically potent, but since then this infatuation with her dream-like enigmatic self as some extra-terrestrial being touched by the whims of the muse's wand has become just too precious to stomach.

'Sara', for example, is a perfect example of this aspect of her writing and it's becoming overbearing. Blessed by an ability to build attractive chord progressions, Nicks walks a thin line between what's beguiling and what's babble. Fortunately she has the musical wherewithal to paint an aural landscape on 'Storms' that is genuinely affecting due mainly to the intimacy of the production at hand, whilst 'Angel' has a kick to it, a verve that keeps it lively and listenable. Her obvious piece

de resistance 'Sisters Of The Moon' is more heavenly wanderlust, made palatable by Buckingham's blazing guitar holocaust.

Christine McVie is far more earthbound, and her six love songs are simple, pleasing peens to the tender trap. Hers are woman's songs that lack the self-consciousness of Joni Mitchell's former odes to sweet surrender, say, and at their best, as in the hauntingly beautiful 'You'll Never Make Me Cry' and the seductive coda of 'Brown Eyes', make for quintessential adult pop music.

Dealing with the three composers separately, it's all too easy to forget Fleetwood Mac as a group which, if nothing else, 'Tusk' is testament to. Fleetwood's drumming is an exercise in precision and sympathy, whilst bassist John McVie is so good you don't even notice him.

Ultimately it's time to stop bracketing Fleetwood Mac alongside Foreigner, Boston, Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles, etc, in the same way that reactionaries bracket together The Clash, Human League, prag Vec, The Sifts and Elvis

Costello.

Fleetwood Mac make good, adventurous 'pop'. As Charles S. Murray said of Joe Jackson, if you reckon you're too hip for 'Tusk', then you're simply too hip.

Nick Kent

THE O'JAYS Identify Yourself (Philadelphia Int)

THE sad decline of Philly soul continues apace. There are traces here of The O'Jays former glory, notably in the spirited singing, but the arrangements haven't changed much in the last five years and the material is so bad it would cause even Max Bygraves to blush. I can't remember the last time I heard an album that was so monstrously, appallingly banal as 'Identify Yourself'. Titles 'Sing A Happy Song', 'Forever Mine' and 'One In A Million (Girl)' are just the tip of a horrendous iceberg of mind-numbing crassness. This album insults the intelligence worse than a papal encyclical. 'There's A Message In The Music' writes Kenny Gamble on the sleeve. The message is "SUCKERS!"

Graham Lock

Annette Peacock



STEVE HILLAGE

Open (Virgin)
APPARENTLY 'Open' is only Steve Hillage's sixth album. I was under the impression he was binging one out every couple of months. Fact is, 'Open' is Steve's third album within a year; I don't know what he's on but it's doing wonders for his productivity. Not a lot for the music, though. Not unless I'm missing something here and 'Open' represents a new, ground-breaking form of music that puts you into some sort of hypnotic trance, a side effect of which is that, while listening, your brain cells seize up and are thus incapable of any thought processes and afterwards you have no recollection of what has just been played.

So to make any sense of 'Open', demands near-mystical powers of concentration and that Steve is once again talking through his woolly hat doesn't make life any easier. A drink is right out of the question with regards to this one.

Hippies can float happily with the title track, featuring Andy Anderson's incomprehensible impersonation of R2D2 on vocoder. The basic riff is OK but somebody phones up to 'communicate' half way through. Listen, mate, I don't care how many times you tell me I've got the spirit, the drive, the inner eye, the power — I bloody well haven't, but I am getting a headache.

Steve's guitar playing is fluid enough if you like that sort of thing, but I'm not the type of bloke to toss around words like glissando and I'm not going to start now. What we're talking about here is six or seven minutes of your life at a time and it's as dull-witted a way of evaporating the passage of it as any. I suppose, Miquette Giraudy does quite pleasant Jean-Michel Jarre-like dribblings on the moog while Paul Francis tries to be funky on the bass but is more plodding. And I'm afraid Steve's somewhat weedy voice is not a lot bolstered by Dave Stewart's joining in on the choruses.

At least 'Definite Activity', despite its feeble mantra-like repetition, and 'Don't Dither Do It', hampered by Glitter Band-like silliness, attempt to move a bit. In fact, the album's overall aural effect is of some bizarre mutant sired by an excessively effete Giorgio Moroder out of Mike Leander, lisping a script by a brain-damaged Rod McKuen. And it can hardly be a coincidence that the least wearisome piece — an attractive Arab rave-up called 'Earthrise' — has no words. Even so, eight and a half minutes is pushing your luck.

Monty Smith



TV turns on his Pickup. Pic: Pennie Smith

One single wonders . . .

THE ADVERTS**Cast Of Thousands (RCA)**

THE Adverts, with unforeseen stamina, have substantially matured since their early days. No longer can technical inadequacy or limited vocabulary be criticisms — just the opposite in fact. Crudity has grown into ceremony.

The Adverts these days are a vain, sluttish combination of Iggy's grace, Talking Head's compulsion and Springsteen's drive, with lyrics that are a conversational extension of Gary Numan's self-important visions of the state of the world, its fate and its brutality.

Sounds a fab fusion? It ain't. So a few more shapes, a bit of depth, and lots of derelict piano have been added to the original sound, which has been severely sandpapered by producer Tom Newman (of Mike Oldfield fame), yet can't escape the clutches of the over-earnest Gaye Adverts' plodding bass.

The man responsible for the songs, the arguments and the hope, is nihilist and nitwit TV Smith, whose vocals

artlessly strive for notice. The songs are indiscriminately moulded into imposing sub-epics, looming and even hymnal — notably the title track, featuring Kid Strange, where the music attempts to match the content (only a skimming summary of the WORLD).

'Television Is Over' sees the end of the world, contorts and complains itself into a right state, and isn't the only song to feature mongrel choirs. A line from this song 'I've just seen the dead/And they don't seem jealous of my life' — is typical of Smith's hardest imagery.

At least it's obvious that Gary Numan took five minutes over his words — which sometimes works, sometimes not — and he can't keep a straight face. TV Smith took a lot longer, and can keep a straight face very well.

He sneers on 'Fate Of Criminals', and is full of determination on 'My Place'. He worries a lot on 'The Adverts' and tries to love on 'Love Songs' and 'I Will Walk You Home'. He sings song of war ('Male Assault'), and existentialist

choice, ('I Looked At The Sun'). He's hardly a defeatist, but he wonders what it's like to be one on 'I Surrender'.

After hearing all this you'll never be moved or even particularly sympathetic. Both the music and the words try hard — too hard — but are ultimately ineffective and inconsequential. Too much is missing, too much has been done by other people before, a lot better.

There are now five Adverts. Smith, Gaye and guitarist Howard Pickup are originals, drummer Rod Letter and keyboardist Tim Cross are new. This ugly crew grace the cover in full colour and mascara, Smith the only one looking into the camera, Gaye the only one not covered by a misty film. The cover is like the music: straight-faced, carefully designed, interesting in perverse way, with lots of things to put you off.

The Adverts remain squalid outsiders. TV Smith probably loves that. Nothing can kill them off, it seems.

Paul Morley

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL**The Original Sin (Virgin)**

I'VE more than once tapped an appreciative foot to these cosmopolitan gunslingers down the Nashville, when they commanded respect rather than slaverling affection. Unfortunately, spread over 40 vinyl minutes, it's their limitations that strike the ear.

Singer/writer Ken Lockie's Bowieisms are so prominent

it's hard to take the other elements seriously. 'Aftermath' has always sounded like 'Andy Warhol' put through the Kenwood and 'Part Of Steel' and the title track are merely variations on the same theme.

'Thrash' and 'Memorie' 62' resemble the thin white one in his Anthony Newley period and guesting with The Moody Blues respectively. All of which is something of a waste as Ken and the boys

occasionally peddle a worthwhile product of their own.

This occurs on 'Pointy Shoes', where a thick group sound is topped by the leader's harp to good effect. 'Hands' is a Cowboy romance, the 'moderne' equivalent of an old beseecher like 'Stand By Me' or 'You Better Move On'. Terry Chimes' drums are solid and inescapable in the Paul Thompson manner, but I don't recall The Great Paul

plodding like that. Mixed well down under Chimes and Evan Charles' multi-dimensional keyboards, bassist Jimmy Hughes is the spunkiest thing about Cowboys International, adding 'Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown' dive-bomb runs to 'Lonely Boy'.

There's talent and substance in here somewhere, but maybe Lockie needs a co-writer to bring them out.

Harry George

CRYSTAL GAYLE

Miss The Mississippi (CBS)
RECORDS like this are dangerous. Dangerous to the man walking past in the street at precisely the moment the reviewer has flung it from his window in disgust; and dangerous to the artist whose previous work, however notable, is reconsidered in jaundiced gloom as a result of the current product.

Rarely have I come across an album with so few redeeming features.

Lush arrangements cocoon Ms Gayle from beginning to end, whether it be a syrupy ballad like 'The Other Side Of Me' or the limp funk of 'Dancing The Night Away' — not, I hasten to add, The Motors' classic rocker.

Ms Gayle hardly ever sings one note when she can cram in five — a tendency which rapidly becomes intensely aggravating. Despite this, her performance is distinctly lazy and unlike the sensual drawl affected by Rickie Lee Jones it's so effortless it drips from the grooves like warm honey. The only halfway decent track is 'Danger Zone' written by one Dave Loggins, though again the production is such that the most imminent peril would seem to be from an overstuffed teddy bear.

Excuse me for a moment. There's a man outside and I must warn him of a low flying vinyl artefact.

Neil Norman

PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA**20 Classic Rock Classics****(Philips)**

THE thing about this album, of course, is that everything is just a little bit wrong. Like the title isn't quite right, nor is the velvety kitsch elegance of the sleeve with its cheap cherubs and clashing colours, a subtly hideous celebration of the baddest of bad taste. Utterly perfect packaging for absolutely imperfect music.

The Portsmouth Sinfonia is a small orchestra consisting entirely of sub-competent musicians. They do try to play properly, in tune and in time and with feeling and all the rest of it, but they never quite succeed, with supposedly hilarious consequences.

Thus their appeal is meant to lie in the charm of hearing your best-loved tunes tortured and ceremonially massacred.

For the record, then, the casualties include 'A Day In The Life', 'Uptown Top Ranking', 'You Should Be Dancing' and 'Don't Cry For Me, Argentina'.

Can it really be legal to charge money for stuff like this? Or has Philips, an especially boring record company, proved to have a sense of humour after all? Because '20 Classic Rock Classics' is a joke — and if you pay more than 15p for it then you're the punchline.

Paul Du Noyer



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THE MERTON PARKAS Face In The Crowd (Beggars Banquet)

THIS, the long-awaited come-back album from Brian Poole & The Tremeloes, coming as it does at a time when — I'm sorry, there seems to be some mistake here, perhaps another look at that sleeve...

Ah yes, The Merton Parkas. First of the card-carrying re-vived modsters to scoot up the charts with that singularly unappealing ditty about reeling wheels, and now the first of their particular peer-group to turn up doing 33 1/3 about turns per minute. And talking of peer-groups, here we see them specially snap-shotted on Brighton's pebbled shore, the better to identify your marketing angle with, the less to chance selling your product on the strengths of its content alone.

For 'Face In The Crowd', to be frank, needs all the outside help it can get. And not because critics have declared open-season on mods or anything, but because it isn't a terribly good record — probably the weakest thing to limp across my turntable, in fact, since I last played a Gerry & The Pacemakers' B-side.

The Parkas play a sort of watered-down British beat, tinny and thin and colourless. No passion, no edge or tension, not much of anything. It might help if they could write or sing or arrange with any measure of flair or ingenuity — if we need '60s substitutes at all they might as well be good ones — but they don't.

Fidgity drums and trebly guitar, power-popping organ (without the power) and wobbling harmonies, rip-off on drab rip-off; it sticks so timidly to its worn-out formula that inspiration never gets a look-in, much less innovation.

Is it my memory playing tricks, or did Mod once really



A Parks: "Steve who...?" Pic by Rich Prior

No Passion

stand for obsessiveness and sharpness, against mediocrity and sloppiness, against everything that shuffled and apologised for itself? You half expect to hear The Merton Parkas sing the virtues of putting a little bit by with the building society each week.

As well as 'You Need Wheels' and a number of even less distinguished originals (if 'originals' is really the right word for them), there's an adequate if fairly literal cover of 'Steppin' Stone' — better if you never heard the Pistols do it, of course — and an inglorious stab at 'Tears Of A Clown', grossly inferior for a variety of reasons it that don't seem worth going into.

So there we leave them, the Parkas circling round and around in ever-narrowing spiral tracks, oblivious to that

cliff-edge that's awful close. It's called the future.

Paul Du Noyer

JO JO ZEP AND THE FALCONS Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons (Rockburgh)

IN the wake of The Sports EP and the neglected Flash and The Pan album — comes this inventive and mildly gritty offering from Jo Jo Zep to reiterate that Oz-rock is alive and well and — unlike its California counterpart — not merely laying around on the beach, getting fat and lazy.

This Rockburgh release, which features tracks culled from the band's various Australian albums, proves The Falcons capable of keeping their heads above water come any type of wave. And though they offer nothing

that hasn't been previously posted up on the notice board by the likes of Graham Parker, they kick things around in a manner that is instantly agreeable.

It's true that they're given to re-aquaticating a fair number of oldies — included here are versions of 'Security' and 'It's All Over Now'. But the band's own material, which varies from the attractive Walleby bop of 'So Young' and the vaguely Dire Straits approach of 'Sweet Little Latin Lover' through to the lecherous chant that is 'The Girl Across The Street (Just Turned 18)', enables vocalist Joe Camilleri to demonstrate that he can handle a wide spectrum of songs with consummate ease and also shows The Falcons to be the sort of outfit most publishers like to meet in the pub. Me too.

Fred Dellar

STEVE HARLEY The Candidate (EMI)

THIS is the sort of album you'd expect from a bloke who thinks Joy Division are "terrible" and that Squeeze "take risks" — sad, doted and totally out to lunch.

Not so much a comeback as a throwback, it sounds like a very poor, watered-down version of 'Blonde On Blonde'. Harley means like a lovesick bullock over clipped, clichéd guitar licks, derivative keyboards and a rhythm section of elephantine subtlety. There are no good tunes, no catchy hooks, nothing interesting at all — just dreary meanderings, a cocktail-lounge version of mid-'60s rock.

And the lyrics are ridiculous. Harley's love-songs refer to feid adolescent fantasies rather than to believable flesh and blood relationships. Women are "bitches", "tigeresses", "leopardesses" or else "shine like a ravishing diamond". There's also an arch and



Harley: "Merton whists...?" Pic by Jorgen Angel

No Point

extremely silly song about sado-masochism that reeks of snug jollity: if this is what Harley means by taking "risks" then, yes, with a little more daring, he and Squeeze might be eligible for the Boy Scouts.

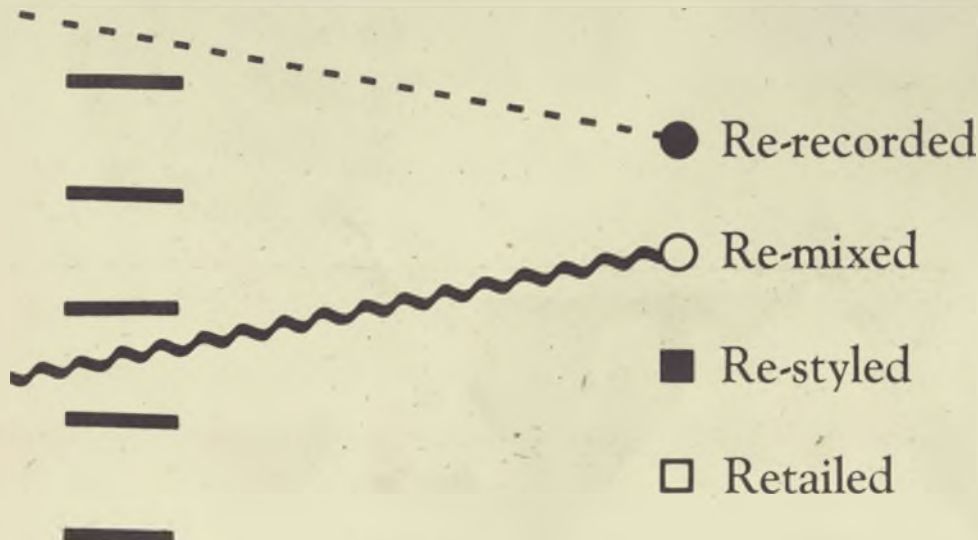
The remaining songs are presumably about something else, though the lyrics tend so much to waffle and obscurity it's impossible to say what. The title track, sung in a reverential tone that suggests this is the album's serious

moment, implies that killing wild animals is an indication of maturity. No doubt it's 'only' a metaphor, but an unfortunate and insensitive one nonetheless.

A touchmouth like Harley is good for the occasional chuckle, I suppose, but the joke quickly wears thin. And when he makes an album as weak, stale and utterly pointless as this one, then the only thing Steve Harley's a candidate for is the dole queue.

Graham Lock

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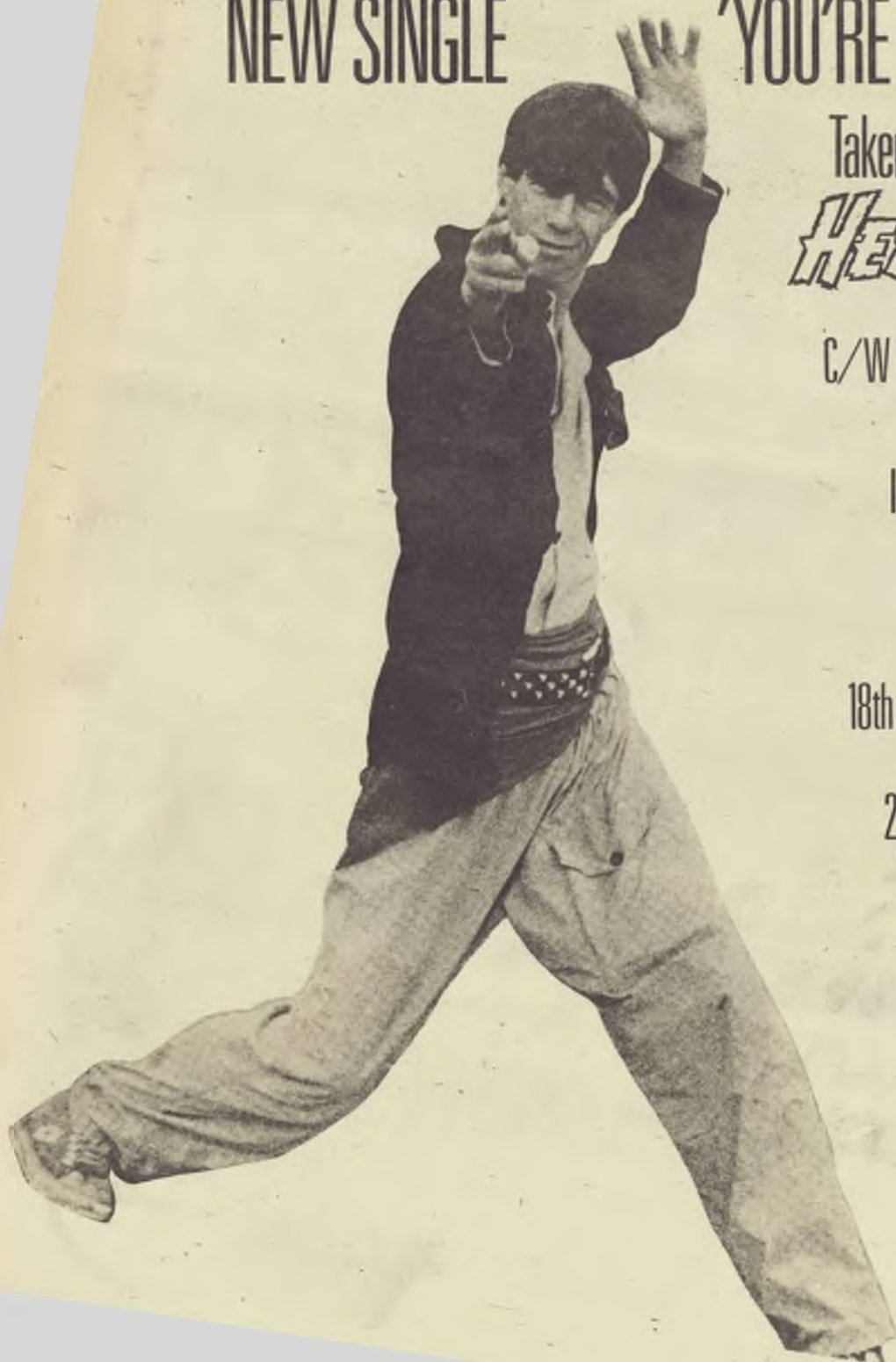
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Crazy mixed-up synthesizer utilisers

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Mix Up (Rough Trade)
WITH 'MIX UP', Cabaret Voltaire transcend being simply the blueprint for a genre — the drummerless synthesizer trio — and finally get down to business. In its combination of post-punk attack and abrasive electronic maelstrom, 'Nag Nag Nag' was the quintessential late-'70s electronic garage-band single, an example for others but limited as such. There's only one song of similar cruet simplicity on 'Mix Up'. The Seeds' 'No Escape', and it's the least satisfying track on the album.

Instead of concentrating on the easy hook and the instant rhythm, the Cabs here concentrate on emotional soundscaping, offering several alternatives to the pure noise/pure pop furrows and lassily ploughed by latterday synthesizer bands.

Apart from the snippet of live improvisation (called 'Eyeless Sight', for obvious reasons) which closes side one, all are meticulously constructed and linked by an overall tone of sombre unease — chilling rather than cold. Three of the songs include drums (by 2.3's Haydn Boyes-Weston), relatively straight on 'On Every Other Street', dubbed on 'Kirlian Photograph' and 'Capsules'. 'Kirlian Photograph', which opens the album, lopes in casually with giant strides, then sets up forceful cross-current tensions with interjections of hissing gas organ and guitar to give a

semi-reggae off-beat emphasis under the snatches of dubbed vocals. An easy way in, maybe.

'Fourth Shot', about the killing of JFK (the question of whether there were three or four shots is apparently crucial), is quite magnificent. An insistent heartbeat pulse sets the atmosphere, and a beautifully simple, evocative guitar line fades in like a white-hot wire before the semi-decipherable vocals recount the story, with a combination of shadowy menace and weary resignation, in a series of brief phrases — 'Quiver body hit the floor', etc. — and onomatopoeic 'Shoot's. The effect is like watching a slow-motion re-run of the film of the assassination, the events distanced with the eerie inevitability of hindsight.

It's the album's best track, although 'Expect Nothing', with its disturbing marriage of languid, swaying rhythmic calm and jarring *musique concrete* swells, runs it close. Here again, the vocals are largely indecipherable but for the occasional word or phrase — 'Absent!' in this case — which is not as annoying as it sounds, though it is effectively alienating.

The use of drums on 'On Every Other Street' (especially) is far from a piece-meal attempt to shed that "drummerless" millstone round their necks, and it throws some light on the use of sounds in general on 'Mix Up'. Everything is sacrificed to the end result, which in this case is a song about paranoia,

so the drum-figure, rather than just keeping a rhythm, captures the nervous constantly-looking-over-your-shoulder feel of the subject. The vocals, again, are brief, staccato stabs: '... you don't understand/Paranoid cities throughout the land/Enemies await us on every other street/Undetermined

images/Flickering heart', sung with a combination of fear and sneer, as befits the song.

'Mix Up', like much of Pere Ubu's work, is modern "mood music". In none of the songs is it merely a question of finding any old tune for a bunch of lyrics (or vice-versa), but one of creating the correct emotional framework for the subject. In this respect, the Cabs display a hitherto unrevealed ability to slowly, inexorably increase tension; the subliminal turn of the screw operates to good effect throughout the album.

One of the things which struck me while listening to 'Mix Up' was that rather than seeming like chunks taken out of a longer continuum, with arbitrary beginnings and endings, the individual pieces are now songs: their internal structure now has strength and logic. Instead of the open-ended meanders and formless improvisations which they were prone to only a couple of years ago, the various elements are now disciplined, mobilised towards a common end.

This new-found unity is obviously the result of simple application of *rigour*, harnessing those techniques and skills developed during their indulgent apprenticeship and applying them with a deeper motivation. In other words, they've refined their product to an acceptable "professional" standard, whilst retaining the integrity and spirit of amateurs.

And that, after all, is the way it should be. Isn't it?

Andy Gill



Mal of CV prepares for mega-stardom. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

LINDISFARNE

The News (Mercury)

CHICAGO

Street Player (CBS)

WELCOME to redundancy corner. For two factions such oceans apart, Lindisfarne and Chicago have much in common. Both rocketed to widespread (and in retrospect, unaccountable) fame with their first two albums ('69/'70). Both divebombed almost as rapidly with a subsequent stream of slowly degenerating reissues of their initial trademark. Both have since concocted ways of staying 'modern': Chicago cream off all the current dance rhythms; Lindisfarne souse themselves in Alan Hull's ever-acute topical cynicism.

God knows why they bother. 'The News' does no more than confirm Hull's talent at writing absurdly self-conscious outmoded folk/rock hymns with frivolous tunes designed to seduce brains long-addled by real life.

Ten years back, at least Lindisfarne had confidence. The dawn of the '80s finds them empty, melancholic and so fiercely defensive that they're writing songs like 'Dedicated Hound' about the merciless payola-warped bigots who masquerade as rock critics. Doubtless my days are numbered.

Ten years back, Chicago made a splash with derivative white soul/urban rock-jazz topped off with a then revolutionary raucous brass trio. Since then they've slithered so far into the mire of slicked-up FM street funk shuffle that it's hard to imagine they can get any worse.

They can: here's the evidence. Cover shots abound of this eight-strong crew in stylish mock-gangster threads, wideboy hats, halfmast ties, and shirts split to the navel to reveal the regulation nine-carat neck-nugget. It's the perfect picture of hip, starchy, megaplatinum affluence for which the album makes the perfect soundtrack. The main ingredients are stupefying lyrics plastered over triple-thick disco with iron-on harmonies, lightly windswept hit single-styled ballads, and noxious souped up soul, all treated with the kind of sassy Tijuana tone that recalls those 'Southend Symphonias Play Lennon/McCartney' records you always find playing in the Co-Op. It's horseshit, believe me.

Mark Ellen

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Rock Myths We Don't Need No 642

Romantic outlaws up chic creek

LEE CLAYTON
Naked Child (Capitol)
GARLAND JEFFREYS
American Boy And Girl (A&M)

ON display here are the systems of romance, the ubiquity of the myth: the tough and tender hombr in the city and the country. *High Noon* meets *West Side Story* — the ideology of popular culture made threadbare and hilarious by its earnest assertion that is the fruits of individual experience.

Lee Clayton believes 'truth' is something you find at the end of the highway. And he rides *alone*, for 20 years even. As if isolation were an achievement rather than a hurt. Garland Jeffreys is into streets more than highways, and finding his 'real' self which apparently lurks within him, a mysterious essence as intangible as unbroken wind. But they both have the same blight, the romantic individualism that lies at the dead heart of bourgeois culture.

Clayton is a cult figure (he wrote 'Ladies Love Outlaws') who embarrasses his fans with an occasional outburst like "I am but a naked child composed of pure white light". His last album was an unusual version of C&W infused with a residue of cosmic consciousness and an ear for over-the-top schlock imagery which left you wondering if the whole affair wasn't a gorgeous parody a la 'Rider In The Rain'.

'Naked Child' moves closer to a hard rock context — there's less pedal steel, more sinuous electric lead — but the attitudes are much the

same. The sensitive outlaw, buffeted by unkind fate and fickle women, rides on in search of true love and the meaning of life.

Clayton is like Lenny Bruce's Lone Ranger and he's often very funny — though it's unintentional. '10,000 Years/ Sexual Moon' elevates a simple case of desire into a full-blown apocalyptic melodrama with a guest appearance by the Whore of Babylon; 'I Ride Alone' — his "theme" song — is stuffed with clichés about midnight highways, renegade kings and the romance of 20 years' inability to relate to people.

Well, I guess a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. But why's he gotta record it? Garland Jeffreys plies a thoroughly mediocre urban variant on the myth: a kind of poor man's Bruce Springsteen without the directness or detail or passion which elevates Springsteen's work above the mere recitation of old romantic lies.

The music is the same mixture of muddy soggy hard rock and muddy soggy reggae which characterised his previous albums. Though unlike his acclaimed 'Ghost Writer' there are no decent tunes nor even a spark of originality. The lyrics are full of drugs 'n' crime 'n' good advice — about being yourself and being strong and goah, isn't love sweet even though it hurts sometimes.

The only funny moment is the sleeve note which lists "inspirations" and includes Dana, Bertrand Russell, Uncle Nat, Little Milton and *Paradise Lost*. After hearing lines like "See one thousand violins/Golden trumpets soar



Garland Jeffreys — dragging it off in the street

on high/Waves and waves of joyful hymns/Silver sonnets reach the sky", I'd say Barbara Cartland deserves a namecheck too.

Graham Lock

RITA COOLIDGE
Satisfied (A&M)

THE glittering mosaic orb spins on its axis and La Rita nestles glamorously beside the Steinway. Suspended above the plushly-orchestrated yawn-rock safety-net of the backing musicians, one may discern the silken-throated Ms. Coolidge, whining soft and

sweet like a badly adjusted air conditioning unit. Her treatment of this insipid collection of Eurovision pop ballads is the picture of nonchalance. More conviction might be noticed in a Sun silk commercial.

If you're shopping for a new stereo, you could be hearing a lot of this album in the future — it's the kind of music that well-meaning hi-fi salesmen play in order to demonstrate how sensitive their equipment is. Produced by David Anderle and Booker T. Jones, hair by Harry King, and 24 carat gold clothes supplied by Calvin Klein.

Rick Joseph

IMPORTS

OKAY, WE'RE into a new era of sound recordings and from here on in our discs are — bad pressings apart — likely to sound more hi on the fi, thanks to the discovery of digital recording and the rediscovery of direct cut methods. Fine eh, Chomondley? But what's to be done about the comparatively lower sound quality of past favourites, those less technically perfect goodies which we've been bashing on the old Victoria in recent years?

It now seems that this problem has been partially solved by a firm called Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab, who take the original stereo tapes to such recordings as Emmylou Harris' 'Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town', George Benson's 'Breezin'', Little Feat's 'Waiting For Columbus' and Grateful Dead's 'American Beauty' and cut new master's at half-speed, thus allowing a more faithful reproduction of heavily modulated passages and an extension of frequency range. The resulting masters are then plated in one country and shipped to another, where they're pressed on special high-definition vinyl and placed in static-free inner bags before being returned to the States. The only problem is that such inter-continental quality-control has made such releases extremely expensive — most of the single albums processed by MFSL are priced at £15 or £16 — though A&M are now marketing a similarly manufactured Audiophile series (containing such titles as Supertramp's 'Breakfast In America' and 'Even In The Quietest Moments') which are priced at just under nine pounds.

Time was when WEA would rush-release every Aretha Franklin album. Nowadays there's no such hurry, for the Rev. C.L. Franklin's little girl hasn't notched a British hit of any kind since 1974, while her last top 20 item was way back in 1971. On the evidence of 'La Diva' (Atlantic), one of the last albums to be produced by the late Van McCoy, things are unlikely to improve in the future. For though Aretha still occasionally stokes that gospel fire and stretches out that four-octave voice in a way that should shake off all possible rivals, her material has all the appeal of a Barbra Streisand Home For Reject Songs, while her arrangements are more workmanlike than wonderful. On a song titled 'Only Star' she emotes about being the only star at the disco, though later, on 'The Feeling', she muses: "I've got to decide where I'm going". Maybe if she thought less about the former and really got to grips with the latter it's possible that she wouldn't be wasting both a great voice and a mass of precious vinyl. In the meantime, I suggest we say a little prayer!

Among those who apparently do know where they're going are Pleasure, whose *Future Now* (Fantasy) finds our jazz-funk heroes heading spacwards to chant "Space must be the place" before proceeding to bore the astro-pants off one and all via a side on the mini-suite. It's a pity really, for Pleasure are basically an excellent unit and when Michael Hepburn and Sherman Davis opt for flights of vocal inter-weaving — as they do on the vaguely Wonder-like 'Thoughts Of Old Flames' — then it's not nothing wrong and a good deal's right. But overall, the band's somewhat elaborate conception of party-down malfunctions on take-off every time and only proves that space just ain't the place for funkathons. Maybe it's all something to do with those anti-gravity boots. I must remember to ask Arthur C. Clarke sometime...

Fred Deller



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FLYS OWN

20th October, 1979 New Musical Express — Page 53

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Oct. 29. PLYMOUTH Clones
Oct. 30. EXETER Routes
Oct. 31. SHEFFIELD Polytechnic
Nov. 1. HULL University
Nov. 2. DUNDEE University
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In *Idyl*, Jeff Jones (one of the four **Studio** artists) has created a comic-strip world of reasoning fish, talkative butterflies, contemplative leopards, turtles and birds – and a clam who relates the evolutionary history of his species. Through the whole has been scattered many doubts about our vision of the world.

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Big O has produced a beautiful collection of posters from the four **Studio** artists. Ask to see the full range shown on our **Studio** catalogue.

Big O, the folks who brought you such delights as **Roger Dean's Views**, **Harry Harrison's Mechanismo** and **Planet Story**, **H.R. Giger's Necronomicon** and **Rodney Matthews' Wizardry & Wild Romance**, have got together a whole stack of new goodies for you. They'll be in your local book or record shop – and in those extra special places whose owners are nuts enough to believe it's our kind of stuff you want to see rather than 'Vels at the Disco'.

We've also managed to pack some of the artists into the back of a truck so they can get out and meet you... check out the tour list to see where you can blow your wad – and get a famous thumbprint at the same time.



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Of course, anything can happen in space (no one can see you dream). Down here on Earth things are a little more certain. Big O is bringing you a couple of very special books: **Dan Dare — The Man from Nowhere** created by Eagle stalwart Frank Hampson, and **H. R. Giger's Alien**.



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9 Squeeze
9-10 Buzzcocks
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NATIONAL WIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Gillan / Randy California
Aylesbury Friars: Camel / Nigel Mazlyn Jones
Bangor University: The Buzzcocks
Basildon Double Six: Praying Mantas
Basingstoke Magnums: Scissor Fits
Birmingham Railway Hall: Sham 69
Birmingham Metcat Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Blackpool Merd Grass: Zanibar
Blackpool Norbreck: The Merton Parkes
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: George Fame & The Blue Flames
Bradford Princeville Club: Stress / John Dowle / Allen Tint
Brighton Albemarle: The Lambretas
Brighton Sherry's Showbar: The Love Machine
Brighton The Hungry Years: Airport
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: Headlines
Burnwood Troubadour: Veeva
Chesterfield Fusion: The Mekons
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: The Skids
Colne Union Hotel: The Executives / Refractory Snowmen
Coventry Locarno: Still Little Fingers
Coventry Theatre: Gladys Knight & The Pips
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Judie Tzuke
Derby Assembly Hall: The Undertones / Kikometars
Edinburgh Astoria: After The Fire / The Solos
Gosport John Peel: The Ulfettes
Hull Phoenix Club: Chuck Fowler Band
Hull Wellington Club: The Adverts
Isle of Sheppey New Hotel: Flying Saucers
Keighley Temperance Hall: The Scene / Elits
Kirkcaldy Birkgate Hotel: Not Quite Red Fox
Leamington Crown Hotel: La Arge
Liverpool Elms: Sore Throat / The Innmates
London Camden Dingwells: Destroy All Monsters
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Polson Girls / Crass
London Canning Town Bridge House: Never Never Band
London Charing Cross Rd. Astoria Theatre: "Beatlemania" (for a season)
London Chelsea Wedgies: Duffo
London Clapham Two Brewers: First Aid
London Clapham 101 Club: Bobby Henry
London Ealing Technical College: London Zoo
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Johnny G
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Bumpers
London Fulham Greyhound: The Young Ones / The Pretty British
London Hammersmith Odeon: Lou Reed
London Harrow Road: Windsor Castle: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs / The Decays
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Boney Boys
London Kensington The Cricketers: Lucy's Abolition
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: The Sinceros / The Decays
London Knightsbridge Pizzas on the Park: Ika Isaase Duo
London Marquee Club: UK Subs
London Notting Hill Old Swan: The Rest
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Tallman
London Soho Piza Express: Danny Moss Quartet
London Southall White Swan: The Injections
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Shades
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
London Strand Kings College: Pressure Shocks
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Sky
London Victoria The Venue: The Sutherland
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Wembley Conference Centre: Oscar Peterson / Alex Welsh Band / Tony Lee Trio
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Bombshell / Black Superstition Mountain
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: Heathcliffe
London W.10 Adlam Hall: Second Nature / The Molesters
London W.14 The Kensington: Marynara
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
Manchester Polytechnic: Punishment Of Luxury
Manchester UMIST: The Tourists
Middlebrough Teeside Polytechnic: Chas & Dave
Middlebrough Town Hall: Darts
Newcastle City Hall: Whitesnake / Marcella
Newcastle The Playground: Central Line
Norwich Blackfriars Hall: Akkawa
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Portsmouth Stonehenge Club: Nolan Sisters
Portsmouth Locarno: Penetration
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Smirks
Port Talbot Troubadour: The Jags
Poynton Top Centre: Galadriel / Stan Ellison
Prestwick Town Hall: Another Pretty Face / Fred The Enemy / The Numbers / Soviet Tractor
Reading Three Tuns: El Seven
Rotherham Arts Centre: George Grizbach
Ryton Assembly Hall: The Roaring 60's
Sheffield City Hall: Leo Sayer
Sheffield Little Club: The Revillos
Sheffield The Penguin: RIP
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: The Strangers

650 DATES THIS WEEK

... which accounts for the dearth of pictures on the Gig Guide pages this week. After all, the gigs themselves take priority, and the next seven days represent something of a record in terms of sheer quantity.

But we would like to point out that, in addition to the special events highlighted below and overleaf, this week's other major happenings include a one-off by LEO KOTKE in London on Sunday; and the return to Britain, following European dates, of SOUTHSIDE



STEVE HACKETT has already undertaken one tour this year, but it was so successful that he's going on the road again, kicking off in Aberdeen (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). His act has now been revamped to incorporate material from his recent hit album 'Spectral Mornings'.



STEVE HARLEY makes his first UK concert appearance for three years on Saturday, when he plays London Hammersmith Odeon, backed by a band billed as Cockney Rebel, whose line-up includes several of the original members. It's in aid of his new album 'The Candidate', but more gigs are expected to be announced shortly.



JIMMY PURSEY has re-formed Sham 69 after a lengthy disbandment, lasting all of six weeks, and they're back in harness again for a short series of concerts. The Heresham Boys are in action at Birmingham (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Manchester (Monday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Bath (Wednesday).

DEREK JOHNSON

Friday

Aberdeen University: After The Fire
Berkingside Old Maypole: Rockhouse
Basingstoke Magnums: Adam West & His Gotham City Rockers
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: Lindisfarne
Birmingham Aston University: Quartz
Birmingham Berrall Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traitors
Birmingham New Inn: Dangerous Girls
Birmingham Odeon: The Boomtown Rats / Proteus
Birmingham Underworld: The Chords
Birmingham Whitehouse Youth Centre: Ampit Jug Band
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Devil Hole Gang
Brentwood Hermit Club: Nutz / The Governors
Bridlington Spa Theatre: Leo Sayer
Brighton Hanbury Arms: Devil's Dykes
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: Flying Saucers
Brighton Sherry's Showbar: Minge
Brighton Sussex University: The Gangsters / The Soda / The Rabbits
Brighton Top Rank: The Specials / Madness / Selects
Bristol Castle Green: The Injections
Bristol Hope Chapel: Private Dicks / Sneak Preview / Stingray
Bristol University: Judie Tzuke
Burgess Hill Mantles Hall: Heathcliffe
Cambridge Regamuffins: The Bumpers
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Penetration
Cambridge City: Sheffield Hall: Matchbox
Canterbury Technical College: Capital Letters
Cardiff University: The Adverts
Chelmsford City Tavern: The Pack / Dr. Thea & The Ronda
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Coventry Warwick University: The Jags
Croydon Fairfield Hall: The Sutherland
Dundee Art College: Gang Of Four
Dundee University: The Merton Parkes
Durham University: Still Little Fingers
Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre: Sweet Substitute
Edinburgh University: Gillan / Randy California
File St. Andrew's Folk Festival (for three days): Bob Fox & Stu Laidley / Billy Wizard / Markham Brothers / Peggie Farret & Dave Walters, etc.
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Sham 69
Gloucester Jamaica Sports & Social Club: Squike
Gosport John Peel: The Merton School-girls
Grantham Colours Social Club: Houndog
Guildford Surrey University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders / Metro Gliders
Harlow Folladunmow Club: Shades
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Undertones / Killers
Immingham County Hotel: The Vye
Ipswich Corn Exchange: Rosie Hardman
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Camel
Keighley Windmill Club: The Scene
Kelowna Windmill Club: The Seashank Band
Kirkcaldy Birkgate Hotel: The Squibs
Kirkcaldy Country Club: Sore Throat
Lancaster Dukes Playhouse: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: Ian Carr's Nucleus

Leeds University Union: The Mekons / Agony Column / Delta 5 / Statix
Leicester TUL Club: Let The Good Times Roll
Liverpool Eric's: The Original Mirrors
Liverpool Mountford Hall: The Skids
Liverpool Polytechnic: The Starjets
London Action King Head: Paz
London Bait Pond Rd. Sugawyn Club: The Innocent Bystanders
London Camden Dingwells: Bombshell / Black Superstition Mountain
London Camden Electric Ballroom: The Ruts / The Pack
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jet-Lynx Blues Band
London Chiswick John Bull: Zorro
London City Polytechnic: Mike Abolom
London City University: Duffo Crotch
London Clapham 101 Club: Breakfast / The Method
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Blues Band
London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Small Hours
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Roy Apps & Dave Morrison
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lyn-ton's H.D. Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Sussex
London Hammersmith Odeon: Lou Reed
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Red Beans & Rice
London Kensington The Nashville: The Angelic Upstarts / The Wall
London Marquee Club: Iron Maiden / Playing Mantis
London Middlesex Polytechnic: Punishment Of Luxury
London Putney Half Moon: The O.T.s
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Rainbow Theatre: The Strangers
London Regents Park Bedford College: London Zoo
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: First Aid
London Soho Piza Express: Pete Allen Band
London Strand Kings College: White Magic
London Tottenham White Hart: CSA
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Sky
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: NI
London Victoria The Venue: The Ohio Players
London Waterloo The Wellington: The V.I.P.s
London Wembley Conference Centre: Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers / Pharoah Sanders Quartet / Samet
London Westminster: Bridge Rd. The Towers: Freddie Fingers / Lee Maldon Labour Hall: The Urge / Dusk
Manchester Mayflower: Slaughter & The Dogs / Polson Girls / Crass
Manchester The Funhouse: Crass / Polson Girls / Abdominal Pains
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Light Of The World
Middlebrough Rock Garden: The Innmates
Middlebrough Town Hall: Hot Chocolate
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Tourists
Newcastle University: Chas & Dave
Newport Harper Adams College: Stan Arnold Combo
Newport The Village: Saxon
Northampton The Padocks: The Selections / Dolly Mixture / Back To Zero
Norwich Cromwells: George McCre
Norwich East Anglia University: Lens Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvedere / The Meteors
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: Romantic
Oxford Polytechnic: Wrizz
Paisley College of Technology: The Solos

Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: Bunk Dog-ger / The Dogs
Plymouth Polytechnic: The Smirks
Portsmouth Stonehenge Club: Nolan Sisters
Port Talbot Nine Vols: The Kidda Band
Reford Portenhouse: The Revillos
Rochdale College: Stress / John Dowle / Allen Tint
Rowley Pegis Technical College: Denizens
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Richard & Linda Thompson
Slough Langley College: The Negatives / Corvette / Ground Attack / Burnz / Mystery Girls / The Chaps
Southend Top Alex: Grinder
Southport New Theatre: Elkie Brooks
St Albans Horn of Plenty: Black House
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: Orphan
Stratford-on-Avon South Warwick College: Security Risk
Stockport Technical College: The Accelerators
Sutton-in-Ashfield Hushwaite Victoria Club: Vernon & The G.I.s
Uxbridge Brunel University: The End
Waymouth College: Lip Moves
Whitehall Royal Oak: Chisnoton
Wolverhampton Merry Hill Folk Club: Nigel Mazlyn Jones
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Reading Cars
Worcester Grandstand: Matchbox
York University: Swell Maps / Essential Logic

Saturday

Aberystwyth University: The Undertones
Aylesbury Friars: Penetration
Berkingside Old Maypole: The Rhythm Hawks
Besidon Double Six: The Dials
Bedford Civic Theatre: Pressure Shocks
Bedford Nile Spot: Joe Brown
Bicester Nowhere Club: Romanix
Birmingham Bogarts: The Out
Birmingham Hare & Hounds: June Tabor
Birmingham Metcat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Odeon: The Boomtown Rats / Proteus
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Birmingham Underworld: Dangerous Girls
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Take-Away
Blackpool Opera House: Gladys Knight & The Pips
Bradford University: Chas & Dave
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: Matchbox
Brighton Art College: Prag-Vac/Au Pair-Devils Dykes / The Chaps
Brighton Sherry's Showbar: Minge
Bristol Mayors Arms: The Injections
Bristol Tuffnute Club: Power Exchange
Bristol University: Rosie Hardman
Buckland Memorial Hall: Speedwitch
Canterbury Kent University: Squike
Cardiff Graceland: GSH/Mad Dog
Carnalton St. Helier Arms: Let The Good Times Roll
Colchester Essex University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Metro Gliders
Coventry Town Supporters Club: Strange Days
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Executives
Coventry Leicestershire Polytechnic: Tours
Derby Bishop Lonsdale College: Sore Throat
Dublin Stadium: Dean Friedman
Dundee Technical College: After The Fire
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare
Eastbourne King's Country Club: Johnnie Ray
East Grinstead King George Hall: Caroline Redhouse
Egham Royal Holloway College: World Service

Fatherstone Rovers Social Club: Flying Saucers
Glasgow University: Gillan/Randy California
Gravesend Red Lion: Zorro
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Psychodolls Furs
Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: The Love Machine
Kingston Polytechnic: The Teenbeats
Leeds Heddon Hall: Mike Effect
Leeds Jubilee Hotel: Side Abolom
Leeds University: Darts
Lancaster Polytechnic: The Pirates/The Young Ones
Liverpool Eric's: Red Crayola/Spizz Energi/Swell Maps
London Camden Becknook: The Boyce Band
London Camden Dingwells: Live Wire/The Physicals
London Camden Electric Ballroom: The Purple Hearts/The Teenbeats/Squire/Dolly Mixture
London Camden Music Machine: Slade/En Route
London Chelsea College: Little Bob Story
London Clapham 101 Club: The Cannibals / The Commuters
London Covent Garden Bim: Duffo
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Boney Boys
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Roger Bunn Quintet
London Fulham Golden Lion: La Debonaires
London Hammersmith Odeon: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Patrick Fitzgerald (Melrose)/Excel (evening)
London Kensington The Nashville: Martin Chambers' Big Stick
London Manor Park: Three Rabbits: Spider
London Marquee Club: Back To Zero
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Zick
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy Karloff Band
London Rainbow Theatre: Cimerons/Brown Sugar/Cynus
London Royal Festival Hall: Juliette Greco
London School of Economics: Fischer-Z
London Soho Piza Express: Keith Smith & Hefty Jazz
London Southall White Swan: The Small Hours
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Sky
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: NI
London Victoria The Venue: No Dice
London Wembley Conference Centre: Gerry Mulligan Big Band/Louis Boldson
Slip Band/National Youth Jazz Orchestra/Humphrey Lyttelton Band/Ronnie Scott's Band
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: London Zoo
London W.1 Portman Hotel: Dave Shepherd Quintet
London W.9 The Factory: City Twilight Steel Band
Loughborough University: The Buzzcocks
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Leo Sayer
Manchester Polytechnic: Armed Forces/La Mortgage
Manchester The Funhouse: Gloria Mundi
Manchester University: The Innmates
Manleyway Cross Hands Inn: Speed Limit
Merton Mowbray Painted Lady: Light Of The World
Middlebrough Rock Garden: UK Subs
Middlebrough Town Hall: Hot Chocolate
Newport L.W. Medina Theatre: Sweet Substitute
Northampton Cricket Club: The Ruts/The Flies
North Greenford F.C.: Clem Curtis & The Foundations
Nottingham Boat Club: Lonestar/Angel-street
Nottingham Peabody College: The Tourists
Nottingham Sandpiper: Borich
Nottingham University: The Mekons
Oxford Corn Dolly: Spring Offensive
Oxford Lincoln College: The Stereotypes
Poole Brewers Arms: The Merton Schoolgirls
Poole Jolly Sailor: Scissor Fits
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Wrizz
Preston Harrington Public Hall: Liam O'Flynn & Paddy Gleadin
Reading Hexagon Theatre (free lunch-time): Spradibbles
Reading University: The Sutherlands
Reading White Horse: The Revillos
Reford Portenhouse: The Jags
Ross-on-Wye Harvey's: The Starjets
Sheffield Hurlfield Arts Campus: Ian Carr's Nucleus
Sheffield University: Mud
Slough Centre: Central Line
Southend Kinvara: Yakety Yak/Rockhouse/Johnny & The Jelbirds / The Jets
St. Albans City Hall: Whitenote/Marcella
St Austell New Cornish Rivers: The Skids
Stirling University: The Revillos
Stirling West End Bar (lunchtime): FK9
Stur Subscriptions Rooms: The Smirks
Swindon Greyhound: The Pack/Dr. Milk & The Ramix
Swindon Oasis Centre: The Specials / The Screamers
Tonypandy Naval Club: The Kidda Band
Troon Town Hall: Still Little Fingers
Wetherby High School: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Weymouth Pavilion: Shades/Sunstroke
Widow Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Judie Tzuke

Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Still Little Fingers
Arbroath Concor Club: After The Fire
Bicester White Lion: Midas
Birmingham Odeon: The Boomtown Rats/Proteus
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prima Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
CONTINUES OVER...

GIG GUIDE — CONTINUED

Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre
(lunchtime): Tracks
Boston Spa Youth Club: Mike Absalom
Bournemouth Pincliffe Hotel: Sessor
Rita
Bournemouth Seaside Centre: The
Specials/Madness/Selector
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Gladys
Knight & The Pips
Bradford College Students Union: Boogie
Chillun
Bradford Royal Standard: Sore Throat
Brighton Buccaneer: Fan Club
Bristol Locarno: Lena Lovich/Jane Aire &
The Belvederes/The Meteors
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill
Scott & Ian Ellis
Cambridge Lakeside Club: Johnnie Ray
(for a week)
Canterbury Odeon: Penetration
Cardiff Top Rank: The Undertones
Chorley Joiners Arms: Vardis
Coventry Theatre: Leo Sayer
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Hot Chocolate
Croydon Greyhound: Coast To Coast
Dundee Caird Hall: Gilan/Randy
California

Dunstable Civic Hall: Slade
Water University: The Fans
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Ellie Brooks
Glasgow Paisley Union Club: Matchbox
Glasgow Pavilion: The Revillos
Harrogate Kings Hall: Fivepenny Piece
Hull Groucho's Place: the 2 men
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Whitesnake /
Marselle
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): Best
Friends
Leeds Warehouse: Central Line
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Camel
Leicester Granby Hall: The Stranglers
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: The
Spinners
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Camden Dingwalls: Lew Lewis
Reformer
London Camden Electric Ballroom: John
Lee Hooker
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Tour De Force/One Hand Clapping
London Charing Cross Duke of
Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four
days)
London Clapham 101 Club: Dry Rib/Oxy
& The Morons
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Deceys
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: Chet
 Atkins
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Den
Russell
London Fulham Golden Lion: Red Beans
& Rice
London Grosvenor House Hotel: The
Drifters
London Hammersmith Odeon: Billie Jo
Spears/Bobby Bare
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Sad
Among Strangers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Cuddy
Toys
London Kensington The Cricketers: The
O.K. Band
London Kensington The Nashville: Ques-
tion Mark
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
One Eyed Jacks
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Spider
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime):
Blue Moon
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Boys Of
The Lough
London Soho Piza Express: Fred Hunt
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Leo Kottke
London Woodwich Framished: Vin Gar-
butt / Ying Tong John
London W.I. Portman Hotel (lunchtime):
Brian Leake's Sweet And Sour
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Darts
Manchester Royal Northern College of
Music: Ian Carr's Nucleus
Mold Theatre Cwtyd: Rosie Hardman
Newbridge Memorial Hall: Borich
Newquay Central Hall: The Winners
Nottingham Co-op Folk Club: George
Grizbush
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Oatlands Town Hall: Mary O'Hara
Peterborough ABC Theatre: The Suther-
lands
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: June Tabor
Poynton Folk Centre: Andrew Frank/Mike
Mann/Circus Walker
Purfleet Circus Tavern: The Four Tops (for
a week)
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: Romantic
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Julie Truie
Rowley Regia The Britannia: Ocean
Boulevard
Sheffield Fint Park Club: Chuck Fowler
Band
Sheffield Top Rank: The Buzzcocks
Southport Theatre: Mike Harding
Stafford Bingley Hall: Boston
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: Fred Wedlock
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse
Workshop Silverdale Club: Strange Days
Worthing Norfolk Hotel: Second Nature

Monday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Steve Hackett
Band
Ayr Pavilion: Gilan/Randy California
Birmingham Alexandra Theatre: "The
Rocky Horror Show" (for a week)
Birmingham Barrow Green: Fashion
Birmingham Odeon: Lena Lovich/Jane
Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors
Bristol Colston Hall: Gladys Knight & The
Pips
Bristol Crookers: The Brainiac Five (for
three days)
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Writz
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Hot Chocolate
Derby Assembly Rooms: The Buzzcocks
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Ellie Brooks
Exeter Routes: Saxon
Exeter University: The Specials/Madness/
Selector
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Camel
Great Yarmouth: The Slits
Guernsey The Guernsey Hotel: The Bum-
pers (for two weeks)
Hanley Victoria Hall: Whitesnake/Mar-
selle
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side
Stompers



SELECT A SPECIAL MADNESS GIG

We're not quite sure exactly what that heading means, but it's a contrived method of bringing to your attention one of the year's most intriguing package tours, which opens this weekend — featuring THE SPECIALS, MADNESS (pictured above) and THE SELECTER. And of course, it serves as a very useful showcase for the three

main bands on The Specials' own 2 Tone label.

The first five dates are at Brighton (Friday), Swindon (Saturday), Bournemouth (Sunday), Exeter (Monday) and Plymouth (Tuesday). And if you're an avid reader of the NME News Desk (if not, why not?), you'll know that around 35 more gigs will take the itinerary through to the end of November. We're told that there's a £2.50 maximum admission at all venues, which ain't bad for three name outfits.

Tuesday

Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Rosie Hardman
Leeds Fulham Green Hotel: The Rhythm
Ravens
Leeds Mexboro Arms: Best Friends
Liverpool Eric's: Back To Zero/Star-Prest
Liverpool Everyman Theatre: Ian Carr's
Nucleus
Liverpool Mountford Hall: The Under-
tones
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet: The Stranglers
Liverpool Spinners Club: The Spinners
(for three days)
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears:
Stan's Blues Band
London Camden Dingwalls: 57 Men/Bat-
ween Pictures
London Camden Music Machine: Quartz
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Dogwatch
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Isaac
Guillory
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's
Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Borich
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
Spring Offensive
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Queeds/Dangerous Girls
London Kensington The Nashville: Spliz
Energy/Dr. Mix & The Remix
London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park:
Tony Lee Doo
London Marquee Club: The Pretenders
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Putney Hall Moon: Gay & Terry
Woods
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Louis Bel-
son Big Band (for a week)
London Royal Albert Hall: Sergio Lama
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Small Hours
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Sham 69
Manchester Band on the Wall: The Vye
Middlebrough Town Hall: Chet Atkins
Newcastle City Hall: Boston
Newcastle Goshorn Hotel: Arthur 2:
Strokes/The Noise Toys/The Sacred
Bananas/The Builders/The Interns
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gweithir
Oxford Com Dolly: The Injections
Nottingham Odeon: The Tourists
Rayleigh Cross: Shades
Shackleton Stagfolk: June Tabor
Sheffield City Hall: Darts
Sheffield Fiesta Club: Mary Wilson (for a
week)
Sheffield Top Rank: Slade/Def Leppard
Southend Zero 6: Musicians Workshop
Stoke Jolites: The Barron Knights (for a
week)
Sunderland
Matchbox
Wakefield Dolly Grays: Shake Appeal
Witney Folk Club: George Norris
Eolmakers Club:
Aberdeen Ruffles Club: The Jags
Aberystwyth University: Richard and
Linda Thompson
Barking Old Maypole: The Cruisers
Bath Tiffany's: Juan Fozes 'n' The Grave /
Stuck On The Verge
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: UK Subs
/ Urge
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Marat Cross: Kitter
Birmingham Odeon: The Undertones
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Birmingham Thursday Club: Mike Berry
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Geneva
Blackburn St George's Hall: The Buzz-
cocks
Blairgowrie The Gig: Sweet Substitute
Bournemouth College: The Tourists
Bradford St George's Hall: Gilan/Randy
California
Brentwood Harriet Club: Truss & Bucket
Brighton Centre: Hot Chocolate
Brighton Sherry Showbar: Kandidate
Coventry Theatre: Sham 69
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Gerry Mulligan Big
Band
Derby Assembly Rooms: Georgie Fame &
The Blue Flames
Edinburgh Odeon: Camel
Farnborough Tumbledown: The Angelic
Upstarts
Galeshead Progressive Club: Matchbox
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Steve Hackett
Band
Glasgow Strathclyde University: South-
side Johnny & The Asbury Jukes
Hanley Victoria Hall: Lena Lovich/Jane
Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Sore Throat
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Mary O'Hara
Isleworth Running Guck: One Eyed Jacks
Leeds Fan Club: The Innets
Liverpool Everyman Theatre: Paycama
London Camden Dingwalls: The Piranhas
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Billy Karloff Band
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: John
Marty/John Stevens Band
London Clapham 101 Club: London
Zoo/Kay Russell
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Sledgehammer
London Fulham Cock Tavern: John
Spencer's Alternative
London Fulham Golden Lion: The
Limnos
London Hammersmith Odeon: Darts
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Excel
London Kensington The Nashville: Cla-
via Nouveaux/Vitus Dance
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free
Beer
London Marquee Club: The Advents
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Spider
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett:
Stan's Blues Band
London Shepherds Bush Hotel: The
Trendles
London Soho Piza Express: Bobby
Rosengarden Quintet
London Victoria The Venue: Judy Tzuke
Malvern Nags Head: Denizens
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Skids
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: Rosie
Hardman
Newcastle City Hall: Elkie Brooks
Norwich Cromwells: Fischer-2
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: Penetration
Oxford New Theatre: The Boomtown
Rats/Proter
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: The Specials/Mad-
ness/The Selector
Portsmouth Locarno: The Stranglers
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Punishment Of
Luxury
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Enid
Reading University: The Original Mirrors
Scunthorpe Tiffany's: The Pirates
Sheffield City Hall: Whitesnake/Marselle
Sheffield Seaside Special Big Top: Chet
 Atkins
Southampton Guildhall: Ian Carr's
Nucleus
St Helens Theatre Royal: Mike Harding
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Fall
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse
Ashford Stour Centre: Fischer-2
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Kandidate
Birmingham Aston Arts Centre: Rosie
Hardman
Birmingham Barrow Green: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: Quartz
Birmingham Odeon: The Buzzcocks
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses

Wednesday

Bishops Stortford Triad Centre: Borich
Blackpool Tiffany's: The Tourists
Blairgowrie The Gig: Sweet Substitute
Bradford College Students Union: Good-
night Vienna
Bradford University: Judie Tzuke
Brighton Alhambra: The Same
Brighton 1900 Club: The Dials
Bristol St Nicholas: Deadly Toys
Canterbury Kent University: June Tabor
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: The Sunsets
Chesham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Chichester Festival Theatre: Oscar Peter-
son / National Youth Jazz Orchestra
Derby Romeo & Juliet: Clem Curtis & The
Foundations
Glasgow Technical College: The Jags
Grantham Harlaxton Manor: Ian Carr's
Nucleus
Harrogate Royal Heritage: Vardis
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Leo Sayer
Lancaster University: Richard & Linda
Thompson
Leeds University: Southside Johnny &
The Asbury Jukes
Liverpool University: Lena Lovich / Jane
Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors
London Camden Dingwalls: Charlie Am-
ley & The Misdeamors
London Camden Music Machine: Sore
Throat
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: Ralph
Toner / Kenny Shaw Band
London Clapham 101 Club: Cannon /
Street Preacher
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Geffa / Artery
London Ealing The Oldie Halls: D-Notice
London Fulham Cock Tavern: Tony Allen
London Fulham Greyhound: Tennis
Shoes
London Hammersmith Odeon: Darts
London Highgate Jackson Lane Commu-
nity Centre: Earl Oakin
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Lambertes
London Lewisham Odeon: Gladys Knight
& The Pips / Ramsey Lewis Trio
London Marquee Club: The Advents
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Beat
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Sim-
monds & Craig's Folk and Blues
Showcase
London Rainbow Theatre: Gilan / Randy
California
London School of Economics: Tours / The
Original Mirrors
London Soho Piza Express: Johnny M
London Southall White Hart: Howling
London Victoria The Venue: The Marton
Parikes / The Small Hours / The Crooks
London Woodwich Framished: Hibiscus
Loughborough University: The Under-
tones
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Steve Hackett
Band
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: Inalizer
Manchester University: The Squet
Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias in
"Never Mind The Bullocks" (for an
eight-day season)
Middlebrough Madison: High Flames
(for four days)
Newcastle City Hall: Camel
Newport (Mon.) Showway: UK Subs
Norwich Arts Centre: The Smiles
Norwich Samson & Hercules: Morri-
mullen Band
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gweithir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Soma
Chicken
Nottingham University: Penetration
Oxford New Theatre: Whitesnake /
Marselle
Peterborough ABC Theatre: Billie Jo
Spears / Bobby Bare
Plymouth Cones: Punishment Of Luxury
Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Enid
Sheffield Top Rank: The Skids
Shrewsbury The Cascade: Squire
Shrewsbury Music Hall: The Rute / The
Fly
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Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: Au Palis
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gerald
Worthing Balmoral Bar: Chinatown
York Pop Club: The Innates

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (22): Spectrum — Foreigner/
Charley; Bottom Line — Bobbie
Hudson; My Father's Place —
Dreamer.

TUESDAY (23): Max's Kansas City —
The Fenders; My Father's Place —
City Boy; Bottom Line — Marshall
Chapman; Resorts International —
Frank Sinatra; The Club — Roberta
Davies; Village Vanguard — Elvin
Jones (six days).

WEDNESDAY (24): My Father's Place —
Gil Scott Heron; Bottom Line — David
Werner; Avery Fisher — Kenny
Loggins.

THURSDAY (25): Max's Kansas City —
Leon/The Normals; Apollo
Theatre: Bob Marley & The Wailers
(four days); Other End — Andy Pratt;
My Father's Place — Shawn Phillips;
Nessau Coliseum — Styx/The Good
Rets (two days).

FRIDAY (26): Carnegie Hall — Lonnie
Liston Smith & Herbie Mann; Max's
Kansas City — Steel Tip/Comettes;
My Father's Place — NRBQ.

SATURDAY (27): Capitol Theatre —
Peter Frampton/The Sins Brothers;
Max's Kansas City — The Voodoo
Shoes/Flirt.

SUNDAY (28): My Father's Place — Tom
Waits; Metropolitan Opera House —
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LIVE!

PERFECT POP

I don't know why chords played in a certain sequence should cause one nerve-ending to nudge the next and connect in a chain that sends such a roaring, rushing signal to the brain.

The Undertones Ten Pole Tudor

Leicester

Let's dismiss Ten Pole Tudor as unrepresentative of the evening and just say that he bears rather more than a passing resemblance to Jimmy Pursey, rants and raves to no great avail and attempts to justify his slim claim to fame by singing 'Who Killed Bambi?'

Who cares. With a line of almost impossibly ordinary youths in tatty T-shirts and too-short jeans gathered stage-front, The Undertones inspire an unforced friendship based on identification. There is no stage 'act' apart from Feargal Sharkey's natural naively-excited exhibitionism. He expects and gets almost total audience participation, berating those still seated in the balcony for not coming downstairs to dance.

The response he elicits is impressive, and it is an indication of the audience's esteem that when the group stop mid-set to tune their guitars the whole hall watches, stands still and waits without a murmur of impatience and then breaks into cheers when they start up again.

There is warmth within the group too: Feargal leaps off the stage to settle the solitary fight of the night, the others appear to peer anxiously over its edge until his wicked, crooked face reappears unscathed.

Sharkey's voice is now a raw, burning revelation; a sensitive instrument that shudders with the force of his

concentrated passion. On stage, his skinny body is stark and scrawny; lank hair drips in his uneasy eyes as he jerks and judders in intense, determined desperation. When he falls on one knee and sings at the floor, the skin of his back as he crouches on the boards is, literally, steaming.

The new numbers interspersed amongst the album tracks ('Whizz Kids', 'Nine Times Out Of Ten', 'Girls That Don't Talk', 'The Way Girls Talk', 'My Perfect Cousin', 'Here Comes Norman', 'See That Girl') show that The Undertones have not lost the careless, enraptured ease that characterised their first output. Again lyrics are either ecstatic outbursts of exuberance or are concerned with the wistful mix of longing and love that embodies their attitude to 'girls'.

As the floor trembles beneath the onslaught of dancing, they finish first with 'Get Over You' but have to return for three encores, bemused, delighted and eager to oblige.

"Wait while we think of something," Feargal unnecessarily implores the audience at one point.

The extra half-hour includes 'Emergency Cases', 'Teenage Kicks', 'Girls Don't Like It', T.Rex's 'Get It On' and Gary Glitter's 'Rock And Roll Part 2', the last two entirely transformed by that naked, fervent voice.

It is the sheer happiness of the audience that is affecting, some of whom still wait while the equipment is disconnected before trickling out slowly, sweat-stained and stunned.

I don't know why chords

played in a certain sequence should cause one nerve-ending to nudge the next and connect in a chain that sends such a roaring, rushing signal to the brain. The Undertones seem to have stumbled on the secret by a unique combination of unspoiled innocence and an intuitive understanding of the underlying structures that can make the effect of music so exhilarating.

Each song is an explosion of emotional energy that is simultaneously transitory and timeless in that small, large-loomed anxieties and amours are captured without comment in direct, sincere musical statements.

Listening to their music is a physical experience that pumps through the veins and is impossible to regard effectively because it ignores the head and hits straight at the heart.

The Undertones are spontaneous, immediate and unerringly instinctive.

They are probably the closest we'll come to perfect pop.

Lynn Hanna

Chic

Hammersmith Odeon

Having been present at more disco live shows than any one mortal is entitled to or deserving of, I naturally feared the worst.

The Odeon was loaded to the rafters with a multitude of night clubbers in the Take 5 summer collection, weighed down with whistles and the overbearing need to have a night out. When the opening band Car Park took the stage the proceedings took on a dark shadow. This female



Feargal beats the audience into submission. Pic. Al Johnson.

fronted six piece screeched unmercifully through a set of sub-Rufus/Crusaders rubbish that scaled new heights in how to render brass unlistenable.

My companion and I retired

to the hospitality area and consumed several beakers of firewater and considered how ugly this night may turn out to be. Chic are not only the shining jewel of dancefloor kick but without question one of the finest outfits available in any twistosphere.

But all the signs were pointing to their collapse before our eyes tonight.

They had become the champions of many sections of the rock press for perhaps a little too long as hacks' 'fads' go, and as such were ripe for the banana skin; plus the taped music whilst the lights were up consisted of a loop 'Running On Empty' by Jackson Browne. Then, as the safety curtain lifted and the sun went down, some pimple stood at the mike jibbering the most wrinkled intro imaginable complete with individual call and response for each of the 'Atlantic Recording Artists' singles.

However, as he ran off the first music echoed from off the still empty stage. Then from out of the wings appeared guitarist Nile Rodgers, still running through the opening of 'Chic Cheer', quickly followed by the rest of the band, and crack! everybody came in on the snare and Chic never looked back.

They ran through a set of about 75 minutes, a breathtaking attack of confidence and gut-level rhythm. The most unnerving aspect of the performance was the ditching of all the trappings associated with both 'their' genre and the band themselves. There was no glitter, no stage act, no

'meaningful' rape, no same suits. Jesus, they only really stopped once and that was half-way to apologise for slowing the proceedings down with the night's only less than furious song. All the chic bullshit vanished. Off came the jackets and ties after about ten minutes and, most important, emotion flowed.

I've read elsewhere that they're supposed to be cold on the boards, clinical even, but that's from people who review from the pre-gig cabs.

The bass of Bernard Edwards was the only drawback, from the sixth row it sounded fuzzed-over and messily mixed. Rodgers, though, was way past caring. Trotting about the stage, his head back smiling, he eased the gears through 'I Want Your Love', 'Forbidden Lover' and the year's high-point, when the 12 people onstage fired out the hits they made for the doubtful Sister Sledge. When Chic hammered into 'He's The Greatest Dancer' there couldn't be a soul alive who'd begrudge them the applause. Magic music.

There were no fillers, no contrived build-up to 'The Big One'. Everybody present could have sat through the song line-up in reverse and still no cut would have surpassed the last. With rock 'n' roll fair spreadeagled and bickering, the Chic show highlighted a confident music in sharp focus of itself. Very few bands, very few people today are so bolshy with so much reason.

Chic — they proved it. The message is in their bottle.

Danny Baker



Alpha and Luci beat Nile and Bernard into ecstasy. Pic. Jill Furmanovsky.

Boston

Rainbow

GOAL!

That's what it felt like. After minutes of the obligatory build-up with random instrument tuning and roadies counting into mikes — all of which is hidden behind a deft pleated curtain — the lights dodgily dim and the theatre full of devotees screech as one man.

Now, not being as open armed as the assembled first-nighters, I felt a tad uncomfortable as all around bellowed hosannah to our as yet unseen guests from America. All around people were on their feet in a crescendo of wild greeting, leaving the more impartial of us feeling exactly like the visiting supporters when the home team go one up.

Goal! And you look around for a similar struggle at whom to grin uneasily, you run your tongue across your teeth and count the endless seconds till things get calm again and you can rub the neon Judes giveaway sign from your forehead. Without ever wanting to admit it, you begrudge these lunatics their euphoric end, when, down comes your barrier and as a critic you pray for their heroes to fall on their arses. For the *NME* at a heavy metal megagig it's like playing at Anfield with only six men.

"Hey, London!" (GOAL!)
1—0
"How're you doin'?" (GOAL!)
2—0
"Please welcome Boston!" (GOOAAALL! 3—0)

As the curtains rose to reveal the five rock musicians — already driving into the night's first favourite — the Rainbow Theatre went totally kulu. Nobody sat down from then onwards.

Boston had never played in this country before and were in London for five nights, all sold out. Though one of the countless platinum bands

back home, they have yet to truly crack the UK charts — so where does everybody come from?

I had never heard a Boston record before in my life and there I was in row T, able to brush past the teats who whispered down the streets outside, past sets of jean twinsets who asked for "any spares", and into the theatre to confront the night's entertainment with all the enthusiasm of a dockworker during rag week.

All the clichés were in evidence — the hair, the hats, the denim embroidered with enough 'legends' to solve unemployment in the wool industry and more flairs than the Lifeboat Trust — but I decided that the headbanger angle had been overdone and I'd just get on with a group appraisal. But you can't. At these gigs, the crowd meet as much to reassure each other as to celebrate gods; it's the last night of the Proms on a fortnightly basis, a frightening show of solidarity in the face of their contemporaries' attempts to alienate and ridicule.

Sure they know all the tracks, but they know each other better — they need the rock but they need each other more. After all, we're all just yelling "My lifestyle — the right lifestyle" in rock'n'roll's silly competitions of style.

So Boston come on and between shaggy heads I can make out four of the least handsome faces you could imagine and a fifth behind some cymbals that might possibly be Ray Dorset with a beard. Though distinctly HM they immediately stamp a definite melodic rider on the riffs and pay attention to obviously well sound-checked vocals that fall on the Queen side of Crosby Stills and Nash. Only occasionally do they screech. They plough straight through the opening three numbers, all of them punchy and pretty but with just



The five-a-side champions. Pic George Bodnar.

Boston: The Glenn Millers Of The Denim Generation

enough of the Ted Nugents to stop them popping out. I decided that this was probably the best type of heavy rock gig I could have chosen.

At the first stop for introductions, lead singer Brad Delp goes through the pants call and response regulations and the crowd score three more quick goals. Boston then play a song

called 'Peace Of Mind' and everyone keeps jogging as the lights turn to red, green, red, green, white and blue.

It was all strictly standard issue and blandly agreeable, the type of ritual that the palm trees in Finsbury Park have looked down on a thousand times. Another rock band giving another set of record consumers another dose of what they paid for.

The atmosphere stayed fever pitch and crazy — such a good time that I began to feel like the lead in a Jackie Collins movie entitled *The Shit* or *Somesuch*. Meanwhile the band kept an extremely professional two hands on the reins and beamed at their followers, occasionally reaching out to slap some of the outstretched palms, and naturally telling them they

were the best crowd on the tour so far. (GOOAAALL!!)

To their credit, Boston never mess over into Rush territory. They are as strict in their tunes as they are in the length of cuts — everything, presumably, sticking close to the vinyl versions. They present no hammy stage movements or trash backdrops and effects, and manage to do so without

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becoming ragged or cheap. Plus they could have saved the much screamed for hitlet 'Don't Look Back' as an insurance policy to orgasm on, whereas they brought it in after five numbers with little fanfare.

Lyrical though they were dreadful. Most songs seemed to contain the words "****" and "****" and they themselves repeatedly urged London to party, get down, do it all night, etc.

I wrote down that it was a live advertisement for U.S. radio — clear sounding, nice, uncomplicated tunes with that overall heaviness to let you feel outwaded enough and remind you that this is 'youth beat' music. Without sitting each punter down and explaining in turn, The Clash are never going to get the upper hand on bands like Boston in the States. Because, superficially, Boston appear to give everything that Clash do, and American kids will take the guys who smile and invite you to parties every time.

Boston are the personification of a well-oiled all-ingredients rock 'n' roll machine for all types of coffee table because they don't alienate either the Zepplines or the Fleetwood Macs — the super markets. They are for heaps of people right now what Glenn Miller was for heaps of people back then. Anyone who claims to be baffled, upset or outraged by the scenes inside the Rainbow last Saturday is a closeted, naïve fool.

I left well before the end and let a theatre full of rock punters have their cup of tea — It wasn't mine and I hadn't paid for it. I'm past the stage of whining because not everyone supports my team. In fact, I'm not sure who my team is these days. But whoever it is, they don't seem to be getting many results themselves.

Danny Baker

Stiff Little Fingers

Birmingham

This is 'Alternative Ulster': there's a surge and a roar from the floor and Stiff Little Fingers start with the song that achieved the best balance between their weighty words and rather orthodox rock.

The line-up looks good — a kind of Clash with less panache.

On my left Jake Burns wears black leather over a bare chest; on my right blue-shirted Henry Cluney plays concussing chords and, in front of Brian Faloony on drums, Al McMordie with his flash black and white bass is clad in black shirt, white strides and one earring.

They are getting the poses off pat. They can do the blindly oblivious rock star lost in the pleasure of playing. They have learnt the stances and choose the right time to turn and stalk or skip. Their guitars are held out at the right angles or are beaten with apt and abandoned ferocity. They fall so easily into the appropriate attitudes that it looks almost spontaneous.

Stiff Little Fingers smile slightly; they are pleased with their progress so far and perhaps it's safe to feel a little self-satisfied.

This creeping complacency is in sharp contrast to the group who rose from the ashes of their environment and pulled out this scalding stream of bitter and brave songs, highlighting just about every aspect of oppression in Ireland. Now when they play those old raucous songs, they sound like standards and feel like fun.

Jake Burns introduces the songs with calm confidence but the nuances are lost in the mists of his melting accent. Apart from 'Straw Dogs' (a rabble-rouser with a gritty, irritating tune) the new numbers are more expansive and accessible and suggest they've cleared a space for musical manoeuvres. The songs are now tunes instead of tirades, and there is less hectoring, less haranguing, less hate. Jake Burns even manages to sing loudly instead of screech.

There's no sign of the organised violence that has disrupted recent Stiff Little Fingers' gigs. But past events have obviously taken their toll; standing to one side are several of the biggest, ugliest bouncers I've ever seen.

There is also the sort of dancing which derives its pleasure from maximum bodily contact with as many people as possible. This means that punters fly from all angles into a whirling vortex and then shoot out, bounce off each other and cannon into the backs of more static people. When someone strayed too close to one of those gruesome gorillas, a nonchalant pat from a huge hand hurls him halfway across the hall.

Towards the end of the set Burns' voice reverts to that thick primal scream with a texture as tender as sand paper. But, apart from that, the smashed, splintered sound has been smoothed, the danger removed and it's impossible to relate that original, intense, inflammable material to this pleasant, professional performance.

I was expecting passionate, political polemic, but instead I was entertained by an amusing evening of well above average rock 'n' roll.

It wasn't enough.

Lynn Hanna



The Fingers do the stalking. Pic Al Johnson.

"lonesome no more" includes single "Missing You"



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No More PENETRATION

Penetration

Birmingham

There is usually a pre-gig atmosphere because the punters are there for a reason — to see a band; and whether they feel excited, expectant, hostile, or merely curious, their mood is obvious, and the group have something to work on.

Not at this gig. This was more like a youth club or a jumble sale gathering, where the cleaners and caretakers, scuttling backwards and forwards across the bright, clean hall, in their blue bri-nylon uniforms looked as much in place as the groups of leather-jacketed kids, mostly male, who stood in loose knots chatting and tapping their feet to the 'Lust For Life' album, played at a respectable volume in the background.

Support band Local Operator came and went, and did little to alter the situation. Their tight, if unappetising standard R'n'B rock received polite but unenthusiastic acknowledgement bar one abusive outcry.

Thing didn't look good for Penetration; but things haven't looked good for Penetration for a long time.

They bowled headlong through number after number, unrelenting to the point where Pauline Murray was gasping for breath and

consequently missing her cues in some of the intros, being thrown totally out of time and out of tune on more than one occasion. She said she was losing her voice and it sounded like it. But to her credit she still put everything into her performance, and her frantic onstage dramatics affected at least some.

She leapt and crouched and spat and screamed, snapping at her audience with peevish sharpness and begging them to react. A small contingent, jostled and bounced between the two main amps and, bullied by Pauline, began to pogo, yell and spit back. By the end of the evening they were wildly demanding encores which the band were flattered to perform.

But these enthusiasts were in the minority and behind them the rest of the half-empty hall remained out of it, cold and bored.

Pauline's energetic show was too desperate, too forced, and therefore unconvincing. She wasn't really totally enveloped in the music; she was just running scared because the band were so obviously out of touch.

In 'Lovers Of Outrage', one of their better numbers, she was spotlighted and caught in an expression of anguish, her face reflecting an excess of seriousness and intensity (which the music itself suffers from) that said she was trying



Pauline struggling against audience apathy and band anarchy. Pic. Pennie Smith.

too hard. It just wasn't worth it.

She may no longer be content to wallow in the self-indulgent mire that Penetration have gradually been sinking deeper and deeper into, but the rest of the band are. They left her flailing on the muddy surface while they continued to indulge themselves in a cacophony of HM-esque riffs, convoluted chords and tangled

arrangements.

For the sake of the audience

Pauline feigned involvement, but like them she was shut out

and left dancing between a selfish band and a disillusioned audience.

The rift grew, apart from the frenzied few at the front who Pauline had stoked up to such a pitch that they were running off excess fuel. They alone remained unaffected by the steadily mounting choked feedback and echo which nearly caused Pauline to give up in despair. She couldn't hear herself, she complained, which was just as well. On 'Danger Signs' bassist Robert Blenire joined her on vocals and he obviously couldn't hear anything either. Their voices grated and clashed in a rising, wailing crescendo — perfectly complementing the set's overall sound.

They ploughed on though with the single 'Into The Open' — unremarkable and in keeping with the confessed meanderings of most of their material — and 'Free Money', off the first album 'Moving Targets'. Unfortunately they saved their best number 'Don't Dictate' till last when the distortion level had reached its peak and the bass was non-existence.

Pauline looked as if she was going to burst into tears. She had reason to, believe me.

Deanne Pearson

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THE KINKS

LIVE:

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"But anyway... onstage The Kinks are giving 'em anarchy with order. In New York I saw two straight nights of The Clash on superb form (somebody else will tell you about that) supported by Sam & Dave and The Undertones, and even after that The Kinks are undeniably putting on a dynamic, energising rock show."

"Tonight, The Kinks haul themselves out of the rock history books and elbow their way to the centre of 1979's rock and roll stage."

"The years of concept albums and fake nostalgia and retreats into alcoholic evocations of a mythical past have fallen from about his shoulders. Ray Davies is Born Again, and for the first time in too many years The Kinks are a group who can be loved for their latest work rather than for their greatest hits of the '60s."

Charles Shaar Murray,
N.M.E.
6.10.79.

THE
KINKS
LOW
BUDGET

ON ALBUM:

"The barely subliminal message may be about the lowering of standards, but my impression is that The Kinks have perceptibly raised theirs."

Mark Williams,
Melody Maker.
29.9.79.

"Ray Davies is writing great songs again!"
"'Low Budget' is actually worth spending money on, even in these El Skinto times. A miracle, yet!"
Charles Shaar Murray,
N.M.E.
8.9.79.

The Kinks' Current Single is MOVING PICTURES. ARIST 300.
The Current Album is LOW BUDGET
SPART 1099.

ARISTA



Pic Tom Sheehan

Look out Mike Yarwood here come The Jags

The Jags

Nashville

Although you might never have heard The Jags you're probably under the impression that they're grinning from between Elvis Costello's legs. That much is known. They even claim to be embarrassed because their single is clawing its way up the charts and they might be KO'd by categorisation.

Live they're out to prove that they're not just another convenient package on the

conveyor belt.

But that single 'Back Of My Hand' is representative of their careful, strictly swinging and manicured pop with a brightness that dazzles but wouldn't spike the caviar of a fashion show. Their songs limber languidly in love lost-and-found, but their confidence runs rings round indecision.

The Jags pull their punches tirelessly and directly, but their forged, sweated perfection lacks daring for all its sure footing.

Their scheming is

calculated and structured painstakingly so that their songs are instantly fully-fledged. In aiming for a bullet-proof, idealistic music they're ensnared by blind ambition.

Nick Watkinson chews, mangles and processes his vocals until they're a glossy collage of The State Of The Art '79 — everything you wanted to know about rock vocals but couldn't stand. Costello sits benignly on top of that list.

Watkinson stands hunched over the mike with guitar slung over shoulder, and his

steadfastly compelling presence brings to mind the other Elvis without the gyrations and paunch. John Alder is the cuddly guitarist, miming Watkinson's vocals and in apparent pain, as if his guitar strap is straddling him in acute bondage. He bumps good-naturedly into Watkinson, copying the Mick 'n' Keef school of true grit, while Steve Prudence plays the bassist whose inscrutability suggests that his guitar does the talking.

Touches of mod-ish psychedelia colour 'Last

Picture Show' while Watkinson and Alder's immaculate harmonies pull down the blinds. 'Little Boy Lost', however, is overburdened with walls of harmony that tilt The Jags off course. It washes too clean.

It's this inability to cut free from their strict confines that closes in and cramps The Jags.

Their songs are closeted by forced discipline and they reflect influences so concretely that their misery becomes overbearing. They fade, lose identity and metamorphose into a spluttering, tangled ball of

cut-short directions. They stand still, despite their apparent ease of performance.

Nevertheless, their streamlined presentation should ensure enough hits to keep them smouldering. America should swallow, without fear of indigestion, their precocious, regressive '60s techniques because they are sung in surefire '70s dialects. But the '70s are running out. In future there will be no revolution.

The Jags are star-struck Anglophiles, but they're not American.

Pete Archer

Dolly Mixtures

Rock Garden

1980 may well be the year of the female group. While The Slits continue to develop into one of the most important bands of the decade and there are others doing great things on the small gig circuit, there is still plenty of room for innovation and new style.

But discounting Page Three birds and their kind, there has been no band willing or capable of taking on the mantle of the '60s girl groups: no rock progeny born of The Ronettes, The Shangri-Las or Reparts And The Deltons.

Until The Dolly Mixtures that is.

Conceived in Cambridge, this was their sixth London gig and although stage nerves were apparent, they still played their way into the hearts of all present. But that wasn't surprising because The Dolly Mixtures are totally wonderful.

A positive riot of pastels, they possess the classic cartoon presence of The Ramones, though there the comparison ends. The DMs are all about boyfriends, kissing, pink, fanzines and cleaning your teeth after cigarettes.

Debsy's the tall one with the black bob and the bass which she sometimes remembers to play. Rachel sports a red crop and guitar and takes care of the lead vocals, grinning chubbily when she misses a note; Hester generally puts the drumsticks to good use, more particularly on the firecracker opening of 'Rock And Roll', their second encore.

Their own songs combine unobtrusively with some well-chosen classics including 'Locomotion', 'The Happening' and 'Da Do Ron Ron'. Once they've got past writing things such as 'Living In A Pink Bubble' and produce more stuff like 'Will He Kiss Me Tonight', fame and fortune can only be a review or two away. If I hadn't been convinced by the time Rachel said, 'This is a sad song, it's called 'Femme Fatale', then by golly I was sugar 'n' spice for them after that: it was the best version I've heard since Nico and The Velvets.

When the flashbulbs pop they squeal and giggle: 'Two, Three Four!' shouts Rachel and Debsy jumps and turns on the intro, her big bass practically slipping from her hands. There are no breaks between numbers, just a long enough gap for Debsy to dip and check the song list at her feet.

Whatever it is they've got, it's innocent and it's transitory but I hope it lasts as long as possible.

Neil Norman

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But, as with many new publications you may find it difficult to get hold of a copy. So make sure you place an order with your newsagent now!

* This week's Studio Monitor: London's Berwick Street Studios. Road test on: Washburn Falcon solid electric, Aria 'Paul Brett' 12 string acoustic and the Multivox synthesiser.

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Leading exponents of 'sound-verité', Marantz —today announced that they are to go on sale in aid of charity.

The asking price of *£369.50 including VAT for the entire group is expected to cause a tidal wave of eager buyers, so the sale will be conducted on a first come first served basis in conjunction with Comet electrical discount stores.

Individual group members can be bought separately. Silver clad group leader Ampli Fier for example can be bought for £79.90.

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The Pirates

Glasgow

To my left a pudgy teenager bounces in guitar hero mime. Jaw thrust forward, teeth ajar, his eyes gleam dully in spontaneous monomania, drift slightly into focus, then snap clean into contact with matching eyes belonging to an even wilder exhibitionist flailing to my right.

A beer can explodes. Both dancers pause briefly to laugh with the dozen or so others drenched by the spray. Then it's back to serious fun. They crouch, prowl and stalk; exchange moves and swap imaginary runs, the sound implied facially, eyes locked together in some private world, like Indian braves in

Stilettoes could be fun and still try to be ambitious. I suggest drama courses for stage confidence, isometrics for sustained dancing, and worrying about things later. The Pirates intro music is wonderful — stirring, adventurous, like the *Captain Blood* soundtrack with visions of Errol Flynn and Victor Mature attacking Cadiz armed only with a cutlass. Cannonfire with the music too — perfect. Then the legendary 'Yo Ho Ho And A Bottle Of Rum', sung by the tortured souls of keelhauled, barnacle-rant, corsair scum — brief memories of The Pirates in their Captain Pugwash outfits, before the real thing strolls onstage.

The striped trousers are gone now. The Pirates finally



Pic Simon Fowler

Walking The Bored

combat, leaping over flames with tomahawks.

At the end of the song the second protagonist advances, hand outstretched. They clasp hands hippie-style; hands inverted, thumbs hooked together in brotherhood to sanctify the shared experience.

Or perhaps they were just being melodramatic. Surely drunken HM fans aren't really tuned in to some primal pulsebeat music of the spheres?

Earlier The Stilettoes, a local band wary of Rezillo comparisons due to identical line-up and various visual similarities, minimised their greatest assets and capacities.

Collette Smith avoids mini-skirts and is restricted to backing vocals and harmonies in favour of the rather ordinary Kretin. Her voice slices through the sound with a purity and power more comperable with Penetration's Pauline than Fay Fife.

With even a fraction of The Rez/villos wit or panache, The

realising they don't have to dress for *Thank Your Lucky Stars* anymore. They churn through a selection of old favourites, new songs, rock 'n' roll and pop from the new album (unfortunately titled 'Happy Birthday Rock 'n' Roll', inviting comments that it's showing its age).

Around two years ago The Pirates were a big thing: critics were ecstatic; guitarists could stand beside Mick Green watching intently and still not know how he played his famous simultaneous lead and rhythm technique — beside him they couldn't outplay George Formby. Reports filtered through of audiences wandering in a euphoric daze for six weeks after seeing The Pirates.

Just goes to show how boring everything else must have been then.

The Pirates have just resumed live work after more than a year. Can they last till next time dullness is rampant?

Meanwhile they're still a fine band, with a fab guitarist

and adequate songs (sometimes). They're branching out a little on the new album — nothing innovative, but at least a change from Mick Green's 143rd song on the wonders of rock 'n' roll. And I'm sure the Quo audience will go for stuff like imitating trains and falling over.

The falling dver was by Mick Green at the beginning of 'Golden Oldies'. Two roadies helped him up. The train impersonation was around the third encore. We heard that one from the street, still loud six floors down.

Glenn Gibson



DAVID JOHANSEN
does it
'IN STYLE'

The new album from the ex-New York Doll is *In Style*, and it's produced by Mick Ronson and David Johansen.

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ESKIMO, the Residents' sixth LP, represents their most challenging musical conquest to date. The album evokes an apocalyptic culture, primitively struggling to exist in a cold and unforgiving reality. The various tracks on the disc are in the form of stories and legends and adventures are also elements of Eskimo. The less said by the sounds of the Eskimos, their music and their environment, there is no narration, although the narratives are printed on the sleeve, to encourage the listener to project himself into the cold barren world of wilderness, ignoring the stories. The album is a mostly piece of highly abstract music punctuated by primitive rhythms and vocals. Without doubt, ESKIMO is one of the strangest, most original concepts available on record today.

The Residents' ESKIMO



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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR



Stranger Hugh Cornwell (in t-shirt) reports that he has the skiniest follicle in the world. Pic: Elaine Bryer

IN THE *NME* of September 1, you assisted the new Social Secretary at Dundee College of Education, who was seeking help and advice with running entertainments events for his students. I should like to briefly outline what the NUS can offer in this respect. NUS organises two Social Secretaries Conferences per year. The first, in the Spring, is a Training Conference, where several hundred Social Secretaries spend a weekend being trained in all aspects of their jobs, including programming, planning, publicity and promotion, right through to the nitty gritty of specific event organisation and how to cope with things on the night of the gig. The second conference, in the Autumn, is the Business/Policy Conference. Again this is a weekend event, and on the Saturday a business exhibition is staged where representatives from the entertainments industry take stands and display the various goods and services they have on offer. Several up and coming bands are showcased in the evening.

At the forthcoming conference in November, NUS is launching a College Entertainments Yearbook which will contain an exhaustive listing of entertainment industry companies related to the college market. NUS also publish a College Entertainment Handbook, which could be described as the 'text book' for student entertainment officers. At the NUS Head Office, 3 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DU, an Entertainments Office exists specifically to help and advise Social Secretaries on a variety of problems. The Ents officer Dick Tee, who was responsible for advising the BBC on the locations they used for the *Rock Goes To College* series, is available on 01-387 1277 to help with any

troubles that Social Secs may encounter.

Dick also works closely with NUS Marketing, our merchandising company, which offers many services to students, one of which is the 'Great Stuff Records' mail order scheme.

LINDA MILLER,
NUS Executive Officer,
London.

● Marketing? Mail Order Schemes? Business/Policy Conferences? Cor, College gigs ain't 'erf changed since the days when Mickey Rooney used those hot-shot swing bands in order to get the Dean and those blessed fuddy-duddies jitterbugging just before the end-titles went up. Sounds helpful though.

WHY don't you con your readers with a fictitious letter, like most of the other papers do, so that you can tell them about the free copies of *Sailor's Delight* and *Bam Balam* that arrived in the post?

DERF RALLED.

NME, Carnaby St., London.

● A subtle ploy this (our rivals do it so much better) to provide the low-down on *Sailor's Delight*, an absolutely loony but great blues mag, which comes filled with articles, discographies, record auctions and suchlike involving discs by Fats Domino, Saddy Waters, Uke Turner, Dr Feelgood and The Inturds and other deliberate mis-prints. Among the saner contents of the current issue — which can be obtained from Saffor Vernon, 19 Brockenhurst Gardens, Mill Hill, London NW7, price 50p. Is a full Blue Horizon discography. And before I nick the Doors' discography out of *Bam Balam* No. 3 for publication in a future *Info City*, I guess it's only fair to mention that this kilted fanzine, available from Brian Hogg, Fat 1, Castelleu, Dunfer, East Lothian,

Scotland (UK subscription £1.80 for four issues including postage), contains complete rundowns on The Turtles, The Mamas and Papas, P. F. Sloan and several others. Finally, a place of honour for Terry Hounsborne and Tim Chambers' *Rock Record* —

even though I had to wack out the obligatory three quid for a copy. The book is well worth the outlay though for it contains about 400 pages and features the most comprehensive listing of rock albums yet published. There are faults, and lots of 'em. Which isn't surprising in view of the task undertaken. But the book — which is the result of three years research and catalogues discs by 3308 rock acts — is still an essential and relatively inexpensive purchase for any self-respecting rock freak. The address you need is 'Rock Record', 13 Stanton Road, Regent's Park, Southampton, Hants. (phone Southampton 771639).

WHO first recorded 'Louie, Louie'? Personally, I believe it was Richard Berry. But who covered it and on what labels?

PAUL GEDDY,
London NW4

● According to our clockwork computer, Richard Berry was the first to explore the intricacies of 'Louie, Louie', writing and recording the song for the Flip label in 1957. But the folk who really cashed in on the ditty were The Kingmen, who cut it for Wand (Pye here) in 1963, gaining a million-seller. Later, in 1966, The Sandpipers went Top 30 in the States with their version on A&M and since then everybody in the world has recorded the song except my Uncle 'Erbert and he would have done had he not pegged out on his way to the demo session. Perm any three from four from The Kinks (Pye), Wilbert Harrison (London), Motorhead

(Bronze), The Beach Boys (Capitol), The Maytals (Trojan), The Troggs (Fontana), Paul Revere And The Raiders (CBS) and the scores of others who latched onto Berry's masterpiece.

COULD you tell me the type of guitar and amp used by Hugh Cornwell on The Stranglers' 'Walk On By'?

ALAN STIRMER,
Peasehaven, Sussex.

● Seems that all the lads had was a Fender Telecaster and a Vox AC 30 amp. 'That was before he had any money,' explains a spokesperson very close to both Cornwell and the goddess Kali.

WHEN your esteemed Ed, Neil (Jah) Spencer appeared on Radio One's *Talkabout*, he requested 'Janie Jones' by The Clash. Could you now pop into his office and ask him what LP or B-side this song is on? I really didn't think that *NME* editors had such good taste — pity he made an arse of himself. Still, he's the best Ed you've had since Nick Logan!

KATE O'GASIA,
No fixed knickers.

● How dare you suggest that our beloved leader is given to performing like a posterior! We all know him to be a hard-working, clean-living, level-headed bastion of progressive journalism who hasn't been stoned for the last half hour. And his taste is immaculate — as every writer who's been signed on after a Spencer interview will testify. In fact we're all so niffed at your remarks that I shan't even bother to tell you that 'Janie Jones' is the opening cut on The Clash's first album. So there!

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MAKING PLANS FOR XTC

From page 8

code thing I'm describing, I've been doing it simply because I'm too shy to say what I really feel. And it's going to be complete commercial suicide if and when I actually do choose to write just what I want to say!"

Why?
"Because if I have something important to say, then why should I use music as a backdrop? It only detracts from the issue, or dilutes the essence."

But Dylan, say, was successful at mating both forms...
"Yeah, 'cos he used just an acoustic guitar. He's the only one, though. Like, The Clash and Tom Robinson are really so self-effacing — if, in fact, they really do have a message — by using loud guitars and drums. That just camouflages the issue."

So what is your message?
"Something probably so personal, it's incredibly boring. I... just want to strip everything down to hardly anything. I've got to do something anyway because I've reached a point where it's all weighing so heavily on me, I'm totally unable to communicate."

This trauma has in fact caused Partridge to suffer a recent song-writing drought. As a means of fending off the misery of temporary creative impotence, he has become fascinated with Charlie Parker's playing and pulls out a set of three abstract stream-of-consciousness poems inspired by tracks from the 'Ornithology' album. The word 'slacks' tends to appear a lot. Meanwhile, Partridge is due to enter the studio to create a dub version of 'Drums And Wires' a la the dub of 'Go 2'.

Describing his ego as 'large and vulnerable' — it dents easily, he can still declare wrath-like denunciations on some incompetent at Virgin who credited one of his songs 'Complicated Game' to Colin Moulding by mistake. Also one gets the impression that he's ever so slightly piqued that Moulding's songs came in for such praise on 'Drums And Wires'. Even as he states that 'Colin really came into his own composing-wise on the album', he'll shyly state that Moulding's early work "was all directly influenced by me" whilst, also shyly, demonstrating a number of riffs — from the Stax-like motif of 'Life Begins At The Hop' to the guitar interplay on 'Making Plans For Nigel' — making sure he gets due credit for the construction work to 'Moulding's masterpieces'.

ANDY PARTRIDGE and Colin Moulding make for an interesting study in contrasts. While Partridge is consistently loquacious, Moulding is shy, but obviously aware beneath his timorous exterior that his time has come as a force to be reckoned with in the XTC camp.

Visually too, he is the virtual antithesis of Partridge. Easily the handsomest member of XTC, Moulding's face is blessed with an incredibly gaunt pair of cheekbones and the kind of lean Don Juan looks that would make him a ringer for Heathcliffe in some Swindonian thespian's production of 'Wuthering Heights'. His soft-spoken manner — virtually a whisper at times — is marked with a candid streak of self-confidence.

He verifies the rumours of the band almost splitting around the time of Barry Andrew's exit — "We came very close to calling it a day" and claims responsibility for choosing a guitarist as replacement for Andrews' fizzy keyboard sound.

'Parts (Moulding's nickname for Partridge) wanted another keyboard player at first, but I thought that would be ridiculous, 'cos Barry's style was so distinctive in the first place that anyone takin' his place would constantly be having to be compared to him. So I said, 'Let's go back to the two-guitar format'. Because the band — Chambers, Parts and me — were always more of a two guitar, bass and drums unit from the outset anyway."

As regards composing, I quote Andy Partridge's statement that Moulding's early works such as 'I'll Set Myself On Fire' were "totally influenced by me". Moulding brusquely agrees. "I was very self-conscious about my songs in the beginning. Certainly Andy was a large influence — often to a point when I

wondered whether it was worth bothering."

Moulding agrees that it was on 'Drums And Wires' that he finally found his songwriting place.

"It just seemed to fall into place. I'd gained this inner confidence. I finally knew that my songs were good and that they weren't hiding in the shadows of Andy's work."

Of 'Making Plans For Nigel', Moulding remarks that "the song is semi-autobiographical" — only Moulding's parents were priming their son for university as opposed to a future in British Steel.

Finally Moulding's self-confidence burst forth in the quiet but very adamant statement that "I'm really surprised we're not much bigger than we are. As far as I'm concerned, we're the best group in the country. There's no one to touch us."

The only bizarre note is struck when Moulding, with a certain measure of bemused disdain, claims that XTC are not liked in Swindon. "We're not liked here at all, though we're planning on doing a gig around Christmas time in Swindon to test out whether the climate going for us has changed in any way."

FINALLY a taxi-cab drives us over to the home of drummer Terry Chambers. Chambers is the most down-to-earth "working class kiddie" (his favourite term), still living with his mum and dad. As we arrive, the Chambers family are seated in the living room watching *Top Of The Pops* — ironically an edition which could well have featured XTC but instead plumped for another Virgin act, the appalling Skids, whose Thunderbird puppet movements and quiffed hair make them look (and sound like) a down-market Gary Numan clone-collective. Chambers takes it all philosophically however, as he appears to take everything in life.

Piling into his car, we drive down his favourite haunt, the Rodbourne Arms, whilst the drummer rabbits away amusingly, emphasising all the Swindonian and XTC traits. The band, for example, always refer to each other by their surnames — a situation Chambers takes to such extremes that he even refers to his girlfriend as 'Fowler' (her surname, natch). Chambers is still a totally likeable character — so basic in his outlook that he totally undermines XTC's art-school clever-cleverness.

"I fuckin' don't know. One minute we're the artsy-fartsy art-school smart-arse kiddies, the next we're the Sausage City pillocks. Fuckin' gets on my tits, it does."

Once in the pub, Chambers, obviously a popular regular, gets talking with a rough-hewn type who professes to like punk music. "Course I don't like all that prancin' with safety-pins an' all. But the music's got a good beat goin' for it. By the way, Chambers, any chance of a free copy of your record? My missus really likes it."

Walking back to the parking lot, Chambers reminisces. "Y'know that kiddie I were talkin' to in there? Used to go to school with 'im, I did. 'E was a right arsehole too. 'Is game was gettin' the young 'uns, stickin' their heads down the lav and pullin' 'lush. Did it to me fuckin' loads o' times. Now 'e wants one of me albums. Fuck knows why!"

This day in Swindon has been a Thursday. A somewhat depressing day, in fact, as the single 'Making Plans For Nigel' is lodged in the limbo of the lower regions of the charts. The following day the band are due to travel up to London to talk with Simon Draper about 'future plans'.

"I dunno," chimes Chambers, philosophical as ever. "We've just gotta keep workin' at it, I s'pose."

THE FOLLOWING day, Draper and the band decide to remix two tracks from 'Drums' — 'Real To Real' and the exquisitely nagging "Difficultly", both Partridge songs — for future singles projects. Five days later, 'Nigel', backed by fairly solid airplay, has jumped ten places, lodging at 42 and warranting a *Top Of The Pops* slot. This week, it's 37. Next week, the cumulative effect of all this exposure will be truly felt and thus gauged.

"People at Virgin are already running around saying 'It'll be Top 5 for sure', claims Al Clark, a trifle taken aback. "That's very silly. But if it does, then I can imagine having a sentimental little weep at the glad tidings."

And me, I'll just be glad that one of our finest bands has finally broken through, thus separating wheat from chaff again. Because, simply put, XTC — along with Wire and precious few others — are actually doing something great, something ingenious for rock in a precinct where far too many dilettantes are peddling their shoddy wares. I mean, how can one honestly get excited about the new wave take-over when it's the likes of Gary Numan, The Stranglers and The Boomtown Rats who are the new bosses? Just like the old bosses. Inventiveness and originality are still highly prized possessions and when delivered, all too easily scorned.

Whatever the strategem, however lengthy the breakthrough, XTC will break through. Partridge's mercurial talents, Moulding's perfect creative counterpoint, Gregory's optimism and perspective and Chambers' philosophical anchorman role make for a remarkable granite-hard human chemistry.

As Andy Partridge remarked earlier: "One clever's fine but two devers... aaaaah!" He then blithely stated that he "always wanted to be in a group-group."

Well, one group's fine — but XTC are better than just fine. Much, better.



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REPERTES

GASBAG goes ape

Bongos over West London

Read the true story behind those teenage 'bongo' parties. Discover the shocking facts about 'beat' music. We lift the lid on a tale of lust and corruption that lurks beneath the conservative everyday facade of a small West London Gasbag.

PUNK is fashionable, fun, wholesome, immature and, God help us all, boring. Gigs are expensive, slow, painful, stupid and you have to walk home in the dark. Punk boys are young, stupid, nice, ignorant little clichés. Punkettes haven't got a hope. Your paper is hopelessly soft, predictable, pretentious, gushing, semi-idolatory. Mod is nothing. Heavy Metal groups are ugly, unhappy, silly little buggers. Disco is for couples.

I'm upset.
I.R.R. Alton.
And confused too, by the sound of it. — P.R.

So Paul Rambali finds The Undertones pathetic; peroxide adolescent punk-pop. I could understand someone finding them derivative maybe, or repetitive (though I'd disagree) but only someone too busy thinking about how he should react to actually listen to the music could find them pathetic. By his absurd over-reaction, Rambali lets the cat out of the bag — what we have here isn't a review of The Undertones album at all, but a little piece about Paul Rambali with the clear message that he's a very serious, intelligent, but above all mature young man. Such arrogance, apart from showing a complete lack of understanding of what makes good music, seriously betrays his task as a critic which should be to provide at least an attempt at reviewing the music objectively. Any regular reader of NME would no doubt find such a view laughably naive. Why not give Ian Penman a break and forget all this pretence about being music critics?

Mick Hartley, London N4. Just because I loathe The Undertones doesn't mean I'm necessarily a mature person. And if it's objectivity you want try reading record catalogues. — P.R.

Stop trying to start the Undertones backlash.
Jim E. Jimmy, London.

At one of the Rush concerts at Stafford there were two journalists sitting in the same seat. For convenience I will label them Alpha and Omega. I should explain at the outset that both journalists wrote the same article for the same rock weekly.

Journalist Alpha cannot look at a group of long-haired heavy rock musicians without cringing in disgust at their sexist faces, half-obscured by hair. This person doesn't realise that the show was an

intense experience of body and mind since the amplifiers are quite powerful and the lights are for looking at. Also journalist Alpha doesn't realise that the instruments on stage actually have to be used to get the desired musical sound and that the group can play rather well otherwise they wouldn't be there. Also the audience, it seems, like the group otherwise they wouldn't be there either.

Journalist Omega is so into being hip and concerned about a capitalist take-over of the western world that this person cannot restrain their reactionary tendencies towards what they think is an anti-left-wing lyric, while once again scraping from the bottom of the barrel the last fragments of the case against 'The Trees' — and floundering in the attempt, as those of us with common sense laugh.

While journalist Alpha may be a bigoted but sincere music lover, journalist Omega has provoked, by mass misconstruing (deliberate perhaps) of a lyric, the fear of the sound of jackboots (and I can think of a more immediate cause for that fear).

By some strange coincidence not only Lynn Hanna, but almost all of the journalists in NME consist of various percentages of each stereotype.

J.A.H., St. Davids, Dyfed.
Fascinating... — P.R.

Danny Baker's predictably aggressive interview with Steve Harley was one of the poorest pieces of music journalism I've seen in a long while. Not only were his snide remarks childish, but not from someone I've grown to respect as much as Harley. So, you can't/won't identify with the new wave; don't degrade yourself by openly displaying your ignorance of it. Joy Division are only trying to do what you were attempting six years ago — to provide the music scene with a much-needed kick up the arse by producing new and innovative musical / lyrical ideas. Along with the Psychodelic Furs / Magazine etc they are a vital and integral part of today's music scene and we'd be all the poorer without them.

I'd just like to say that if we're talking about new waves such as those of the early '60s and of the present time, remember that Harley was a wave in himself, and indeed a contribution to the feel of the present one. And I don't mean Geldof. I mean old JR himself of 'Anarchy...' fame. Remember the final mindblowing exhortation of 'destroy?' Well, Harley was doing that six years ago. Just listen to the track 'Psychomodo' and you'll see what I mean, Daniel. But then



again, you won't do either will you?

Take it, Steve!
Simon Morton,
Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex

The last time my words graced these hallowed pages, it was in an attempt to prove false a series of lies written by Tony Stewart and regarding a stunning gig by Cockney Rebel circa 1975. Yet again it's concerning one Steve Harley. Only this time it's to vent my disbelief at the man's comments re: the new wave in general and his vitriolic attack on one 'Joy Division' in particular.

I would expect such comments as: "I can't remember what they (Joy Division) did or looked like, but I remember the impression. I thought what the fucking hell is that doing on the telly?"

From the likes of Molly ("Elvis Costello? That stuff's all just so much garbage") Hachett perhaps, but not from someone I've grown to respect as much as Harley. So, you can't/won't identify with the new wave; don't degrade yourself by openly displaying your ignorance of it. Joy Division are only trying to do what you were attempting six years ago — to provide the music scene with a much-needed kick up the arse by producing new and innovative musical / lyrical ideas. Along with the Psychodelic Furs / Magazine etc they are a vital and integral part of today's music scene and we'd be all the poorer without them.

Steve, please try and get hold of a copy of 'Unknown Pleasures' and listen close and long. If you feel the same after, fair enough. I somehow doubt it.

Phil (A Harley/Joy Division fanatic), Essex.

Why should Steve Harley make any attempt to come to terms with the present? It's not exactly making a big effort to accommodate him. — P.R.

An open letter to Steve Severin of Siouxsie and The Banshees:

Granted your affairs might be very mixed up at the moment but was it really necessary to snarl "Shut up, you're lucky to get anything at all" to an applauding crowd shouting requests between numbers at your recent Southampton gig?

I was under the, obviously misconceived, impression that we were paying you to play to us, rather than being granted that favour by the great god 'Rock Star' — seemingly your view of the

situation as you turned off your amp and walked off stage part-way through the 'Lord's Prayer', leaving your colleagues to pick up the pieces and finish the set prematurely. And this from the man who was talking of "those prima donnas Morris and McKay" just a week earlier! A shame it had to end like that since the capable Robert Smith, the excellent Budgie and magnificent Siouxsie were playing a blinder. Mistreat your public, however, and expect the consequences, they put you there after all.

Donkey, Southampton, Hants.
Haven't anyone ever told you that artistic purity is a harsh mistress? — P.R.

To Andy Gill: 'Eskimo' is rather super, but have you heard of the symphonic poem? The fact that the concept of "Aural stimulus for the imagination" existed a century ago makes the political implications which you derived from it about as revolutionary as a different kind of icing. I'm not saying that The Residents aren't covering new ground, but that the path was started long ago in our own culture. And anyway, are The Residents really going to be even heard by the people whose "basic cultural assumptions" most need to be undermined?

Till Eulenspiegel (which isn't a pseudonym for Ian MacDonald), Chorley, Lancs.
You polymathologists sure know how to cut a man to the quick — P.R.

So that's what it's all about. Pebble Mill, BBC 1, 1 pm Monday October 8, '79. An odd duffer is explaining that "A mod is really a spontaneous Jam session" and after pondering the question of what effect the mod will have on the Outer-Hebridean Island of Stornoway, he introduces a bunch of young people "doing what the mod does best". Lo and behold, there they were with their neat hair shirts, ties and kilts (just like Adam) singing a Gaelic berry-picking song. While I realise that music has to change to keep up with new trends, I can't help but think this new mod music is too far ahead of its time to be fully appreciated. But then again maybe I'm square.

Herman The Observant, South Wales.
No Herman, just sensible — P.R.

I didn't know what a Tiller Boy was until I read about it, but I am without doubt a classic of the genre. I like the Buzzcocks

and Nick Drake, I've tried being arrogant to girls, ignoring them, boring them etc. but they always see me as the wet I really am. I am so exactly middle class that it's like a political extreme. I tell everyone the truth, with my last girlfriend — I told her she was beautiful. Well she was. And then she left me. Tiller Boys tend to be cowards; I'm scared already.

Etiene, Clapham.

My stupid friend wouldn't let me see his stupid letter that he is sending to you about Tiller Boys, so you'd better print it so I can read it. Also he says girls can't be Tiller Girls because they're horrible and I disagree 'cos I'm a Tiller Girl. My heart's so fragile it has to have a police escort everywhere it goes.

Mary Lou, Clapham.

Dear Paul Morley, doesn't it seem absurd to fly hundreds of miles, stay in sterile and unfriendly hotels, ask irrelevant questions and wait around for those swift if sweet 45 minutes on the cramped Buzzcocks stage in front of three hundred people, and do this again and again?

Gurt Lunders, Belgium.
Not if you're getting paid for it — P.R.

Good to see a reference to old Anton Webern in MS's letter reply. At last, someone else who rates Rock 'n' Roll and serialism.

I am not alone!
The Great Ricardo, Falmer, Brighton.
You're never alone with Monty Smith — P.R.

Contrary to much of the recent Gasbag correspondence, I think Ian Penman is one of the best spurious bullshitters you've got. A miserable fat empirical romanticist. To the solitary confined insular hiding himself under a Stingy name; if "les bouches du Rhone" were over here, then you're Napoleon's son. A miserable fat Belgian bastard.

Not another one — P.R.

I have followed with interest your ongoing joke about my brother Dino. It may interest you to know that he has a namesake. Dino Ferrari was the son of Enzo Ferrari, the famous racing car designer. Dino died in 1956, at a tragically early age, after an illness. He was a racing driver, but a mediocre one. Enzo Ferrari actually named a car after him. It was originally called the Dino 246 and had a

Scribble your dribble to Gasbag, NME, 6/7 Carnaby St, London W1.

1500cc engine, of a design suggested by Dino himself. It was later increased to 2417cc and renamed the Dino 256.

This car competed in Formula One racing until 1960, when it was outclassed by the rear-engined Cooper Climaxes. The engine was a V6 with overhead camshafts, cubic capacity was 2417cc with six cylinders of 85cm bore and 71cm stroke, compression ratio was 9:1 and carburation was 3 Weber carbs.

Dino's brother Nino, Norwich. Fascinating... — James Hunt.

Gracie Fields is Innocent. Hip Crap Ltd.

The Music Industry recently published details of their sales figures. Album sales have slumped, but sales of blank tapes are rising!

Does this mean more people are listening to blank tapes?
Mod M Oliver, Dagenham, Essex.
Precisely — P.R.

Don't know about this new improved Ray Davies — the jacket he was wearing on your cover was the same one that he wore in April '77!
Someone, Eitham.
He didn't call his latest album 'Low Budget' for nothing — P.R.

Will one of you please ask John Lennon if he thinks Pope John Paul II is now more popular than The Beatles?

He's certainly doing more touring than John at present. Ian (I'm not a Pope fan myself). Tooting Bec, London SW17.

Did Lord Mountbatten write 'Smoke On The Water'?

Murphy O'Shea, Devon.
More to the point, did he inspire 'In The Navy'? — P.R.

I think you should run a competition to find the best anagram of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark.

My entry is 'Dalek Chirms In Overtures On Earth'.
If that's not a winner I'll eat my Bodhran.
Mike Oldfield, A Box on Hergest Ridge.

While floating down the Thames on a raft recently, the Portsmouth Sinfonia were swallowed by a large man-eating fish. However, they kept on playing, and have now formed a new group called 'Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Shark'. Sue Lyons, Quebec, Co. Durham.
Hah-bloody-hah. — A member of The Barracudas.

The Times has gone; Cornflakes have gone; and ITV has gone. Now why don't YOU piss off?

Mick Mercer, Nottingham.



"Hey, man, you owe me a banana — they did print our letter..."



Edited by
Paul Rambali

WHO THE HELL IS ELLEN FOLEY?

Ellen Foley is the female voice on Meatloaf's 'Bat out of Hell' album. She is also the voice on her brand new and very excellent solo album which has been purchased by the lucky few on import in recent weeks. The album is now released in this country and to give you the chance to pick up on it we are offering the album at £1.50 off list price for the next few weeks. Buy a copy and tell your friends, before they start telling you.

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