

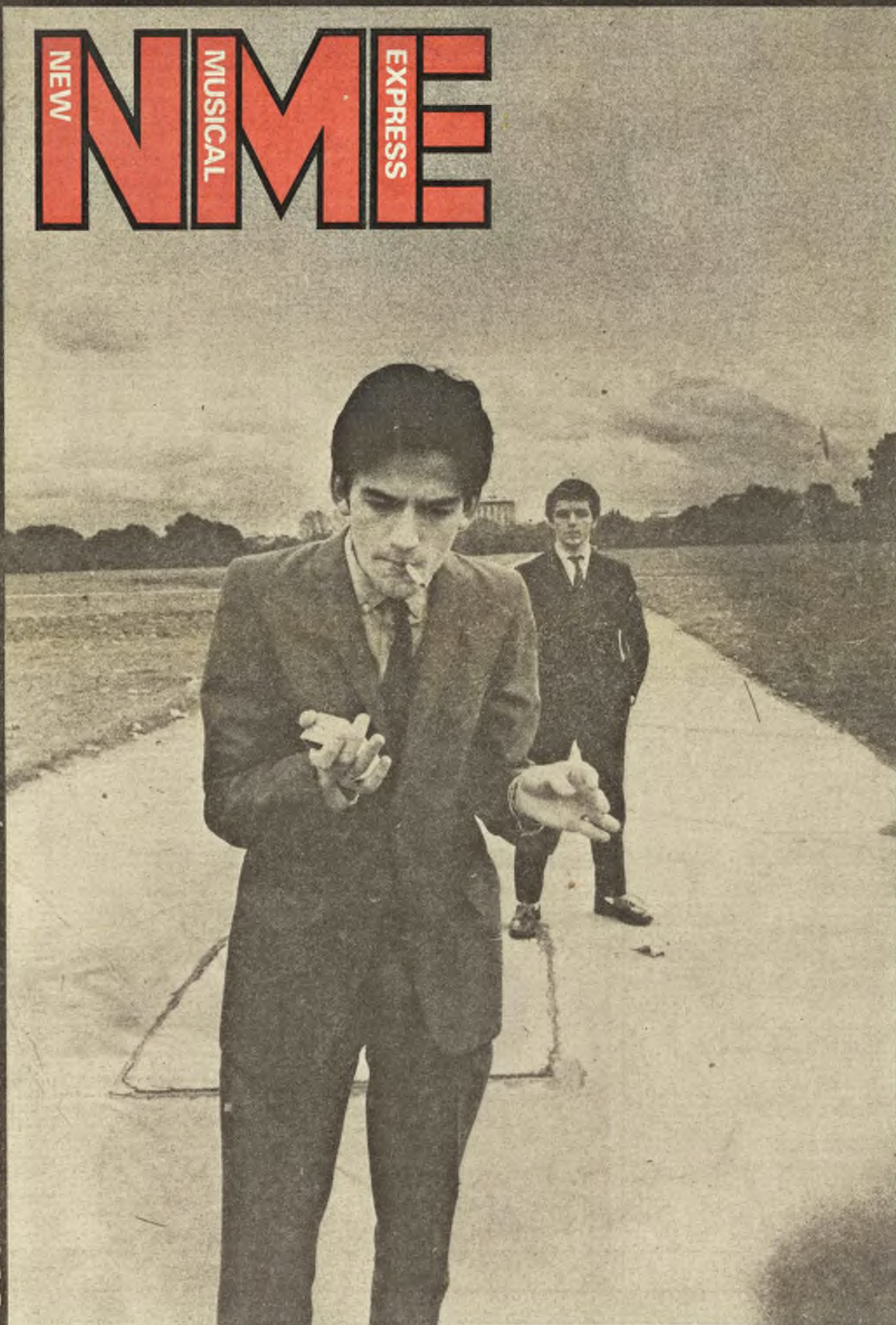
In Crowd '63: The Man That Put The Mod Into

NEW NME EXPRESS

The Who

Secret Affair

In Crowd '79: Revolution For The Cut Of It



NME CHARTS

Week ending November 17, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	When You're In Love Dr Hook (Capitol)	5	1
2	(3)	Gimme Gimme Gimme Abba (Epic)	4	2
3	(2)	One Day At A Time Lena Martell (Pye)	6	1
4	(17)	Still Commodores (Motown)	2	4
5	(8)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love Queen (EMI)	4	5
6	(4)	Every Day Hurts Sad Cafe (RCA)	7	3
7	(5)	Tusk Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	5	5
8	(19)	Eton Rifles Jam (Polydor)	2	8
9	(10)	On My Radio Selector (Two Tone)	3	9
10	(14)	She's In Love With You Suzi Quatro (RAK)	4	10
11	(12)	Gonna Get Along Without You Viola Wills (Arista/Hansa)	5	10
12	(28)	The Sparrow Ramblers (Decca)	3	12
13	(15)	Message To You Rudy ... Specials (Two Tone)	3	13
14	(20)	Ladies Night..... Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	3	14
15	(22)	Rise Herb Alpert (A&M)	4	15
16	(—)	No More Tears D. Summer / B. Streisand (Casablanca / CBS)	1	16
17	(—)	Knocked It Off B A Robertson (Asylum)	1	17
18	(18)	OK Fred Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	6	9
19	(6)	Don't Stop Til You Get Enough Michael Jackson (Epic)	9	2
20	(21)	Making Plans For Nigel XTC (Virgin)	4	13
21	(7)	Video Killed The Radio Star Buggles (Island)	7	1
22	(11)	My Forbidden Lover Chic (Atlantic)	5	11
23	(9)	Chosen Few Dooleys (GTO)	6	8
24	(30)	I Don't Want To Be A Freak Dynasty (Solar)	2	24
25	(13)	Star Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	13
26	(25)	Luton Airport Cars UK (WEA)	5	22
27	(—)	It's A Disco Night Isley Brothers (Epic)	1	27
28	(—)	One Step Beyond Madness (Stiff)	1	28
29	(—)	He Was Beautiful Iris Williams (Columbia)	1	29
30	(—)	Bird Song Lena Lovich (Stiff)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Monkey Chop — Dan-L (Island);
 Sad Eyes — Robert John (EMI);
 Sarah — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo);
 You Can Do It — Al Hudson (MCA);
 Diamonds Smiles — Boomtown Rats (Ensign);
 Fell Out — Police (A&M).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 19, 1974

1	Gonna Make You A Star.....	David Essex (CBS)
2	Killer Queen.....	Queen (EMI)
3	Hey There Lonely Girl.....	Eddie Holman (ABC)
4	You're The First My Last My Everything.....	Berry White (20th Century)
5	Pepper Box.....	Peppers (Spark)
6	Everything I Own.....	Ken Boothe (Trojan)
7	Let's Put It All Together.....	Stylists (Avco)
8	Magic.....	Pilot (EMI)
9	All Of Me Loves All Of You.....	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
10	Juke Box Jive.....	The Hubertons (Polydor)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 19, 1969

1	Sugar Sugar.....	Archies (RCA)
2	Oh Well.....	Flashwood Mac (Reprise)
3	Call Me (Number One).....	Tremelors (CBS)
4	Return Of Django.....	Upstarters (Upstart)
5	Something.....	Beatles (Apple)
6	Wonderful World Beautiful People.....	Jimmy Cliff (Trojan)
7	He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother.....	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	Sweet Dream.....	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)
9	What Does It Take.....	Jr Walker & The All Stars (Tama Motown)
10	Love's Been Good To Me.....	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 20, 1954

1	Little Red Rooster.....	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	Baby Love.....	Supremes (Stateside)
3	All Day And All Of The Night.....	Kinks (Pye)
4	Um Um Um Um Um.....	Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
5	He's In Town.....	Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)
6	I'm Gonna Be Strong.....	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
7	She's A Lady.....	Manfred Mann (HMV)
8	Oh Pretty Woman.....	Roy Orbison (London)
9	Don't Bring Me Down.....	Pretty Things (Parlophone)
10	Remember (Walkin' In The Sand).....	Shangri-Las (Red Bird)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position	
1	(1)	Regatta De Blanc.....	Police (A&M)	6	1
2	(2)	Tusk.....	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	4	2
3	(18)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2.....	Abba (Epic)	2	3
4	(8)	Rock 'n' Roller Disco.....	Various (Ronco)	2	4
5	(10)	Greatest Hits.....	10cc (Mercury)	6	5
6	(4)	Lena's Music Album.....	Lena Martell (Pye)	5	4
7	(19)	The Fine Art Of Surfacing.....	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	7
8	(—)	Greatest Hits.....	Rod Stewart (Rive)	1	8
9	(9)	The Specials.....	Specials (Two Tone)	3	9
10	(5)	The Long Run.....	Eagles (Asylum)	7	2
11	(21)	The Secret Life Of Plants.....	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	2	11
12	(7)	Off The Wall.....	Michael Jackson (Epic)	6	3
13	(6)	East To The Beat.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	2
14	(23)	Whatever You Want.....	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	5
15	(23)	Midnight Magic.....	Commodores (Motown)	10	11
16	(—)	20 Golden Greats.....	Mantovani (Warwick)	1	16
17	(11)	String Of Hits.....	Shadows (EMI)	10	4
18	(28)	One Step Beyond.....	Madness (Stiff)	2	18
19	(—)	Out Of This World.....	Moody Blues (K-Tel)	1	19
20	(—)	Breakfast In America.....	Supertramp (A&M)	24	2
21	(—)	Quadrophonia.....	Soundtrack (Polydor)	2	21
22	(—)	On The Radio Greatest Hits.....	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	22
23	(—)	Pleasure And Pain.....	Dr Hook (Capitol)	1	23
24	(20)	Parallel Lines.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	55	1
25	(—)	Bat Out Of Hell.....	Meatloaf (Epic)	39	6
26	(17)	I Am.....	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	23	2
27	(12)	Bomber.....	Motorhead (Bronze)	3	12
28	(22)	Down To Earth.....	Rainbow (Polydor)	13	7
29	(—)	Bea Gees' Greatest Hits.....	(RSO)	1	29
30	(14)	The Raven.....	The Stranglers (United Artists)	6	2

UP AND COMING:

Echoes Of Gold — Adrian Brett (Warwick);
 Million Mile Reflections — Charlie Daniels Band (Epic);
 20 Smash Disco Hits (The Bitch) — Various (Warwick);
 Wet — Barbra Streisand (CBS);
 Crepes And Drapes — Showaddywaddy (Arista);
 Reality Effect — Tourists (Logo).



In at No. 17 with 'Knocked It Off', here B.A. Robertson demonstrates how the mishap in question actually occurred.

US SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Still.....	Commodores	
2	(11)	Heartache Tonight.....	Eagles	
3	(13)	Dim All The Lights.....	Donna Summer	
4	(6)	Babe.....	Styx	
5	(9)	No More Tears.....	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer	
6	(4)	Pop Music.....	M	
7	(7)	You Decorated My Life.....	Kenny Rogers	
8	(15)	Rise.....	Herb Alpert	
9	(12)	Please Don't Go.....	KC & The Sunshine Band	
10	(8)	Tusk.....	Fleetwood Mac	
11	(10)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough.....	Michael Jackson	
12	(11)	Ships.....	Berry Manilow	
13	(11)	Good Girls Don't.....	The Knack	
14	(13)	Sell On.....	Commodores	
15	(15)	Come To Me.....	France Joli	
16	(23)	Ladies' Night.....	Kool & The Gang	
17	(22)	You're Only Lonely.....	J. D. Souther	
18	(16)	Sad Eyes.....	Robert John	
19	(20)	This Night Won't Last Forever.....	Michael Jackson	
20	(24)	If You Remember Me.....	Chris Thompson and Night	
21	(—)	Send One Your Love.....	Stevie Wonder	
22	(17)	My Sharona.....	The Knack	
23	(28)	Broken Hearted Me.....	Anne Murray	
24	(—)	Take The Long Way Home.....	Supertramp	
25	(—)	Escape (The Pina Colada Song).....	Rupert Holmes	
26	(18)	Dirty White Boy.....	Foreigner	
27	(30)	Dreaming.....	Blondie	
28	(19)	I'll Never Love This Way Again.....	Dionne Warwick	
29	(—)	We Don't Talk Anymore.....	Cliff Richard	
30	(—)	Hall The Way.....	Crystal Gayle	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	The Long Run.....	Eagles	
2	(3)	Tusk.....	Fleetwood Mac	
3	(2)	In Through The Out Door.....	Led Zepplin	
4	(4)	Cometons.....	Styx	
5	(5)	Midnight Magic.....	Commodores	
6	(13)	On The Radio Greatest Hits.....	Donna Summer	
7	(6)	Rise.....	Herb Alpert	
8	(9)	One Voice.....	Berry Manilow	
9	(8)	Off The Wall.....	Michael Jackson	
10	(10)	Kenny.....	Kenny Rogers	
11	(16)	Wet.....	Barbra Streisand	
12	(7)	Hard Games.....	Foreigner	
13	(11)	Get The Knack.....	The Knack	
14	(17)	East To The Beat.....	Blondie	
15	(15)	Uncle Jam Wants You.....	Funkadelic	
16	(18)	Ladies' Night.....	Kool And The Gang	
17	(12)	Dream Police.....	Cheap Trick	
18	(—)	Bea Gees' Greatest Hits.....	Bea Gees	
19	(19)	Flirtin' With Disaster.....	Molly Hatchett	
20	(20)	Slow Train Coming.....	Bob Dylan	
21	(22)	Breakfast In America.....	Supertramp	
22	(25)	Keep The Fire.....	Kenny Loggins	
23	(14)	Stormwatch.....	Jethro Tull	
24	(23)	Candy O.....	The Cars	
25	(28)	Restless Nights.....	Karla Bonoff	
26	(24)	Volcano.....	Jimmy Buffet	
27	(27)	Highway To Hell.....	AC/DC	
28	(21)	Comedy Is Not Pretty.....	Steve Martin	
29	(26)	Identify Yourself.....	O'Jays	
30	(—)	Evolution.....	Journey	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

* Denotes Import All 12"

(1)	Rappers Delight.....	Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)*
(2)	No More Tears.....	Donna Summer/Barbra Streisand (CBS)
(3)	Rise.....	Herb Alpert (A & M)
(4)	Ladies' Night.....	Kool & The Gang (Phonogram)
(5)	Spring High.....	Ramsey Lewis (CBS)
(6)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough.....	Michael Jackson (CBS)*
(7)	It's A Disco Night.....	Isley Brothers (Epic)
(8)	Deja Vu.....	Paulinho Da Costa (Polydor)
(9)	Second Time Around.....	Shalamar (RCA)
(10)	I Don't Want To Be A Freak.....	Dynasty (RCA)

Chart supplied by: HMV RECORDS, Oxford Street, London W1.

REGGAE

(1)	Dreaming Of Zion.....	Brown Sugar (Studio 16)
(2)	Closer To You.....	Janet Kay (Arawak)
(3)	Shine Eye Girl.....	Clint Eastwood (De Roy)
(4)	Game Down The Drain.....	Trinity and Al Campbell (Sofamoe)
(5)	Lata Night Blues.....	Al Campbell (JB)
(6)	Princess.....	Albions (K & K)
(7)	True True Lovin'.....	Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
(8)	What Can I Do.....	Winston Edwards (Studio 16)
(9)	Jahovah.....	Twinkle Brothers (Front Line)
(10)	Secretly.....	Hortense Ellis (GG)

Chart supplied by: JOE GIBBS, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

INDIES

(1)	Oregnet.....	The Fall (Step Forward)
(2)	California Uber Alles.....	Dave Kennedy (Fast)
(3)	Is The War Over.....	Various (2 Block)
(4)	Read About Seymour.....	Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
(5)	Low Flying Aircraft.....	Artist and label unknown
(6)	Curb Crawler.....	Au Pairs (021)
(7)	Science Fiction.....	Dodgins (Atlix)
(8)	Alice In Sunderland.....	Stephan Talk (Eustonia)
(9)	This Here.....	This Here (Piano)
(10)	Beat Rhythm News.....	Essential Logic (Rough Trade)

Chart supplied by: ROUGH TRADE, 207 Kensington Park Road, London W1.

NEWS

POLICE
SWOOP
ON TEN
VENUES

THE POLICE are to headline a ten-venue pre-Christmas tour, of which their two London dates — announced last week — form a part. And they have a new single coming out next week as the follow-up to their chart-topping smash 'Message In A Bottle', which has now gone Platinum.

The band had not intended playing any more UK gigs this year, after their exhaustive but triumphant American tour. But their huge success has prompted them to give their supporters a Christmas bonus, and they can be seen in action at:

Leeds Queen's Hall (December 10), Deeside Leisure Centre (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Bridlington Royal Spa Hall (13), Birmingham Odeon (15), Southampton Gaumont (16), Brighton The Centre (17), London

Hammersmith Palais (18), London Rainbow (19) and Leicester Granby Halls (20).

Tickets are on sale now and, although prices vary, the maximum at all venues is £3. For the Leeds show, they may be obtained from the box-office and from Probe Records of Liverpool; for Deeside, they are on sale at the box-office, Virgin and Barker Records of Leeds, Pearson Records of Bradford, and Virgin of Sheffield. Elsewhere tickets can be obtained only from the respective theatre box-offices.

The new single, issued by A&M on November 23, is 'Walking On The Moon'. It's culled from their No. 1 album 'Regatta De Blanc' — and according to an A&M spokesman, its release is due to overwhelming demand, since it is already receiving around 15 airplays per week.

THE SHIRTS are coming into Britain rather earlier than expected to play a one-off at London Kensington Nashville on Sunday, November 25. They then embark on a European tour, after which it's hoped they'll do a few more UK gigs on their way back to the States — but in any case, they'll be here for a full tour in the New Year.

SECRET AFFAIR have a featured spot in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' next Tuesday, November 20 (repeated Wednesday). Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later also appear.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY, having recently completed a UK tour, have agreed to headline a one-off benefit at Newcastle Centre Hotel next Monday (19). It's in aid of Gingerbread, and the support acts are The Noise Toys and Arthur 2-Stroke.

PURSEY'S PACKAGE, whose two projected nights at London Nashville last month were called off when the venue adopted a brief low-key policy, has now set two alternative gigs at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club next Monday and Tuesday (19-20). The acts appearing — all produced by Jimmy Pursey for Warner Brothers — are Jimmy Edwards, Long Tall Shorty, Kidz Next Door and The Low Numbers.

RACHEL SWEET, already set to support Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson at Hammersmith Odeon on November 22, plays a headlining gig at London Camden Dingwalls the previous night (21).

THE SPECIALS have added another London date to their current tour with The Selecter and Dexy's Midnight Runners. It's at Lewisham Odeon on Saturday, December 1 — tickets £3, £2.50 and £2. As reported last week, they also play a second night at London Lyceum on December 2.

THE UNDERTONES, who've just finished their longest UK tour so far, play a one-off at Bradford St. George's Hall on November 22. This is a replacement for the show they were forced to cancel there on October 17, and tickets for the original gig remain valid.

Sid sings
VINTAGE VICIOUS
ON COMPILATION

THE LATE Sid Vicious is showcased on a compilation album, to be issued by Virgin on December 7. It features Sid singing and playing, backed variously by The Pistols and sundry New York musicians — and many of the tracks have never before been available in any form. The Vicious album has been compiled and produced by John Varon (who brought you 'Carri On Some Product') and one-time Glitterbox employee John Tiberi, who have gathered material by researching private and public archives.

THE MEKONS are planning some live dates for December, and a fuller tour for January, details to be announced shortly. Meanwhile, their new album 'The Quality Of Mercy Is Not Strnen' (that's not a misprint!) is released by Virgin on November 30.

SIMPLE MINDS have added another date to their major UK tour, starting this weekend and exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. It's at Nottingham Sandpiper on December 8.

WINGS ADD

THE WINGS tour, announced last week, is already virtually sold out — and there are reports of queues forming as much as 36 hours before box-offices opened last Sunday. As a result, the band have now added two more dates — Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on November 24 (the third gig at that venue, and now the new opening date of the tour) and a fourth night at London Wembley Arena on December 10.

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The Boys are back

THE BOYS are back in action, after being off the road and out of the public eye for over a year. Previously with Nems Records, they have now signed a long-term deal with the Safari label, who release the band's new album 'To Hell With The Boys' — which they recently finished recording in Norway — in early December. And it's preceded on November 30 by a single culled from the LP called 'Kamikaze'.

To tie in with this record activity, The Boys — comprising Matt Dangerfield (lead guitar and vocals), Casio Steel (keyboards and vocals), Duncan 'Kid' Reid (bass and vocals), Jack Black (drums) and Honest John Plain (rhythm guitar) —

are going on a nationwide tour. This will mark their first UK appearances, apart from a warm-up London one-off last month, since mid-1976. Dates will be announced in a week or two, but are already known to include London Camden Music Machine on December 5.

NO BEE GEES UNTIL SEPT, 1980

THE BEE GEES have issued a statement denying widespread rumours in America that they are about to split up — and in the process, they have divulged that their long-awaited European tour (including British dates) will not now take place until September, 1980. Currently working together on a new studio album, they also have individual projects lined up — Barry Gibb is to produce Barbara Streisand's next LP, while Robin Gibb is producing Jimmy Ruffin. And Maurice Gibb is to write the music for the RSO film 'The Fan', as well as pursuing an acting career.

To clarify the position regarding Public Image Ltd's 'Metal Box' album, issued by Virgin on November 23, the 50,000 copies packed in a metal container will sell at £7.45 each. A cassette version, obviously not in a metal box, will retail at £3.99.

Two releases this week on the Essex-based Stortbeat Records label are 'Popstar EP' by The Spelling Mistake and '1970's EP' by The Licks.

Selador Plus have their second single out this month on Torch Records, a live three-tracker recorded at London Rock Garden and titled 'Soon After Dark'. They'll be touring extensively soon after Christmas.



Manchester band The Salford Jets have been signed by RCA. Their first release, issued on November 30 in a picture bag, is 'Salford Jets EP' which will sell for the price of a single. They're at present being lined up for a series of London gigs.

Record News

SIX STARS IN DELUXE SETS

FOR THE Christmas market, CBS are releasing deluxe boxed sets by six of their best-selling acts. They each contain three albums and sell at £10.99, and they are issued this week. They are Earth Wind & Fire (including 'That's The Way Of The World', 'Spirit' and 'All N All'); Barbra Streisand ('Greatest Hits Volume 1', 'Stoney End' and 'Superman'); Bruce Springsteen ('Greetings From Asbury Park N.J.', 'The Wild The Innocent And The East Street Shuffle' and 'Born To Run'); Billy Joel ('Piano Man', 'Turnstiles' and 'Streetlife Serenade'); and Art Garfunkel ('Angel Clare', 'Breakaway' and 'Watermark'). The sixth set by Jeff Wayne features the original double-volume 'War Of The Worlds' — plus a 12-inch disco single, paperback novel and giant poster.

Latest 'Greatest Hits' collection to join the race for Christmas pickings is by the Electric Light Orchestra, and it's issued by Jet on November 23. It's preceded this weekend by a double A-side single 'Confusion'/'Last Train To London'.

Newest signings to the highly successful Two-Tone stable (distributed by Chrysalis) are Birmingham five-piece The Beat. Their debut single is the old Smokey Robinson song 'Tears Of A Clown', out this week.

Following up recent chart hits with new singles out this weekend are Dave Edmunds with 'Crawling From The Wreckage' (Swan Song), AC/DC with 'Girls Got Rhythm' (Atlantic) and Dollar with 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand' (Carrere). And The Eagles have the title track from their current hit LP 'The Long Run' released by Elektra.

Infinity have signed Los Angeles-based rock band Blue Steel to a worldwide long-term contract, and release their album 'No More Lonely Nights' this week.

Stephen Blaph has signed a worldwide recording deal with Warner Brothers, for whom he is currently recording a new album, planned for February release.

Pink Floyd's long-awaited new album, previously reported as titled 'The Wall', is now officially set for November 30 release by EMI. The double set comprises 26 tracks, including a three-part saga called 'Another Brick In The Wall', the second part of which is issued as a single this weekend.

A charity single in aid of the Ecology Party titled 'Nuclear Waste' comes out on Charly Records this month — it's by a pick-up band known as The Radio Actors, whose line-up includes Steve Hillage, Sting, Nik Turner, Steve Broughton and Gill Smyth. Also from Charly comes Viola Wills' album 'Without You', and they're releasing the Sun LP 'Good Rocking Tonight' by Jerry Lee Lewis. Additionally, Charly have signed a group called The Sex Bees, who are currently recording an album and single.



Patrick Hernandez has a new single issued by Gem/Aquarius this week, as the follow-up to his hit 'Born To Be Alive', which was a major chart success in 27 countries. The new one, available in both 7" and 12" pressings, is titled 'You Turn Me On'.

Jay Division, who've been on tour with The Buzzcocks, have their single 'Transmission' issued this weekend by Manchester's Factory Records. Upcoming product from the same label includes a 13-track cassette by A Certain Ratio called 'The Graveyard And The Ballroom', and a white vinyl John Dowling single titled 'Hard To Be An Egg'.

WEA release two previous Christmas hits on November 23 — 'Mary's Boy Child' by Boney M and 'Please Come Home For Christmas' by The Eagles.

Atlantic are re-releasing some of their classic '60s recordings over the next few months, starting on November 23 with 'Green Onions' by Booker T & The M.G.s. Upcoming releases will feature Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave, Solomon Burke and Joe Tex.

Singer-writer Johnny Darke has signed with Carrere Records, but his single 'I'm Not A Believer' — originally planned for release this month — has been put back to January. This is because of controversy over his name, the same as that of an underworld character, currently in the news.

On November 23, WEA release three in-demand disco cuts as singles — 'My Feet Keep Dancing' by Chic from their current album, the debut on Warner Brothers of Star-gard with 'Weir It Out', and an edited version of 'Get Up And Boogie' by Freddie James.

High Energy Lancashire band Aedem On The East Lanes have their debut single 'We Want It Legalised' issued on the independent Roach Records label, available through Rough Trade.

Oldfield single aids TV charity

BESIDES his new album 'Platinum' (released November 23), Mike Oldfield has a single issued by Virgin on November 30 — it's the traditional horn-pipe theme music for the BBC-1 children's series 'Blue Peter'. And both Oldfield and Virgin are donating royalties to the programme's current Cambodia appeal fund.

Quo: new status

STATUS QUO have a new single coming out on Vertigo next week called 'Living On An Island'. It's their second to be taken from their current hit album 'Whatever You Want', the first being the LP's title track which recently made No. 4 in the NME Chart. This new single, penned by Rick Parfitt and Bob Young, is more laid back than the usual Quo sound — even featuring an acoustic guitar! The B-side is 'Runaway'.



BTR Lovelady, whose debut single 'Reggae For It Now' recently made the NME Top Ten, has his follow-up issued by Charisma this week. Title is 'One More Reggae For The Road'.

Portraits, who appear at London Music Machine on November 21, have their first Arista single 'Little Women' out this week. The label also issues a potential disco hit single, 'Rock It' by Deborah Washington.

Birmingham band The Quads, whose debut single 'There Must Be Thousands' charted in their local area, have their follow-up 'There's Never Been A Night' issued by Big Bear Records this week in a picture sleeve.

Brighton band The Dodgems have signed with Atrix Records (distributed by Rough Trade, Small Wonder and Virgin), and have their single 'Science Fiction' out this week. They also feature on a Brighton compilation LP called 'Vaultage 79' for release before Christmas, which also includes The Lillettes and The Chrfs, among others.

SUBS FOUR-TRACK

UK SUBS' follow-up to 'Tomorrow's Gits' is a four-track EP, selling at the price of a normal single, and it's released by Gem Records on November 23. Titles are 'She's Not There', 'Kicks', 'Victim' and 'The Same Thing' — all written by the band except from the old Zombies number 'She's Not There'. The EP comes in green vinyl and a colour bag.



Despite the alleged recession in the record business, the Stiff label continues to sign new bands with carefree abandon. Latest outfit to commit pen to paper are THE DUPLICATES — comprising Bat Fastley (vocals), Mary Bird (keyboards and vocals), Jeff Shew (guitar), Neil Dickens (bass) and Bill Worsfold (drums). Their first single 'I Want To Make You Very Happy' is out this week.

AC/DC XMAS TICKETS

BOOKING arrangements have now been announced for the five pre-Christmas concerts by AC/DC — and it's just been confirmed that The Pirates will appear as special guests on all the gigs. Tickets for London Hammersmith Odeon (December 17) are priced £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 — they are available now by postal application only, and are limited to four per person. Booking for the other shows — Southampton Gaumont (18), Brighton Dome (19) and Birmingham Odeon (20 and 21) — is by personal application only, and box-offices open today (Thursday).

"Well they said anything could happen."

SMIRNOFF

VODKA

Remember wherever happens, don't overdo it



Stilettos dig in

THE STILETTOS bid for the big-time by way of a massive 31-date tour, running from this week until Christmas. It aids promotion of their debut Ariola single 'This Is The Way', released this week. Their schedule comprises:

Scarborough Penthouse (tonight, Thursday), Egremont Tow Bar (17), Redcar Beach Centre (19), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (20), Northallerton Sayers Club (21), Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel (22), Dudley J.B.'s (23), Dartford College of Education (24), Hull Tiffany's (26), Rugby Emma's (27), High Wycombe Nags Head (28), Knighton Norton Arms (29), Ripon College of Ripon and St. John (30), York College of Ripon and St. John (December 1), Shrewsbury Cascade (2), Northwich Thurnscoe Hotel (3), Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks (4), Bradford Queens Hall College (5), Keele University (7), London Camden Music Machine (8), Uckfield The Centre (10), London Barking North-East Polytechnic (11), Bristol Granary (12), Port Talbot Sandman (13), Pontypool Mid-Gwent College (14), Merthyr Tydfil Cross Hands Inn (15), Swansea Cycles (17), Exeter Routes (18), Salisbury City Hall (20), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (22) and Leeds Florida Green Hotel (23).

Star soccer tournament

THE ANNUAL Sun/Goldfinger Celebrity Five-A-Side soccer contest will be staged this year at London Wembley Arena on Sunday, November 25 (kick-off 4pm). Among the teams appearing, together with some of the players involved are Status Quo (Rick Parfitt, Bob Young), Waterman Wanderers (Dennis Waterman, Eddie Grant), ELO (Bev Bevan), Uriah Heep (Ken Hensley, Mick Box), Capital Radio (Dave Cash), Manfred Mann Team (John Lingwood, Dave Fleet), Power Plant (Robert Plant, Jasper Carrott), and Darts, Gonzalez and The Barron Knights.

Each team is also allowed one professional player — for instance, Bobby Charlton plays for Status Quo, Stan Bowles for Uriah Heep and Palace goalkeeper John Burridge for Gonzalez. There'll also be a friendly game between the Panhouse Pets and Playboy Bunnies. Tickets are on sale now at £2 each from the Box Office, Wembley Arena, Wembley HA9 8DW (if booking by post, make cheque and PO payable to Wembley Stadium Ltd.).

SEVEN DATES BY TRAMMPS

THE TRAMMPS return to Britain next month for a short seven-venue tour. They play Exeter Routes (December 7), Bournemouth Village Bowl (8), Leicester Bailey's (9), Blackburn Romeo & Juliet (10), Derby Romeo & Juliet (11), Birmingham Romeo & Juliet (12) and Nottingham Palais (13). Central Line are the support act, and tickets are on sale now.



After the Fire drummer IVOR TWIDDLE

AFTER the FIRE drummer Ivor Twiddle is now recovering well from the heart attack, which caused him to drop out of the band's extensive UK tour. And although he still has to take it easy, doctors are allowing him to play in ATP's major London concert at the Rainbow this Saturday (17), though deputy Nick Brotherhood continues to sit in on other dates.

THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS are playing a string of dates to promote their debut single 'Could This Be Heaven', issued by Mercury this week. They visit London Marquee (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Sandpiper (Friday), Glasgow College of Technology (November 21), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (22), Dundee Technical College (23), Fife St Andrew's University (24), Manchester UMIST with the Eric Bell Band (30) and Birmingham Underworld (December 8). They also support Joe Jackson on the first seven of his UK tour dates, reported last week.

JOHNNY MATHIS will be touring Britain in the spring, and his itinerary includes two performances each night at London Wembley Conference Centre (April 29 and 30) — tickets £9, £7.50 and £6.50 and London Royal Albert Hall (May 1) — tickets £9, £7.50, £5.50, £3.50 and £2.50. Tickets are on sale now from Derek Black Concert Promotions Limited, 16 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford Street, London W 1 — and from Premier Box Office (01) 240 2245-7. Provincial dates are being finalised.

Blondie definite: 15 gigs awaited

IT'S NOW official that Blondie will be touring here throughout the upcoming holiday season, as forecasted in last week's *NME* — from just before Christmas until the second week of the New Year. The final touches are now being put to their gig list, and it's expected that their dates will be announced next week, together with booking arrangements — and it's understood that around 15 shows are being lined up for the band.

New Year: Springsteen likely, Rainbow certain

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is expected to pay his long-awaited visit to Britain fairly early in the New Year and, according to reports from New York, Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels are coming with him as support act. The exact period of the visit is still subject to confirmation, but it's understood that dates are already being pencilled in for submission to Springsteen for his approval.

RAINBOW — who've been promising a British tour for at least six months, and who were last reported as planning a series of late autumn concerts — won't now be appearing in this country this year. This, apparently, is due to extended overseas commitments. But they are now definitely being lined up for a major tour here early in the New Year. Commented their spokesman: "We're talking about the January-February period, and we should be able to announce the dates in about two weeks' time."

LINDISFARNE: STILL MORE!

LINDISFARNE have added yet another night to their string of hometown Christmas concerts at Newcastle City Hall, making seven in all. The extra gig is on December 17, the other six (18-23) having now sold out — and tickets are on sale only at the box-office and Middlesbrough Town Hall priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Two other additions to the band's tour are Wolverhampton Civic Hall (December 2) and a return to Glasgow Apollo (15), but they have cancelled Hull New Theatre on December 16.

Hope R&B event line-up changes

THERE have been several changes in the running order of the two-week R&B festival at London Islington Hope & Anchor, announced two weeks ago. The Bishops switch from November 18 to 19, replacing Chris Farlowe who is not now appearing. The new line-up now plays on November 22, with The House of Lords to November 30. And The Bogey Boys are a new booking for December 1, with Lew Lewis Reformer moving back to the next day. Tickets for all gigs are now available at the Hope, priced £1.50 per night.



MOON SHINES OVER LONDON

MOON MARTIN flies into London to play a couple of nights at the Marquee Club on Friday and Saturday, November 23 and 24, tied in with the recent release of his second Capitol album 'Escape From Domination'. He's also doing one or two provincial gigs, the first to be finalised being at Birmingham Underworld on November 29. Martin — whose compositions have been covered by several other artists, including Robert Palmer and Rachel Sweet — will be backed by his band The Ravens comprising Jude Cole (guitar), Denis Croy (bass) and Rick Croy (drums).

NEWS ROUND-UP

LEONARD COHEN has added another date to his upcoming British concert tour — it's at Preston Guildhall on December 13. He has also played in a third concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, December 6.

THE YEAR OF THE CHILD charity concert at Wembley Arena on November 22 — with Gary Numan, Cat Stevens, Wishbone Ash, David Essex and Sky — will be broadcast by Radio 1 on Sunday, December 2 (7-9pm). In the same slot this Sunday (18), there's a recording of Hot Chocolate's concert at Hammersmith Odeon. And among names lined up for Radio 1's hour long 'Star Special' spot are Ian Gillan (November 25), Mary Wilson (December 9), Max Boyce (16) and Cliff Richard (23).

THE VYE who are featured on the Racket Records compilation album '499 2139' out this weekend, are on tour at Elmsmere Port Bull's Head (tonight, Thursday), Sunderland Polytechnic (Saturday), Skipton Devonshire Hotel (November 23), Ickley College (25), Immingham County Hotel (26), December 1, Leeds Royal Park (6), Bradford Princeville (6), Leeds Haddon Hall (8), Leeds Florida Green (15), Leeds Royal Park (17), Hitley Rose & Crown (18) and Leeds Haddon Hall (26). More dates, including London gigs and a special New Year party in Leeds, are being confirmed for what they call 'The No Crap Please — It's The Eighties Tour'.

JOHNNY G, of one-man-band fame, is to support Neil Innes on his previously reported UK tour. It opens this week and continues until December 7.

MADDY PRIOR is playing a series of concerts, highlighted by an appearance tonight (Thursday) at London Victoria The Venue. Other confirmed gigs include Swindon Wyvern Theatre (November 19), Keele University (21), Loughborough University (22), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (23), Glasgow Strathclyde Cumberland Theatre (25), Poole Arts Centre (28) and East Grinstead King George's Hall (December 1). Backing her are John O'Connor (guitar), Andy Richards (keyboards), Rick Kemp (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums).

SPEED-O-METORS are playing a series of dates to promote their new Arista album 'Day In The Night', issued this week at the initial budget price of £3. They play London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (tonight, Thursday), London University College (Friday), London Middlesex Polytechnic (November 22), Kirkcaldy Country Club (23), London Fulham Greyhound (25), Scarborough Penthouse (30), Birmingham Underworld (December 1) and London Kenilington Queen Elizabeth College (7). More are being set.

THE MOVIES are playing just three dates before setting out on another U.S. visit — at Sheffield Limit Club (November 27), Leeds Florida Green Hotel (23) and London Victoria The Venue (24). They've just finished recording a new album called 'India', to be issued by Gem early next year, coinciding with a full UK tour by the band.



CHAS & DAVE are to appear as special guests on the second leg of Lindisfarne's UK tour, starting on November 30 and finishing with seven nights at Newcastle City Hall (December 17-23). They had intended coming off the road when their own tour finishes tomorrow (Friday) in order to start work on a new album, but this will now be delayed until after Christmas.

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Q. What's ABBA'S biggest ever hit?

A. On the Chart Champions Show: 11-12p.m., 19th Nov.

Q. What's WINGS biggest ever hit?

A. On the Chart Champions Show: 11-12p.m., 23rd Nov.

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FLY AWAY '70s FLY AWAY PUNK



Ian Page and Dave Cairns shoot away the flight of time.

COME BACK '80s COME BACK MOD

THE MAN from the *Moscow Literary Gazette* wore a dapper pin-stripe suit, every crease and fold in place. He wore it with meticulous thoroughness, as a tourist might carefully pronounce every syllable of a phrase in a visitor's handbook. He was in his '40s, of solid build, and scrupulous about his work — which he modestly counted as being of some small influence amongst the *Gazette's* more powerful readers. He had come to write a story about Mod.

It costs Russia tens of thousands of roubles a year to scramble the Western radio broadcasts that the youth of the country secretly tune into to. The black market for rock and its accessories is thriving. Those who can afford it will pay as much for a pair of jeans as they would for a washing machine.

Elton John, Boney M, Cliff Richard and Wings have whetted appetites behind the iron curtain more than sated them, and the man from the *Gazette*, through his frequent contact with the West, could begin to understand this need. Furthermore, he grasped the sense of finding a young band to fulfill the need of young people. The idea being, perhaps, that by channelling it in some way, they can defuse a potential rebellion.

The Russian journalist took out his tape recorder and his notes and sat down amidst the administrative clutter of Arista Records' press officer to talk to Ian Page, the smart, eager spokesman-elect of Secret Affair. Page felt suddenly sobered by the implications of what was taking place. Everything he had achieved — the hit singles, the tours, everything — seemed somehow insignificant. His mind raced to contain his awe: *Here is a representative of millions of people whom I thought I would never get to meet. All that suffering, all that creativity stifled in there...* and HE wants to ask ME questions!

"This is what we are doing: we like the suits, and we like the hair. We like for our young to dress nice," explained the Russian, adding that their government felt that fashion has its place as a harmless mode of self-expression. "But there are certain things I'm worried about and this is what I've come to ask you about. Firstly, this 'action' of which you speak, what is the action?"

Page thought carefully about where his words would be read before he answered. "Basically I'm talking about the right of any one person to change that which directly affects their lives. If I have a political stance that is it; believing in the rights of an individual, and identity, and the right to say — it can be something really unimportant to somebody else, but if it affects you, then you should have the right to do something about it. And without that being a socialist or communist belief, it does link."

"So you believe everybody to be equal..."

"No. But I believe everybody should have the opportunity to be. They should have the chance, although I believe that society is staggered."

Page could see that this was not quite the sort of line the Soviets would appreciate, but so what? He couldn't deny what he'd said in Western Society just so 'a he could go over to Russia and get paid in furs.

"This thing about mods: what do these suits mean?"

"They're a fashion. They're a new way of having fun."

"And this movement and the mods and so forth, it started in the East End of London?"

Page quickly felt the innuendo. "Yes. Initially it was a working class movement; it started with the working classes."

"But this is what worries me," countered the Russian. "Working class wearing suits, and you talk of rich men. What do you mean there?"

"We're just saying that we're better or we're as good as any rich man."

"You desire to have the financial gain of the rich man; this is what you are trying to say?"

"No. It's richness in spirit. The fact that you stand the two together — He places two bottles of Perrier side by side — and you don't know which of those bottles cost the most. You don't know who has got the most money, and it dismisses the concept, or the ability, of some guy in a Rolls to snort at somebody who's only got tenpence in his pocket."

The Russian journalist smiled. For the first time not just out of politeness.

IAN PAGE walks on the soles of his loafers, peering around.

He spies some graffiti on a wall near Arista's offices. "There's something I've often noticed," he remarks, with the sly expression of someone confiding a conspiracy. "Mod graffiti is always written small..."

On walls maybe, but in the media the opposite is true. Mod — literally a handy adspoke abbreviation of a popular '60s consumer selling point — has changed the faced of '79, just as punk defaced 1977. But in any sense other than a strictly literal one, Mod means lots of different things to lots of different people.

It's anathema to rock idealists; a curiosity for sociologists; good copy for journalists; a potential goldmine for financialists; a boon for the rag trade; one in the eye for rock's pall-bearers for not depending how they see it, or don't see it... J; power pop with parkas on; a way for adolescent schoolboys to acquire cool; a movement free of hypocrisy; a movement free of originality; a movement created by the press, a movement destroyed by the press; you can't dance to it; you can dance to it... All these things and more fundamentally still, a new way to have fun.

Like it or lump it — and his feelings on this aspect seem to lie half-way inbetween — Ian Page and Secret Affair have found themselves, either by default or cunning, bearing the standard. 'Time For Action' is the closest the New Mod has come to a definitive anthem. A brash, stirring single that mixed gruff chorus lines out of the Clash/Sham tradition with ordinary, energetic, enthusiastic post-punk rock. Music to stamp and cheer together to, solidifying in its tone at least a vague ideal, that brought its singer the automatic status of figurehead — as well as earning him the enmity of certain factions who charged that lyrics such as 'We hate the punk elite' were self-serving and deliberately divisive.

"Every punk should hate the punk elite," Page states firmly and evenly. "That inverted snobbery, that more-street-than-thou pose, that PVC-trousered glam rock tart, and you see so many of them, who represent the complete death of something that could have been so good but just became more and more of what was bad about it."

we're not blowing anything up and we're not knocking anything down. I'm not defeatist, but I don't think you can do it. I don't think it gets you anywhere.

"I just found a lot of aspects of previous revolutions to be rather negative. I heard a lot of complaining, and that's all. 'Stop the war in Vietnam', 'London's burning'... just shouting about things that were wrong."

What's wrong with that?

"It's all very well, but what everybody is going to say to you is, 'well, what are you going to do about it?' We don't complain about those things. We state our claim to be ourselves, and we do it, and we will be ourselves and we will fight to be ourselves, and we will resist the conglomerate mass, the wheeling, circling kaleidoscope of media overkill."

"The trouble with society today is that everybody's minds are overfed." — he presses his palms to his ears like someone at bursting point — "Aaargh! Makes you scream sometimes. So all you can try and do is change your world, but a lot of people doing that could be quite nice."

"It's doing something, it's building, it's creating something and it's positive — even if it doesn't succeed, which probably it won't, because the only fault in any idea like that, no matter which, is the unfortunate thing that people get old. And when people get old they get beaten down."

"Teenage revolution is practising at being someone. It's learning, and it's a struggle, and I believe in that struggle."

"The success of punk was that it managed to represent the situation at the time. I don't

influence of guitarist and co-songwriter Dave Cairns.

After following his brother through the skinhead reggae era Page discovered 'Alladin Sane', and between Bowie and his first band there was, surprisingly, classical music.

"At the school I went to music was for puffs. You were either good at bricklaying or sport, and I used to bunk off sport to play the piano."

Page reveals his admiration for the technique involved in classical music, though lacking great technique himself he admits that "you don't have to move your fingers fast to make a beautiful sound."

"I admire the idea of non-musicians being able to play things, but the anarchic aspects of it, this emotional wail, I'm not that impressed with, because I've heard blokes ignored who used the symphonic or orchestral mode to express those kind of things."

So saying, he rummages in a black sports bag full of books, papers, tapes and records for a tape of Sir Arnold Bax's 1st Symphony — a cacophony born of the terrible fear wrought by the First World War. His point is taken.

"Lot's of mods don't even like us. We're not the thing. The Who tried to make themselves out to be, then and now, the mod band, and they weren't. Kids used to go down to discos and dance to soul. Some kids like us, some kids don't — so what?"

"It's the kids themselves. It belongs to them, and whatever happens we never took it away from them."

Page is a reluctant mouthpiece for the mod movement. He prefers to see himself as simply a mod who happens to be in a band.

hair, but we thought... Great! Surely this was going to give young bands a chance. That's why we left collage — we felt that strongly about it. We put on stuff that we wanted to wear — these blazers made out of deck-chair material — and stormed out of there and said 'Okay, punk revolution, give us a chance...'

The name of the band was New Hearts, who suffered badly at the hands of what had become by then a narrow and in its own way reactionary movement. New Hearts used to support The Jam, and — lest we forget — it was The Jam that started all this, way back in the days when Paul Weller would enthuse about a half-forgotten British teen-cult. Weller seems unwilling to speak about his baby — unless you care to read in the title of the last Jam album his final pronouncements on the matter — but it was nevertheless he who gave people the idea.

And you could see the signs of its ascendancy as long ago as last year. Dotted about The Jam's Rainbow gig were as many as 30 cumbersome green coats called parkas. Outside The Who's memorabilia exhibition at the ICA every Saturday were row upon row of gleaming scooters, many from the long-lived Northern scooter clubs; and inside, absorbing the nostalgia and picking up some cues, yet more parkas.

New Hearts broke up mid-way through the year — partly due to the machinations of their record company, CBS, and partly due to the widespread resentment that greeted their musical brand. Cairns and Page dropped their old rhythm section, which initiated the change from being 'a '60s band that you couldn't

“Every teenage revolution is the same. Let's not bring punk or mod into it. You heard the song 'Days Of Change' on our album. That is the function of youth: to change laws made by old men for young men that old men would never break.”



Words speak louder than action for Secret Affair's Ian Page

Interview by PAUL RAMBALI

"The mods have got the advantage that they had so long to solidify their ideas, and become confident of what they are, because no-one gave a toss about what they were doing."

But there were punks around in '76 before it happened in '77, just as there were mods around in '78, before that happened in '79.

"I'm not talking about the music press, I mean the media in general. That's how punk was stolen, how it was taken away from what it might become."

And isn't the same thing happening to mod? "Hasn't it begun an awful long time ago for those kind of statements?"

Page chooses this moment to vent his anger at the doom-sayers of mod, with reference to some shoddy words that have appeared in *NME*, specifically in recent *NME* headlines. However the media was almost as quick to proclaim the end of punk, so assuming one teen sub-cult is essentially making the same sort of noise as the next, how will mod survive?

"I think very, very generally every teenage revolution is the same. Let's not bring punk or mod into it. Let's not use any of those terms. You heard the song 'Days Of Change' on our album. That is the essence of it: 'the days of change are here to stay'. That is the function of youth: to bring about change. To change laws made by old men for young men that old men would never break."

And how does mod promote this noble activity?

"It has found its own way of expressing that kind of idea. We're a little subtler though,

think mod represents what's happening now, unless it is what's happening now, which no-one wants to acknowledge."

On the contrary, many people see it as perfectly appropriate to the current economic line of self-made prosperity.

"I don't know," muses Page. "It's like when someone's dying of cancer, and they reach the final stages and appear to suddenly recover just before they die. You can see it with a lot of politicians — I bet Brezhnev's got it — they get ill then all of a sudden they're up and about and working even harder, then they die. I forget the word for it, but that's possibly what mod is."

"If punk was a question then mod is an answer — and some people don't like the answer. The answer to the questions that were raised in punk is... Actually no, blowing up the houses of Parliament isn't in fact the way to change those things that are wrong, and in the end all anybody has or can rely on is themselves. And this age when everybody's meant to have everything is in fact the total opposite. You can have lots of material things, but they don't mean anything because of the nature of the society they've come from."

IAN PAGE is well read. If he was a member of The Human League he'd never live that down. But as a member of a noisy boy's-own teenage combo, he's probably a little too sensitive to follow the path of Pursey, upon which he is undeniably poised. Though that's not to say his self-confessed ego-drive will lead him nowhere at all.

He grew up in East London under the musical influence of his elder brother, a Motown and soul fan. Between them they have an almost complete collection of Motown releases, and Page has very definite ideas about updating the dance beat with Secret Affair, tempered by the broader

But Secret Affair have defined mod to a great extent, and there are those who would have only become mods on hearing the call of 'Time For Action'.

"Well the function is communicating, and I'm communicating a feeling. It could be time for a party, but action is a much more important word than party."

It's also much more vague. "Exactly," he pleads. "That's the whole point. As I said to Russia, it's leaving them the choice to decide for themselves what they're going to do and what they think of the world around them. All I do believe is — we didn't have this with the previous fashion, but we could have it now — you don't like something, you do something about it."

The obvious come-back here is if that's what he feels, why doesn't he say so more explicitly in Secret Affair songs? But we could argue till the moon falls out of the sky because whatever anybody else might think, he feels he's saying it well enough for his purposes.

SECRET AFFAIR arrived with the right stance at the right time. An off-the-peg combination of dance beat, clothes and attitude. The peg it came off happened to be located in the same junk-store of discarded '60s ephemera that more than a few others had discovered and were beginning to celebrate. It seemed like too good a co-incidence to be true... But Page denies all charges of calculation, and the circumstances support his defence.

The hub of Secret Affair first met at college, where Page and Cairns had gone to do 'A' levels, though such academic goals were quickly forgotten in the intoxicating on-set of punk.

"I was really inspired by what was going on," Dave Cairns will later recall. "I didn't like the idea of ripping clothes and the ridiculous

Pictures by PENNIE SMITH

dance to," as Page puts it, "to a '60s-inspired band that you could."

They began writing new songs, many of which are on The Affair's up-coming album. Coming after such bitter disillusionment, the lyrics Page wrote were essentially a giant snub to anyone and everyone who ever put him down, telling them all they've done is strengthen his belief in himself and his convictions. They read like the revenge of power pop.

It took a while to settle the rhythm section: to find a drummer who understood that the idea wasn't to play fills, but to hold on tight to the beat. Eventually, just after Christmas, with bass player Dennis Smith and drummer Seb Shelton, they played their first gig, supporting a pseudonymous Jam warm up gig at Reading University.

"We did the gig and there were mods and they liked us," explains Page. "We were strolling about afterwards and they came up to us and said 'Fuckin' hell! What's all this then?' Because don't forget The Jam don't dress like this the indicates his spotless tonic suit off stage. They all came from Dagenham: Dave Lawrence, Ian Stratton, Grant Flemming. They said: 'Look, we're mods, there's quite a lot of us, and what we're really looking for — I mean we love The Jam — but we're looking for a band of our own, because they've already made it, they're famous already. What we want is a band that's part of us'."

"He was expressing it that articulately — he's not very articulate, but he has a depth of

Continues over

MORE SECRETS

From previous page

emotion. We said *great!* Where do we go? Where do we play? A pub called the Barge Aground in Barking, go down there any night, but Friday night's the best. And there it was. A sea of suits and parkas and hairstyles. Fuckin' blew me out!

"I'd invented this *Glory Boys* concept, which was my reaction to being told that I wasn't any good, and if I'm going to be honest the real idea was like a spiv, a suit, a black shirt and a white tie, clothes being very important. I walked in and I thought, they're all *Glory Boys*! But too late, they were mods. They said: 'We chose mods. We like what they did, and now we're going to make something of our own out of it.' That's how our following started. We said we're going to get a gig down the Bridge House — down they came, and that was it, the first mod night at the Bridge House. It was the climate and the idea."

Do you really think clothes are that important? Do you think as you sing in 'Time For Action', that "Looking good is the answer"? Isn't it a bit pathetic to judge people by the cut of their clothes?

Page isn't going to be moved: "The clothes express the idea. They are as much as we allow people to see, they are the link, the bond. Let me put it this way."

He pulls out of his bag a copy of a Tom Wolfe book and flicks the pages in front me.

"Let's call each page in this book a suit, no, better still a mod. Each one is different from the other, each one is striving to be different, and that's what the mods are doing because they are doing it for themselves. They allow the outside world to see that much of them" — he flicks the pages again — "in fact they're probably doing it at that speed as well!"

"It is a uniform, and behind it is a uniform thought, which is to be individual."

To be really individual, though, would entail rejecting the uniform.

"No, that's not individualism. That's exile."

"I'VE HEARD so many people asking Ian questions like could he please relate his position and the mod movement to the political state of the country, the unemployed and whatever. When the whole thing started everybody steamed in and they all wanted to know how far the movement goes and how deep the philosophy is. Ian is very clever in his replies, and he does seem to be very sincere in what he says, but when he starts making

comparisons with the American Democratic party... Ian is so much more involved with mod than I am. I don't think he even stops to think sometimes."

Dave Cairns takes Page's place in front of the tape recorder. Both of them wear suits, but the contrast between them is marked.

Cairns is less outwardly confident, less verbally sharp, less determined and excitable than his partner in song, but he chooses his words and collects his thoughts more carefully, and his opinions of mod, whilst sharing the basic enthusiasm of Page, tend to be more coldly objective. Despite or perhaps because of this contrast, they have a good relationship.

"Anything that Ian falls down on I'm usually quite strong at. Like in the early days of the band he was going around gassing off to

"It's very good to work with a certain philosophy that began in the early mod movement," he begins, "and Ian is very good at promoting ideas, but I don't think the people he's talking to want to think that deeply. I think you should put forward a basic philosophy, like the idea of wearing suits — Ian makes a lot of that, one of his favourite quotes is the one about standing next to the bloke with the Rolls. But you look around at a gig, and the kids aren't wearing suits — they're not that committed. In terms of politics, I don't think a lot of the kids — I'm not saying they couldn't think that deeply — but I don't think they relate to it. A lot of them do just see it as fun, and it disappoints me greatly to walk into a mod gig."

"Unfortunately the worst thing about the movement is the tie-up with the '60s, and the

were definitely mod types, calling themselves mod. They used to follow The Jam and come to see us when we supported The Jam. They kept mentioning that there were various factions about the place, but that they felt very much alone."

"We thought it could be so powerful and so good if it could come together — it seemed so healthy. But just getting mods to try and get into the idea of not being mods, not being called mods..."

He shakes his head ruefully. "We saw it heading towards being trapped in revivalism — then *The Sun* would swoop down and that would be it, they'd all be walking around with the Mod tag, which is why we wrote 'Glory Boys'."

Cairns mentions his surprise that 'Time For Action' sold 200,000 copies, and adds sardonically that it was because the DJs who plugged it thought it was "nice boys in suits", which is the very crux of most of the contempt for the movement; that it doesn't threaten the values of those sort of people.

"Yeah, but it threatens from within. It threatens all the other factions. I don't think they see it as something harmless..."

"It's only the outside people that want to see more in it — especially coming after punk."

All mod seems to aspire to become part of the establishment. But then, all a lot of punks ever aspired to was to be on the dole. What does Cairns make of the logic behind the mod in his suit and the man in his Rolls?

He chews the matter over slowly before responding...

"I got left behind at a gig one day, and I had to get a train to catch up with the band. Arista got me a ticket, a first-class ticket. So I zoomed off to the station and jumped on the train."

"It was packed in the second class carriage, so I got in the first class. Great! There I was wearing a suit, and it was just like in *Quadrophenia*, sitting between these two blokes. I sat there wearing my nice suit and there were these city gents in horrible suits all around me."

"I thought, yeah, this is part of it. I sat there with my copy of the *Guardian* and I thought, this idea does work. I feel great and they aren't looking down at me. Yeah! I do look smarter, and I feel better about it!"

"And then the train pulled into a station, and this station-master was walking up the side of the train, looking for people who were sitting in the first-class without the right ticket. He came up to the window and banged on the glass. 'What are you doing in there?'"

"Now how d'ya suss that one?"



everybody, 'cos he's got a good tongue, while I was going around hiring vans and organising the business side."

"We come from two different ways of life, different families. His are working class and mine are middle class. We're opposite in many ways — I'm more the sort of playboy type, aspiring to material wealth" — he fingers his gold chain and digital watch — "Whereas he rejects that, to a point. He looks after his money closely, and I don't so much, purely from up-bringing."

For rather different reasons, Cairns reveals that he doesn't have quite the same positive and heartfelt belief in an ideology of mod. Page's emotional bluster on the subject gives way to Cairns' cool and somewhat regretful appraisal.

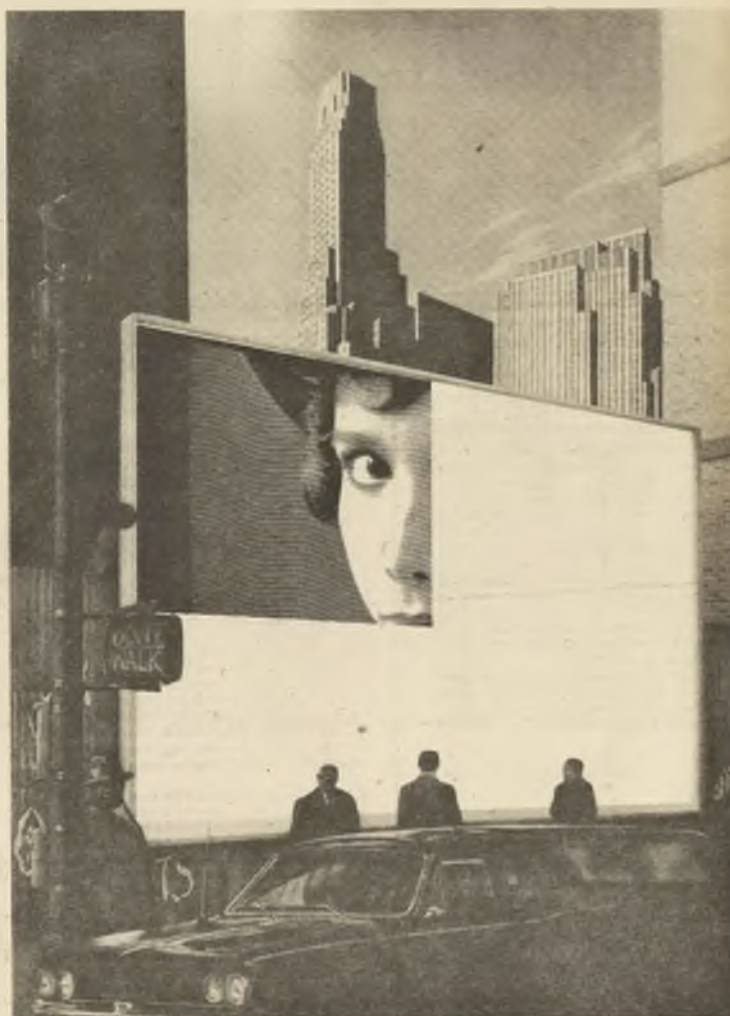
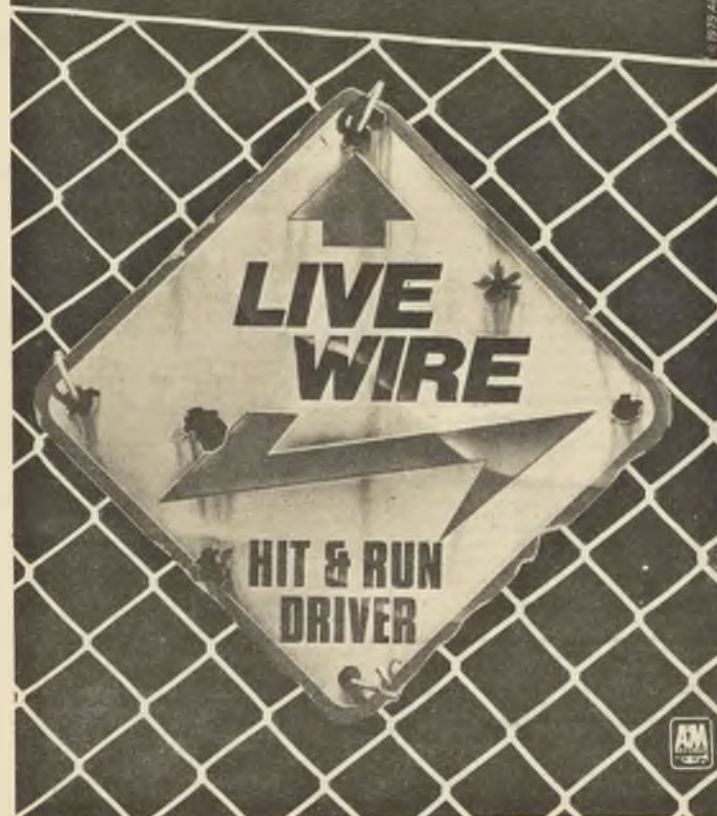
various references to revivalism, which I think have spoilt it to an extent for the kids. There is a minority who have a fresh approach to it. Surrounded by those people I thought it was exciting and unique; although we wore Hush Puppies I thought it didn't matter. Now I can see that it did matter, which is why it's now lying low a bit, and pretty soon, the press will come in for the kill."

He attributes this partly to the fact that most of the other mod bands have failed, and this he puts down to them falling into the same traps that New Hearts fell into; roughly speaking, getting involved with short-sighted business sharks who see no further than a quick buck, and see no point in nurturing what potential these mostly young and inexperienced bands might possess.

"We knew kids from New Hearts days who

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THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	FLEETWOOD MAC — RUSK	8.00	5.99	31	30	BY GROOM — SOD TELL YOU GOOD	5.00	3.75
2	2	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74	32	31	JANIS JOP — NIGHT RAIN	4.99	3.74
3	8	ROD STEWART — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19	33	31	DEONNE PARALLEL LIVES	4.99	3.74
4	4	THE POLICE — REGATA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74	34	32	CARTY HUNAN — THE PLEASANT PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75
5	5	ALBA — GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.59	35	32	KALE & GATES — ECSTASY	4.99	3.74
6	3	THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74	36	28	ELKIE BROOKS — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99	3.74
7	9	STEVE WINNER — SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS	8.50	6.50	37	27	JUDY TUCKER — WELCOME TO THE CHURCH	4.65	3.40
8	10	THE BEE GEES — GREATEST HITS	7.99	5.99	38	27	OL FELDGOB — LET IT ROLL	4.99	3.74
9	6	THE DOOMTOWN RATS — THE FINE ART OF SURFACING	5.30	4.05	39	39	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
10	10	THE JAM — BETTING SOHNS	5.06	3.81	40	24	QUADROPHERIA — O.S.T	7.50	5.75
11	7	THE EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.75	41	30	THE BARRACLOUGH — WHOLE JAZZ	5.00	3.75
12	13	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.49	42	43	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
13	18	100 C — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19	43	34	BARRY MANLOW — ONE VOICE	5.00	3.75
14	15	DOMINA SUMMER — GREATEST HITS	6.50	4.75	44	33	MARSHALL FAITHFUL — BROKEN ENGLISH	5.00	3.75
15	52	HERO ALPERT — RES	4.99	3.74	45	35	REUNION — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
16	11	THE POLICE — OUTLANDS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74	46	22	POKEY M FANTASY	5.00	3.75
17	12	BLONDI — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74	47	22	GOOLEY & CREME — WEEZE FRAME	5.06	3.81
18	18	TOM PETTY — DAMN THE TORPEDOS	4.69	3.44	48	37	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
19	19	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04	49	25	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.29	4.44
20	19	BR ROKK — SOMETIMES YOU WIN	5.29	4.04	50	22	SCHENK IDOLS — PREMIERE	5.29	4.04
21	17	THE COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44	51	44	THE STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	3.74
22	14	MANHATTAN TRANSFER — EXTENSION	5.00	3.75	52	29	MOTORHEAD — BONNER	5.29	4.04
23	14	SHAMBA BOSS — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.49	53	22	UTILE RO BICH	5.29	4.04
24	16	SANTANA — MARATHON	5.29	4.04	54	45	STEVE WOODER — THE WORLD WITHIN	4.99	3.74
25	20	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74	55	48	GANG OF FOUR — ENTERTAINMENT	5.29	3.99
26	26	THE STEVE NERVE ALBUM	5.00	3.75	56	47	COLLY POWELL — OVER THE TOP	4.99	3.74
27	26	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04	57	58	BOB DYLAN — AT THE BUDDOKEAN	7.99	5.49
28	26	STEVE FORBET — JACKSONITE BLAM	4.99	3.74	58	46	THE THREE BEGGERS — JO	4.99	3.74
29	21	STATUS QUO — WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.30	4.05	59	42	ANDY STEWART — PARADISE GARDEN	5.00	3.75
30	23	TOMMY BLANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.65	3.40	60	49	STYX — CORNERSTONE	4.99	3.74

Forfeiting Attention Little Feet, Neil Young, E.L.P., Fast Forward, Marvin Gaye, The Damned, Pink Floyd, Alex Harvey, A.W.B., Barclay James Harvest, E.L.O., Jimmy Buffett, Hugh Cornwell, Barzakh, Robin Trower, Secret Affair, Simple Minds

1979
Album Sales
Manufactured by

THRILLS

All Pompous Pigs And Posing Prats Beware!



Left: The Victor Aaron Kay
Below: The Victim, California Governor, Jerry Brown.
Pix: Joe Stevens.

The Pie Man Cometh!

THE PIE MAN of Manhattan (Aron Kay) broke into the flying pastry trade three years ago while freelancing for Pie Kill Unlimited, a pie hit service.

For fifty bucks, plus legal fees, Aron would supply the confection and the thrust. Paid in advance, he'd deliver the goods upon the unsuspecting victim at a wedding, bar mitzvah, or the office.

Back then, he'd willingly accept an ounce of pot in lieu of the fee. Nowadays, though, because his targets are more specialised, he does his messy work purely for the love of it.

Who is The Pie Man? Why does he throw baked goods at famous people? And how does he manage to get away with it.

Thrills tracked The Pie Man down in his flat off the Bowery in lower Manhattan. Amidst posters of Karl Marx, The Clash, Che and Debbie Harry he let the pie out of the bag.

Pie Man: "I'm a member of YIPPY (Youth International Party) which is an anarchist group dealing ruthlessly with capitalistic racist scum. Whether they be the Nazi Party, David Rockefeller, Margaret Thatcher, or old boy John Tyndall (National Front) we're after them."

"We're out for social change and human rights for all. We believe in people's rights to screw any way they want to — if people want to be bi-sexual that's their prerogative. We also believe in the total repeal of all marijuana laws, as well as those for organic drugs like LSD, Peyote, Mushrooms, etc."

"In short, we are an anarcho-communist organisation out to

put an end to imperialistic bullshit. We have been working with RAR and others to deal with these problems. In America we have low-lives who thrive on burning crosses on the lawns of black people, and get their rocks off by shooting four civil rights marchers in Greensboro, North Carolina, because they don't believe non-whites have a right to live like everyone else. We're opposed to the Klu Klux Klan idea of a super white Aryan race."

Thrills: You've bombed with custard pies celebrities from various media. Who've you hit so far?

Pie Man: "I've pied Senator Moynihan, the ex-UN Ambassador. I've paid William F Buckley, snob-pig columnist and brother of Senator James Buckley. I've hit Nixon bagman Tony Vlasewicz, anti-feminist Phyllis Chaffy, ex-New York Mayor Abe Beame, Watergate burglars E Howard Hunt and G Gordon Liddy."

"I've blasted ex-CIA head William Colby, who was the architect of the military coup in Chile in '73, and Andy Warhol, who had dinner with the Shah of Iran. Timothy Leary rattled on his lawyers and the Weather Underground, (late 60's student radicals) so I threw Tim some cheese cake, the rat. Last week I wasted California Governor Jerry Brown."

Thrills: What does one have to do to qualify for a pie-ing?

Pie Man: "Pomposity, violation of human rights. That kind of stuff will get a qualification. Margaret Thatcher for example, would be a worthy candidate for a custarding. Her siding with Bishop Muzorewa's lackey Zimbabwe-Rhodesia government, leaves a lot to be desired in terms of leadership. And she's a spear-head of the British right wingers."

"John Tyndall could use some pie, maybe blackberry to give him a change of complexion."

"The Queen would turn green if smacked with some Irish

Pudding, and Ian Paisley could use some for his racist rap, which might be sublimated with pie."

"In the U.S. Presidential candidates like Ronald Reagan and John Connelly, and any Rockefeller, are all potential targets. Nixon, I'd love to pie that man! It would be difficult though. He's got armed agents protecting him."

Thrills: What about the Shah of Iran?

Pie Man: "Maybe the delivery boys, who I read are delivering cakes and things to him, can lay a bit of pie on him. My anti-Shah cynicism doesn't mean that I mean promote the Ayatollah Khomeini (sic) who is no better — just the Shah again in drag."

Thrills: What about pie-ing those in the music business?

Pie Man: "Yeah, well, Mick Jagger, the culture vulture, deserves a lacing of cake. That song 'Miss You' degrades black and Puerto Rican women. Paul McCartney needs a whap in the mush for being so cutesy, and Bob Dylan, the Jesus freak, would require an aphrodisiac filler to get him back to his old self again."

"Bill Graham, Ron Delsener, all rock promoters here and in England who rip off the culture, exploit our music, and sell it back to us, those people should be made to eat cake. They need to be humiliated."

Thrills: Beside the humiliation, not to mention the cleaning bill, what is the long-term effect on your targets?

■ continues over

Swell Maps Stomped Lowry

THREE MEMBERS of Swell Maps, Nikki, Biggles and Jowe were set upon and badly beaten up by a group of nine youths after leaving Rough Trade to catch a train for Aylesbury where the group were due to support The Gang of Four last Saturday. Jowe and Nikki were hospitalised after the attack and though Nikki is out with nothing more serious than some stitches and a black

eye, Jowe will be in for at least ten days. He sustained three cracked ribs and may have a punctured lung. There was apparently no motive for the attack, which took place in mid afternoon. The three were hit with their own instruments and one guitar was completely smashed.

GRAHAM LOCK
THRILLS

Southall: Convictions Continue

PARANOID readers may be interested to hear that the conviction rate at the continuing trials in Barnet of the defendants from the Southall Anti-NF demo has dropped to 69 per cent from the near-100 per cent figure it was reaching some weeks ago.

The present figure, which seems to be the result of another magistrate having taken over on the bench, is still way above the national average, however.

And the manner in which the law favours the evidence — no matter how spurious — of the police still verges on the tragic.

Last week, for example, a Pakistani charged with assault handed to the magistrates' bench a letter that he wished to be regarded as evidence in his defence. The letter was from the defendant's doctor and asserted that the day following his arrest he had been examined and it was found that his head, back and thighs were severely bruised.

The defendant maintained that the bruises were the result of the treatment he'd received at the hands of his arresting officers, two members of the Special Patrol Group.

The SPG officers both swore that the

defendant had punched both of them and that he had received his bruises as the result of being thrown against a metal pedestrian barrier. Both officers, incidentally, gave their evidence from the same notebook as only one of them had taken notes!

The fine course of British justice was unaffected by this quibbling, though. "However you've come by your injuries is of no concern to this court," decided the magistrate, fining the defendant £190 and giving him a month's suspended sentence.

In another case a defendant who had been sitting on the steps of a bus had been charged with obstruction. As his "crime" had been spotted by two officers, however, they each had decided to charge him!

He was, therefore given a month's suspended sentence on each of the two charges!

The offices of the Southall Defence Committee, incidentally, have now been broken into seven times within the past three weeks.

DAVID McNEE
THRILLS



"Who says they can't move with the times? That's a holographic computer synchronised fifty feet high shower of simulated goli!"

The Pieman Cometh

From previous page

Pie Man: "When I pied the owner of pig-disco Studio 54 Steve Rubell, the whole scene began to cave in on him afterwards. Disco is dying, and he got caught by the feds for tax evasion."

Thrills: What's your objection to disco?

Pie Man: "Disco is lobotomizing. We declared war on disco last January because it's mechanical and hypnotic. Most of the sounds are created by machines, thereby putting a lot of musicians on the breadline. Rock and Roll of late has been making a front-lash back, because disco is something even Jerry Ford can dance to."

Thrills: Why did you pie Jerry Brown who runs around with Linda Ronstadt?

Pie Man: "Jerry Brown's sense of security wavers, he doesn't attack the people behind the nuclear energy cartel like the banks and corporations who have a vested interest. He's a liberal wimp who wants to cash in on the Anti-Nuke movement. He's done nothing to improve the lot of prisoners in his home state. Fascist psychiatrist experiments are still being conducted on the prisoners of Vacaville, California."

"In the Presidential campaign, which the British will be hearing a lot of in the next year, there's still no choice, the same rubbish. Kennedy the soft pig, against Connelly the hard-pig."

"In '76 we voted for Nobody, the only perfect candidate. Now we're supporting Abbie Hoffman, one of our founders (YIPPY) who is underground for a phony cocaine bust. (Hoffman was arrested for allegedly selling cocaine to under cover agents and skipped bail). He could call up radio stations while on the campaign trail. Abbie's probably on 5th Avenue right now in a three-piece suit, and you'd never recognise him."

Thrills: What do you want to say to the young people in the U.K. who are potential Ambassadors of Pie there?

Pie Man: "The kids over there ought to get out and give Thatcher and Company a bit of hell in the form of custard or whatever they may feel is justified. They know how fucked up things are there. Pies are cheap. For Jerry Brown, I purchased a \$1.69 lemon coconut number weighing in at approximately 2½lbs. Maybe that's too expensive for the kids so they can steal a can of shaving cream, which could serve the same purpose."

Thrills: Have you had any run-ins with the law regarding your trade?

Pie Man: "Some. For Colby I got charged with harassment, which is a law in New York State. I call it assault with A Deadly Weapon, namely a pie. Colby was a fine of \$150.00."

"But I'm quick witted and don't wait around for tea after I've brought the cake. I can go out of town after a pieing and do something there, nobody would recognise me. When the heat's off I come back to the city for more work. YIPPY's believe in eating the rich and taking back what belongs to them whether it be through free phone calls or shoplifting."

Thrills: I see you're shifting into gear to go into the streets for another pie-ing, so we won't keep you. Anything else?

Pie Man: "Yeah. Anybody interested in writing me for information on organising their own pie throwing operation can write to me C/O Box 392, Canal Street Station, NYC, 10013."

"And to paraphrase an old radical who shall remain unnamed — 'Let a thousand pies fly.'"

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS

Don't Watch That Watch This!



Madness: a quiet night in watching telly.

IN A STATE of near-panic, Madness were to be clocked last Thursday scouring the Derby townscape with intent to viddy their own sweet selves on TOTP.

But no TV was forthcoming. They tried everything, poor sods, but neither love nor money was sufficient to sway the heads of the native burghers. In one pub,

garrulous geek Chas Smash generously offered to stand the clientele a double apiece if they'd see fit to forsake *Sapphire And Steel* for that nutty sound on the Beeb, and was promptly accused of underage drinking.

Undaunted, Smash and his ribald crew hurried from pub to chippie to chippie in a

desperate search for a tube, eventually locating one in a lone portakabin on the city's ring road, the haunt of a troop of cab-drivers.

Thrills is led to believe that something of a party was the outcome, the cabbies becoming converts to the sound of ska, gladly giving these real live pop stars a

metreless trip to the King's Hall gig and receiving free singles for their pains, no less.

Smash — heart of gold, this boy — went on to suggest the patronage of the said cab firm to his audience, these Derbyshire ruderpersons evidently being a little more 'upmarket' than most in their modes of post-gig transport.

Studio 54: Day Of Reckoning

NEW YORK's little home away from home for the rich and beautiful is looking more like the House of Usher these days than the world's trendiest disco.

Last weekend owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager pleaded guilty to skimming \$750,000 off the club's 1978 profits and failing to pay some \$350,000 in taxes.

Speculation in New York claims that, prior to the guilty plea, there was some intense behind-the-scenes plea-bargaining between Rubell's and Schrager's lawyers and the U.S. Attorney.

The defendants seemed confident at the outset that they held some powerful cards. In addition to stirring up the scandal over White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan and his alleged coke usage (*NME* October 27), they had apparently provided the Justice Department with a list of celebrities and politicians who had been given gifts of either cash or drugs.

In an article in *New York Magazine*, investigative journalist Henry Post, with bombshell timing, broke the results of his own three month investigation into the high society nightclub two days after Rubell and Schrager had entered their pleas of guilty. According to Post, the cocaine gifts were part social-climbing,

part good business and part high power manipulation by Rubell. "Studio 54 bought the loyalty of cafe society with free drugs and gifts, thus ensuring a pool of glamorous and powerful friends."

Despite all that Rubell and Schrager thought they might have going for them, the Justice Department wasn't buying. Superstar drug antics simply weren't that interestin.

In the words of an unnamed Justice Department official, "they blew it."

Meanwhile, the State Liquor Authority continues to breathe down the club's neck and seems within an inch of pulling Studio 54's liquor license and forcing the closure of the gilded niterie.

Rubell and Schrager will be sentenced on January 18th and it will be interesting to note exactly what penalties the judge hands down, particularly in the light of the four months that Chuck Berry has just served for an offence that involved less than half the amount, and with no smell of conspiracy.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

FAST Product the first year plan 2-3 THE HUMAN LEAGUE GANG OF FOUR SCARS MEKONS

THE FIRST SIX SINGLES

EMC 3312 ALBUM ALSO AVAILABLE CASSETTE

FAST

EMI

Now Wavis Meets The Sweeney!

A S a postscript to last week's *Thrills* story on the earth-shattering meeting between cuddly screen-gem Anna Ford and South Shields degenerate Wavis O'Shane, let us unveil the story of Wavis and the Sweeney.

Apparently, after leaving the *NME* offices, Wavis and manager Arthur 2 Stroke took a taxi back to the Wavismobile, wearing the ever present 18" false noses. When they got to the car, the dyslectic duo endeavoured to find their path onto the Westway, took a wrong turning and pulled up to consult the A-Z.

Suddenly, with much screaming of tyres, a Ford Granada pulled up beside them and three burlesque leapt out and demanded our pair to exit the Wavismobile like, erm... NOW! These fine upholders of the (Willie White) law, on spotting our heroes in Fulham attired with the aforesaid proboscis, had assumed that these two innocent victims of circumstances were disguised to take part in a security raid, or even... a bank job! On searching the car, they found a baseball bat and a chair leg wrapped in Christmas paper, which as Wavis revealed, quite truthfully, were presents for his family. The Old Bill was not entirely convinced until silver-nosed, sorry, tongued Arthur explained that they were merely pop people pulling publicity stunts. Exit all, laughing, except for the stern warning "not to waste the police's time with silly games."

CRAPPER OF THE YARD

THRILLS

Silicon Chips — Lying Tonight?

WOULD you take a lie detector test? If you are an American businessman you may have to — without your knowledge!

A U.S. firm, Telestar Inc., have recently taken out full page ads in U.S. publications to promote their 'Ultimate Truth Machine' (trade mark). It's a very portable, very cheap (\$149 dollars) lie detector.

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And they also tell us, "It's entertaining!" "Because it can pick up and analyze any audible statement, use of the Truth Machine is limited only by your imagination, seeing the meter go wild when politicians give their 'candid' views during television press conferences can provide you with hours of amusement."

MIKE ROCHIP

THRILLS

Meet the Pre-fabricated Four!



L to r: Tony Kishman, Louis Colucci, Jimmy Poe, Michael Palaikis. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

WHEN towards the end of the '50s British Variety was on its last legs, a cheap way of half-filling provincial theatres was with Disco Doubles — a string of unknowns who offered passable imitations of the popular singers of the day. There's practically no difference between that little caper and *Beatlemania* — a rather pointless All-American concoction which has just been transferred to London's Astoria Theatre.

Beatlemania revolves around four musicians who bare a physical resemblance to The Fab Four and devote two hours to reproducing an uncanny aural simulation of Lennon and McCartney's Greatest Hits.

In a saloon bar atmosphere, this crew would promptly get bottled for their audacity. However, accompanied by often out of sequence projected visual aids the more gullible are prepared to fork-out up to £6.50 for such a redundant vicarious thrill. Some even go so far as to buy the (un)original cast album.

Just to confuse the issue, there are actually two imported sets of Fab Fours. On Sunday, I saw the reserves play, but got to speak to half of the First Team. Michael Palaikis portrays John Lennon but looks more like John Denver. Tony Kishman is cast in the role of Paul McCartney and could even prompt Linda to

ask for proof of identification.

Obviously, they're not about to bite the hand that's fed them for the last couple of years but, when challenged, they'll concede that whilst it takes a certain talent to be able to re-produce such Beatle accuracy, in many ways it's a futile means of self-gratification.

"But," argues Paul's doppelganger, "to accept a role like this is just one step in each of our careers." It's Lennon Mk 2 though who nails the morbidity of such a project to the wall.

"We're doing it for the audience. The Beatles never peaked and when they broke up they left the world still wanting more and, as most people never got to see them in person, just to see four people portray them is more than enough."

Talk about the one-born-every-minute theory. But then, it doesn't need me to tell you that Malcolm McLaren has already plundered that aspect of blinkered fandom. I wonder, how long it will be before we see adverts for Pistols' look-alikes appearing in the classifieds?

ROY CARR

THRILLS

John, Paul, George, Ringo refuse to stay out of the picture.



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SACKED!

Willie De Ville in "services no longer required" shock!

"It's just like school when you get down to it. Record companies aren't looking for artists. They want to put a label on you. It's the usual thing with straights. If they don't know what to do with you, it puts them very uptight."

The first time I met Willie De Ville he had a record company and the record company had a label to hang on him. Mainly on the strength of his having a single cut on a Max's Kansas City compilation album, they had filed him under punk. He was being promoted as the grown-up juvenile delinquent who still knew the feel of a switchblade and the beat of the street.

Capitol was pretty pleased with what it had. In Willie De Ville they thought they had a punk they could handle.

He was as close to looking like the archetypal rock star as you could get without actual cloning. In company, he was Elvis Presley polite and, above all, he was clean and neat in his James Brown suits and Italian shoes. No safety pins and Nazi armbands.

It became clear, however, a few days later at his Rainbow show that Willie De Ville had a will of his own. An audience that had only been prepared for Mink De Ville by a single 'Top of the Pops' airing of 'Spanish Stroll' were treated to a performance of 'Stand By Me' from one of the purest voices since Ben E. King.

The cultural rearrangement that audience was put through was awesome to watch. They'd come along expecting a cross between Lou Reed and a Lord of Flatbush and discovered Willie's undiluted R&B, ballad soul.

In the intervening two years, Capitol had two albums from Mink De Ville which did very nicely, thank you, and also put the band through a near-horrible touring schedule that left them, in Willie's own words, "tired and bouncing off walls."

At the beginning of this year, Willy started work on a third album, looking forward to it as the one that would put him firmly on the international rock map.

The preparations for the album were painstaking. Working with veteran writer Doc Pomus, (who, along with Mort Shuman, provided Elvis Presley with a half dozen or more early hits) the songs were written, rehearsed and put into basic arrangements in New York.

The next move was to take the whole package to Paris and record the final version.

"I knew there was this French string arranger, Jean Claude Petit and he was the one that I was going to work with."

Despite record company opposition, Willie went to Paris, but work didn't progress as fast as Capitol might have wished. This was partly due to Willie's perfectionism.

"I didn't go all the way to Paris to settle for what sounded good, I was only going for what sounded right. I wanted an album that people would listen to in ten years' time."

Despite numerous problems with both the band and the producer, Steve Douglas, nine months later the album was finally complete. The Mink De Ville saga was ready to move into another stage. Then, instead of the hero's welcome that any artist likes when he brings in the new product, all he got was a curt phone call telling him that Capitol no longer required his services and that they were releasing him from his contract.

In other words, Willie De Ville had been sacked.

It's never easy to find that you've been fired, especially when you have some hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of album in the can and its only future seems to be to gather dust on a shelf in the bowels of a record company.

"When the record company steps back, all those wet handshakes that have been coming at you for the past two years turn into guys saying how they never liked you anyway — troublemaker!"

Capitol's main problem seemed to be that Willie De Ville lived too damn close to the switchblade image with which they'd originally promoted him. A nasty rumour quoted a highly placed executive as ranting, "I don't care how many records he sells, I don't want him on this label!"

All this could easily be interpreted as the whining of someone who's just been dumped by their label because they turned in a duff album. In the case of Willie De Ville, however, this is simply not true. Listening to the tapes of the work that was done in Paris, you immediately realise that you're not hearing run of the mill product.

It isn't instantly commercial. It certainly isn't the Knack. There are the tough ballads and the hardass R&B that we've come to expect from De Ville and his men, but beyond that, other influences jostle for space to develop. There's a cajun track, complete with accordion, there are New Orleans style keyboards and the Jean Claude Petit string arrangements that were the reason for going to Paris in the first place lend a warmth and drama to the

vocals that make them well worth the trip.

It's an unusual album, but that's no reason for it to be consigned to the dumpster.

A couple of weeks before this interview, Willie seemed about as far down as one can go.

"What hurts is that I really think this album is the one. Everyone does it on the third. The pity is that these squares can possibly hang up my record for five years."

But with hints of a new dawn on the horizon, Willie has regained a lot of his control and determination.

"When it comes down to it, going with a record company is like taking a loan out on the bank. They want to know if you're working, if you're reliable, the whole thing."

With a couple other companies interested, life doesn't look so bleak. The question of the album still has to be resolved, and that frustration is still there, but, in the meantime, Willie De Ville has plenty to keep him occupied.

Right now he is rehearsing and playing try-out, out-of-town dates with an all new band. Early reports claim that, if anything, they have more power and cohesion than the old Mink De Ville. The proof, or otherwise, of this will be revealed to New York at a Waveley Plaza date at the end of the month.

As well as live work with a new band, Willie will be going into the studio with Jack Nietzsche to record sections of the soundtrack of the new Al Pacino movie, *Cruising*.

It may not be a substitute for an important album, but it helps.

The moral of this story is that if you're a budding rock and roller and you want to get on, then love your label and be nice to the people at the company, otherwise you might end up like Willie De Ville.

Or would that be such a bad thing?

MICK FARREN

THRILLS



Here we see the unemployed man reduced to hanging around on street corners. Pic: Claud Gassion.

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DANGEROUS VISIONS

JOHN CLEESE on *Life Of Brian*: "Four hundred years ago we'd have been burnt at the stake for this. I like to think we've advanced since then."

But Malcolm Muggeridge was there as conclusive evidence to the contrary.

The confrontation between Muggeridge, Mervyn Stockwood (Bishop Of Southwark), Cleeze and Michael Palin was that rare event — a chat show that was great television. They were of course talking about the Python's new film.

It is not my place here to either praise or criticise Jesus, only to criticise Muggeridge. Mug is a chat show regular on the strength of something he once was, an irreverent castigator of pompous fools such as he now is. He no longer offers any evidence of a perceptive mind lurking behind his blinkered, complacent obsession.

He wasn't easy to argue against but who could argue against a man who happily contradicts himself (the film's main attraction was the lasting fascination of the crucifixion story/fourteen year olds might be adversely affected) delivers the most outrageous generalisations (all great works of art have a Christian influence) and doesn't even listen to what you're saying anyway? Cleeze did try to point out gently that Mug's assessment of a work of art's greatness depends on how closely it conforms to Mug's own thinking, but this benighted soul has long been lost to the voice of reason.

Any unholy venom flying around came from the Men Of God who called *Brian* "cheap", "squalid" and "tenth-rate" but the cheapest moment of the show in fact came with the worthy Bishop's bitter reference to

Above: Cleeze, Palin.
Below: Frankie Miller. Pic: Pennie Smith.



Frankie Miller plays hard but fair. Muggeridge puts the boot in.

"thirty pieces of silver". It was the Pythons who showed the patience of proverbial saints, remaining pleasant but pertinent throughout and allowing Mug to rabbit on interminably just as you or I would allow and aged grandfather to have his say even though we've heard the story ten times before. But Cleeze has one of the most expressive faces on television and when he glanced towards Palin we could see the unmistakable exasperation of a man trying to reason with the unreasonable. I'll leave the last word to Cleeze (something Mug would never do): "It's all rather like a Python sketch."

Ah, how it all takes me back to the furore in the early '70s when Billy Connolly released his crucifixion number containing such epic events as Jesus offering to turn the water into wine only to be told to put his pound in the kitty like everyone else. Which brings us not terribly

smoothly onto the new Peter MacDougall play *Just A Boy's Game* featuring the acting debut of another Glasgow punter, Frankie Miller.

When speaking normal dialogue Miller was not totally convincing, but as a Glasgow hardman — thanks to the superb talents of director John McKenzie — he was stunningly authentic.

The plot resembled that of many a B picture Western with the gunslinger trying to live up to the reputation of a famous forebear and unable to hang up his guns because there's always some youngster out to prove himself against him.

Here, amidst some sparkling dialogue we had Miller as Jake, the hard man, seeing his best pal killed after a fight caused by Jake's own reputation. Jake goes home to see his dying grandfather, now a shadow of the man he admires most, expecting to find some fellow feeling with this hard man from another generation. MacDougall's greatest achievement, essential to the success of the play has been to somehow make Jake a sympathetic character but now he offers no death-bed sugar coating for the bleakness of his work.

Grandpa lifts his head with a great effort only to say "I was never fond of you. And in my day I could have killed you." With both hard men neither showing nor knowing any emotion to dent their reputation Jake gives a one word response — "Cheers".

As a play this didn't quite reach the high standards of MacDougall's award winning *Just Another Saturday*, but it helps to show the potential wealth of writing talent available to television, our most despised but most influential medium.

STUART JOHNSTON



To Hell with
The Boys



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- 23/24 • Gaumont Theatre SOUTHAMPTON
- 25 • Bingley Hall BIRMINGHAM
- 26 • Trentham Gardens STRECH OAK TRANT
- 27 • Royal Hall WIMBORNE SPA
- 29 • Deeside Leisure Centre LIVERPOOL
- 30 • University LANCASTER

December

- 2/3/4 • Rainbow LONDON
- 6/7 • City Hall NEWCASTLE
- 8 • Apollo Theatre GLASGOW
- 9 • Caird Hall DUNDEE
- 10 • Odeon Theatre EDINBURGH
- 11 • Queens Exhibition Hall LEEDS
- 12 • King George's Hall BLACKBURN
- 13 • Sophia Gardens CARDIFF
- 15 • Centre BRIGHTON
- 16 • Guild Hall PORTSMOUTH
- 18/19 • De Montfort Hall LEICESTER
- 21 • Pavilion BATH

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Hell Is A 'Two Ronnies' Audience

IT'S ABOUT twenty miles to the next seat and at least a hundred and fifty to the stage. Whenever there is applause it sounds clipped and conspiratorial, each person keeping both eyes on the hands next door so as to be sure to stop the instant everyone else does. The hall is cold and the group desperately search the wastes for some sign of life. They know there's life out there — they can see its breath — but though the Odeon is full and the collective happy, it seems that each person's soul has been handed to the hatchback girl or maybe the gruff security on the way in confiscated emotions that might be prone to blow up. Either way, the zomboid stares go straight through their object and pretend to register some interest and all those ears are deaf to any subtleties, magic, brilliance or bum notes that their four pounds has entitled them to. Everybody's just watching some live TV and thinking about this good time they're involved in, maybe deep down they're urging this show to end so they can get on with the major part of concert going — telling everybody at the office what a jet-set night life they live.

The Manhattan Transfer are a neat outfit who've just released a brave if faulted album. The four members deeply love music, are almost religious about jazz and realise the dreadful blunder they made when they were advised to be the regular guests on the comfy *Two Ronnies* show. On their last tour they played The Palladium to a crowd of crazy camped kids who hollered and danced to the ManTrans sharpened trad madness.

In between they captured the mums 'n' dads with the awful 'Chanson d'Amour' and all those kids saw their parents giving the thumbs up to these — on the surface — clean cut hams and decided that The Manhattan Transfer were square as dice, Jack. After the frustrations and irritations of the

Odeon show, Tim Hauser and Alan let some of it pour out over a few pints of what I believe was served as lager. Hauser — always referred to as the old guy — punches against the trap.

"Nobody need tell us that the worst bit of advice we ever took was to do that series, man..." he earnestly begins in the hardnose end of New York tone, "...we were told that it was 'a top show here' but not to what audience it was top. And so what we got is playing to crowds of, I mean real lunatics every place in the world and then getting here and facing what may politely be called a sedate audience."

And if not politely?
"Hey, look," he says leaning over the Formica, "...those bastards are not our people. A group onstage must feed off the energy generated from a crowd, that's the only chance a live show has, to continually build and generate that electricity. But here? We go out there and it's like acting out a fuckin' play, we may as well have a tape loop of 'Chanson' playin' round and fuckin' round. And the real frustration is knowing that it'd be easier if we weren't filling the halls, man, at least then we'd be in fighting mood, but goin' out there and being greeted by this, I dunno, ready-made easily pleased bunch of mainly mums 'n' dads. ... I mean where do ya fuckin' start with these guys, man?"

At one point in the show Hauser takes a break to tell 'his' public about their version of the jazz classic 'Body And Soul'. He, at some length, tells of the revolutionary construction that Eddie Jefferson — the bands guiding light to a great point — had brought to the genres vocalising and how MT were making a departure by doing the song in four-part harmony. To this, and to other strokes of inspiration in the set, the mass respond with an unspoken chorus of 'Well, that's nice, dear, but any chance you could do 'My Way'?' I wonder if the group are aware that they are so very much on the



Tim Hauser gazes out on the barren wastelands. Hauser pic: Pennie Smith

But Bournemouth is beautiful — Manhattan Transfer

outside of rock'n'roll fences of what's cool.

"Well sure. We're always held up as a manufactured big buck machine, just so much slick showbiz. Not everywhere of course, like I said we play mostly to kids, but the press don't care for us at all. Like *Rolling Stone* said we were racists for dressing fancy and stealing black jazz. Those fuckin' assholes at *Rolling Stone*."

It's also a mistake to assume that because of their early image that the band come from some kind of satin comfort cloud that drifted down into showbiz land. Around a table all four members prattle as you'd expect

four Jewish New Yorkers whose past employments included bricklaying and hacking a yellow cab around NY. (Gag: And that's just the goils.) They also feel their alienation from the rock fold is much to do with the average rock punters total lack of confidence in anything other than media-fed heroes.

Hauser again: "Let me tell you, it's not only here that there's an anxiety among rock'n'roll fans. The paranoia about who's cool is running world wide... it's just that in Britain we've been locked out totally, man. Oh, I forgot... Bournemouth, for some reason, was crazy, that town had a wild time..."

And so Manhattan Transfer are still playing to a capacity of the elderly, each night dad'n' the kids are sitting through sections of Eddie Jefferson, Weather Report and Bernard Herman waiting for the inevitable blander band to break through (resign). In five shows ManTran have changed their set as many times in an effort to balance things, but sadly it looks as though the demand for the mundane will beat down their ideas and fire. 'Chanson d'Amour' for days and days and days. Misplaced Manhattan Transfer, 'struggling' jazz in exile.

It's goodnight from me... and it's goodnight from them.

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

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NOV 22 BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall

NOV 23 LONDON Electric Ballroom
NOV 24 LONDON Electric Ballroom
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Motels



CHECK OUT THE MOTELS
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Deanne Pearson avoids the temptation of horrendous puns in her relentless search for truth

I KNEW where they were and they knew where I was, because their manager had been flitting between the pub where I'd been waiting for the past hour, and the pub where The Donkeys were holed up, filling themselves with beer before the interview. In the end I went down and hauled them out myself.

I wasn't surprised by their timidity after their discreet, weak-kneed set at the Marquee that evening, when they looked ready to flee the stage at any minute, should 999's nouveau punk audience show any signs of antagonism. But the crowd were more or less indifferent. It was a far cry from the amenable Chords and Undertones fans that they had played in front of last time at the Marquee, when they apparently went down a storm.

Onstage they reminded me of the Woodenlopes. All four Donkeys — Mark Wellham (drums), Dave Owen (bass and vocals), Tony Ferguson (rhythm guitar and vocals), and younger brother Neil Ferguson (lead guitar and lead vocals) — moved like stilted puppets, shuffling round their microphones and mumbling bashfully between numbers to their unresponsive audience, who gazed intently past them at the dressing room wall, where 999 might already possibly be.

Neither did The Donkeys' music attract much attention. They play good pop/rock, ranging from less riotous Ruts to less distinctive Undertones, which leaves a rather bland, inbetweenie sound with some imaginative arrangements and boppy harmonies that suggest that with a little more confidence they will ride the recent

'lightweight rock' tidal wave well.

Look, can't you just drop the interview?" Mark asked once we were all finally assembled in our arranged meeting place. "Say you've never seen us and then come halfway through the tour? We barely had time for a sound check this evening. We were unprepared, and a 999 audience isn't really our sort of audience."

The Donkeys were about to embark as support on the Stiff Little Fingers tour — and they thought they had problems with a 999 audience! Looking at the four weedy specimens before me I had serious doubts about their chances of survival. Mark, in particular, is a legend unto himself. I've never seen such a soft, flabby drummer, without a single muscle to disturb his baby fat smoothness, and found it difficult to believe he'd even had the strength to take over from the drum tapes The Donkeys used when they first started playing about 10 months ago — in Wakefield, Yorkshire.

None had been in bands before, they admitted, after being exceedingly coy about their ages (21–25) but all had "messed about" with instruments until they were brought together by songwriter Neil Ferguson, ex-farmer and mental hospital orderly (a possible clue to the origin of The Donkeys' name? — They offer no alternative explanation). They caught the attention of first Rhesus Records, in Manchester, and then Decca, via Jonathan King, who spotted them supporting The Undertones at the Marquee six or seven weeks ago.

Rhesus had previously released a 5,000 limited edition of their single 'What I Want' at the end of June, which all sold out, and Decca have now taken it up on a licensing deal.

Things are looking good for The Donkeys, and they may find themselves invited to appear on *Top Of The Pops* sooner than they think or hope. I would say watch out for them with a little more confidence if I thought they'd turn up.

The Donkeys

L to r: Mark Wellham, Neil and Tony Ferguson, Dave Owen
Pie, Mike Lave



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YOU MAY not have heard of Local Operator, and if you have, chances are you won't have heard their music. This is no devastating loss to contemporary western culture, but at a time when the British rock scene is in something of a trough with only a smattering of new homegrown bands working against the general drought, Local Operator are at least reasonable contenders. Reasonable enough, certainly, for Virgin Records to snap the group up as they push ahead in what appears to be a Richard Branson manoeuvre to corral all burgeoning young talent.

So you could commence by placing L.O. alongside the diverse likes of The Ruts, Human League, Interview, Skids, Cowboys International, et al. ad infinitum.

Or you could zero in on a four-piece band fronted by rhythm guitarist Jo Broadberry, whose boundless adrenalin and virtual inability to play in any other rhythm style than a revved-up Marleyesque on-beat has caused the band to utilise reggae rhythms, not in the 'strictly roots' fashion, but more in a buoyant jerky style, effectively sculpting a feel of their own as opposed to simply apeing the medium.

Their sound is essentially based on a surprisingly supple rhythm section in drummer Dave O'Regan, whose percussive style reminds one of a juvenile Ritchie Hayward and whose ample face beaming under an electric shock of blondish hair makes him look like a hedgehog, and the agile, intuitive bass patterns of Mike Shiner, who's visually a dead ringer for Blackhead bass supremo Norman Watt-Roy. The pair mesh in perfectly, backing up Broadberry's wired-up rhythm playing, whilst lead guitarist Jeff Cooper is an intriguing musician simply because he plays so sparingly, adding low-key guitar embellishments that form a well-balanced foil for Broadberry's relentlessly energised performances.

Although, as is the case with any such performer, Broadberry is on one level only as good as his band, the fact remains that Local Operator is very much his enterprise. The band's name is his, all the material is his and he has that irrepresible hunger inside him to succeed — a forceful ego drive that keeps the whole group buoyant.

Broadberry himself is a highly impressionable character, and although it lends him a certain charm, it is easily his most unsettling weakness. Handsome in a diminutive speedy fashion, a nest of tangled black hair hands over the forehead of a well-structured face that gives only the slightest hint of his Irish nationality. Recalling his past, it arises that his father was the main driving force in an unorthodox splinter group of Catholics and that his was a constructively stern upbringing involving abstinence from such fripperies as rock music in his teenage years. His father eventually left Ireland under somewhat bizzare circumstance, leaving Broadberry to make his own way in life.

In fact, for someone who's 27 years of age his knowledge of rock is extraordinary limited. When asked about influences, he cites the years of '75 and '76: albums like Nils Lofgren's 'Cry Tough', Little Feat's 'Last Record Album' and in particular Patti Smith's 'Horses'.

"It was the intensity of the album,"



LOCAL OPERATOR

A child's guide to wheeling and dealing

he remarks excitedly, "that really blew me over. The way she took chances, the breadth of vision, the sound — everything knocked me out."

Broadberry talks in long gulps and rushes of words that pour out so fast from his lips, they almost collide into one another or else threaten to get blocked up on a stammer. He is a desperately impatient man when wired up, verbally uncoiling ream upon ream of self-assertive banter which would sound obnoxious were he not so naively earnest about it all. "I want to be the best there is. That's my goal and that's what I'm going to achieve with Local Operator."

The other members of the band simply sit around and nod encouragingly. Because even though their leader's drive for greatness has so far only displayed itself in terms of burgeoning potential — at his best, he is simply good right now — his talent has become a cause celebre amongst certain music biz insiders.

Alan Edwards, PR for The Stranglers, Blondie, etc, caught Local Operator live some time ago at Kilburn's Moonlight Club and was so enamoured by what he heard that he offered his publicist services to the band, plus any extra-curricular help that might come in helpful. He recalls being greatly impressed by "a really strong combination of intelligent lyrics and good varied dance music that had its own identity. They were the only new band I saw that I reckon had something potentially exceptional to offer."

Edwards drew a smattering of scribes to see the band, and was officially employed in that capacity until he fell foul of Virgin Records. "Virgin's attitude," he claims, "is one of animosity to outsiders

handling their acts. Certainly they didn't like my involvement with the group at all." Edwards no longer has any professional dealings with the band and expresses concern that the combination of Virgin "not really nurturing the band like they should" and "the influx of money that came in (from the Virgin advance and Broadberry's own publishing deal — another Virgin purchase) may have knocked things a little out of perspective."

"Certainly I feel that all involved with the group should have a very serious think about the immediate future."

ANOTHER current PR — Chrysalis Records' Hugh Briley — had a greater proximity to Local Operator, particularly in the early days when he played the drums for them. That was over two years ago, after which a split occurred, with Broadberry travelling off to Amsterdam for an extended sojourn whilst Briley ended up at Decca.

The Local Operator instigator, long returned from the land of tulips and having got together the current four-piece, later contacted his former percussionist for help in getting a foot-hold in the music business. Briley ultimately became Local Operator's manager, investing "as much money as I could" alongside guitarist Cooper's financial contributions to keep the group afloat. The group played the Rock Garden and 'airily quickly started gaining interest from record companies, with Arista and Virgin the front runners. It was Briley in fact who worked out the Virgin contract, refusing to get the band trapped in "one of those 'Mickey Mouse' deals. They do try it on" — and instead, getting what he claims to be a good deal, even getting the usual eight-album Virgin deal down to six.

Briley however was fated to be ousted by one John Gatwood, also known as Johnny Rubbish, failed comedian and one-time Stranglers protege. Gatwood had quickly fatched on to Local Operator, turning up to gig after gig and hitting it off especially well with Jo Broadberry. A musicbiz entrepreneur who along with lawyer Nick Pegriff was already managing the ex-Damned contingent of The Edge, he was, according to Briley, "always in there, hustling, until on the morning of the Virgin contract signing the band and Briley met up in a pub and Hugh, who'd made the classic error of not signing a contract with them from the outset, was informed that Gatwood had been chosen as the new manager."

Briley looks back on the whole fat-down with surprisingly little animosity. The band speedily re-imbursed him for every penny he'd ever invested in L.O. and he sees it all in retrospect "as a good thing, all in all. No money was lost and I've made a lot of good new contacts."

BROADBERRY goes out of his way to impress upon this writer just how committed Gatwood is, with his songs and the band itself.

"He came to every gig. He was incredibly enthusiastic, which is obviously important for a manager."

But where Broadberry's self-assertiveness is almost charmingly naïve, Gatwood's boastful contentions regarding Local Operator can verge on the obnoxious. On our first meeting, he enquired whether the band would get an NME cover out of this story, which instantly made me well wary of him. Gatwood makes no bones about the fact that "My hero is Jake

Left: Jo Broadberry. Below: Local Operator. Pix: Tom Sheehan.



Riviera", but he appears to see only one dimension of Riviera's managerial expertise: the obnoxious loudmouth who always gets his way.

Yet Broadberry always has a defence for Gatwood's mouth-offs. "You got to understand his sense of humour takes a bit of getting used to," is Jo's statement here.

Meanwhile upstairs the band are putting the final touches to their now-current single 'Law and Order'. As Broadberry sings — his voice on pitch and dealing with the song's tricky dynamic — each take is followed by howls of encouragement from most of those present. Broadberry's vocals are good, yes, but this tooth-grating sycophancy is truly hideous to behold and I start to have serious doubts about the insularity of the band and their friends, and their apparent intoxication with the whole record advance wheeler dealer situation.

Simon Draper, Virgin's A&R kingpin, is cautious as ever on the subject of Local Operator. He is however very concerned about "all this talk about Virgin's Mickey Mouse deals. It's just not so. Also, we're always pinpointed as the company who sign virtually any and every new band, which is just not true. Our rate of new signing is statistically no higher than any other active label. They just do it more quietly perhaps."

But as for Local Operator, well, Draper will admit that "perhaps their manager led them to think that things would happen much quicker than they are... But they're a potentially very strong group. Jo is very strong, he's obviously got a lot of talent and stage presence, while the band backs him up perfectly. I think."

My last encounter with Broadberry and Gatwood is a characteristic study in contradictions. Gatwood talks excitedly about maybe "going to the States. Just leave this country and break the big market."

Broadberry meanwhile claims to have been "sickened by that scene in the studio when you were there. It was just so over the top, it was pointless," and "depressed by the final mix of the single 'Law and Order'. It just hasn't got the sound we should be getting. I don't even want it out."

Neither, apparently, did Draper and Branson, who deliberated awhile until finally going ahead. A picture sleeve was granted the product, but it wasn't so much released as it just escaped. Meanwhile I'm wondering just what is going on here. A firm strategy is needed, a strong-willed discerning record producer equally so, and I wonder just how long Local Operator will remain just that. A small, sweet noise straining to be a shriek.

NICK KENT

STARJETS

NEW SINGLE

School days



Taken from their recent album 'Starjets'

Reasons to be Cheerful [part 4]

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SINGLES

● THE SINGLE JOY DIVISION:

Transmission (Factory). Dance, dance, dance to the radio! A bass guitar slowly stirs and quivers. A relentless, dipping riff gathers momentum and sweeps its way into a spiralling electric guitar as a distant drummer pumps out strict Can doublebeats... with impeccable timing. Joy Division are into their long-awaited third single just in time for the finish of their mammoth trek around the country with Buzzcocks.

But why let the small matter of a slightly miscued release date spoil the party? This is an awesome disc, easily the most powerful dance-floor record of the week. It scales the heights that fellow Mancunians Magazine merely hinted at in 'Shot By Both Sides', Howie's one and only post-Buzzcocks moment of glory, and comes parachuting down the other side.

Ian Curtis doesn't sing so much as provide regular Iggy-style grunted vocal interjections while the simmering production — again the work of Martin 'Zero' Hannet — is crisp enough to push 'Transmission' into the chart — with the right breaks, this could easily be a hit! It certainly cannot be dismissed as just another good single by a provincial band on a nice little independent. Joy Division, not to mention Factory, are contenders.

THE PASSIONS: Hunted (Fiction). What some doctors would term 'a grower'. On first hearing, The Passions seemed to be mimicking their influences — in this case dub reggae — a little too slavishly for comfort, the entire song being constructed around a simple bass / drum rhythm. The shackles of doubt, however, are dispelled after a few more plays. The sparse sound and Barbara Gogan's fragile, eerie vocals give it a feel totally its own with a dash of evil added by an ominous echo. The mounting claustrophobia carries on over into the lyrics: "Survival is hard in the city / Find me a place where no people go / Feel like I'm a hunted woman in the city / Feel like someone's trying to get me." Nice town, eh?

VIVIAN WEATHERS: Just A Game (Island 12). Linton Kwesi Johnson's bass player and a talented multi-instrumentalist and songwriter in his own right, Vivian Weathers is one of the up-and-coming British reggae individuals well worth keeping tabs on. This, his first single for Island, probably gives a far better indication of what he is capable of than the disappointing album he cut for Virgin last year. A love song, rendered as a lilting ballad with a sharp rock steady readjustment, it shows him in fine voice. The credits read like a Who's Who of some of the classiest names on the home reggae front with Dennis Bovell at the mixing



ESCAPIST!



REGAL!



OFF THE WALL!



BLONDIE!



DEMENTED!



AWESOME!



ANTI-WAR!



RIGHT ON!

desk, LKJ getting a co-production credit. Janet Kay providing backing vocals and a couple of members of Malumbi helping out on drums and keyboards.

THE POP GROUP: We Are An Prostitutes (Rough Trade). Uneasy listening single of the week and The Pop Group's finest record yet with, strangely enough, Blackbeard at the controls again. Whereas The Pop Group's Radar album

was far too private and indulgent an affair for my liking, this single mixes just about the right amount of self-indulgence with pure outrage and common sense realism.

Musically, it is a demented slice of ramshackle primal funk driven along by a crazed guitarist midway between Steve Cropper and a circular saw colliding with a corrugated iron wall — The MGs were never like this! Lyrically, they seem to be moving into Gang Of Four territory. "Capitalism is the most barbaric of all religions / Department stores are our new cathedrals / Our cars are martyrs to the cause / We are

all prostitutes." The Pop Group mean it *maaan*.

BLONDIE: Union City Blue (Chrysalis). Of course, if The Pop Group's vision of the real world gets a bit too heavy, there's always the soft-focus escapism of Debbie And The Blondies to soothe the soul. Blondie make good singles, sometimes even great singles. This particular effort, lifted, naturally enough, from the 'Eat To The Beat' elpee, belongs firmly in the former category. A scant song dressed up in a lavish Spectorish mix by that old cynic Mike Chapman, it is based on the film in which Debbie Harry plays one of the

leading roles. As far as the recent Blondie album goes, the only thing open to question seems to be whether or not Chrysalis are going to top the four Top Ten singles they milked from 'Parallel Lines'.

THE PHOTOS: I'm So Attractive (CBS). If imitation is a sure sign of flattery, The Photos are to Blondie what The Jags were to Elvis Costello. Their ironic little

All human life is there (left to right, top to bottom): Debbie Harry of Blondie; Rico, Michael Jackson; Wendy Wu of Bl— sorry, The Photos; Mark Stewart of The Pop Group; Ian Curtis of Joy Division; Richard Jobson of The Skids; Ian Hunter of Bristol City. Pix: Gus Stewart, Jean Bernard Schiez, Simon Fowler, A.N. Photo, Len Hooper, Kevin Cummins, Skids, Stevenson.

song couldn't have been any more contrived to sound like a certain Ms Harry of the parish had CBS plotted the vocal track with a slide rule on one of their sales graphs.

A friend once conned me into going to see this group with promises of Undertone — like pop treasures. The last thing I expected was a washed out '77 punk band — Salan's Rats to be precise — jumping belatedly on the Blondie bandwagon. But that's what I got. The saddest thing is that they don't even clone well. Singer Wendy Wu's voice is far too harsh for the soft pop they seem to be striving for, while the three ex-Rats backing her possess nary an ounce of deftness or originality in their playing.

And was not the Third Law Of Punk something like Thou Shalt Not Contrive To Sing In An American accent?

THE SKIDS: Working For The Yankee Dollar (Virgin). Aha! The poor maligned Skids. Why is it that Dunfermline's favourite sons get such a rough ride from the music press?

I reckon it could be that their faults are so glaringly obvious that few people have tried to see beyond them. Richard Jobson has penned his fare share of pretentious lyrics and the band's records are usually over-produced, this one being no exception. But too many critics seem to let these flaws cloud over The Skids' attributes, the greatest of which is their ability to concoct a stream of excellent singles.

'Working For The Yankee Dollar' is the latest in the chain that began two years ago with 'Charles'. It is a rousing anti-war tirade with all the customary Skid trademarks from the terraced chants to Stuart Adamson's highly individual approach to his guitar. Packaged as one of those value-for-money double singles, 'Dollar' is coupled with a no-messing oodawful version of Mott's 'All The Young Dudes' that is salvaged only by the adapted line "Who needs TV when we got Subway Sect!" David Bowie and Ian Hunter would turn in their graves.

MICHAEL JACKSON: Oh The Wall (Epic). Simply not in the same class as the magnificent 'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough', this finds young Mike slipping into a somewhat more laidback groove while he whitters something about leaving the nine to live up on the shelf, with the Christmas market obviously in mind. Still, The Jacksons' rejuvenation remains one of the more welcome success stories of the past 12 months. Nah true?

■ Continues over



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New York Blondes is a group 'Little G.T.O.'

TWO NEW RELEASES FROM STORTBEAT RECORDS. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS THE SPELLING MISSTEAKS' POPSTAR' EP (BEAT7), AND THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS THE LICKS' 1970's' EP (BEAT8), THE RRP OF EACH IS 95p, WHICH IS PRETTY GOOD CONSIDERING THE CURRENT ECONOMIC CLIMATE.

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THE MISDEMEANORS

Misdemeanor.
1. Evil behaviour, misconduct; a misdeed.
n. / Law. One of a class of indictable offences deemed less heinous than felonies. 1982

THE DAMNED

New Single
I Just Can't Be Happy Today
Ballroom Blitz
Turkey Song
Chiswick
GMS 120

Blitz on Ballroom Blitz by Lemmy

SINGLES

■ From previous page

RICO: Children Of Sanchez (Island 12"). The same goes for this geezer, one of the acknowledged greats of Jamaican music finally getting some of the recognition he deserves from the pop/rock audience thanks to his involvement with The Members and The Specials.

Live, Rico and his band sometimes sound terribly cluttered due to the profusion of various players on stage at the same time — twelve-piece reggae bands can sometimes become unwieldy. But that does not apply to this regal, brassy 12-incher, largely just the man himself with his trombone, though sidekick trumpeter Dick Cuthell seems to be lurking somewhere in the background, piping up impressively from time to time. The cut, however, does wear on the long side. Judicious editing would make for a prime 45.

FRANK WILSON: Do I Love You (Indeed I Do) (Tamil Motown). Back in the early and mid '70s groups of strange men in V-neck jumpers and four-button high-waisted baggy trousers (Dutch pocket and pleats optional) could be seen shedding a bit of joy into what were basically grim, dark days by performing razor-sharp acts of athleticism and gymnastics to records like this. You remember backflips and the footsie don'tcha?

This, allegedly, is a record the North of England has been waiting two years for. Originally set for release by the Detroit label in 1965 but inexplicably withdrawn at the last minute, this slice of northern soul stomping magic is now properly available — only a handful of copies escaped last time. It's re-release won't be good news to the collector who supposedly paid £500 for a copy recently, but for the rest of us it is a treat. It's a sad reflection on the current state of business that the two best Motown records I've come across in recent months are this and Barbara Randolph's re-released 'I Got A Feeling'; both are over 12 years old.

Play them next to the latest Secret Affair single and cry.

IAN HUNTER: Cleveland Rocks (Chrysalis). "All the little chicks with the crimson lips go Cleveland rocks! / Living in sin with a safety pin gain' Cleveland rocks! / Yeah, Ian, right on, er, man. Just try telling that one to David Thomas next time you visit Ohio."

THE CURE: Jumping Someone Else's Train (Fiction). **CULT HERO:** I'm A Cult Hero (Fiction). Two new Cure singles on the same label in one week, showing just how much the band have come on in the past year. I mean, it's a long way from the Laker's Hotel, Redhill, to Hammersmith Odeon with the Banshees.

The sardonic attack on fads, 'Jumping Someone Else's Train', lacks the compassion that distinguished 'Boys Don't Cry' and there are hints that the formula is wearing a little thin, but it's the best of their new songs. 'Cult Hero' is a bit of discofied studio nonsense concocted by the group and a drinking buddy that should never have seen the light of day.

However, I await the impending addition of an organist with interest — it should give them the fuller sound they need. And surely sooner or later, whether it be with The Cure, Passions or Purple Hearts, Fiction are going to have a hit.

LOW NUMBERS: Keeping In Touch (Warner Bros). Well-known Hershaw

celebrity square Jimmy Pursey's latest attempt at playing record producer and one of the best new mod singles to date. Unlike the perka-clad pack, The Low Numbers are aware of the virtues of trying to transcend the obvious Jam / Small Faces / Who starting block and have come up with an excellent single, taking a wry poke at the fashion whirl in the process. Check it out pronto, Tonto.

THE TEENBEATS: Strength Of The Nation (Safari). Not so Brighton's Teenbeats who, with the mod vinyl deluge now in full flow, follow up their carbon cover of 'I Can't Control Myself' with the latest slavish mod call-to-arms. The Teenbeats are still worth catching live, but as far as empty anthems are concerned, you can count me out from now on.

SPELLING MISSTEAKS: Popstar EP (Stortbeat). The Spelling Missteaks are witty and enthusiastic enough but the messy production does them a grave disservice. Nonetheless, the extremely active Stortbeat label is far and away the best thing to come out of the godforsaken rat-hole of Harlow new town, with the obvious exception of Glenn Hoddle, since they built the place.

TRAX: Home EP (Lonely). **FUN FOUR:** Singing In The Showers (NMC). The pervasive influence of The Skids' raucous out-and-thrust finds voice in these two bands of melancholy soldiers from north of the border, and not for the first time, either. It's the guitar sound that has it — a wild hybrid of Buzzcocks and the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, if you get my drift. Two fine singles from Glasgow (Fun Four) and Dunfermline (Trax) respectively.

ALTON ELLIS: La-La Means I Love You (DEB). As sweet-voiced sentimental reggae balladeers go, they don't come much sweeter and sentimental — or, for that matter, much older — than Alton Ellis. Here, he updates his cover of the old Deonica hit. If you're in the mood for this sort of stuff, I can suggest nothing better than Alton, though the new version, replete with syndrum saturation and disco / reggae backing track, has nothing on the man's original Treasure Island rock-steady cut of the same song.

TRUE CONFESSIONS: Give Him A Great Big Kiss (Bomb Import). Putrid Canuck re-hash of trashy '60s pop classic, done midway between Snatch and The Flying Lizards, and only part-saved by the great question-and-answer line "I hear he's pretty bad... Uh, well, he's GOOD-bad, but he ain't evil!"

POINTER SISTERS: Ah Your Love (Planet). Phew! Talk about reinforcing sexual stereotypes! "Come on Daddy / Love me Big Daddy / Show me what I need to know / Let your little love light go!" croon the sisters Pointer over a heavy boogie riff so leaden that even The Atlanta Rhythm Section would have written it off as a bad job. The Pointers should have stuck to rehashing the '20s (or was it the '30s?). At least they did that with a bit of style.

SONIA JONES: Brian (Warner Bros). Records of the book of the film never live up to expectations and the Python team are no exception. No doubt this lament will go down a treat with the bearded, bedeviled slightly whacky university types who see fit to murmur things like "Lemon Curry?" into their real ale. The rest of us lesser mortals will have to be satisfied with the film.

Arturo the man with the lead guitar in Pinpoint. The amp is a Vox AC30 Combo. One of them plays through the other and there's no prizes for guessing which

Anyway our story starts at the Nashville in October. We decided that as Arturo needed an amp and we had one spare maybe it'd be an idea if the two of them got together. So we pitched up at the Nashville with an AC30 and a couple of Escort rehearsal amps.

Pinpoint were a little bit magic and Arturo said I like the amp and we said keep it and give us some nice things to say about it in an ad and he thought for a bit and then said OK because it's not so bad really which was roughly when we switched on the tape recorder which we left running.



Arturo's amp. A love story.

...the first guitar I ever owned was a Vox Clubman... cost me seven pounds and it had a socket like a television aerial. It was ridiculous really... my brother played in groups years ago... taught me three chords and it just went from there...

What other gear... did I have? All sorts.

A real mish mash... for a long time though I've had my eye on an AC30... preferably an old one although when I've played the new ones there really isn't that much difference...

well they haven't changed it in fifteen years...

No it's the same circuitry...

all that's missing is a few kick marks... no well it'll get like that after a few gigs now I'm using it...

was that the first time you'd set up with it...?

yeah... yeah it was... I was really pleased with the sound... really punchy... I use a Gretsch Roc Jet which is really an old guitar as well and it sounds really good... I think too many people are using the same guitar and amp setup and the sound is too similar in a lot of groups... the thing about an AC30 as well is that it's small... you don't get as much spread so the vocal mike and the drum mike don't pick up as much... the overall sound's not as mushy as it used to be...

how do you find working in the studio?...

depends on the producer... you can hear every single beat... every single note... the first time you're in a studio is the first time you really hear yourself... there's no way though you can sound as raw in a studio as you do live... no way...*

what's the most frustrating thing about playing

live... touring?... getting to a gig at five and not going on stage 'til midnight... and having to kill time in a town you don't know with no money... most of mine goes on the motorway services... eating sometimes and playing Space Invaders...

when you were doing the tour with the

Members did you have any hassles?... None at all... we had a really great time... I think that the people who you do get like that... they think you don't deserve a soundcheck or whatever... have something seriously wrong with them... it's silly... everyone's a support band sometime...

Dear Vox, Arturo seems to know something I don't. Send me a few more details please. Vox Limited, 32-34 Gordon House Road, London NW5 1NE. Tel: 01-485 4553.

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*Hear the results of Pinpoint's studio experiences on their single 'In Richmond' on Albion.





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AND
**HYMNS FROM
A HAUNTED BALLROOM**
VS306 VIRGIN RECORDS

FROM THE ALBUM
Skids:
Days in Europe

Life is just a series of misunderstandings

IF YOU got a 'message', sneered Telegram Sam Goldwyn, then use Western Union. Stuff the others and all their high-falutin' notions; Sam's films were gonna be Entertainment, strictly and nothing but.

If you want to keep the plebs in their place, said someone else, then treat them like you'd grown mushrooms — kept in the dark and fed on bullshit.

And thirdly: "We could just sing about the personal things, like love and relationships and stuff, but in the end, y'know, everything that's personal is tied up with everything that's around it, the whole society and that. I know it's two levels, but it wouldn't be honest for us to try and separate them." It was Nev from Punilux who said that.

Of course, some people would tell you that Nev and his fellows do talk a lot of cobbler's anyway (you know, more songs about robots and police-states, this-ism, that-ism, ho-hum and yawn). Whereas others don't even know what they're on about at all. Against such sheer wrong-headedness must your average non-blond experimental uneasy-listening and socially-aware working band labour almost daily.

Being misunderstood is only one of the punishments of being the Punishment Of Luxury. This article could well be another.

Punilux are four distinct individuals — and will soon be five, after the return of co-founder Mal to give them extra guitar strength — called Brian Bond (keyboards, voice and visuals), Nevilluxury (guitar), Jimi Giro (bass) and the most recent recruitment, Steve Sakrit (drums). They're Geordie in origin, theatrical by background and committed in outlook. They also made one of the best albums of this year, called 'Laughing Academy', and they've just been on tour to promote it. We caught them at it in Shrewsbury, but their troubles didn't end there.

Like Las Vegas, Shrewsbury is a bad place to run out of luck. But it's here we find them, straight after an acrimonious split from their management, almost out of money and about to find out that their Polymoog, crucial to the group's sound, will pack in halfway through the soundcheck. As they can't tamper with the thing for fear of voiding its guarantee, and because Polymoog hires are thin on the ground in Shrewsbury after six o'clock, the set's best songs will have to be dropped.

All in all, it was to be that kind of a night. You don't go to the Cascade club, Shrewsbury, because it happens to be Punilux on this Wednesday. You go because it's the place you always go, the only place, where you can hang out and dance to the DJ and all the rest of that teenage stuff. Two-tone ska and mod seem much favoured by the current clientele. Of all the matters in hand at those shadowed tables, in



Brian and Jimi do what all rockstars do in hotel rooms. Don't they? Pic: Chris Horler.

No one's gonna pull the wool over these boys' eyes

the darkness which surrounds the blue-white glare of the dance-floor, the political nightmares and satires and psycho-dramas of Punishment Of Luxury don't figure all that highly.

True, the band's noise acquitted itself honourably enough, with its

urgency and imagination and skillfully-contrived sense of panic, drawing the curious closer. But still you were left wondering if anyone saw much more in them than good rock'n'roll and strange costumes. Punilux are open propagandists, which isn't a dirty or deceitful thing

to be, and yet nobody throws bottles at them; somehow this suggests that they're not really getting their points across.

WHEN Punishment Of Luxury (the name is taken from a strange and enigmatic old

Punishment of Noyer by Paul du Punilux

painting in Liverpool's Walker Art Gallery; its stern and moralistic overtones aren't entirely accidental) first came together, all long-standing musicians of similar mind and shared involvement with local theatre, they saw it was the spirit of punk that currently stalked the land.

"Where we started," as Bond recalls, "at a pub called the Bluebell in Gateshead, everything was very polarised. You either had to be punk or you had to be completely different. It seemed like there was no point in between."

So Punilux set out to create one, in its way even more extreme. Nevilluxury continues:

"It would have been easier for us all to wear black, to do the punk thing, 'cos everyone used to shout all the time for punk, y'know, and the temptation was just to go bang-bang-bang, and they would have loved it. But we wanted to try and get a bit more rawness, a bit more wildness into it — like, to 'do their heads in', if you see what I mean, to the best of our abilities so that they are cleansed in a way, even prepared to kick my teeth in — to evoke some sort of change, to force it if possible, even if it forces back at me. I'm a magnet for it."

Now even with his impenetrable north-east accent (so impenetrable that all quotations in this piece are approximate), Nev reminds you of nothing so much as a mild-mannered school teacher, albeit one given to bouts of intensity and radical earnestness. His matter-of-fact attitude to the very edges of extremity seems all the more unsettling.

Brian Bond's no great believer in cosiness, either; he fixes you with a discomforting stare and speaks in the kind of clinically clipped tones which always seem to hint at some suppressed derangement: "The people from the record companies have a very interesting term for anything which isn't safe and normal — they like to say that it's 'left-field'." He mimes a small shudder of revulsion. "I think that's a very revealing phrase in terms of the way they see things. It's out to the left and best avoided."

"It seems there's this enormous blinding process at work everywhere, just as in music you're under pressure to tone things down, to make them acceptable. It's like, the more softly they can train Margaret Thatcher to speak, the easier it will be to push through these cuts, all the repression. People will accept that more easily."

The Punilux stratagem of artistic extremism may yet prove ineffectual — and critical reactions have tended to extreme themselves where Punilux are concerned — but their work's too intelligent to fall into the trap of crassness.

AND THEN they climb into a minibus, drive across the miles to a glitzy disco club in Chesterfield where they will go through it all again.

"Those fuckin' smoothie disco
■ Continues over

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MORE PUNISHMENT

■ From previous page

kids," thinks Jimi Giro with bitterness. "who just go round thinking they're so hard, they'll always pick on somebody different, like gays." Giro is very much the earthy element in Punilux, less inclined to theory than to specifics, though no less passionate.

"As soon as I look at them I know what they're feeling. They just radiate hate; I can't stand them... I got my face kicked in one night for lookin' at this lass what I know and I said 'Hi' and her lad comes over — a big fuckin' six-foot beast — and BAAM! They don't know their own minds.

"It's gonna be the same with the mods: 'Mods and rockers'. Hate just comes in and they'll beat each other up and someone'll die, just for a silly trend what goes to their fuckin' heads."

Divide and rule, distract and pacify... these are the themes that preoccupy a lot of Punilux work, songs like 'Pouf', 'All White Jack', 'British Baboon' and 'Babalon'. And even though they're quick to say that music is more than a mere vehicle for them, that it's the central concern they all share, messages are very important to them; hence their extensive use in the past of theatricality. This hasn't always been successful. 'Pouf', for example, often went wrong as Nev explains: "It's a good song, but with a lousy PA — and we always had a lousy PA — people cannot hear the fuckin' words, and they think it's putting down gays. We had a lot of really reactionary people coming to gigs and calling for it, and that wasn't what we wanted. So we dropped it."

Brian: "People would come down and say 'Aa, let's hear 'Pouf' and just chant along, singalongapouf. They completely misunderstood." And at one university gig "as a larger introduction than usual I said 'If there's one thing I hate more than dagoes, blacks and jews...' and the President of the Union came storming up after and said, 'D'you realise that three black people walked out?'"

Or then there's 'Obsession'. On

record it's a chilling and perfectly executed drama, re-enacting the disordered frenzies inside the mind of a psychopath. But on stage: "That used to be more theatrical in the early days in that each time we did it there had to be a victim. We'd either use a dummy or else we'd take a girl from the audience. They reacted very strangely..."

I do believe he doesn't quite see why.

"It was me attacking this dummy or girl, covering her in a cloth, and then a vigilante would come up behind me, to a chant of 'castrate rapist' and, er, we used to have this sausage, with tomato ketchup on it, we used to hold it up..."

"Was this sausage cooked?" asks photographer Chris Horler. It was uncooked, for added realism.

"But then everyone came to see us just for the rape scene in 'Obsession', so we got that problem. People were asking for it with a horrible look in their eyes.

"It was too comic, you see."

You don't say, Brian?

"Throwing this sausage out into the audience, and the audience throwing the sausage back again — any possible seriousness we wanted to get across in the song was destroyed instantly. Five minutes of build-up, just blasted through."

Visuals remain important to Punilux but, wisely perhaps, future emphasis will switch to letting the songs speak for themselves.

AT CHESTERFIELD Fusion club the band receive their ultimate accolade — when one youth turns up and dances through the set in his very own home-knitted Punilux hood. Earlier, as I'd worried about this excellent group not really getting through to an audience, this wasn't quite the kind of success I'd had in mind. But I suppose it's preferable to the only other brand of success they've encountered in the past, namely of enraging spectators to the point of violent hostility.

I thought Jimi Giro explained it best. "Really, we're just dreaming. It's just like a dream. I go to bed and I canna' dream 'cos I've dreamed it all during the day!"

MORE...MORE MORE...MORE E...MOF

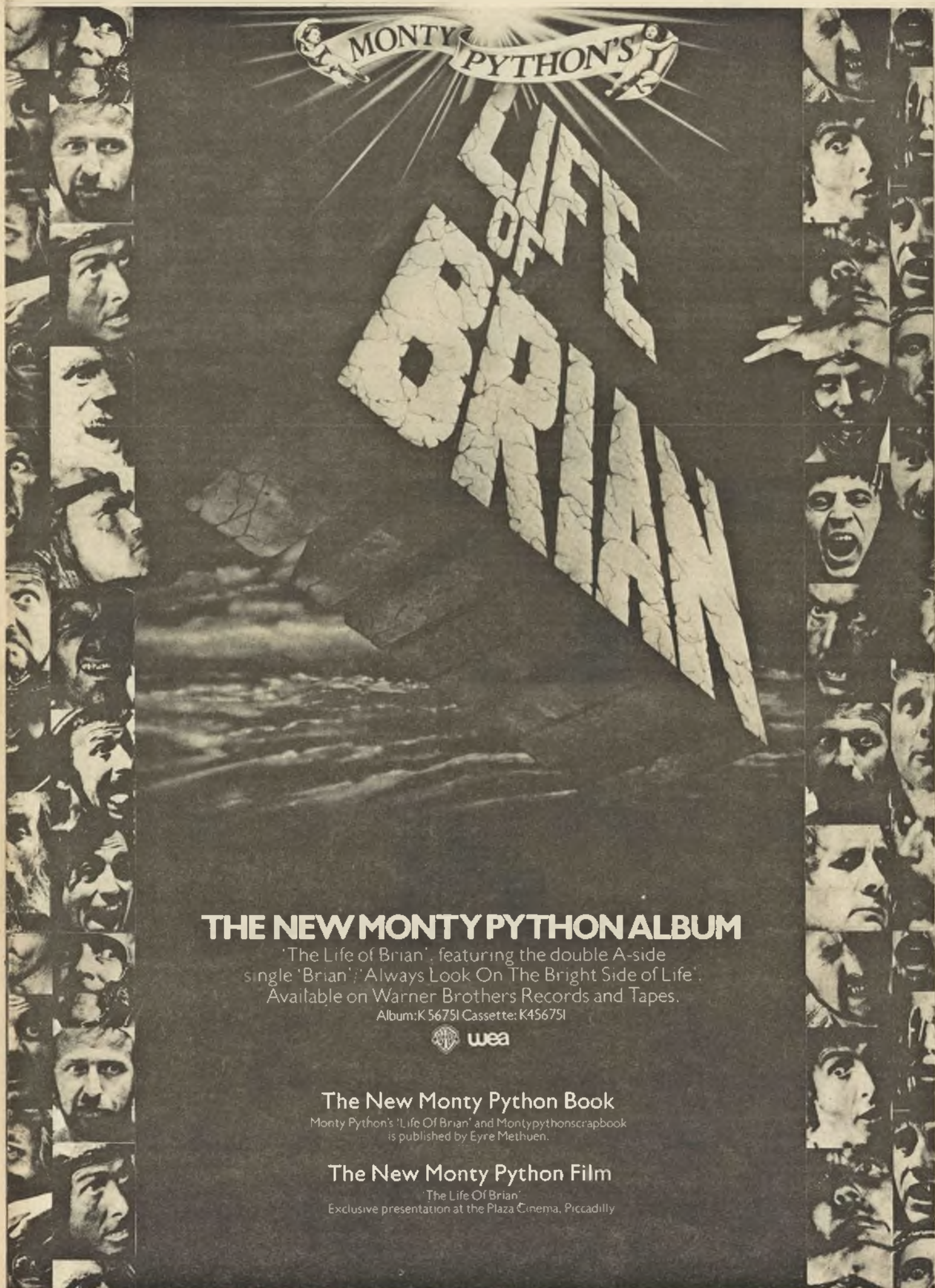


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Silver Screen

The loneliness of the all-nite writer

NEVILLE SMITH, in a voice which does nothing to belie his Liverpool-Irish origins, is telling me what's wrong with British television. Particularly a Sunday night series called *Shoestring*. That really gets up his nose.

Eight years ago, Smith wrote *Gumshoe*, an Albert Finney detective homage that knew what it was on about. It even had those original green-covered Penguin crime thrillers in it. It's generally considered to be one of the very best British films of the '70s.

And now along comes *Shoestring*, with a hero called Eddie (just like Finney) who's undergone psychiatric treatment (just like Eddie).

"I'm tired of being associated with it," he says, angrily pointing at nothing in particular. "Show me a character called Shoestring in the telephone directory and I'll believe there's someone called Shoestring. I'm sorry, I don't believe it. There are some ideas that sound good at three o'clock in the morning when you're drunk that shouldn't reach paper, never mind film, and *Shoestring* is one of them."

Have you seen it, Neville? "No, I'm down the boozier. I'm not sitting still for someone called Shoestring, whatever the quality."

Sometimes he sounds dead dogmatic, does Neville, but that's just his biting Scouse delivery. Really, this 39-year-old actor-writer is pragmatic as hell.

"What's sad about British television is that the best things on it are American — *M.A.S.H.*, *Rhodes*, *The Rockford Files*. Thank God ITV is back, we've got *Lou Grant* again. W Stephen Gilbert said

that the three greatest lies are 'The cheque's in the post, I won't come in your mouth, and British television is the best in the world.' When American television is good — like *Rockford* and *Lou Grant* — we don't approach that standard. We make better crap than they make, but they make better good stuff."

Exempt from Smith's general criticism-comparison are what he calls the 'one-offs' like *Play For Today*, "which we do very well."

Well, he certainly does. Most recently he wrote and acted in *Long Distance Information*, a funny-sad little film (the 'title' is not derogatory) about an Elvis freak who runs a radio phone-in show on the King: "I waited around for a decent tribute and none came. I thought someone ought to do one."

Like *Gumshoe*, it was directed by Stephen Frears, who also worked on Smith's *Match Of The Day*. Ken Loach directed two other Smith TV films, *The Golden Vision* and *Once In A Lifetime*.

Invariably, his work is distinguished by its 'realness', an ability to make fascinating something basically mundane and to be simultaneously amusing and affecting. Alan Bennett has that, too, in a different, more directly humorous way. It's a rare gift, and one which is criminally under-used by our so-called film industry.

How come, for instance, the writer and the director of *Gumshoe* have yet to make another feature film (as distinct from their TV work)?

"I don't know," he says. But he does really. "It's not that I didn't get offered work. I wrote them, but they never got made. After *Gumshoe* I wrote a western that never got made. Robert Benton (*Bonnie And Clyde*, *The Late Show*)



Neville Smith, actor, writer and all-round good guy.

Pic: Tom Sheehan

told me that out of 15 films he and David Newman wrote, five got made. And they're terrific writers — a third got made."

"You either get offered re-writes or things that no sane person would dream of accepting. Not because you're snotty about what you do, but because you know it isn't you. I was offered to write for Linda Lovelace. As long as I portrayed her talent, I could write what I liked. I mean... It's a joke. The last thing I got

offered was a Joan Collins movie. To write it. Well..."

He chokes back a half-laugh, shrugs and mouths the word 'silence'. He says he's now so underwhelmed by offers he's going to Denmark for a while to teach film: "I don't want to teach film, I want to make film. But I've got to keep the family going."

He chooses the words 'make film' deliberately because although primarily a screenwriter, Smith is well aware of the collaborative

"You write a part and it reminds you of you — so you might as well play it yourself."
— NEVILLE SMITH

nature of film-making and he's incensed by what he considers to be the undue importance placed on the director's part in the process. An intermittent believer in the auteur theory (Director = God), I accept the bait. Taking a flick at random, what about John Ford's *The Searchers*, I say. That's a John Ford film, isn't it?

"It's a Frank S. Nugent film," he says, emphatically. "No, really it's a Ford-Nugent film. *Gumshoe* is a Smith-Frears-Finney film."

The books will credit Frears. "No, I'm right, you're wrong. It's not history, it's stupid critics. *Long Distance* is a Smith-Frears-Richard Eyre-Nat Crosby film. It's all about collaboration. It's not about auteurs, that's absolutely —"

What about Hitchcock, then? Who wrote his bloody films?

"Ernest Lehman —"

But who remembers him?

"The fact that you can't remember who wrote Hitchcock's films is not the screenwriter's fault, it's the film books'."

"Until you show me a director who also writes, produces, edits and scores his film and then does the publicity for it, then there's no such thing as an auteur."

Publicity aside, Chaplin did all that.

"Ah, but the important thing is in the writing, isn't it? Chaplin wrote it. The people who invented the auteur

theory were the French and because they couldn't understand the dialogue, only the pictures, they credited the director. Very interesting this, because they think a screenwriter only writes dialogue. The best screenwriters write pictures, too."

"It makes me so angry because film is the one medium where a collaboration takes place. But because journalists, like everyone else, need heroes, someone has to be singled out and that's the director. There's an old gag about the guy driving in Bel Air and he says 'Oh, there's Otto

Preminger's house... or is it a house by Otto Preminger?' You know, these guys not only claim authorship, they claim ownership, which is worse. It's pathetic."

"You can fuck up a good script but you can't make a good film out of a bad script. Have you ever noticed that if a director, a darling of the auteurs, makes a bad film, the critics say 'What a pity he had such poor material'. They never say 'What a pity the writer had such a shit for a director'."

"A lot of writers in Hollywood have become producers, like Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *The Last Detail*), to protect their material. The director always works in company, the writer alone. And that's why I feel sorry for writers when they're least credited."

Neville Smith, though, is in a unique position to protect his work because not only is he an actor — a good one, too, as anyone who saw Alan Bennett's *Me! I'm Afraid Of Virginia Woolf* will know — but he works only with people he respects, like Frears and Loach.

He started TV acting as the perennial tearaway in plastic jacket in things like *Coronation Street*, *Emergency Ward 10* and *Z Cars*. He thought he could write stuff at least as good, so he put pen to paper: "And you write a part and it reminds you of you, so you might as well play it yourself."

And all he wants is a bit of respect for the hard graft that goes into writing.

"It's the job everyone can do, right? Everybody thinks they can be a writer. 'Hey, this is a great line for you'. It's like people go up to comedians and say 'There's these two dykes in a kazi sucking off a monkey...'. And they tell him the most outrageously filthy joke and say 'Just clean it up a bit and you can use it'. I mean..."

He laughs and then furrows that beat-up brow. "I'd love to meet directors who are told 'Here's a lovely shot you can use'. I really would."

Monty Smith

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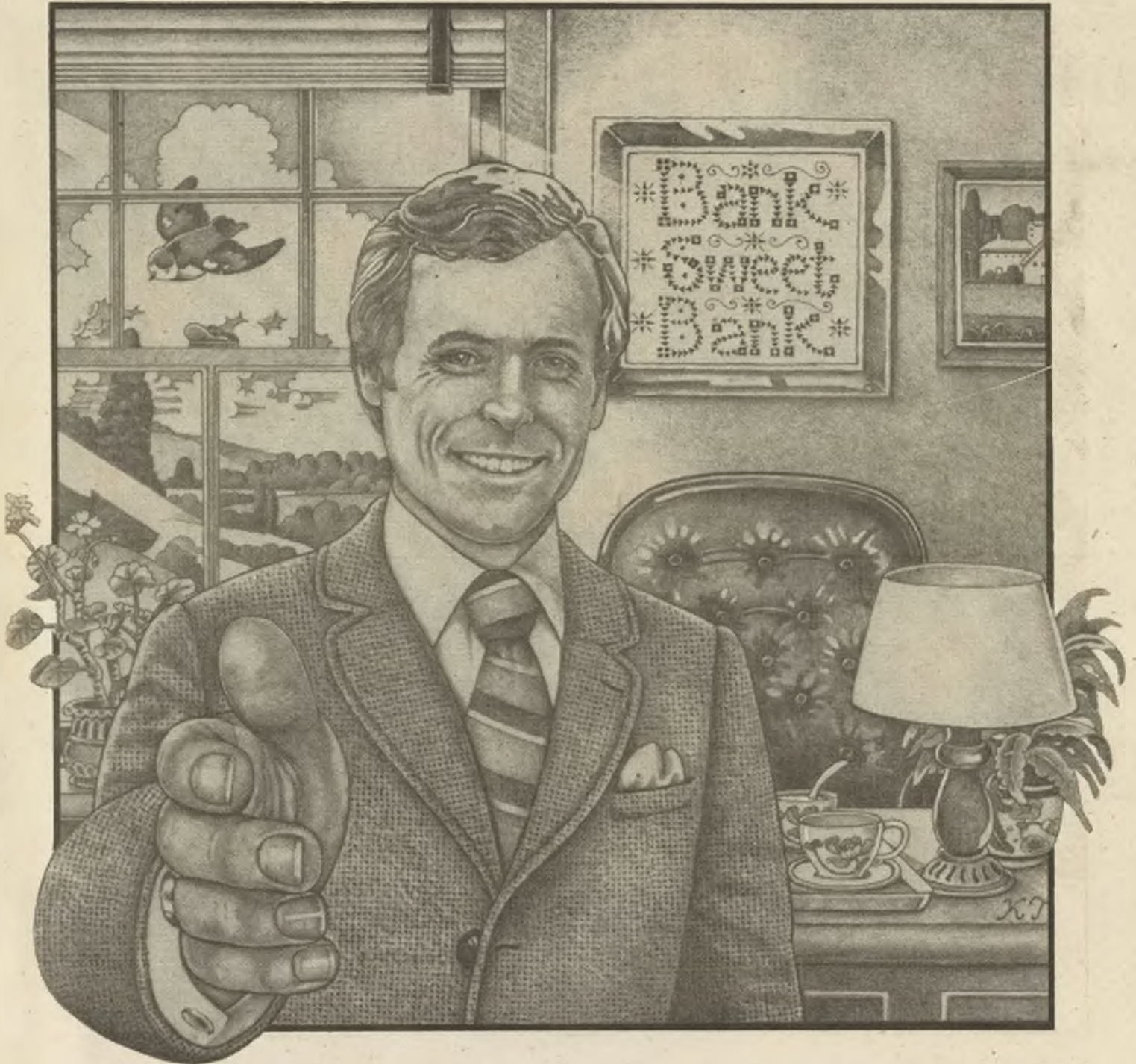
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Checking out the
West Coast's Avant
Garde

By Michael
Goldberg

The Residents (above) MX-80, Chrome and Tuxedomoon.

SAN FRANCISCO — The true avant-garde is never accepted, barely tolerated. The public has no use for ideas which challenge society's preconceptions.

Certainly the outright hatred which was heaped on The New York Dolls and, later, The Ramones and Sex Pistols — all groups who spat on the status quo of their times — attests to the difficulty of pushing a radical concept on the public. And those groups were merely returning to the basic, raw values which great rock and roll has always maintained.

So imagine the difficulty of developing and maintaining a style of music which has little, if any, solid tradition to fall back on. In San Francisco, a city where the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Starship and Steve Miller can sell out the largest of stadiums, an avant-garde underground has been hanging on, etching out the meagerest of niches so that it can continue a dogged pursuit of rock experimentation.

Carrying the torch for "outré" music is San Francisco's Residents and their parent companies, Ralph Records and the nebulous Cryptic Corporation. For nine long years, the Residents have relentlessly persisted, bowing to no one as they explore a sonic universe of their own devising.

In the wake of The Residents' relative success — though the group is still practically unknown in their hometown, they have been received by a rather large cult spread out across the U.S. and Europe — other equally unique and esoteric groups have been attracted to San Francisco.

Realising that there is strength in numbers, Ralph Records gathered together three of the most uncompromising bands in San Francisco (and possibly on the West Coast): Chrome (with roots in L.A.), MX-80 Sound (who migrated from Bloomington, Indiana, last year), and Tuxedomoon (whose core members came from Denver, Colorado and Chicago, Illinois), and convinced them to join The Residents (originally from Shreveport, Louisiana) in a joint project. The project is a compilation album, 'Subterranean Modern' (Ralph).

SAN FRANCISCO breeds a different kind of group. Bands that follow their own instincts, not what's popular in England or New York or L.A., "explains Jay Clem, a member of the Cryptic Corp. Clem and fellow Cryptic, Hardy Fox, are sitting in The Residents' newly expanded 16 track studio. The Residents, themselves, are not in evidence.

The Residents, of course, have a near mythic reputation for weirdness. But Clem and Fox look as normal and average as any two

guys you might run across on an American university campus.

Clem, a man in his mid-twenties, wears his longish brown hair cut in squared bangs. He resembles a young Paul McCartney. "San Francisco is a centre for experimental music. It's kind of tradition," continues Clem. "Bohemians in the Fifties, hippies in the Sixties. San Francisco draws a kind of fringe people."

"Loonies," offers Fox, a short, thin, bespectacled man who looks like he should be researching a cure for cancer in some dark laboratory.

"Kooks," laughs Clem. "San Francisco's the kook capital of the world."

"The South in the late '60s was not a pleasant place for anybody who had any kind of offbeat point of view about life at all," says Fox. "So it's not particularly hard for me to see why the Residents were glad to get out of the South."

The Sub Mod album offers three cuts each by Chrome, MX-80 Sound and Tuxedomoon. The Residents — as hosts — include four songs. All the material was recorded specially for the project.

The most controversial aspect of the album is the inclusion of 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco' a rather sickening piece of hackwork popularized by Tony Bennett. None of the groups, with the exception of the Residents, were thrilled about recording the song. Chrome sarcastically included less than a minute's worth of white noise as their "interpretation". Tuxedomoon recorded a one minute conversation between an unemployed truant attempting to qualify for welfare and a welfare office bureaucrat, while the melody to 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco' is played on harmonica in the background. MX-80 Sound cut the song as an instrumental, giving it a full force heavy metal reading.

"It's not that great a song," says Fox. "Who wants to do something that you don't think is too great? It was a challenge. But it is the official San Francisco song. Sanctioned by the city. So we had no choice."

"IM DAMON Edge," growled the tall man wearing the white lab coat and wrap around shades. His voice was deep and gruff and ghoulish, like a demented Boris Karloff.

Edge was testament to the existence of Chrome. Chrome is so resolutely underground that those who have heard of them seriously doubt their actual existence. Chrome have never performed live before an audience. They have never been interviewed or photographed. Their records are haphazardly released on their own, rather mysterious, Siren label. Outside of the most dedicated rock fans, few people have even heard of them, let alone heard them.

Edge, along with a man in a tan trench coat

and shades, introduced as Helios Creed, were in the midst of recording Chrome's fourth album. The third member of the Chrome core, John L. Cyborg, a short man with dark hair and a brooding expression, entered the room. "Play 'Eyes on Mars' and 'Animal,'" said Edge.

Tracks from Chrome's upcoming album oozed from the speakers like an inorganic blob rising from a pool of radioactive industrial waste. The tracks were as disconcerting as anything on Chrome's three previous albums, 'Alien Soundtracks', 'The Visitation' and 'Half Machine Lip Moves'. Only the sound has grown. The material on Sub Mod and the newer pieces represent Chrome's first recording in a 16 track studio. It's the difference between black and white TV and colour. 16 tracks has allowed Chrome to flesh out the subtleties and creeping horror of their excavations into the subconscious. Layer on layer of disconnected/fractured voices, synthesized industrial debris and guitar notes that seem to hang on for eternity, before dripping off the tape. All over a relentless, primitive, four/four beat: the primal rock and roll rhythms retained.

"Real gone," said Edge.

The next day I sit in Edge's two storey house in the desolate back hills of Oakland, a city across the Bay from San Francisco known more for the ageing blues musicians who reside there, than for any post-synthesizer combos. Edge has agreed to give NME an interview, the first interview, I might add, that Chrome has ever given. "If you were from Sounds," he snaps, "I would have impaled you on my TV antenna."

Edge stretches out on a couch and pinpoints Chrome's relation to the rest of the universe. "There's earth and the Western World. And in the Western World, there are those entertainment zones and performing zones," he explains, magnanimously. "And we're on the outside of that. We're the bad boys. We live a rebel kind of existence. Feel like outlaws. Outside. There's us and them. We're outside of everything."

Edge, who has worked on porno soundtracks and other film scores, formed Chrome in 1976. "I like rock," he says simply. "It's got the primal essence. I wanted to make something which would be a foundation for a unit to abstract from."

He adjusts his shades. "Nobody else was going to release our stuff," continues Edge, explaining why the group puts out records on its own label. "It was too weird. No record company president in his right mind would have released 'Alien Soundtracks'. It was too gone."

Why has Chrome remained such an enigma?

"We didn't want to kiss ass. Didn't want to have to play some high school social scene for

people to like us. And if they really liked us and they thought we were OK, then we'd be let out into the world and it would be OK. Forget it, man! I don't have to ask anybody's permission. I don't care!"

Why no live performances?

Edge gives a sick smile. "We don't think they're ready for us yet."

One wonders aloud what inspires the nightmarish vision that infuses Chrome's albums.

"Movies, women, music and drugs," says Edge.

Drugs?

"We use drugs. Hash and stuff. We use psychedelic drugs. We have psychedelic roots." He pauses. "That doesn't mean late '60s roots."

Chrome begrudgingly agreed to appear on the Sub Mod album, although it was obvious talking to Edge that he doesn't think much of the other groups. Chrome thought the album might give them more visibility.

"We want to communicate," he admits.

"We're not some bombed out hippies making tapes just for ourselves."

WE'RE IN the most suburban of apartments, located amidst row upon row of similar, modern units. It's one of those faceless places with stark white walls, built-in fridge and stove, and square, low ceilinged bedrooms. The photos of the Sex Pistols and Clash, as well as the Warhol print, fail to have much impact on the claustrophobic blandness.

It is a rather odd place to find three of the four current members of MX-80 Sound, a group which combines the heavy metal of Aerosmith, the fractured cynicism of mid-sixties Mothers of Invention, the prose vocals of Zappa and Beefheart and the instrumental virtuosity of John McLaughlin.

MX-80 Sound are thought of as a weird group which rarely performs in San Francisco, or anywhere for that matter. A group who rehearse an awesome assemblage of original material in the privacy of a dark rehearsal studio, but never let the public hear it.

But as the group explain there is really nothing at all weird about the members of MX-80 Sound. All work straight jobs so that "we can get away with playing exactly what we want."

MX-80 Sound was formed in Bloomington, Indiana four years ago. Until a few months ago, personnel included Rich Stim, rhythm guitarist, sax, vocals; Bruce Anderson, lead/rhythm guitar; Dale Sophies, bass; Dave Mahoney, drums and Jeff Armour, drums. Armour recently left the group and MX-80 Sound plans to continue as a four piece.

"I just liked to play guitar," says Anderson explaining the group's ordinary beginnings.

Continues over

■ *From previous page*

"The idea of a group always appealed to me. The magic notion of a rock band."

"Like being in a fraternity," jokes Rich Stim, the comedian/prose vocalist/lyricist. "Special sign. Brothers and stuff. '60s kind of thing. Like a family." He stops himself. "No! Cut the family thing. That sounds too sick."

MX-80 Sound's rare appearances are not, it turns out, calculated. "We're not in our time niche yet," says Anderson. "Performing in front of people here feels real alien. We probably will be playing more in the 80's than in the 70's, which is as it should be."

"We just haven't been accepted here," says Stim.

Actually, MX-80 Sound have never been accepted anywhere. In Bloomington, the group stuck out like Martians deporting on Miami beach. "All they listen to is bluegrass there," says Stim. "People had no concept of punk or new wave."

"That never even made a dent in the mid-west," says Anderson. "Not even a contending phenomena. So they thought we were just weird."

MX-80 Sound should have it. They even got the big shot. Sort of. In 1977, Island Records received a demo and released it in Europe as an album, 'Hard Attack.'

Critical raves met the group's unique sound
Heavy metal meets John Cage for lunch at the



Above: Tuxedo Moon. Pic: Stanley Greene.



Left: *Chrome, Pic: Chester Simpson.*



Right: MX 80 sound. Pic: Stanley Greene.

"Don't ask me why/Are we not men/Cause I just wouldn't know/I'm just a dog/Who lives at a club/Where the punks/And the hard rockers go.../Rock an' roll nigger?/Hardly.../I'd have to get high to be that low/I'm just a dog/Who lives at a club/Where the punks/And the hard rockers go."

"Yeah, that pretty much says it," says Rich Stim.

THEY CALL themselves Tuxedomoon and they are the most electronically oriented and the most popular (locally) of the four bands which comprise the upper strata of San Francisco's experimental scene.

With one synthesizer, a rhythm box, brass and treated guitar, the group offers surreal soundscapes of machines gone mad. *Metropolis* updated for the 80's.

"A couple of people told us they were terrified by our shows," says Blaine Raininger, co-founder of Tuxedomoon, sitting in the living room of his partner, Steve Brown's low-rent apartment, located in San Francisco's south-of-Market area, a dumping ground for

bums, drunks, junkies and other outcasts.

"And it's true," continues Reininger. "That a number of our songs are based on certain intervals in music that are traditionally known to create tension and fear. There's this interval, the tritone, that was banned by the Church in the Middle Ages. It was considered the Devil's sound."

"But we're not Stalinists or anything like that," Brown hastens to add. "It's not like we want to inflict terror on people, there's enough of that already. But living in these times, the earth is a real crazy place right now. It can't help but have an effect on us and our artistic product."

Reininger and Brown cite William Burroughs, Bowie, Albert Camus, John Cage, Enno and Giorgio Moroder as influences. Their music is a blend of rock and roll, esoteric electronics and musique concrete. Social, environmental, cultural and political problems are raw material from which Tuxedomoon draws its lyrical ideas.

But rather than write prescriptive or even realistically descriptive lyrics, Raininger and Brown prefer to paint abstract, even surreal

word pictures. "Scraps of paper blown by the wind/Headlines scream from machines on the street/Streets are jammed with dead families in cars," goes one lyric fragment.

Tuxedomoon have released a single, 'Pinheads on the Move' b/w 'Joeboy (Joeboy the Electronic Ghost)' on their own Tidal Wave Records as well as a 12 inch 45 which included 'New Machines', 'Litebulb Overkill', 'Nite & Day' and 'No Tears'.

"The sound of a lot of our stuff," says bassist Peter Principle who joined with guitarist Michael Beifer just over a year ago, "is just the rhythm box and bass guitar. You don't need a lot of synthesizers to make electronic music. We're very stark Profetarian."

THE RESIDENTS refused to meet for an interview. But then you know all about those mystery men, anyway.

They will persist. Lack of a local audience, lack of media coverage, lack of major record company support will not stop the avant-garde. Already, dozens of experimental groups are following the lead of the Residents/Chrome/MX-80 Sound/Tuxedomoon foursome. Bay Area based groups like Voice Farm, the Units and 2 plus 2 and many others are pushing at the edges of what is currently considered music.

tire factory and they discuss mutations and prepared piano.

Depressed by the album's failure and their outcast status in Bloomington, MX-80 Sound relocated in San Francisco last year. They expected to be accepted with open arms by the S.F. rock community. Thus far, they have found the punk crowd hostile and the mainstream rockers disinterested. Their hard rock is too sophisticated for new wave and the hard rock audience doesn't know they exist.

"We've gotten no media support, so no one even knows about us," complains Stim.

Fed up with trying to perform in front of punk posers and the like, they wrote a song about the local punk club, the Mabuhay Gardens (one of the few places they have played) and its manager Dirk Dirksen called 'Dirk's Dog.'

"They're coming out of the garages," says Peter Belfer of Tuxedomoon. Indeed, one imagines armies of guerilla musicians and conceptualists armed with synthesizers, guitars and 16 track recording equipment wrecking absolute havoc on mainstream rock and roll.

And why has San Francisco attracted such a strange batch of rock bands?

"What this city means to me, is the last stand on American ground," said Damon Edge. "People who don't fit in anywhere else come here. That's why the bridge is so popular to jump off. There's no place else to go in America. If you can't relate artistically in San Francisco . . . you jump off the bridge."



single - "The Shape of things to come" - album: "The Head boys"

HUNTED
HUNTED
HUNTED
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HUNTED
HUNTED
HUNTED
HUNTED
HUNTED

HUNTED THE PASSIONS

Oh no, it's you

The Passions are on the Future Pastimes tour with the Cure



ALEX HARVEY

—THE NEW BAND

“Shakin’ All Over”

The new single from the
forthcoming album

“The Mafia Stole My Guitar”

rcs



Social Revolution on Speed, Side Vents & The Scene Club

Within a month he was found dead in bed of barbiturate poisoning. He was thirty-six and bank living with his parents in the home where he'd dreamed up The High Numbers and written 1 Am The Face. The coroner passed an open verdict although some friends feel that Meaden knew too much about drugs to die of a careless mistake.

Yeah, I was a Mind, it was my life. There was a little club called

No. I was the fellow who ever the potential in Bogdan, which is the greatest form of life: you can imagine it as a society free — totally free. Life's London — it was like as that there were lonely people having a great time. Most having to be lonely, not having to be worried about relationships, being able to get into the most fantastic interesting, beautiful situations, just out of music. You could dance by yourself, you could groove around. I saw this as a weekend I mean, imagine this, on a Friday night I would go down to Rascy, Steady, Go! groove around there, and one weekend I had three people on there, I had The Crystals, The Troggs and the Troggs — there, I had the Crystals, The Troggs and the Troggs. They used to say, "The Weenies and Steady Men," and the weenies would be on

Some months before that I had been thinking out loud about the possibility of my doctor being a member of the gay community. I was very nervous of how I could come out to him, and I was very grateful for my friends who were friends of mine who used to go to the Scene. The Club was owned by Ronan O'Riarity of Caroline Lane, at the time, but it was run by a fellow called Lionel Blake. Now that was the real hard-core fashion system, system, call it what you will, and I was glad to get out of it. I was glad to go down there. It was very hard. If you danced yourself out of the music, which was new-wave R & B.

I was taking pills, in so much as I was never involved to pills by my doctor for the anxiety thing, which was a genetic disease. When I was 16, I was taking pills for three months, Dymylin, and it kept me sane for three days, and I zoomed around on that - I had such a great time, fabulous time. I would go out with ten bob in my pocket, and my doctor's pills from the National Health, which didn't cost anything in those days. I was taking pills for three months, Purpline. He was the triangular ones with the line down the middle. So anyway,

Continues over page

Pete Dinklage around the time he managed The Who

"I spent the money on clothes togs are the only

From previous page

cell it your sexual drive, is taken right down low, by the drug, drynamyl. You didn't need to get too heavily into sex, or pulling chicks, or sorts as they were called. Like 'Any sorts coming down tonight? Well, it doesn't matter anyway' was the trip then, it was only a bother when they came down anyway. There were three of them dancing over in the corner.

Were they similarly not into sex?

They were similarly not into sex, they were very matriarchal, they would be looked after and protected, but there'd be three girls dancing together — there's a famous picture of them dancing the block.

Women were just the people who were dancing over in the corner, by the speakers.

So if you took away the dancing and the music...

Took away the dancing, well you'd have the West End, grooving around on a Saturday morning after a long night out, all Friday night, 'cos you're bunged out on your earhole about 6 in the morning, it's very cold, grey and dry. You have a couple of drinks, you drink cider or beer with your pill because you know that the tiny bit of alcohol in a pint of bitter makes the barbiturate in the drynamyl, Purple Heart, the blue, or the frenchie, or whatever you can lay your hands on — it's just a matter of whatever you can lay your hands on — lay a doobie on me — anyway so you get back to the West End, on a cold, grey Saturday morning, and you go to some cafe which sells you French coffee. You sat around till the shops opened on a Saturday morning, then you groove around, you go and sit in the park or something, then you go down to Cecil Gee's, although mainly you'd go to Austen's, buy yourself another Arrow shirt, with a button-down collar, and a little button on the back of the collar, then groove around with your new purchase, and it'd be a groove! When you have paradise, on hand, I mean, in most Mod language, 200 Blues in your inside pocket, in your tonik jacket, you'd have sustained relief from the world, sustained release comes when you go down to the Scene Club.

But take away the dance and take away the music, and there'd be no point in the pills?

No, you'd be a Hippie, then. A Hippie doesn't depend so much on music as a Mod does. A Mod needs hard, fast and loose, new wave R & B, you know all that heavy air-base R & B stuff, which we used to play down the Scene Club, 'cos Sandra was the Disc Jockey there, and she had a boyfriend from the air-base who used to lay these R & B Soul records on her.

The pills are directly tied in with this?

Yeah, that gives you the freedom, sustaining power. Imagine having a party which starts Friday night and doesn't end till Sunday morning, and you can have it any time you want it. If you want it to start on Wednesday night, you can...

What was your attitude towards your job during the week?

I used to work at an advertising agency during this time, before I first started to be a Mod, and then I split from that, I was a graphic designer.

Did you think it was a cop-out to be in a job?

No, it just used to buy my clothes, and then I became a publicist, I went to Spain.

So you sort of used society in a way?

No I didn't use society, I became a publicist.

You said the thing about a Mod takes what's there...

Oh he takes what's there yeah...

But a Hippie doesn't?

The Hippie doesn't do anything except vegetate. You move off of various identification points, such as religions, which are easy to identify with, 'cos that's all they are — identification points. They are specifically sculptured and carved by man, to appeal to other men, in a delicious, or sensuous, or aesthetic way, whichever way you want to do it. I mean there's Buddhism, Maoism, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, there's the Scientology guy... Ron Hubbard... and you can pick up on the process people, you can pick up on Charles Manson if you want to. I personally happened to pick up on the Mods.

So it's like a religion?

Yeah, I made an album called 'The New Religion' with Jimmy James and The Vagabonds, which was the real purist Mod band, which was a band which played R & B. I managed them for three and a half years, and that was Jimmy James who had the best voice I'd ever heard — it was the purist thing, in so far as Mod was concerned.

And they were coloured?

Yeah, they were coloured.

Was there no white band that stood for the Mods?

Oh yeah, The Who.

Before that, there wasn't?

No, before that there wasn't. There was old Chris Farlowe doing Mod stuff, but they weren't Mods, man, they didn't look like Mods.

Did you feel there was a need for a group like that?

There was a need for The Who, yeah, coming back to that. Now I had all this life going along for me, which was really having a good time, enjoying myself and existing in a house with other people, where nobody bothered anybody else, but smiled at each other, not in a Hippie way, but a Mod süss smile, like 'I like the suit man, and groove on, you know'.

Not too heavy you know. You used to see those three or four Mod kids, up in tonik jackets, Levi jeans turned up just once,



The High Numbers



Above: Meaden's original hand-out



The Sunday press discovers speed, 1964

pair of desert boots, or pair of hush puppies, and they'd lean forward, they had the energy of leaning forward up Great Windmill Street or down Shaftesbury Avenue, and they'd be four of them just talking and they had their french crews on... crew cut... and there I'd be wearing a cycling jacket, with a number on the back, or just a white one or a black one.

So I thought, 'Ah, well, this is — we have to have a focus' and I was thinking about, there were no other bands about who were doing this purism, 'cos I'm really the detail man, when it comes to details it's my trip, and so I thought, I've gotta have a band I've gotta make the focus.

So I went down with Jack, who introduced me to Helmut Gordon, who was a doorknob manufacturer in Shepherd's Bush, who introduced me to another feller who was called Bob Druce, an agent who ran a little circuit of half a dozen or so pubs, where he'd put his hands in. He said he'd got a contract on the WHO — I'm not sure if he did or not. Bob Druce was the hard man of this situation. He was a man who was just into booking a group into his pubs, or clubs, which he knew was a success — if the band was a success, I mean. Then he could more or less guarantee to keep them working, in his six clubs, this circuit, which is definitely tailored to 'Kid Pub' unit sort of situation, which means to say that he knew where his market was coming from, and he was just trying to heighten it up a little bit. Now he said, 'Listen, why don't you come in and help us out, and get this group, which is very good, they're called the DeTours — the WHO as well — but they were called the DeTours. Do you think you could do something, what with you being in the Pop business, and knowing the Rolling Stones and Chuck Berry and all those people — do you reckon, what with using your knowledge from the Rolling Stones, do you think you could make a supergroup out of them? We'll give you £50 to start off on.'

So I said, '£50, well, that's a lot of money, isn't it? Great, nice one.' I mean, I was known as the low-budget man — fucking hell, no one ever pays me.

I was doing Georgie Fame's publicity up until then, so I thought 'Great Man, here we go, another lowbudget number — 50 quid I got this time, to make a supergroup out of'. So all right, not being facetious or anything, I was knocking around with Peter and Gordon before that, and I was Bob Dylan's publicist in this country, the first one, and I knew where it was at, and I handled Tommy Tucker, and I also was publicist for Chuck, the Crystals and the Rolling Stones, you know, so all right Squire, you're gonna give me 50 quid are you? So for 50 quid I'll put The Who together. Yes, so I was asked to make The Who a supergroup on 50 quid now...

How did you spend it?

I spent it on clothes of course, 'cos togs are the only things that keep a mod together. And I said, 'Well, make a record too, we gotta make a record, do it with Fontana, 'cos you'll make it there quick, and with no strings attached, that's the record out, I'll do all the work on it, all the publicity, I'll do the promotion.'

Fifty quid a week this is?

No fifty quid, that's all.

Was this the first time you'd met them?

Yeah, the first I met them they were all wearing Pierre Cardin leather jackets, they had cropped hair at the back, and Beattie cuts at the front, and they were called the DeTours, cum The Who and they were into John Lee Hooker early blues style. Roger was playing the harmonica, which I liked. I didn't do any more than say 'Listen fellers, if you wanna come along with me, I've got the plan for making you a mastergroup, I have the key to it all. I'll make you a supergroup — please be my mates, 'cos all I need is for you to talk to me, all I need is the friendship of four geezers.'

But you also wanted them to be the focal point of the Mods?

I went down to the rehearsal rooms and I said 'We gotta get some clothes together, and you gotta do this certain sound of music, which I'm calling new wave R & B, which is like R & B funk, fast soul. And I wanna call you, not The Who, not The DeTours, but The High Numbers. High Numbers because we're all into pills, a bit of pot, into doing these things, and when we're hip, we gotta dress hip, and we're gonna be called The High Numbers. You don't look exactly like Mods, but I'll make you as best you can. I'm gonna make you so superb that you can stand up in any conflict, any conflagration, any problem situation, and be the best mates that any other mate could possibly have.'

I remember, we went out, and we spent the 50 quid, and for £35 we bought a coat, the rest went on boxing boots, which Peter paid a bit towards. I went with them on the handout... Ivy League jacket, wearing buck-skin shoes. Roger had a pair of hush puppies, they were dark blue, well, they were brown, but I painted the back dark blue and the front white, and they were the two-tone brogues, which we got into. I put all that together, an actual Ivy League jacket with actual side-vents 5 inches long, which I'm wearing now, mine cost a 150 dollars, and that one cost about £30 in Austen's, and they were into buying their own Arrow shirts, and button down collars, comfortable, Oxford collars you know? And I fitted out, I spent £30, £35 on the jacket, the rest of it, we chipped together, we went into this.

They'd never had any contact with the Mods before that?

They were singing Beatle songs, Dylan songs, blues songs mostly you know?

And I was easy riding into a situation where they would see that I'd spent time with the Stones, who were the most successful hip group at the time, and I said 'Where's it at, Man? We'll top this'. Just as casually as that. I'm not trying to sound casual now. I said 'You listen to me, Man, to Pete, and Roger, but they had rolled a drummer in at the time, and Peter said 'Not too keen on him, what do you think of the new feller who's just come up?' And I was walking down Knightsbridge with Keith Moon, and I said 'Look, I'll speak to Pete Townshend, my mate, he's my mate, I'll talk to him, and I think you're in, because you know, you look like the better man.'

Keith said that he got himself in...

He did, yeah, but I asked Peter, and we brought Keith in for the session. I'm responsible for Keith Moon being in The Who.

thing that hold a mod together."

So you took them down the Scene Club?

Yeah, took them down the Scene, went down there, had a groove around, and I said 'Look, you can't go wrong, it's not just a market. Why don't we become the focal point, the focus of this brand new feel, of music and lifestyle?'

We went down to Welwyn Garden City, and I remember what actually happened was that I said 'Listen, we've got to do this record, and we've gotta do it fast. I haven't got much money, and I haven't got much time, in so much as I don't know who's supposed to be manager, but I think I'm supposed to be managing. I'm taking over responsibility for this. I took over responsibility for The Who — that's what I'm saying now.'

What was their reaction to the Mod scene?

Well, Pete identified immediately — we went down to Austens to get the jacket made. Yeah, I worked very hard on The Who, The High Numbers...

I used to lie in my bed, in my single bed at my parent's place in Edmonton, and think 'Name — name. WHO? World Health Organization. Well that's alright, but it's too abstract, it's too ethereal, too airy fairy to connect with me. Now if it was called the World Health Organization and that's good, but I want a name that is adaptable, that is going to sustain more than just six months. I put this brochure together which was completely Mod, without any help from their so-called manager and was asked to become their manager. I was manager of The Who and I put it together like, whoever wants to say it about them, the Mods are what The Who are all about. It's as pithy, as euphoric as you can get, no-one was gonna tie them on that, and that is what I'll say right now. Can you turn this tape off?

Why?

Well I'm getting angry now, in so much as, well not only in the sense of anger, but realisation is coming upon me to say, where I got the suits right, and I got the cycling jackets just right, and the T-shirt under that, the boxer boots on, the jeans, the Levis with the one-inch turn-up, so the inner seam just showed out, from the outside, and Pete's jacket was right on, with the top button just done up, and they went up the Railway Inn, at Harrow, Wealdstone. I was the one who went up to Kit Lambert and said 'Listen, man, this is the heaviest group you've ever seen, give us a gig, 'cos I'm hustling for my boys. They're my mates, and whether you like it or not, I'm doing my thing here! I gave him the handout which said 'Four Hip Young Men From London, who say I'm The Face, and wear Zoot Suits. The first authentic Mod record'. Well, that was my trip, I did that entirely myself, off my own back. Nobody helped me, nobody encouraged me, but I laid it on you, on you Kit and on you Pete.

So when did you write 'I Am The Face'?

I wrote it on the morning of early '64... it came from Guy Stephen's record collection. There was a record called 'Got Love If You Want It' by Slim Harpo, an R & B musician, who didn't make much money, as I found out when he died recently. He used to get paid in wine. Anyway, I took the rhythm track, I can't hold a tune in my head.

What about 'Zoot Suit'?

'Zoot Suit' was the fashion record of all time — it pinched the backing track of 'Country Fool' by The Showmen, which was the 'b' side of 'It Will Stand'. The Showmen are now known as Chairmen Of The Board and 'It Will Stand' is the rock'n'roll tribute anthem of all time. I heard the melody, and the night before the session I dreamt up the lyrics, and I wrote them all down — I wrote them down on speed. The actual words were 'I'm the hippest number in town, and I'll tell you why' and it goes onto 'I wear a Zoot Suit jacket with side-vents 5 inches long' and it's a great song man...

Did the Mods catch onto it?

Yeah, 'course they did, it was a fashion song. I bought 250 records off the record company, off Fontana, to get it into the charts and I used to take them round myself. I worked so hard on that man.

Did it get in the charts?

No, but it got so many plays that I got £112 — I don't know how many pence you get for each play, but there was quite a few plays. It was nothing to do with Pirate ships, Mickie Turner only played it a few times for Caroline.

And Townshend wasn't writing at this time?

No he wasn't.

What sort of music were The Who playing?

R & B — The DeTours were an R & B band; 'The Who' was Pete Townshend's song...

No original material whatsoever?

No, they were playing a little bit of Bob Dylan, but mostly Beatles records and R & B. When I met them I said 'You gotta play Mod music', which was new wave R & B — all the time man, all the time right on. Classics like 'Ain't No Good, Ain't No Proud'. 'Have To Dance To Keep From Crying' was one of the records I was doing with them.

So by this time, are The Who becoming the focal point?

Yeah, and the Mods would talk about them. I got them the residency, and then Tuesday nights things would start picking up again you know? The Who were real Mods now I'd changed them, because all a Mod is having self-respect.

Did they wear the Mod clothes offstage?

Yeah, I told them to. I bought the jacket for Roger, I mean, the jacket was the high point of my career.

Did you make them get their hair cut?

Yes, of course I did, I took them down to Jack the barber.

Was there ever any feeling that you'd made them do it as a commercial exercise?

Yeah, I think Roger felt this way, perhaps, but John... I don't know about John. He said he didn't want to wear the clothes, and went through a puddle in his boxing boots.

Yeah, well, you see, I knew it was right on, how can you deny a fact of something smack bang in your face man: 'This is where it's at, this is what we're doing. Please do it, we're gonna become a success, we can't help it, and then you can be my mates as well.'

There must have been a point where the band — I mean I've read interviews with The Who where they say — it was about '64 — saying 'We Are Mods' right, there must have been a point where they suddenly decided they were Mods?

Yeah, but Mods is a... like I went down to Hastings, in '66...

What — to kill a few Rockers?

There weren't any Rockers, there were just Mods, that's how overpoweringly successful the whole trip was — there was something like 15 thousand Mods down there, and there were three rockers in a cafe — three. There were two down the road in another cafe, or sitting around on their bikes, and the Mods came down, it was so beautifully succinct.

How did you lose The Who?

Well, I wasn't too hip in business — trips in the music business... Kit Lambert came round that night at the Railway Inn in Harrow, Wealdstone, and he came up to me, he lied to me, he said he was a promoter looking for a band, to put in his club, so I gave him the hard-sell: 'This is absolutely where it's at. You cannot fail on this squire,' I said. 'If you'll just listen to me, you can make a lot of money out of this, as promoter, because they are of the people, they are the hippest numbers in town, there's no-one quite like them. Just look at that queue down there.' And so I hard-sold myself right out of a band.

What happened?

Kit came back to me, anyway, I tried to get in touch with Pete for a few days, but strange things were happening. Pete didn't answer his phone — he wasn't at home. Then Roger said, 'We're going with this feller — let's go and have a drink.'

So they approached you independently?

Well, Roger was the leader of the band, so Roger and I went and had a drink in a pub in Brewer Street, and I bought him a drink, and he said, 'Well, listen man, we're gonna get paid £20 a week, now, and plus our cars, why don't you go and have a talk with Kit?' He came out straight with it, and there was nothing more to say about it, except Kit got in touch with me and said, 'Let's have lunch.' I think it was probably Pete said, 'Look after him' or something, 'cos I'm a fragile person, you know?'

You didn't have a contract with them?

Yeah, I had a contract with them.

So did Kit buy it, or what?

No, I just signed over any rights I had for them for the first figure he gave me. So I figured if that's what my mates want to do, then that's what they have to do. Maybe in the future they'll look after me — 'cos I need looking after in this life — I need looking after.

And did you continue your friendship after the split?

Yeah — after the split, Kit Lambert took me into a restaurant which I worked in, as a matter of fact, where I worked for three days, when I was much younger, to learn how to carve onions. And Kit said, 'How much do you want?' and I said, 'I don't know how much I want, Kit, I don't know what sort of value you put on it'. I was frightened out of my life, because I'd made a monster, I knew it was a monster, and he said, 'I'll give you £500 for them'. I learnt later that I was supposed to accept £5,000 but I just said, 'Yeah, that's alright, that'll do — thanks a lot.'

Still, least he was honest enough, and didn't just rip them off me. So he sent me something like £145, or £142 or something, in various sums, and a couple of weeks later I went down to

♣ Continues page 77

Meaden in hospital circa '75 when these interviews took place.



THE DAMNED

New Single
I Just Can't Be Happy Today
+ Ballroom Blitz
+ Turkey Song

Chiswick
CBS 120

'SHE DOESN'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE'
SINGLE

THE MISDEMEANORS

CC MANN MY SHOOTING STAR

You've got our number... listen to The Undertones, Selecter and more.

The Contemporary Rock Top 30
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GARY NUMAN

COMPLEX / BOMBERS RECORDED LIVE AT HAMMERSMITH

LATEST SINGLE OUT NOW

THAT'S TOO BAD
OH! DIDN'T I SAY



BACK 2

TUBEWAY ARMY
Listen to me Silens
My shadow in vain
The life machine
Friends
Something's in the house
Everyday I die
Steel and you
My love is a liquid
Are you real?
The dream police
Jo the waiter
Zero bars (Mr. Smith)
BEGA 4

BOMBERS
BLUE EYES, O.D. RECEIVER



DOWN IN THE PARK
DO YOU NEED THE SERVICE?

BEG 17



REPLICAS
Me I disconnect from you
Are 'friends' electric?
The machman
Praying to the aliens
Down in the park
BEGA 7

ARE 'FRIENDS' ELECTRIC
WE ARE SO FRAGILE



BEG 18

CARS
ASYLUM



BEG 23



BEG 29
wea

THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE
Airplane
Metal
Complex
Films
M.E.



Tracks
Observer
Conversation
Cars
Engineers
BEGA 10

ALBUMS



LEE PERRY Scratch On The Wire (Island)

1. HEARD all about but never heard the Scratch? (Improbable. But if not, do not, you'll only make the appearance worse than it seems).

2. 'Scratch On The Wire' is not a Lee Perry album; it is an Island compilation. The distinction isn't really that elitist or anything. 'Scratch On The Wire' is a typical contemporary compilation, meaning, that is, a bunch of noises with things in common but you wouldn't know it if you didn't know it already: no statement to that effect, no historical context. But 'Scratch On The Wire' has class on its side — interpret that how you will — and so insidious is its form that it's pretty damn impossible to put down.

3. The picture on the front is of Scratch a.k.a. The Upsetter a.k.a. Pipecock Jackson a.k.a. Lee Perry, who spends a lot of time behind the producer's console, a lot of time getting from A to B, and some time behind a microphone. Sometimes he goes 'mad' — that's our Western word for it but not necessarily his or mine or yours — and most of the time he is mad: behind the console or microphone, that is. He collects and more often than not throws out or away a landscape of noises which is hard to break or put down — something like an African Phil Spector. He isn't a journalist exactly, but like a lot of reggae people he ranks (sic) pretty high in the foreign correspondent stakes.

4. The pop is a baldhead. Dig it: the New Pop.

5. 'Scratch On The Wire' is music for lazy revolutionary Sunday afternoons. A few pages lying about as leaves are want to do, a few suspicions, a few worries, a few friends, a few herb racks which you weren't going to send your parents for Christmas anyway: you know the sort of afternoon. Get the biscuits, go on.

6. An ideal hum for homes with taste and time to tastefully kill. Not the 'definitive' article journalistically speaking. Could be any plush record company spread were it not for the scratches: 'Vibrate On', Augustus Pablo 'Soldier And Police War', Jah Lion; 'Diana', George Faith; 'John Public', Errol Walker; 'Bird In Hand', Lee Perry; 'Big Neck Police Man', Lee Perry; 'In These Times', Errol Walker; 'No Peace', Meditations; 'Soul Fire', Lee Perry; 'War In Babylon', Max Romeo.

7. You get two for the space of one on the Jah Lion cut, which is a toast to/of Junior Murvin's 'Police And Thieves'. Me and my friends have got most of it already though and would really have liked harder-to-get stuff, or recent singles and their dubs well engineered, which would mean being able to sit still and Scratch and drink one's tea without having to get up every four or five minutes and blow one's tweeters out. Phew.

8. The cover was photographed by Dennis Morris.

9. Buy it if you're either completely into the Scratch or if you're just starting to itch (that's breakfast in dread for you). Buy it for 'War In Babylon' or because Lee Perry



Lee Perry, the lazy Sunday revolutionary. Pic Adrian Boot.

An ideal hum for homes

is the vocalist Santana never had. If 'Scratch On The Wire' isn't exactly the problematic area of bricolage and burning and looting that has always been Perry's style, it's still the most fun I've had with a 'review' album for a long time.

10. Last question: whatever happened to (crazy album reviews with reggae and numbers in)?

Ian Penman.

THE POP GO! (Arista)

SOMEBODY ought to have told The Pop about this new wave business. Specifically they should have taken Pop producer Earle Mankey aside into a quiet corner and told him straight — "Forget it Earle, do something different. Nix the new wave."

Trouble is that they didn't and 'Go!', the Los Angeles band's second platter suffers from a surfeit of similarities with just about every hip, acceptable profile of the latterday '70s all dressed up into one overwhelmingly languid packet. In any case, if The Pop are trying to carve out their own niche in the fashionable radioworld, they've only managed to court disaster by leeching onto the most obvious directions available; none of the potential avenues for expression that littered themselves accidentally around their debut have been followed up. Spotting The Pop's peer groups these days is easier than shooting fish in a barrel.

Perhaps it was never intended to work that way, but all those of us whose nostrils twitched in 1977 when Automatic released the eponymous first record are left wondering why, if David

Swanson and Roger Prescott managed to sound suitably distinctive under their songwriting hats two years ago, now they've thrown that titter into the commercial abattoir and the results stink. Most aspects of this grisly failure, from the cover down to the last spoof disco rhythm smack of a self-consciousness that betrays The Pop's true forte, a penchant for the

Music, except that the jokes aren't funny and the singer, either Prescott or Swanson (Gloria's hitherto undiscovered love-child), puts so little conviction into the McGovern the current drummer has been around long enough to have tuned his pig-skins for Randy California's Kapt. Kopter Krew in the early '70s and neither Prescott nor Swanson are

alteration in aesthetic tack are predictable enough. The Cars' drummer David Robinson once occupied the backline in The Pop, whilst Tim American FM, just so long as it doesn't make 'em sick.

As if the hell-crossed fusion of such disparate bed-partners as Roxy, Cars, Clash (fill the rest in yourself) hadn't been so achingly overdone, The Pop had hinted, nay proven, that they were capable of filtering out their own solutions, specifically in that first mad mish-mash of subterranean punk which they'll probably never reproduce again but which they could have served as a launching pad for something creative.

Instrumentally, the improvements reached on 'Go!' — Prescott and Swanson's guitar straffing, McGovern's cultured, hypnotic drumming, Tim Henderson's savage red-meat bass, the cracked harmonies — are all outweighed by a lush, somnambulant mix. The sick subtlety of 'Legal Tender Love' is diluted into one good pun, while the choking kindness of 'Falling For Carmen' is about as outrageous as any Wings record.

The only time The Pop score using their own wits is on 'She Really Means That Much To Me' when the heartlessness of the lyric is as convincingly sordid as the best moments of the debut. Otherwise The Pop's skinny skeletons crumple into a grotesque heap of parody and irritating hooklines, few of them sitting comfortably. Unless they can dump the likes of Mankey and his corporate blandness quick and recover a lot of their initial rawness and spontaneity they'll be damned forever as



grossly distasteful. This is partly due to Mankey's shortcomings as Aural go-between; he's cursed the band with a mix so dense and woolly that all that crude nastiness emerges in a calculated blanket of high camp and The Pop sound like glam rock sheep poncing around in a field bitching for a non-existent camera.

'Go!' is very superficially glossy. Both 'Beat Temptation' and the tedious 'I Want To Touch You' are vocal ringers for mid-period Roxy

street-level spring sprags. Their acquiescence in the calculation stems from an understandable desire to shoot their shot at the slowest target, to make studiously 'listenable' jerk rock palatable enough to gain airplay on phrasing that he could be reading off a cheat sheet. On 'Under The Microscope' and 'Shakeaway' Mankey slips into a pompous, jokeless environment where the Anglophile obsessions are painful to behold.

The reasons for this

some high-grade, robotic Top 40 pop band. Maybe they'll sell a lot of records into the bargain, but then they ain't rock stars yet.

Pass 'Go!' and do not collect four hundred dollars, Pop pickers. This one could make a dead dog laugh.

Max Bell



JERRY LEE LEWIS Good Rocking Tonite (Sun)

IT'S not easy trying to type your review when Jerry Lee Lewis is playing — just one second's lapse in concentration and your forefinger starts stabbing out a staccato line of letter l's, or else your thumbnail's sweeping majestically down the keys. Then it really gets to you (like the piano-break on 'Pink Pedal Pushers') and you suddenly find yourself trying to use two hands and a foot.

The point being that Jerry Lee Lewis music spreads like hell fire and kicks like moonshine whiskey, plus all sorts of other equally violent things. Sub-titled '16 Classics by Jerry Lee Lewis 1956/62', the present collection fairly sums up this Louisiana looney's apocalyptic contribution to that first immortal wave of Deep South rock 'n' roll wild-men.

It takes us through from his earliest Sun audition session ('Deep Elem Blues' and 'Hand Me Down My Walking Cane'), a crashing collision of white Country origins with black R'n'B influences, pumped out with demented fervour, to cover versions of old standards and hits of the day ('Be Bop A Lula', 'Matchbox', 'Old Black Joe'). While we don't get 'Great Balls Of Fire' or 'Whole Lotta Shakin'', we do get the very wonderful 'Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee' and also 'Let's Talk About Us', revived a while back by Dave Edmunds.

Lewis' style was effortless, easy-going arrogance over compelling, propulsive keyboards, tethered to a dead-on groove backbeat; it doesn't grow old. Praise the Lord and pass the bourbon.

Paul Du Noyer

THE TOURISTS Reality Effect (Logo)

MAYBE I'm missing the point entirely, but confronted with a moniker like "reality effect", I'm tempted to cock an ear for signs of aural illusionism and metaphysical tit-bits.

Which is a pity, since the cherubic harmonies of Paet Coombes, Ann Lennox, and Dave Stewart are the nicest aspect of The Tourists' group sound. For the rest, Reality Effect presents 11 unexhilarating, mid-tempo pop ditties that are congealed by copious dabs of Brut-riffing from the rhythm section, and mayonnaised by Ms. Lennox' deftly applied touches on the keyboards.

Had they ditched their po-faced profundities and concentrated instead of infusing some of their onstage sparkle into this album, the Tourists would have come closer to achieving what they really aim for: Widespread Radio Recognition. Now, back to me Kierkegaard...

Rick Joseph

Adrian Hopkins Presents

Adrian Hopkins Presents

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Lotus Records, Stafford - Piccadilly Records, Manchester - Bingley Hall, Stafford
or by post from Adrian Hopkins Promotions, 77 Barton Street, Oxford

Thanks very much, hope to see you soon, have a happy Christmas!
Thin Lizzy



THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER

Extensions (Atlantic)
DON'T say nothin', but there's a rumour says that *Jive As We Know It* existed even before rock'n'roll came bawling out the womb. Relics, remnants and fossils unearthed by The Manhattan Transfer's excavations all clearly point to the theory that notions of cool, of hip (not to mention hep) and of general all-purpose grooviness were not unknown even to the benighted generations pre-Elvis.

Startling as these findings might seem, there's a deal more to be derived from Man Tran's explorations than just historical interest. This 'Extensions' selection of exhibits (which, incidentally, boasts a few catty 'futuristic' features — though still of a stylistically archaic fashion, like a '30s sci-fi film) contains much, much more.

Eschewing schmaltz throughout our four gifted warblers (with Cheryl Bentyne replacing Laurel Masse) play it light and keep it sharp, from the superb opener 'Birdland' — the vocal version of Weather Report's instrumental — to the mellower 'Body And Soul' (Eddie And The Bean), both numbers being slick tributes to their jazz-age idols and wonderfully evocative of their period.

Bop is king. Total swing. Time we got smart.

Paul Du Noyer

Alan Man Tran. Pic by Pennie Smith



Total swing thing

THE BOGEY BOYS Friday Night (Chrysalis)

THE Bogey Boys are a three-cornered combo from Erie whose music is almost as thrilling as their name. Their debut LP is an evocation of mainstream R&B-flavoured boogie before it sprouted swarl and spawned Heavy Metal as we now know it. All in all, it's a remarkably sedate experience.

Bass and drums galumph in an orderly manner and there's icing courtesy Jim Smith, who weaves intricate pearl and plain guitar patterns like so much aural knitting. There are no red-fanged fratboard sprees as such, just a

continuum of wearisome stop/go sequences in which everybody/nobody solos. They bear the hallmark of democratic restraint, and they doggedly refuse to let rip.

Bumping and grinding through stolid vignettes of a mythical plebeian existence, they touch upon its collective conscience in 'I'm All Right Jack', its traumas in 'Closing Time', both sides of the work ethic coin in 'Success Story' and 'Hard Times', and the weekly Valhalla of 'Friday Night' (out with the lads on! Agony trickles forth in controlled dosages: the dereliction seems as pre-destined as their riffs.

Rick Joseph

ART PEPPER Among Friends (Interplay Import) Art Pepper Today (Galaxy)

EVER since I saw him play at Hammersmith last May, I've been hooked on the cool, tender beauty of Art Pepper's music.

Apart from being the decade's great comeback success — his recording career resumed in 1975 after a 15-year nightmare hiatus of gaol, heroin addiction and serious illness — Pepper has rapidly evolved into one of the great masters of modern jazz saxophone, adapting the adventurousness of free music into a personalised version of post-bop traditionalism.

His purity of tone, his poise, his restraint — a kind of pithy delicacy — are the stylistic hallmarks.

These two latest albums are as good as any he's ever done. 'Among Friends' is the earlier: a funky, spirited selection of Pepper's favourite pieces that includes an affectionate dissection of Monk's 'Round About Midnight' and the fruition of a long-standing interest in Latin jazz with 'Besame Mucho', an astonishingly lovely lilting performance that has Pepper's alto at its most deftly caressing.

'Art Pepper Today' has equivalent delights. A darting rampage through 'Lower Come Back To Me', a slitheringly languorous 'These Foolish Things' — and a new version of his self-penned classic 'Patricia'. Pepper gently breathes through a flowing set of sensuous variations before re-entering with a flickering agitation that bursts into a passionate crescendo and final peaceful release.

He reckons it's the best thing he's ever recorded. I think these things are two of the year's most beautiful and essential releases. At least give them a listen.

Graham Lock

IMPORTS

THERE'S a track called 'Jas'moon' on The Dirt Band's 'An American Dream' (UA), that has the one-time Nitry Gritties niftily blending disco, bluegrass and even chamber jazz. Now, it's a no great deal, no breakthrough or anything like that, but it works effectively enough and maybe points one direction in which Hanna, McKuen and Co. could head.

And certainly The Dirt Band needs to head somewhere pretty soon, for they're currently wasting their undoubted talents in a belated attempt to become whiter-than-white LA cowboys, replete with wishy-washy paddle action. A revival of hardy perennial 'New Orleans', on which Louisiana's Le Roux provide a twist assist, sounds healthy, but despite the involvement of such guests as Al Kooper, Linda Ronstadt, Leah Kunder and Marty Gwinn, the rest of the album — which includes an oddball reggae version of Claude King's 'Wolverton Mountain' '62 hit — hardly signals a return to former glories.

The previously mentioned Martyn Gwinn is also to be found playing musical footsy with Randy Bishop on 'This Is The Night' (Infinity). But those who think of Bishop in terms of his work with The Wackers, Roxy and other worthy Canadian capers, can forget about 'Night', which is only mildly ahead of Peters and Lee in approach, the track listing — which includes 'To Daddy', 'Delicate Harmony', 'In Your Eyes' and 'Spending All My Love On You' — reflecting Bishop and Gwinn's totally marshmallow world.

Those seeking something considerably more substantial are therefore pointed in the direction of 'Free At Last' (Gusto), a double-rat of King sides by Little Willie John. John, once the subject of a tribute album by James Brown, could have easily provided Hollywood with enough material for a dozen bio-pics. A singer at 14, he notched 13 U.S. pop hits between 1956-61, including such monsters as 'Sleep' and 'Fever', slotting in innumerable tussles with drinks, drugs, fast cars and faster woman along the way, eventually staking his claim to true legendary status by getting arrested on a manslaughter charge and dying, age 30, while being held in Washington State Penitentiary. A great, earthy, emotive vocalist, he turned ballads into blues and rocked as mightily as anyone around, turning such fripperies as 'Leave My Kitten Alone' (a hit both in '59 and '61) into classic singles. 'Free At Last' therefore comes highly recommended. Essential even yet!

Finally a memo to all Mike Nesmith freaks that 'Monkeemania', a 40 track double, is now available on Aussie Arista. Packaged in superb manner — the sleeve notes are almost book-length and include a full discography, listing both solo and group recordings, plus a chart log — the disc features all of the band's essential material together with an elongated version of 'The Porpoise Song', a live concert cut of Nesmith's 'Circle Sky' and even a rendition of Boyce and Hart's 'Monkee's Theme' sung in Italian! Teenybop The Monkees may have been, but their music (and their TV shows) remain as tackily endearing as any episode of *Flash Gordon*. 'Cuse me while I put on my woolly hat and tune in yet again!

Fred Dollar

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FLYS
Own (EMI)

SINCE 'Waikiki Beach Refugees', their diverse and hugely promising debut, FLYS have dropped the 'The' and undergone a corresponding musical streamlining. On 'Own', the riffs strike harder, aided by beefier production courtesy of '2 boys talking' (presumably co-writers Neil O'Connor and David Freeman, FLYS' answer to the Glimmer Twins.)

The opening three tracks highlight the band's strengths and problems. 'Let's Drive' transcends its obvious 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' origins with some scything chordal work from the guitars (O'Connor and Freeman), only to be let down by watery vocals. 'Energy Boy', the single, is even more compulsively guitar-driven, but it and the languid 'Fascinate Me' are seriously undermined by O'Connor's Bowie-derived lyrics and inflections.

But FLYS are quick to counter with three successive crackers. 'Talking To The Wall' sounds far more hit-like than 'Energy Boy', bolstering a spirited chorus with handclaps and sharp lyrics. '16 Down' and 'Fortunes' are almost as strong and 'Shake Some Action'-era Flamin' Groovies provides a fair reference point for this hat-trick, though FLYS have compressed and toughened up the renowned Anglophiles' approach.

Noticeable throughout 'Own' is a leaning toward varied — not to say psychedelic — texturing. A meandering, plink-plonk section on 'Fascinate Me' has 'Satanic Majesties' written all over it, while the trebly organ and discreet smashing of glass on 'Through The Windscreen' recall the brief, witty Pink Floyd of yore. The disembodied voice (Freeman?) and scudding background drone of 'When 2 And 5 Make 9' make it the most successful of this crop, guitars boosting another memorable chorus.

New drummer Graham Deakin is integrated to the extent of getting a lead vocal on 'Freezing', a forgettable

Cockney / Scaffold opus, and, along with Joe Hughes' bass, provides power without clumsiness. David Freeman is not the most inventive lead guitarist I've heard, but excels at the kind of pointed, economical playing that is FLYS' stock in trade.

Look — there's enough depth on 'Own' to satisfy long after more clearly focussed efforts have palled.

Harry George

JOHN PRINE
Pink Cadillac
(Asylum)

JOHN HIATT
Slug Line (MCA)

WITH the record industry in apparent decline, times is hard for the musical Mike Yarwoods, the people who think they can get by if they sound like more illustrious fore-runners.

John Prine used to have a distinctive voice of his own, a contrived bass with which he crooned a couple of truly celebrated songs: 'Sam Stone', about a G.I. victim of Vietnam, and 'Hello In There', a much-covered lament for old-age. These days, alas, he sounds excessively like Bob Dylan, circa 'Nashville Skyline'.

Happily, however, the mood of this album, produced by the legendary Sam Phillips and his sons, is also on a par with that particular Dylan collection, so it's all very pleasant. An agreeable, cosy way of spending forty minutes. If you happen to be an agreeable, cosy sort. Songs with titles like 'Cold War' and 'Saigon' ought to have interesting lyrics, but Prine seems to be so busy establishing atmosphere and emotion, that you can barely hear a single word.

Lyrics pre-occupy John Hiatt, who evidently fancies himself as a bit of an Elvis Costello disciple. Just what the world needs. Hiatt's voice is Costello to the half-life, and the sneer displayed on the back sleeve would be enough to crack El's specs. Hiatt's difficulty, though, is that he's also heavily influenced by Bruce Springsteen. Little sketches of urban life intrude into the cynical waffle. Nothing wrong with that on the face of it. Except Hiatt's ambition overreaches itself.

Costello and Springsteen are both originals. They succeed because they've got lots of inspiration, and write their own blueprints. In contrast, Hiatt merely regurgitates sloppy seconds.

Bob Edmunds

THE DAMNED

New Single
I Just Can't Be Happy Today
Ballroom Blitz
+ Turkey Song

Chiswick
CHS 120



Blitz on Ballroom Blitz and Cemetery

Not so drole by Doll



DOLL BY DOLL Gypsy Blood (Automatic)

OUT of the abattoir and into the fight? Compared with its dark, grim predecessor, Doll By Doll's second album has all the outer appearance, at least, of an altogether friendlier animal.

Just as 'Remember' seemed introverted to the point of unbalance, so bereft of surface attraction as if determined to repel any but the most committedly sympathetic listener (and evoking anything from irritation to derision from the rest of us, hardening into studied indifference), so 'Gypsy Blood' turns out as a warm, richly musical work of easy appeal, accessible and inviting.

There's a noticeable softening of approach as the more lyrical and romantic element in Jackie Leven's songwriting gains prominence at the expense of the violent and harrowingly stark aspect so evident elsewhere: a development that's paralleled by the album's production which incorporates more colour, breadth and diversity.

In terms of simple memorability, of melody and construction, the present selection (though not comprised entirely of songs which are new to Doll's repertoire) represents an unqualified improvement and advance. New readers begin here.

Once again it's Leven whose writing and personality dominate the album, but with two strong contributions from Jo Shaw in 'Binary Fiction' and 'Endgame'. David McIntosh still drums and Tony Waite comes in on bass. 'The Human Face', maybe the most immediately impressive cut, is credited as a group composition. Leven emerges as a gifted and intriguing writer, all the better for his vastly increased clarity which seems born of the resolution of certain inner conflicts and a keener desire to move out and meet the listener at least half-way.

Rather than attempt explanations and summaries which, given the intensity and

emotional depth of the songs, would necessarily be facile and inadequate, I'd ask you to make your acquaintance first hand. Just for now, though, we could note the skill for imagery and incidental detail which informs a piece like 'Stripshow'. A line that goes 'When the neon universe was winning to an end and the taxi drivers yawned from Earls Court to The Strand' blends into the song's context with haunting economy and precision.

No, those charges of obscurity won't hold this time around. And nor, to my mind, will accusations of humourlessness — unless I'm completely out of order in finding something hilarious about a celestial gospel choir singing 'Jesus Wept' in transfixed repetition.

'Gypsy Blood' is still a largely eulobiographical affair, as its title implies (Leven is half-Romany, and retains a mystical attachment to the race's traditions), but more than that, it's a fully rounded statement of character, counterbalancing the bitterness and flashes of cynicism with tenderness and compassion.

It's prompting a deal of reassessment on this listener's part, I know. Doll By Doll are opening out.

Paul Du Noyer

THE METEORS

Teenage Heart (EMI)

THE fair youth of Amsterdam have taken to The Meteors like a moth to a flame. Will their Brit counterparts do likewise, as EMI prepares to launch these six minstrels here as Holland's only known specimen of The Nieu Waav? And will their scurrilous new single, 'My Balls Ache' (chick slammed car door on 'em, the song says) fan the flames of controversy, even as they disembark at Harwich? Controversy, by golly, The Meteors will probably need something like that.

Their confused hotch-potch of an album reveals above all that they haven't quite found their bearings. In fact, they wear their multiple crises of identity like a thorny crown. On the 11 tracks of beat music here, the mood shuffles randomly from the mildly disturbing to the downright old hat. But the central conflict seems to be should they stamp their feet and be anarchic, or should they be po-faced and cerebral?

When they want to be vigorous, they frequently resort to hamfisted boogie, yet they show a dab hand at sprucing up their tunes with

modernistic electronic noises, sometimes in the most peculiar of places. And when they want to sound vociferous and punky, it comes out sounding, well... Dutch?

I hope they find a champion in the UK, if only because their explorations into odd fields (atonality, for instance), reaches the parts that most other bands cannot reach, or don't care to. But to these ears, 'Teenage Heart' remains as lacklustre as a wet firework.

Rick Joseph



SANTANA

Marathon (CBS)

AAH, the master of the tacky taco, the dippy Devadip is back, running around in ever-decreasing circles. How apt that old Carlos should take up the cudgels once more on behalf of everything that is pure and beautiful; what enlightenment is cast on the dark waters of man's tortured inner soul. 'Marathon', the new Santana album, the longest race in the Olympic games, the lap of the gods, an unpleasant chocolate bar, a period of indeterminate time.

How does Sri Chinmoy have it? Of course, 'An athlete (sic) runs in the outer world. A seeker runs in the inner world.' Etcetera. One wouldn't mind the bloated conceit of Santana's footling fantasies, the ancient Jeff Beck ticks, the moon in junisms but for that inevitable coating of half-baked religious chickenshit which he insists on smearing over every rusty aphorism and every cocktail melody.

Granted that each song must capitulate to melodramatic torpor. It's expected that the band sound like a hideous fusion of Return To Forever and Bad Company. In that respect Santana are no worse than the grand sweep of popular product merchants for whom no deviation is necessary and none is offered. Fair enough, Carlos, we never credited you with a brain or the usual quota of aesthetic faculties. Save us from Mexican missionaries and their fraudulent soothsayers.

Max Bell

NEIL INNES

NEW ALBUM

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24th SHEFFIELD Univ.
26th Lady Mitchell Hall CAMBRIDGE
27th and 28th Venue LONDON
29th Univ. of Surrey (Rag Ball) GUILDFORD
- DECEMBER** 1st BRADFORD University
7th Queen Elizabeth College LONDON



COMING SOON ON SAFARI

SAFARI



Polydor



THE MOTELS

The Motels (Capitol)

INSIDE what's probably the most ghastly album cover I've seen in a year or more looks a record of subtle attractiveness. The debut offering from LA's Motels won't leap up and grab you by the throat, but allow yourself steady exposure to its quiet, cool power and I can almost guarantee that it'll hook and insinuate itself into all the right places.

The Motels' music is a blend of melody and edginess, rising at times to moments of subdued beauty, enshrouded in this mist of nervous romanticism. The warm voice and vulnerable projection of Martha Davis, the group's songwriter and frontperson, are well served by the thoughtfully inventive musicianship of her band.

Michael Goodroe on bass and drummer Brian Glescock supply a strong but responsive rhythm section, deployed to excellent effect on the trance-like 'Porn Reggae', possessed of enough valuable sensitivity not to damage the slightly fragile construction of the songs. Jeff Jourard's guitar playing and Martin Life Jourard's keyboards give eloquent evidence of a similar intelligence, often R&B in inspiration but genuinely individual.

Elsewhere Jourard takes up the sax, and to my mind provides the album's highpoint; his slowwork through 'Total Control', itself the best song in the collection,

entwines itself around the track's sensual, desolate melancholy to invest it with an extra dimension of feeling.

Still, the sum total of The Motels' first, in terms of impact and effect, isn't all that I'd wish. While recognising that themes of suppressed unease and awkward emotion form the very essence of Martha Davis' writing, the overall impression is of a frustrating restraint, of over-caution. Probably significant here is that recording was done almost at the outset of the group's career, before all its elements had coalesced, its vision had clarified or confidence cemented.

But this is a good beginning; the hype had some substance. It's to be hoped that Martha doesn't take the fatalism of her music too much to heart, and does decide to stick around with us a while longer — because the signs are that tomorrow could be worth waiting for.

Paul Du Noyer

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Avon Calling (The Bristol Compilation) (Heartbeat/Cherry Red/Spartan)

'AVON Calling' is the collective endeavour of 15 groups that live and languish around Britain's Most Uneasy Major Metropolis. So, leaving aside any thoughts on the value of compilation albums in general, and digressions on rock geography in particular, it only remains to be said that 'Avon Calling' is a veritable riot of stunning pop.

Otherworldliness is the keynote for Glaxo Babies' wholly unpalatable offering 'It's Irrational': a feedback induced nightmare, for which for better or worse infiltrates the inner ear with the thoroughness of a strong purgative. Next The Europeans give a new lease of life to the guitar flanger. 'On



The Motels: Martha Davis holds the key

Premature Accommodation

The Continent' is an updated and corpulent 'Marrakesh Express' for day-trippers bound for Ostend, played from the back seat of the world's fastest roller coaster. You may or may not like it.

And we stay with one foot in Memory Lane with 'Green Is In The Red', in which The Private Dicks lend the unique vocal timbre of The Hollies (it's so uncanny) to a gloriously Buzzcockian nursery rhyme, complete with scatted nonsense lyrics and a teasingly impatient backbeat. But for those of you who've spent good brass on a copy of 'Raven', bend an ear towards Moscow, whose psycho-hogging scoop of ordered delirium leaves The Strangers dangling. Their song is called 'Too Much Commotion', and it could prove hazardous to your health.

Further excellence comes from Essential Bop who dare to parody 'Riders On The Storm' and live. Their 'Chronicle' has a wall-to-wall atmosphere of impending catastrophe. The Directors

provide incisive and bushy-tailed mod music with 'What You've Got' while Various Artists provide a riveting, convoluted R&B shuffle, and a rare opportunity to hear a bass drum turned inside-out 'Own Up'.

Over on side two Sneak Preview kick off with 'Slugweird', a massive onslaught of swashbuckling industrial doom — a sort of fork lift truckers of the apocalypse theme, while Slingshots haul rock and roll into the '80s with their leering, pulsating 'Sound'.

The stylus trails into a boisterous four-star garage raunch from The X-Certs ('Anthem'), followed by spluttered mayhem from Apartment ('Alternative'), and an appealing, if confused display of Bowie-isms from The Numbers ('Cross-Slide'). Vice Squad ('Nothing') make archetypal buzzsaw music at twice the speed of gun-powder, while their voluptuous chanteuse Becky Bondage bewails the fate of her generation from the

uppermost parapet of the Clifton Suspension Bridge.

The joys of profligate living are eulogized in 'Move Fast, Stay Ahead', a reckless, infectious punkabilly chorus from Stereo Models, and the concluding piece of resistance is 'My Dead Mother' from the magnificent Double Vision. The black pathos of this song is convincingly carried by Stephanie Dicks' imploring vocal, and offset by a wonderfully clumsy one-drop reggae backbeat that might have been dubbed in heaven.

Is that everyone accounted for? I've yet to discover any homogenous undercurrents that could be identified as The Bristol Sound or to pinpoint any one particular band that colonises the attention with extravagant individuality, but to be fair I've only played the album about 40 times this weekend. Nonetheless, for a refreshing insight into what is effectively first-generation rock-music, you could do worse than investigate 'Avon Calling'.

Rick Joseph



TINA TURNER

Love Explosion (United Artists)

TINA Turner is renowned as a person capable of sizzling singing, high-pressure dancing and creating a stylised sexual frenzy whenever an MC announces, "Ladeez 'n' gemmun, it's star time!". Given the right band and the right material, she can grab an audience and keep 'em grabbed just as long as she wants. In other words, she's stunning.

On 'Love Explosion', she has a competent but basically boring clutch of accompanists, an arranger and producer (Raymond T. Knahetsky and Alex R. Constantinos) who are — on this showing — unlikely to become household names, and a selection of material as instantly memorable as the names of the arranger and producer (quick: name them without looking up. Can't do it, can you?)

With the sole exception of the venerable Philly classic 'Back Stabbers' the songs are well-to-wall useless, which leaves Tina in a position analogous to a person trying to dance in eight inches of molasses while wearing leaky Wellingtons with lead soles. And this is happening to the person who wrote 'Nutbush City Limits'?

It is not pleasant to see someone this gifted in such lacklustre settings. Avoid at all costs.

Charles Shaar Murray

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RICHARD LLOYD Alchemy

(Elektra Import)
'ALCHEMY' is an interesting, sometimes highly exciting debut from the doe-eyed guitarist whose former claim to fame — being Tom Verlaine's foil in Television — caused one to never truly gauge the measure of his talents.

The spectres of the Stones and Dylan loom large over Lloyd's songs, as do those of The Byrds and The Beatles. 'Alchemy' itself is a useful companion piece to Verlaine's album in that whereas the latter shows its maker to be very much the master of his chosen style, sound and intent, often crossing distinctly unorthodox precincts, the former shows Lloyd to be rather more conventional.

Lloyd's musical structures are effectively eclectic, whilst his own guitar playing is very curt and to the point. He does, however, choose to overreach himself at times as a composer, a trait that provides 'Alchemy' with its quota of lame ducks. 'Dying Words', for example, is so overwrought lyrically, so clumsily conceived musically, that it's virtually unlistenable. Similarly 'Pretend', credited to Lloyd and three of his band, kicks off in an intriguingly anguished fashion but falls apart.

These are the album's most arch failures. Elsewhere Lloyd stays within his self-imposed limits, those of classic

'60s-styled rock. Sometimes the results are pleasantly mediocre. 'Misty Eyes', for instance, is a virtual 'Pretty Flamingo' clone that languishes in a soppy cocoon of prettiness.

Despite all this, when Lloyd hits his mark, the results are superb. The title track is stunning. A thick, tightly implemented backdrop sets up a simple but beguilingly assured base over which Lloyd intones a wide-eyed psalm to the supernatural. His guitar, although badly mixed, creates an exquisite spiralling effect, and the song finally billows into an intoxicating coda redolent of The Byrds in their glory days.

'Woman's Ways' follows, another ace, a perfect mating of Lou Reed's 'Sweet Jane' riff and Dylan-esque harp playing. The lyrics are strong, simple and straight to the heart. The third good song in a row is 'Number Nine', a brusque, abrasive guitar jamboogie that again suffers because of a poor mix but still drives along at a contagiously high pace.

Over on side two 'Blue And Grey', a sweetly shimmering ballad, and a tough quasi-doo wop affair give you a sturdy five strong tracks to chew over. Conclusions? Well, 'Alchemy' seemed no reason for great expectations, but delivers at least half the time. Not worth the high price of asking whilst it remains on import, 'Alchemy' should bear closer examination when it's released over here in December.

Nick Kent

VILLAGE PEOPLE Live And Sleazy

(Mercury)
A double and the VPs fifth 33 rpm outing. Since 'Go West' they've lost their lead voice and lyricist Victor Willis. To ease you into the new gruff, humourless sounding Village People they've included a cushion of old stuff — in the shape of a live album — to nudge your memory that this

A lugubrious Richard Lloyd. Pic by Godlis.



Life without TV

is a good group and you should follow them no matter what.

On the sleeve you can look at new member Ray Simpson who they've kitted out so as to look as much as possible like Willis, and you can also note that the image has changed from over-the-top camp imagination into marketed tough guys after a good run for their bucks. The new music is wasteful and strained and David Hodo is a very poor substitute for the former lead man's rich humour and power.

The live album works well

enough through 'Macho Man', 'YMCA', 'In The Navy', and the great 'San Francisco', but this is the old Village People in operation, something admitted in tiny letters on the label. 'Lead Vocals By Victor Willis', it says and you know that they're barely clinging on throughout the desperate two 'Sleazy' sides. Willis knew the bubble had been milked and — under a bad cloud, I suspect — got off the sinking ship. VP producer Jacques Morali, an awful poser, obviously refuses to admit that his master creation has run its course.

People now are saying that the group were a charlatan Four Tops. People who were there know better. They were the Village People — funny, hot, exciting and now gone. Any of the first three LPs will give you the wink.

Denny Baker

IAN MATTHEWS Siamese Friends

(Rockburgh)
AN important one for Matthews. His last offering, 'Stealing Home', cracked the US charts in impressive style, even spawning a million selling single. So if 'Friends' picks up the baton in reasonable fashion, then the led from Lincs is set for the '80s and can check in at the Hotel Californias of this world.

Not surprisingly, the album, cut in Britain with a British producer (actually he was raised in Kenya, but we won't argue about that), is aimed unerringly at the American market, the songs often being soft-centred, with Matthews' voice epitomising the better end of FM MOR.

Bassist Mark Griffiths, an ex-Southern Comfort sidekick, plays with considerable perception throughout — check the way he seemingly curls his lines around Matthews' vocal on a version of John Martyn's 'Anne'. Then too, there's the under-estimated Mick Weaver's amalgam of thoughtful and heartfelt keyboard dressings — which really spark to life on the brazen boogie which is 'Heatwave'. Mick opting for his old Wynder K Frog alter ego and heading for Hammond heaven.

The songs vary in quality. Matthews' own 'Hearts On The Line' is an anglegrabber right from its 'Clothing lay scattered on the floor, like victims in a striptease war' opening line, while Jules Shear's 'Home Somewhere' also sports lyrics that can be read or sung. Down at the

bottom end though, Stevie Nicks' 'Crying In The Night' is a bit naff and hardly worthy of Matthews' interpretation. Overall then, 'Friends' is a commendable affair and a mite edgier than your usual American pile of warm-wash and spin-dry.

Thai and thai again.

Fred Dellar

TERRY ALLEN Lubbock On Everything

(Fete Records)
TERRY Allen emerged from Lubbock, Texas as the name behind Little Feat's 'New Delhi Freight Train', a card playing retired sculptor with a penchant for the witty and the bizarre and a whole mess of unrecorded country rock vignettes that bristle with loaded images, weird tales and a real historical eye for detail that would make a perfect fictional soundtrack to a Terrence Malick movie.

'Lubbock (On Everything)' engages the helping hands of Joe Ely's cream musicians and a range of unknown pickers and honkers who are as welcome as an oasis in a desert. Allen links his material thematically, side by side over four halves, each one of them packed with more real emotion and guts than a score of Willie Nelson albums. Songs for truckers, attacks on the art intelligentsia, requiems for 'Nam war widows, unwanted *menages des trois* and stories of panhandle princes.

Allen is in the unusual position of resembling no one in particular whilst outstripping all attempts to centralise his own muse. The works and the music concentrate on a scene like a photograph and have a scope like there's no horizon at all. Gram Parsons, Lowell George are dead and gone but Terry Allen is alive and gone. The good old boys are good young boys now. It's a serious thing (but not too serious).

Max Bell

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Thursday

Aberavenny Prince of Wales Army Club: Nightmares
 Barrow Football Club: J.A.L.N. Band
 Basingstoke Magnums: Romantics
 Belfast: Queen's University: Flying Saucers
 Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Caravan
 Birmingham Market Cross: The Clinic
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Drphen
 Birmingham Top Rank: Black Gollia
 Birmingham Underworld: Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club
 Blackpool Norbrook Castle: Bethnal
 Bodmin Jail Club: Metro Gliders
 Bournemouth Tiffany's: Steve Hooker Band
 Bradford Princeville: Samson
 Brighton Dome: Steve Hillage Band
 Brighton Hungry Years: Tokyo Rose
 Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Carlisle Market Hall: The Specialists / The Selector / Dazy's Midnight Runners
 Colne Union Hotel: S.I.C.
 Coventry Tiffany's: Secret Affair/Squire
 Coventry Warwick University: John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Slevey & The Freshies/The Out
 Derby Assembly Hall: Motorhead
 Dundee Technical College: Roger Chapman & The Shortlist
 Edinburgh Astoria: Little Bo Bitch
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: The Chertals/The Prets
 Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: Blue Oyster Cult
 Edinburgh University: Here & Now
 Farnborough College of Art: The Accidents
 Galashiels Textile College: Scotch
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Tammy Wynette / The Duffy Brothers
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: Visitors / Dev Trippers
 Henley Victoria Hall: John Martyn
 Hayes (Middlesex): Adam & Eve: The Inceptors
 Hemel Hempstead Deorum College: The Fell
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: The End
 Hull University: Richard & Linda Thompson
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Furniture/Two Against Two
 Leeds Fan Club: Graph / Sincere American / Pseudo Existents
 London Camden Dingwalls: Sleepy LaBeef
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: The B52s/The Searchers/The V.I.P.s
 London Camden Music Machine: Matumbi/Viola Wile
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Stan's Blues Band
 London Catford The Squires: Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
 London Clapham 101 Club: Bobby Henry
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fingerprints
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Urchin
 London Hamersmith Odeon: Gallagher & Lyle/Jodie Truie
 London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Thieves Like Us
 London Highbury North London Polytechnic: Beh & Brecca Band
 London Islington Hopes & Anchor: The Carpettes
 London Islington Pied Bull: Waking Wounded/Last Days
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Lacey's Affair
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Duet Twins
 London Kennington The Nashville: Scarsa/Vitus La Caza
 London Knightsbridge Pizz on the Park: Ike Isaacs Duo
 London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: Misty/Atzelius
 London Marquis Club: The Original Mirrors/The Pretty British
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 London Soho Pizz Express: Scott Hamilton Group
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Matchbox
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 London Woolwich Tramshed: James-town Ferry
 London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: American Blues Legends 79 Tour
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Hawkwind/Doll By Doll
 Manchester Polytechnic: Straight Eight
 Newcastle Blaydon Club: Dave Barry
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: John Miles
 Newport Slowways Club: The Toys
 Nottingham Albert Hall: The Spinners
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Goffs
 Nottingham Little Milton Club: Zorro
 Oxford Cape of Good Hope: Ken Wood & The Mixers
 Peterlee Leisure Club: The Family Brown
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Hot Chocolate
 Portsmouth HMS Nelson: Clem Curtis & The Foundations
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: Tours
 Port Talbot Troubadour: The Revillos
 Poynton Folk Centre: Dave Tordella
 Preston Guildhall: Mike Harding
 Ramsgate Continental Hotel: Fred Wadlock
 Reading Target Club: Embryo
 Salford Walkden Bulls Head: The Salford Jets
 Sheffield Limit Club: Cowboys International
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: Cliff Richard
 Southend Scamps: No Idea
 Stourbridge Foley Arms: Saffron Summerfield
 Swansea University: Squeeze/The Photos

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Jam tour opens

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(Thursday)

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(Friday)

KATE BUSH-CLIFF RICHARD

(Sunday)

and

THE WHO AT STAFFORD

(Friday & Saturday)

THE JAM's Paul Weller (above) sets the scene for the band's eagerly-awaited UK tour, which gets under way at Poole (Sunday) and Manchester (Tuesday and Wednesday). As you can see, there's a whole clutch of new tours going on the road this week, and there simply isn't enough space to give exact details of opening gigs. You'll simply have to look through the day-by-day listings and find them for yourselves!

Tilbury Railwayman's Club: Bastille
 Wolverhampton Holly Bush: Roaring Jelly
 York Assembly Rooms: Ziggy Heroe

Friday

Aberavon Nine Volts Club: Caravan
 Aberdeen University: Simple Minds
 Belfast: Queen's University: Flying Saucers
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traktors
 Birmingham New Inn: Denizens
 Birmingham Odeon: Motorhead
 Birmingham Regal Club: Matumbi
 Birmingham The Underworld: Jane Aire & The Salvadores
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Cut
 Blackpool Lion Bar: The Salford Jets
 Bournemouth Stateside Centre: Rikki & The Gufflinks
 Bournehampton Winter Gardens: Cliff Richard
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: The Negatives / The Scene / Total Confusion / Beats Working
 Brentwood Hermit Club: Dividing Line
 Brighton Alhambra: Peter & The Test Tube Babies / The Gollins Brothers
 Brighton Polytechnic: Misty / Atzelius
 Brighton Sherrys: High Flames
 Brighton Sussex University: The Piranhas
 Bristol Castle Green: 'A' Block
 Bristol University: Fischer-2
 Burton 76 Club: Iron Maiden
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: Secret Affair
 Cardiff University: Squeeze / The Photos
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Freeze
 Chesterfield: Birmingham Tavern: The Speedy Bears
 Cirencester Royal Agricultural College: Flash Cats
 Coventry Byron Bridge: Streetlife
 Coventry Theatre: Boxcar Willie
 Cromer West Runt Pavilion: Richard & Linda Thompson
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Syd Lawrence Orchestras
 Darlington Civic Theatre: The Yetties
 Derby Bemrose Sports Club: Strange Days
 Dundee University: Wild Horses / Little Bo Bitch
 Dunfermline Kinema: Scotch
 Edinburgh University: Roger Chapman & The Shortlist
 Egrement Tow Bar Inn: Bethnal
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Lynx / Caroline Roadshow
 Goolle Station Hotel: Side Effect

GL. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: Rock 'n' Roll Weekend Hop with Sleepy LaBeef / Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers / Yakey Yak etc. (for three days)
 Halestowen Borough Hall: Diamond Head
 Hatfield Polytechnic: American Blues Legends 79 Tour
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Gang Of Four
 Ingatstone Youth Club: Anti-Establishment
 Keele University: Revelation
 Keighley Downtown Club: Agony Column
 Knaresborough Folk Club: Dick Gaughan
 Leeds Mandis Institute: Roaring Jelly
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Hawkwind / Doll By Doll
 Liverpool Eric's: The Cure / The Associates / The Passions
 Liverpool The Masonic: Mistress
 London Acton Kings Head: Paz
 London Camden Brickstock: The Features
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Bogey Boys / The Method
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: Madness / Red Bees & Rice / Bad Manners
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jettlyro Bus Band
 London Chelsea College of Art: The Merlon Parkas
 London City Polytechnic: Beh & Brecca Band
 London Clapham 101 Club: Thieves Like Us
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Red Bees & Rice
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: The Craze / Electrotunes
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lyn-ton's H-D Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Tennis Shoes
 London Hamersmith Odeon: Gallagher & Lyle / Jodie Truie
 London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The V.I.P.s
 London Holborn Princess Louise: The Scoop / Disco Zombies
 London Islington Hopes & Anchor: The Revs
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Manyas
 London Kensington Royal College of Art: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London Kennington The Nashville: The Pirates
 London Marquis Club: Cowboys International / Vice-Versa
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: Misty Gray & The Morons/Tours
 London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
 London Oxford St: 101 Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Palladium: Randy Edelman
 London Putney Half Moon: The Blues Band

London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night with Tymon Dagg
 London Putney White Lion: Back Street Operators
 London Regents Park Bedford College: The Crooks
 London Royal Veterinary College: Fred Wadlock
 London Soho Pizz Express: Johnny Parker
 London Southall White Swan: Scissor Fits
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Manhattan Transfer
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Ojah
 London University Union: The Pop Group / Scotch Paired
 London Victoria The Venue: Andrew Matheson
 London Wembley Conference Centre: Shirley Bassey
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Spider
 London Woolwich Odeon: Bill Haley & The Comets
 London W.9 The Chippenhams: Sanity
 Gloucester W.10 Acklam Hall: Embryo / Last-Lazars / Innocent Bystanders
 Manchester Maxwell Hall: John Miles
 Manchester Mayflower: The Lambretas
 Manchester Royal Oak: The Now
 Manchester Valentine's: Dave Barry
 Middlesex Road Rock Garden: Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club
 New Brighton Empress Club: Vardis
 Newcastle Stirling House: Here & Now / Blank Space Band
 Newcastle University: Samson
 Newport Harper Adams College: Girlschool
 Newport The Village: The Revillos
 Norwich Cromwells: Ben E. King
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Radium
 Nottingham Sandpiper: The Original Mirrors
 Oakenfold Town Hall: The End
 Oxford St. Catherine's College: The Act
 Penzance Gulval Madhouse: Metro Gliders
 Peterborough ABC Theatre: The Spinners
 Plymouth Top Rank: Sleepy LaBeef
 Port Talbot Nine Volts Club: Urchin
 Reading Target Club: The Moonwalkers
 Reading University: After The Fire
 Reford Portershouse: The Fall
 Scarborough Pantheon: Screams
 Sheffield Polytechnic: John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Slevey & The Freshies/The Out
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Steve Hillage Band
 Stafford Bingley Hall: The Who
 Stockport Technical College: Private Sector
 St. Ives (Cornwall) Curlews Country Club: Sabotege

Stafford-on-Avon Ettington Park Manor: Saffron Summerfield
 Uxbridge Brunel University: Ches & Dave
 Wakefield Unity Hall: The Specialists / The Selector / Dazy's Midnight Runners
 Watford Girls Grammar School: Anorexia
 West Malling Greenways: Clem Curtis & The Foundations
 Weston-super-Mare RAF Locking: Night-mare
 Whitehall Royal Oak: Chinatown
 Wokingham Rock Club: The Items / The Menesies
 Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: Andy Caven

Saturday

Basildon Double Six: Caroline Roadshow
 Barnsley Civic Hall: Cowboys International/Vice-Versa
 Birmingham Bogarts: Berlin
 Birmingham Market Cross: Strider
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
 Birmingham Top Rank: Black Gollia
 Birmingham Underworld: Bethnal
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Supercharge/The Funboy Five
 Blackpool Lion Bar: The Salford Jets
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Cliff Richard
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: The Killer-meters/The Fixations
 Brighton Polytechnic: The Fall
 Brighton Sherrys: High Flames
 Brighton The Concord: The Libertines
 Brighton The Northern: Airport
 Bristol Castle Green: Apartment
 Bristol Crown Celler Bar: The Fans
 Buckland Memorial Hall: Alex Atter-ton/Spiggle Alley
 Cambridge International Centre: Mis-ty/Atzelius
 Cardiff RAF St Athan: Nightmares
 Carlisle Allan Ramsey: The Marks
 Chesham Town Hall: Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
 Colchester Copford Windmill: Ben E. King
 Coventry Lancheater Polytechnic: Last Words/Swall Maps
 Croydon Crest Hotel: George Melly and The Feetwarmers
 Dorchester The Tavern: Scissor Fits
 Dublin University: Squeeze/The Photos
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: Landscape
 Durham University: Pressure Shocks
 Eastbourne Mair House School: Thieves Like Us
 Edinburgh Odeon: Hawkwind/Doll By Doll
 Egrement Tow Bar Inn: The Stiletos
 Exmouth Arts Centre: Fred Wadlock
 Glasgow College of Technology: Scotch
 Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: Simple Minds
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Suspects
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Gallagher and Lyle/Jodie Truie
 Kendal Town Hall: The Family Brown
 Kingston Polytechnic: Fischer-2
 Lancaster University: Motorhead
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Here And Now
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Spinners
 Leicester St Michael's Community Centre: The Speedy Bears
 Leicester University: Richard and Linda Thompson
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Mike Harding
 Liverpool Eric's: Gang Of Four/The Au Pairs
 Liverpool Met: Iron Maiden
 Liverpool Oscar's: Bruce Woolley and The Camera Club
 London Barkin North-East Polytechnic: Cynrus
 London Camden Dingwalls: Stepside/Bobby Henry
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: Madness/Red Bees and Rice/Bad Manners
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Whirlwind
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Paris
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Lurkers
 London Hamersmith Odeon: Steve Hill-age Band
 London Hamersmith The Lyric (lun-chime): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hamersmith The Swan: The V.I.P.s
 London Highgate Jacksons Lane Com-munity Centre: Carol Grimes/Sweet F.A.
 London Islington Hopes And Anchor: The Beat
 London Kennington The Nashville: The Pirantes
 London Lewisham Hospital: Embryo
 London Marquis Club: Pinpoint/Victor Laszlo Five
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy Karloff Band
 London Putney Star & Garter: John Spencer's Attorneys
 London Rainbow Theatre: After The Fire/Interview
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Graham and Eileen Pratt
 London School of Economics: The Cure/The Passions/The Associates
 London Soho Pizz Express: Scott Hamilton Group
 London Southall White Swan: Spider
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Manhattan Transfer
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Ojah
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Fingerprints
 Loughborough University: The Specialists / The Selector/Dazy's Midnight Runners
 Malvern Winter Gardens: The Pretenders
 Maidenhead Leisure Centre: Boxcar Willie
 Manchester Polytechnic: Little Bo Bitch
 Manchester University: Matumbi
 Manchester Valentine's: Dave Barry
 Newcastle Casablanca Club (luncheon): Arthur 2 Strake/The Noise Tays/Kerax
 Nottingham Boat Club: Limelight
 Nottingham Outlaws Bar: The Drug Squad
 Oxford Polytechnic: The Act
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Tammy Wynette /The Duffy Brothers
 Reading University: Secret Affair/Squire
 Reford Portershouse: Screams/Zorro
 Sheffield University: John Martyn
 Southampton Portsmouth Hotel: Catch 22
 Southsea St John's College: Toulouse

CONTINUES OVER...

MORE GIG GUIDE

Stafford New Bingley Hall: The Who
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: Caravan
Stirling University: Roger Chapman and
The Shortlist
Sutton Bonington Agricultural College:
Flash Cats
Swindon Town Hall: American Blues
Legends 79 Tour
Uxbridge Brunel University: The Boppy
Boys
Widemouth Manor Hotel: Metro Gliders
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The
Pests
York College of Ripon and St John:
Samson
York University: John Cooper-
Clarke/Chris Slevey and The
Freshies/The Out

Sunday

Belfast Queen's University: Squeeze/The
Photos
Birmingham Edington Road: Saffron
Summerfield
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prime Donna
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: Ameri-
can Blues Legends 79 Tour
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
Birmingham Top Rank: Secret Affair/
Squire
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Tracks/Johnny G
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Fivepenny
Place
Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime):
Side Effect
Bristol Locarno: The Specialists/The Sele-
ctor/Denry's Midnight Runners
Bristol St Mathias College: Apartment
Brooklyn The Northover (lunchtime): Bill
Scott & Ian Ellis
Burnley Bankhall Club: Vardis
Chelmsford City F.C.: The Confederates
Doncaster Kellow Grange: Zorro
Dunstable Queensway Hall: Kandidate
Edinburgh Harvey's: The Freeze
Exeter University: The Brainiac Five
File St. Andrew's University: Simple
Minds
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Hawkwind/Doll
By Doll
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: John Miles
Ifford The Cranbrook: Raised On Robbery
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Boxer Willie
Leeds Florio Green Hotel: Bruce Woolley
& The Camera Club
Leeds Grand Theatre: Mike Harding
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Leicester Haymarket Theatre: Gordon
Giltreap
London Battersea Nags Head Jugular
Vain
London Camden Brickknock: Urchin
London Camden Dingwells: Stan's Blues
Band
London Charing Cross Duke of Bucking-
ham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham 101 Club: Fingerpritz
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Books
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal
Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers
London Finchley Tarrington: Morrissey:
Mullen Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Blues
Band
London Hammersmith The Lyric (lunch-
time) Bully Wee
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle:
Bedlans
London Kensington The Cricketers: The
O.K. Band
London Kensington The Nashville: Philip
Rainbow/Viva
London Marquee Club: The Fall
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime):
Blue Moon
London Royal Albert Hall: Kate Bush/Ciff
Richard
London Soho Piza Express: Eddie
Thompson
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion
Theatre: Manhattan Transfer
London Victoria The Venue: Bill Haley &
The Comets
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club:
Sleepy LaBee
London Woodwich Tramshed: Gay &
Terry Woods
Manchester Polytechnic: Here & Now
Mansfield Hucksall & Lunby Miners Club:
Nightmare
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Gang Of
Four
Newcastle City Hall: Motorhead
Newcastle Gullbank Studio: The Tan-
nahl Weavers/Jim Sharp
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Oxford New Theatre: Gallagher & Lyle/
Judie Tzuke
Plymouth Rotary Club: Chinatown
Poole Arts Centre: The Jam
Poynton Folk Centre: Six Hands In Tempo
Redcar Coatham Bowl: John Martyn
Salford Waldeen Ball Room: The Salford
Jets
Southampton Gaumont Theatre:
Showaddywaddy
Southport Folk Club: Peter Bellamy
Uxbridge Brunel University: Eric Selt
Band
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse
Wetford Palace Theatre: Anorexia/Sid
Sideboard & The Chair
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel (lunchtime):
Scissor Fite

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
Birmingham Odeon: Shirley Bassey
Boston Folk Club: Six Hands In Tempo
Bristol Colston Hall: Gallagher & Lyle/
Judie Tzuke
Caerphilly Double Diamond: Mary Wilson
(for a week)
Canterbury Kent University: American
Blues Legends 79 Tour
Castleford Club: Gang Of Four
Caterham Ulster University: Squeeze/
The Photos
Coventry Cinema Club: The Speedy Bears
Coventry Theatre: Mike Harding



Gillingham Napier Arms: Andrew Frank & Mike Mann

Glasgow Apollo Centre: Motorhead
Grangemouth International Club: FX9/
Alone At Last
Ifford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Slide Stompers
Leeds Mexboro Arms: Best Friends
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Spyder Blues
Band
Leeds University: Samson
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears:
Stan's Blues Band
London Camden Dingwells: Relay/Neve
Never Band / S.W.1.
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Riff
Raff
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: Boxer
Willie
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's
Whoopee Band
London Islington Greyhound: Electrolines
/ The Craze
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Little Roosters
London Kensington Imperial College:
John Miles
London Kensington The Nashville: Iron
Maiden / Praying Mantis
London Manor Park Rustin Arms: The
Gummers
London Marquee Club: Straight Eight
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Piccadilly Aphrodite's: Son E
King
London Putney Hill Moon: Dave Cousins
& Brian Walthour
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion
Theatre: Manhattan Transfer
London Victoria The Venue: Bill Haley &
The Comets
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Waco
Manchester Band on the Wall: Pure
Product
Manchester Golden Garter: The Barron
Knights (for a week)
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic:
Roger Chapman & The Shortlist
Newcastle Centre Hotel: Punishment Of
Luxury / The Noise Toys / Arthur 2
Stroke
Newcastle City Hall: Hawkwind / Doll By
Doll
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalhir
Oxford New Theatre: Showaddywaddy
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Caravan
Pomefract Labour Club: Zorro
Preston Folk Club: Peter Bellamy
Sheffield The Broadfield: The Drug Squad
Shrewsbury Music Hall: The Specialists/
The Selector/Denry's Midnight Runners
Southend Zero 8: Musicians Workshop
Swansea Circus Club: John Cooper
Clarke / Chris Slevey & The Freshies /
The Out

Swindon Wyvern Theatre: Maddy Prior
Swindon Duke of Wellington: The Salford
Jets
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse
Wetford Palace Theatre: Anorexia/Sid
Sideboard & The Chair
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel (lunchtime):
Scissor Fite

Wokingfield Unity Hall: Secret Affair /
Squire
Warrington Royal Britannia: The
Accelerators
West Bromwich College of Commerce &
Wintry Duxington Bell Inn: Mole
Wolverhampton Lafayette: Nightmare

Nottingham Isabella's: Nightmare
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: The Drug
Squad
Oxford New Theatre: Boxer Willie
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: The Now
Preston Polytechnic: The Cure/The Pa-
ssions/The Associates
Reading University: Caravan
Sheffield City Hall: Hawkwind/Doll By
Doll
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Photos
Shepton Mallet The Centre: The Yetties
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Bruce Woolley &
The Camera Club
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse

Pictured from left to right are BILL HALEY, JIM KERR of SIMPLE MINDS, IAN PAGE of SECRET AFFAIR and LEE BRILLEAUX of DR. FEELGOOD — all of whom begin British tours this week. The in-concert shot below shows HAWKWIND in action earlier this year, though their line-up has changed slightly for their latest outing, starting on Thursday.



Tuesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Motorhead
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: The Stilts
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Hippodrome: Mike Harding
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Odeon: Shirley Bassey
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford University: Secret Affair/Squire
Cannock The Moonraker Ocean
Boulevard
Cardiff Top Rank: Gang Of Four
Carlisle Market Hall: The Spinners
Carnarvon St. Heller Arms: Marvin Rain-
water
Chalfenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Crawley Civic Centre: Bill Haley & The
Comets
Darby Assembly Hall: Boxer Willie
Edinburgh Odeon: Motorhead
Fakenham Great Eastern Hotel: Fred
Wedlock
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Cliff Richard
Glasgow College of Technology: The
Original Mirrors
High Wycombe Nags Head: Sta-Prest
Keele University: Maddy Prior
Leeds Haddon United Football Benefit:
The City Limits
Leicester Nags Head: The Syndicate
Liverpool Mountford Hall: The Specialists/
The Selector/Dixey's Midnight
Runners
Liverpool The Masonic: The Accelerators
London Camden Dingwells: Rachel
Sweet
London Camden Music Machine:
Portraits/The Trendles
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Warm Jets/The Souths
London Clapham Two Brewers: The
Bumpers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Nik
Turner's Inner City Unit
London Deptford Albany Empire: The
Blues Band
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: Derek
Wadsworth Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The
Bumpers
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
Medium Medium
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Com-
munity Centre: Danny Cairner
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
OT's
London Islington Town Hall: Dark/
Kamers/Effect
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free
Bear
London Marquee Club: The Carpettes
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Sim-
monds & Grieg's Folk and Blues
Showcase
London Queen Mary College: Elec-
trolines/The Craze
London School of Economics: Roger
Chapman & The Shortlist
London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar
Speedball
London Soho Piza Express: Helen Mer-
rill/Kathy Stobart Quartet
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Embryo
London Victoria The Venue: Maria
Muldaur
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Nine
Below Zero
Loughborough University: Caravan

Wednesday

Belfast University Whitley Hall: Richard &
Linda Thompson
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Rogers: Brooklyn
Birmingham Odeon: Shirley Bassey
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford University: Secret Affair/Squire
Cannock The Moonraker Ocean
Boulevard
Cardiff Top Rank: Gang Of Four
Carlisle Market Hall: The Spinners
Carnarvon St. Heller Arms: Marvin Rain-
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London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Embryo
London Victoria The Venue: Maria
Muldaur
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Nine
Below Zero
Loughborough University: Caravan

Nottingham Isabella's: Nightmare
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: The Drug
Squad
Oxford New Theatre: Boxer Willie
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: The Now
Preston Polytechnic: The Cure/The Pa-
ssions/The Associates
Reading University: Caravan
Sheffield City Hall: Hawkwind/Doll By
Doll
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Photos
Shepton Mallet The Centre: The Yetties
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Bruce Woolley &
The Camera Club
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse

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Shepton Mallet The Centre: The Yetties
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Bruce Woolley &
The Camera Club
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse

Malvern Winter Gardens: Squeeze/The Photos

Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Jam
Manchester University: The Cure/The
Passions/The Associates
Newcastle University: John Cooper-
Clarke/Chris Slevey & The Freshies/The
Out
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow Gwalhir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Oxford Polytechnic: John Miles
Plymouth Palace: Gallagher & Lyle/Judie
Tzuke
Reading St. Andrew's Hall: The Piranhas
Redditch Tracey's: The V.I.P.'s
Sheffield City Hall: Mike Harding
Shrewsbury Cascade: Little Bo Bitch
Slough Fulcrum Centre:
Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers
Southampton University: Neil Innes
Swinton Duke of Wellington: The Trend
Wigan Howe Leisure Centre: Fivepenny
Place
Winchester Art College: Here & Now
Winchester College: Sploogness-
abounds
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Hawkwind/
Doll By Doll

Nottingham Isabella's: Nightmare
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: The Drug
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Oxford New Theatre: Boxer Willie
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Horse

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (19): Max's Kansas City —
Uncle Son/The 80's: Tramps — Albert
Collins; Village Gate — James Cotton
Band; Sweet Basil — Herman Foster
Quintet; My Father's Place — Zebra.

TUESDAY (20): Hurray — UK Subs/Rous-
ers; Max's Kansas City — Ivan & The
Tardies/Annie & The Assassins; Pa-
ladium — Jefferson Starship/Rory Gal-
laher; My Father's Place — The
Cramps; 7th Ave South — Fabulous
Floyd Boys; Village Vanguard — Bob
Brookmeyer (five days).

WEDNESDAY (21): Spectrum — Fleet-
wood Mac/Danny Duomo's Night Eyes;
Hurray — Aida Reserve/Live Wire; Heat
— The Ratlers; Max's Kansas City —
Lavi & The Rockets/The Stimulators;
My Father's Place — Rich Darringer.

THURSDAY (22): Max's Kansas City —
The Fast; Hurray — Ronni & The
Jitters/The Jumpers.

FRIDAY (23): Palladium — White Gland &
Jorma Kaukonen/Henry Paul Band;
Avery Fisher — Stanley Turrentine; My
Father's Place — Elvin Bishop (Two
Days); Hurray — Madness; Main Point
— Tom Rush; Morristown Hall — Harry
Chapin; Carnegie Hall — Nancy Wil-
son; Max's Kansas City — The Trogs
(two days); Beacon Theatre — Rain-
bow; Village Gate — Herbie Mann
(three days).

SATURDAY (24): Hurray — Speedies-
/New Math; Palladium — Steve Fobart-
/Carolyn Mas; Public Theatre — Lee
Konitz; Carnegie Hall — Pete Seeger;
Westchester — Larry Gatlin/Earl
Sons.

SUNDAY (25): Max's Kansas City —
Polyrock/The Dots; My Father's Place
— The Good Rate; Palladium — Sen-
tents, Bottom Line — Horns; Emerald
City — Curtis Mayfield.

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Friday November 16th

CHAS 'N' DAVE

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Tickets £1.30 in advance £1.70 on the door
Friday November 23rd

WILD HORSES

+ Support
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Friday December 7th

HAWKWIND

+ Support
(Tickets available now £2.20 in advance)

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by post from Social Secretary, Students Union.
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Friday November 16th

THE FALL + Support

Saturday November 17th

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SCREAMS

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Venue
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Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing
7pm-Jam

Wednesday 14th
£3.00 Advance
£3.25 On the Door

STEEL PULSE

Thursday 15th November £3.00

MADDY PRIOR

Friday 16th November £3.00

ANDREW MATHESON

For 4 nights £4.00 Advance

£4.25 On The Door

Saturday 17th, Sunday 18th, Monday 19th,

Tuesday 20th

BILL HALEY & THE COMETS

plus guests ROCK ISLAND LINE
on Sun/Mon only

For 2 nights

Wednesday 21st £4.25

Thursday 22nd

MARIA MULDAUR

£2 shows per evening

Friday 23rd £3.50

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON

(2 SHOWS)

Saturday 24th £3.00

MOVIES + INTERVIEW + FLYING COLOURS

Sunday 25th £3.00

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE

Monday 26th £3.00

BEN. E. KING + MIRAGE

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Tues 27th, Weds 28th

NEIL INNES

Thursday 29th £3.00

TREVOR RABIN

Friday 30th £3.00

Last U.K. appearance prior to U.S. Tour

THE INMATES + MARK ANDREWS AND THE GENTS

Sat 1st December £3.25

U.K.

Sun 2nd December 7.00 £3.25

8.30 £3.50

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THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead N.W.6

Thursday November 16th £1

CAROL GRIMES + Agony Column

Friday November 16th £1.25

THE CHAPS + Spider

Saturday November 17th £1

FINGERPRINTZ + The Rockets

Sunday November 18th £1

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS

+ Max Headroom & The Car Park

Monday November 19th £1.25

6 Tuesday November 20th each night

PURSEY'S PACKAGE

Wednesday November 21st

JETS + The Dials

Admission £1 open 8.30 — midnight

Fridays 401 7.00

Only 300 seats West Hampstead Tube

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

IN one *Info City*, you supplied a Status Quo discography and mentioned that the band had also recorded as The Spectres and Traffic Jam. As I am trying to collect as many of the Frantic Four's discs as possible, could you list these desirable recordings? — A TRUMAN, Willington, Crook, Co. Durham.

● Nicking all my info from Brian Hogg's excellent *Smashed, Blocked* discography (for details contact Flat 1, Castellau, Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland), I am able to reveal that The Spectres (Rossi, Coughlan, Parfitt and Coughlan plus organist Rod Lynes) cut three singles for Pye's Piccadilly label — 1, 'Who Have Nothing' / 'Neighbour, Neighbour' (7N 35339, 1966), 'Hurdy Gurdy Man' / 'Laticia' (7N 35352, 1966) and 'We Ain't Got Nothin' Yet' / 'I Want It' (7N 35386, 1967) — prior to becoming Traffic Jam and continuing their career on the same label with 'Almost Out Not Quite' / 'Walk Just A Minute' (7N 35386, 1967). Having achieved enormous anonymity with these releases, the band then became Quo Vadis for a while, but switched to become Status Quo shortly before

cutting 'Pictures Of Matchstick Men', which emerged in January, 1968. And while I'm on the subject of discographies and suchlike, I'll put in a plug for *Bluebeat*, a new collector's magazine that emanates from Germany, but is available from K Taylorson, 54 Breton House, Barbican, London EC2Y 8DQ. Edition 4, which is currently available (price 60p plus 12p postage), contains a Stiff Records discography, plus a picture disc listing and items on Kenny and The Kasuals, Ian and The Zodiacs and various other goodies. Printed in both English and German, it makes essential reading for Colditz old boys.

IN an article headed 'Weller's Immaculate Conception', mention was made of 'Riot Stories Ltd.', a book company brainchild of The Jam. Paul Weller stating: 'It's nice to encourage people to send us stuff — poems, short stories, novels, etc. — but I don't want it to get out of hand.'

Could you supply an address for said company, so I might forward a literary donation? — A READER, Killicuan, W. Westmeath. ● Polycor reckon that Weller's still kicking the idea around and state that they

will pass on anything that NME readers wish to donate. The address you need is 'Riot Stories', c/o Polydor Press Office, 17/19 Stratford Place, London W.1.

A MATE of mine tells me that there's a follow-up to 'Walking Tall', the so-called true story of Sheriff Buford Pusser, screened by ITV on October 30. If this is so, what's the flick called and when are we likely to see it on British screens? — RAY PALMER, Norwich.

● A somewhat weak sequel to *Walking Tall*, known in the States as *Part Two — Walking Tall* was later released in Britain under the title of *Legend Of The Lawmen*, though I doubt if it'll be TV fare for quite a while yet. Incidentally, the plot of *Walking Tall* stuck pretty

accurately to the facts, and Pusser, who resigned from being sheriff of McNairy County, Tennessee, in 1970, was shot seven times, stabbed on an equal number of occasions, and rammed by a moonshiner's truck while cleaning up the county. His wife was killed during that dawn car-ride on August 12, 1967, and Pusser was later fitted with a wire-mesh and plastic jaw to replace the one that got shot away on that same fateful morning. Stax once cut an album dedicated to him — *The Legend Of Buford Pusser* by Eddie Bond (Stax-Enterprise EN 1038) — while a book about his life, *The Twelfth Of August*, has been penned by W R Morris.

SOME WEEKS ago, NME mentioned the existence of a

Genesis album named 'Rock Theatre'. Could you provide a list of tracks? — TERRY FREEMAN, Belfast, N. Ireland.

● 'Rock Theatre', an import item on German Fontana 9299 515, is a compilation featuring 'I Know What I Like', 'Harold The Barrel', 'Harlequin', 'Watcher Of The Skies' and 'The Fountain of Salmacis' on side one, and all 22.53 minutes of 'Supper's Ready' on side two. Part of German Fontana's 'Reflection' series, which includes discs by Quincy Jones, The Yardbirds, Buddy Miles, The Turtles etc. It's probable that Phonodisc's newly established import service will be shipping copies into the country. Ask your local record dealer for a peek at the Phonodisc import catalogue — it contains quite a few tasty items at prices

that could be surprisingly good for you.

IN A recent NME there was an item about a 'Pretty Things' album called 'The Seventies' on the Butt label, available through Vineyard Productions. Could you provide a track listing and, if possible, a 'Pretty Things' discography? — PETER J MACRO, Colne, Lancs. ● The 'Pretty Things' album to which you refer is on Butt Nott 001 and is obtainable from Old Jack Mail Order of 56 Standard Road, London NW10. The tracks are: 'Good Times', 'Easily Done', 'I Could Not Believe My Eyes', 'Sweet Orphan Lady', 'The Loser', 'Walk Away', 'James Marshall', 'Do My Stuff', 'Whiskey Song', 'Maze Song' and 'Take Me Home'. All stem from the previously unavailable film soundtrack sessions made for De Wolfe Music and mentioned in an earlier *Info City* letter. Other 'Pretty Things' albums have included 'The Pretty Things' (Fontana 1964), 'Get The Picture' (Fontana 1965), 'Emotions' (Fontana 1966), 'S.F. Sorrow' (Columbia 1968), 'Parachute' (Harvest 1969), 'Freeway Madness' (Warner Bros 1972), 'Silk Torpedo' (Swan Song 1975), 'Savage Eye' (Swan Song 1976) plus various re-issues and compilations, the best of these being 'The Pretty Things Singles — A's and B's' (Harvest 1977) and 'Greatest Hits 1964-67' (Philips 1977). Also worth searching out is an American double called 'The Vintage Years' (Sire 1976) which includes several Fontana tracks not available on the British 'Greatest Hits' collection. I won't get involved with a 'Pretty Things' singles listing at this point but if there's enough demand for one (write your letters now!) we'll rustle something together for a future issue.



Info City scoops the world! Status Quo change their image! L to r: Francis (nee Mike) Rossi, John Coughlan, Rick Parfitt (nee Ricky Harrison) Alan Lancaster, Rod Lynes (who?)

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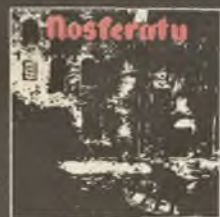
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Bob Dylan

San Francisco

If The Clash hit the stage and launched into a repertoire of serious songs with titles like 'Clash City Christians', 'He's In Control' and 'Saints And Sinners', it would be no more shocking than the sudden twist of fate in the career of one Robert Zimmerman. Trading social activism for Bible studies is the last thing we would have expected from Dylan.

Certainly the evangelical, born-again content of Dylan's most recent album 'Slow Train Coming' and word that Jimmy had signed up to work for the Lord should have prepared me for what happened at his first live performance since his conversion. But it didn't.

The one time Voice Of A Generation chose the small ornate, former movie theatre, Fox Warfield in San Francisco to surface for Christ, and a capacity crowd of 2,200 filled the place for the first of a 14 night run.

On stage Dylan looked like a battered, 20th Century Jesus resigned to death on the cross. His face was puffy and white as if he hadn't seen sunlight in weeks. Several days growth of beard shaded his chin, and his outfit — baggy black pants, white T-shirt and black leather jacket — looked rumpled, even slept in. He resembled a lonesome hobo who had accidentally fallen through the wrong door only to find himself on a concert stage.

The man who had once redefined rock and roll — giving it a literate credibility unknown in the '50s, and early '60s — and who had once been the epitome of cool in his shades, Hawaiian shirts, skin-tight jeans and black leather jackets, now looked awkward, ill-at-ease, even nerdy.

I expected someone to yell out, "You don't know what is happening, do you Mr. Dylan?"

The obvious show opener was Dylan's current American hit single 'You Gotta Serve Somebody' and, sure enough, that's what he used to, er, 'warm' up the crowd.

Of course everyone suspected that a good portion of the service... oops, I mean show... would consist of Dylan's 'Slow Train Coming' material. What no one imagined was the brash gesture he would actually make, because during the two hour performance, Bob

Dylan completely turned his back on his past and didn't play a single song recorded before the latest album.

'Blowing In The Wind', 'Like A Rolling Stone', 'Times They Are A Changing', 'I Shall Be Released', and 'Mr Tambourine Man' were all ignored, discarded like pagan rituals.

Obviously, this was a premeditated act by a profoundly changed Bob Dylan — a shocking move for someone who has spent most of this decade parading his '60s legacy as if these songs would keep his career going forever.

But what has replaced the Greatest Hits material that he hawked around the world like a medicine show Barker last year? Over 18 purely fundamentalist spirituals set to the kind of gospel sound that characterises 'Slow Train'.

"I've already been to church," one member of the audience shouted. Many others booed.

But Dylan trudged on resolutely, like a pilgrim heading towards Jerusalem. Stony-faced, betraying not the least bit of joy, his face cracked only one brief smile during the entire night: as he

sang the lines from 'I Believe in You', 'They look at me and frown/They'd like to drive me from this town/They don't want me around/Because I believe in you.' He grinned self-righteously.

The new songs were grimmer than anything on 'Slow Train', but even the humour had disappeared and there was none of the "You can call me Jimmy" levity of the album. 'I'm Hanging Onto A Solid Rock Made Before The Foundation Of The World' featured the chorus "And I won't let go and I can't let go". 'Saved By The Blood Of The Lamb' and 'When They

Came For Him In The Garden (Did They Know That He Was The Son Of God?)' were bleak odes to Dylan's new cause.

His band — Jim Keiner, drums; Tim Drummond, bass; Spooner Oldham, keyboards; Fred Tackett, guitar; an unidentified black gospel pianist and the three backup vocalists Helena Springs, Regina Hovis and Monalisa Young — were unexceptional throughout. Tackett, for instance, never equalled the guitar of Mark Knopfler on 'Slow Train', and considering that Knopfler's playing is servicable at best, you can begin to understand the

musical deficiencies of the evening. Don't forget, this is a man who used to perform live with The Band and musicians of that calibre.

Keiner provided heavy-handed drumming that sounded, at times, like stylised thunder. Drummond spent most of his time hopping up and down (a born again pogo, perhaps?) while playing simple lines that made typical country and western bass work seem positively sophisticated by comparison.

The tone of the evening was set earlier when things began with a wimper as the three women vocalists strode on stage dressed in hippies-meet-Vegetables outfits of blue jeans and spangled blouses. One of them told a tedious story about an old woman's attempt to ride by train to the bedside of a dying son, but she had no money and was thrown off. Then she prayed, and — lo and behold, golly gee! — the conductor let her back on. Praise Jesus! Praise the Lord! Praise the railways!

The audience wasn't particularly thrilled and when the women sang six spirituals accompanied only by piano, their displeasure became verbal. Sarcastic cries of "Jesus loves you!" echoed throughout the theatre and people began to leave two-thirds of the way through the performance. Most didn't even wait for the first encore. Only four or five hundred remained and they pushed up close to the stage and shouted for Dylan's return as if it was the Second Coming.

As the house-lights were brought up, Dylan strode back out and took a seat at the piano. The audience actually sang along as he led a romping spiritual, 'Pressing On To The Higher Callin'.

Joined by the band, it provided the only truly "spiritual" moment of the night. Leaving the piano, Dylan walked to the microphone and sang with his small, but still loyal, disciples. It was but the briefest flicker in an otherwise dark, depressing show.

Bob Dylan has left the side of free-thinking, socially aware, Kurt Cobain-style cynical humans trying to make ethical choices in a modern world ripped apart by war and hate and prejudice. For him, all is solved in one simple act: accepting God.

Where are the de-programmers when we really need them?

Michael Goldberg



Dylan: Pic Gilbert Hanneke/Root

Heaven Can't Wait



Shelley sits it out. Pic Pennie Smith.

Buzzcocks Joy Division

Rainbow

It's hard to believe they've come this far.

Buzzcocks: four down-home Mancunians with paranormal haircuts, four low-key idealists who make their mistakes in public; four amateur musicians who (thankfully) never get any better. Four self-conscious popsters playing small songs with big hearts for two nights at The Rainbow.

Sometimes they look lost with this much space to move around in, with so many people to reach. Sometimes they look like they don't belong here at all.

After all this time (is it really three years?) and all those slightly different ways of trying to adapt to an ever-larger audience, Buzzcocks seem to have come home the full circle. Sod the dry-ice and snappy waistcoats, they play like they're playing a pub gig. They even stop five minutes into 'I Believe' as Steve Diggle can't hear the monitors. "Sorry," they say, and start again. Simple as that.

They're magnificent, they're warm, they're exhilarating. Maybe I'm just lucky to be six rows from the front.

Buzzcocks don't have any of the dynamics they could develop to become really effective in large halls. There's no strong visual identity, none of the standard props like instrumentals or flashiness. Their songs are so delicate and fragile they don't even lend themselves to high volume. Not just the sound, the sentiment seems to get distorted.

So the Rainbow is about as much as they can manage.

Buzzcocks have refined the fine art of simplicity. Once they've seduced you into their confidence, once you're reassured that you share those same unglamorous feelings, then they start pulling the punches.

They sell themselves visually as if they'd been lifted wholesale from a '60s beat album cover — all thin ties, side partings, spruce frilly shirts and fresh-faced. It's heightened by a brilliantly descriptive lightshow that picks them out with bars of green, purple and red. Perfect pop-art colours for perfect pop/art.

Shelley's managed to straddle the two extremes between, say, the simpler 'Promises' and the disorientating, intriguing, 'Everybody's Happy Nowadays'. He draws you in first, then he draws you out.

They open with old style Buzzcocks like 'Noise Annoys' and the gorgeous 'Ever Fallen In Love', going through to the new that sounds much like the old — such as the glowing 'You Say You Don't Love Me' (which is about as near to a '65 Lennon B-side as you're allowed to get without paying); the brisk, garish 'I Don't Know What To Do With My Life'; and the bruising, uptempo 'Mad Mad Judy', which the super-defensive Diggle introduces as "a shit song from our new album, so we'll play it as badly as we can."

These give way to the forceful and beautifully melodic 'Money' and lastly to 'I Believe' where the lightshow states the obvious and proves it's worth doing well. Shelley's left alone with just the words "There is no love in this world anymore" against a desolate, colourless stage split with white arc-lamps.

It's so vivid and emotive that the encores, 'What Do I Get' and 'Boredom' seem like one step sideways and four steps back.

Buzzcocks can still prove sensational. They deserve your support.

Their support is Joy Division, a brave but appalling choice.

There was a dance that was popular a while back in more lunatic circles, known as The Dead Fly. Devotees could be found lying on their backs and flailing their arms and legs in the air as if there was no tomorrow.



Buzzcocks stand up for themselves. Pic Kevin Cummins.

Ian Curtis, singer of Joy Division, can do The Dead Fly

standing up, as if he's walking on a tightrope. He flings himself into the most gnarled contortions — limbs buckling at all angles — which makes an apt focal point for the band's disarming, profoundly depressing soundtrack.

Close up, Joy Division are quite intriguing; from a distance they're oppressive as hell. It's purely a technical admiration of their precision sound-making, the way they frame large empty spaces and get so much power out of filling them with so little.

The mix is immaculately sharp, every detail rings clear as a bell. Steve Morris clubs out a cluttered, hollow drumbeat; Peter Hook adds a stiff, muscular bass; Bernard Albrecht falls around with a freeze-dried, steel-edged guitar tone, and Curtis lays his doomy Warlord voice-over on top.

It's a forlorn, laboured deadlock between early '70s psychedelic rock and a Banshees-style cold storage propulsion, slowed down to a bass-heavy throb that creeps stealthily up your backbone giving your brain a hard time.

I remember Wire wearing the same regulation grey/black threads 20 months ago and playing a set that was almost as excruciating.

The upshot of it all is a dancebeat, no more. The Dead Fly, anyone?

Mark Ellen

Abba

Wembley

"ABBA ARE GREAT!" So a

home-sewn jacket-back said to me as we filed inside, through the cold clickety click turnstiles of the ticketed. So guileless, that lonely young

devotee; to sneer seems mean and cruel. Abba must take a big slice out of whatever income the kid gets, so I hope they'll give him value. Me, I'm strolling in with £16 worth of paper in the pocket — the cost of two canteen-seats, stashed a telephone call's distance from Abba's altar — and feeling a

mite parasitic. The numbers, the devotion... I go in feeling more impressed than I pretend to be, less amused and condescending than I pretend to be. I'm a tourist in the cathedral of someone else's religion, just a sightseer where you should properly come to experience.

There isn't a vaccine in the world gives immunity to everything Abba put out and when those skilful little noises come spilling out their tins then I'm as vulnerable as the next mind-and-matching-wallet. But you'd need more than a casual affection to want to come and watch them (nearly) doing it, not least at these prices, in some mass crass impersonation of human contact.

Abba are marvellously vast, straddling ages and class and language — a tribute, naturally, to the marketing

sharpness and hit-producing expertise of the operation. But I wonder if there's something sad in the fact that it took such an anodyne brand of fantasy-fed pap to do the trick?

I wonder if Abba are massive in spite of their blandness, or because of it? Ideally, Abba should sing their songs in Esperanto; because then they could sound even more purely international, and even more purely meaningless.

To tell the truth, you're far better off watching Abba on



Griselda and Heidi. Pic Chris Horler.

Charlie Daniels Band

The Venue

Wall to wall stetsons, char-

broiled burgers, massed OK chorales, yee-haws and the Southern Region railroad just a step across the dirt track — the Charlie Daniels Band must have felt like they never left

home. Inside The Venue the noise was heftacious, and that was the audience. On stage the CDB did what men have to do in their situation: they boogied, picked some and Charlie wiped his face with a big red bandana between times.

Charlie Daniels and his boys

have been rustling a decent living for several years on home territory without ever getting to be indecently popular until now, when the success of their 'The Devil Went Down To Georgia' brought all the cowboys out of the closet and down to the store, homing in on the action.

'Devil' is a freak hit, even by

the bizarre standards of the American charts, but Daniels' number was up and he took his chance.

The band are good. They play a mixture of southern hard rock in the manner of vintage Allman Brothers. Daniels and Tom Crain may not be Duane and Dickie, but they can duplicate that crystal clean bar room atmosphere with enough original twists to

pace a long show.

Keyboardist Taz DiGregorio is a sinister little man with a raunchy blues voice and a roll in his fingers. He resembles a slightly more muscle bound Roman Polanski and was certainly as compelling a visual front man as Daniels. The rhythm section, bassist Charles Hayward and drummers Edwards and Marshall were less obtrusive, though



Charlie went down on Victoria. Pic David Corio.

A tourist at

Psychedelic Furs

Loughborough

In a small hall on a quiet, empty street, The Psychedelic Furs are playing to the curious, the converted and those who have drifted along in search of entertainment: they are a dark intrusion on the calm evening of a country town.

Their music is sophisticated yet strong, grand but not glossy, carefully conceived and not too highly polished. The thick, liquid surface of the sound is lifted and hurled by the basic boom and sway of the beat, and there's a raw rhythmic current running through the songs which is angular enough to counteract the faint taint of decadence that the group exuded.

Sounds stand out: the streaks of sax in the warm, blurred blend; the sharp incessant shower of Vince Ely's drumming; the quietly raving spoken vocals.

The numbers are vivid and nebulous with lyrics that are too complicated to evaluate on a first hearing, but songs like 'Imitation Of Christ', 'Fall', 'Sister Europe' and the harder, rougher sound of the single 'We Love You' excite interest and demand deeper investigation.

On stage the group have a dead-pan, self-sufficient glamour:

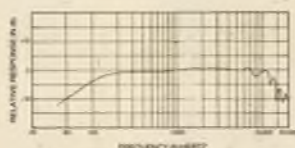
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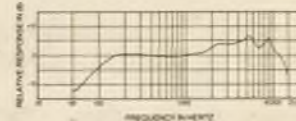


Some like it essentially flat...

SM58

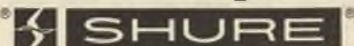
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the telly. At least you can pretend that Griselde and Heidi are smiling for you alone, and you can always go back to your paper while the camera pays its token visits to Olaf and Olaf.

Of course it's nice to hear all those lovely, monstrous hits in unstoppable succession; but even that really belongs on plastic, where the songs can be revered for the perfect, irresistible, dead artefacts they are — instead of bouncing around the mile-high roof of Wembley Arena and pretending to be

alive and 'about' something.

It's all good, 'entertaining' stuff, but I still feel outnumbered umpteen-thousand to one in finding it entirely mechanical. The show's a genuine triumph; whatever it is people have come here for, the smiles on their faces suggest they're carrying it home in bucketfuls. It's got precious little to do with anything I've ever found exciting about live music.

In a set of maybe two dozen numbers, over half were unforgettable chart successes,

from the sublime ('Name Of The Game', 'Dancing Queen', 'Knowing Me, Knowing You') to the ridiculous ('Does Your Mother Know', 'Money Money Money'); there was 'Waterloo' and 'Voulez Vous'; there was 'Fernando' which, nurd that I am, I find rather moving; and that one panicked lapse into disco Gibb-erish 'Summer

Night City'.

Along with their backing band and singers, they'd spring from relentless pop jollity, through 'raunchy' imitation rock, to lights-lowered pre-fabricated poignancy. They kept smiling at us, but wouldn't say why. They trundled in this sheepish line of London schoolchildren

— not, as I feared for a moment, as hostages, but merely to add a chorus on to the drippy 'I Have A Dream' song.

Fun for all the family is the technical description. Oh, and Abba said that it was nice to be back in England.

Paul Du Noyer

the Abba altar

Butler Rep in baggy mac and thin shades creeps and reels as he's speaking, occasionally disappearing from sight onto the floor or collapsing over the microphone; Roger Morris and John Ashton on guitars are unobtrusive and ferretive respectively; Tim Butler looks blank and wears a beller-suit and Duncan Kilburn is sweating slightly as he twists his elegant features to play sax.

The Psychedelic Furs know how good they are; there's a self-consciousness about them that is almost pretentious and a casual acceptance of their own ability which seems cautiously smug.

Their sound is exceptional: a steep, poetic pool, but they stand well back from its edge. languidly enthralled by the effects of their own actions and their detachment excludes an emotional entirety.

Or, of course, they may just have been drunk.

The set finishes with 'Flowers' then falls apart into a squealing cacophony, each instrument out of line and intent on tracing its own peculiar patterns. The sound, a high twittering that flaps about the ears, is sustained long after the group have left the stage.

Driving home, an animal illustrates the small missing link of the evening: a rat flees the headlamps with all the frantic desperation that the Furs lacked.

Lynne Hanna

their contributions were consistently overshadowed by fine backbone horn arrangements.

Despite Daniels' current hit, the recent album 'Million Mile Reflections' is not a great set and the numbers they played from it leaned towards the mawkish. I've no doubt that the man was genuinely grieved at the death of Ronnie Van Zandt, but singing two

numbers about his lovable antics seemed to be stretching a point.

CDB made better sense of the emotional changes when they tackled a Texas swing ditty or stretched out on a blues. 'Cumberland Mountain Number Nine' (from 'Saddle Tramp', his best album) let Crain attempt something out of the ordinary Macon Shuffle routine, and 'Long Haired

A lurry Butler. Pic David Corio.

Country Boy' had Daniels exercising his social eye with a pleasing humour.

The band's rendition of 'Amazing Grace' was as unnecessary as the snatches of 'Dixie On My Mind' were exhilarating: a state of affairs that occurred too much in the middle of the set when momentum was replaced with

over zealous musical choreography.

Despite the obviously sober condition of Daniels and his crew, they still scored highest with the traditional sour-mash sippin' material and were confident enough not to rely on 'Devil' for a climax. The encores were deserved and plentiful and as they saved the

Olaf, a member of Abba. Pic Chris Horler.

best for last, 'The South's Gonna Do It Again', everyone went home satiated.

HeR, the only black spot of the evening happened when I

mosied out to Victoria Street and found some mutha had stuck a parking ticket on the boss.

Max Bell



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Horslips

Belfast

A sign of the times: five years ago Horslips looked like Grand Funk Railroad (remember them?) yet demonstrated an enduring flair for marrying traditional Irish folk and folklore with standard rock manoeuvres. Now they look like The Only Ones and play a strained hybrid of slap dash regressive rock songs, with only the merest lip service paid to their former derivation from the mainstream.

There is no longer a marriage between the two forms; what you get is a standard rock show with a few random folkie devices.

With none of the colourful extroverts who normally pack out the Ulster Hall in evidence, the audience consists of mature folk who've followed the group's career from the beginning. Crowd reaction is akin to frantic football match fervour, but in this match there is no opposition.

The band come over like a bunch of chummy good-value-giving lads out to play some 'good' old rock'n'roll. From the off the audience is on their side and the group carelessly use this position to make some silly comments: there's a feeble Irish joke, we're told one song is about a "chick" who "does it" too much; and another is about "pulling chicks".

Role conformity. I guess these boys will be boys and just hope "chicks" will be "chicks."

Horslips deal in a barren rock'n'roll landscape, occasionally relieved by a violin, a flute or a funny shaped guitar to shake down their ethnic fetish. Otherwise they feel free to indulge themselves with a painstakingly tedious light show and lyrical declamations. Their appeal is



Rambow: just as close to the big break, and just as far away. Pic: Santo Basone.

Will Rambow ever make it?

Philip Rambow

Nashville

Stick around the rock circuit for long enough and you might just absorb too many influences. Phil Rambow has, more's the pity.

He has low-key — but evidently credible — pedigree, the Nashville on this drizzling Sunday evening being stacked with countless diehards who'll gladly tell of the time they caught his former incarnation, The Winkies (about whom I know zilch) playing pubs in '75.

Returned, revived, and with both a confident new album 'Shooting Gallery' and a healthy EMI contract tucked securely in his belt, Rambow, I'm assured, is as near to The Big Break now as he's ever been. And if he doesn't make it this time, when's the next?

He's retained the immaculate rhythm section from the crack team of session-men he used on the album. The excellent Blair Cunningham's on drums — impeccably sharp and inventive, always catching you off-guard with thunderous rolls while still maintaining an inflammable thrash on his crash cymbals. He has the perfect match in Dave Cochran, who switches from chords to high-register frills to harmonics to funk thumb-thwack with so much ease and authority it can only encourage rival bassists to throw themselves from 10-storey windows.

New guitarist, Jamie West-Oram, makes a fairly limp addition, bolstering Rambow's rhythm part and peddling some predictable old rock clichés. Rambow himself is a small, wiry, sharp-eyed customer in a Millets' shirt and studded guitar strap, who stalks through a furiously intense set, equipped with a voice that's so like Graham Parker that he's

doubtless heartily sick of the comparison.

Little helped by a shallow, lifeless mix (that thankfully obscures much of his more tiresome lyrics) the songs read like a text-book analysis of classy, bristlingly energetic, beefcake rock'n'roll. It's as though Rambow's collated every phrase, every intersection, every chord pattern that's been safely road-tested (Parker, again; Springsteen) but then coloured them all with so much self-conscious embroidery that the one prime ingredient has to struggle to get across — that being Passion.

Arrangements dovetail together too perfectly — the drawn-out soft sections, the inevitable climaxes — and you're left with the feeling that you've heard it all before, that they're old songs broken up with the fragments shuffled and glued together again.

The band lock together in a disciplined, vice-like grip, kicking off with 'Strange Destinies', the two guitars weaving sinuous threads beneath the melody and the rhythm section laying out a spacious, sinister foundation. 'The Sound And The Fury' has all the vastness and power of a band anthem; 'Target' is just another bonecrushing pop rocker; and 'Don't Call Me Tonto' is a re-vamped collection of old hooks, spruced up with some disarming off-beat drums.

The simpler of Rambow's structures prove the most direct. 'Fallen' works fine with a relentless chant chorus and a steady swaggering rhythm, whereas the last encore 'The Rebel Kind' simply falls into every available pitfall with its cumbersome, dragged-out melody and bombastic swells to suit its over-romanticised lyrical depths.

He has the width and diversity, but none of the depth and feeling. What's the action without the passion?

Mark Ellen

in some unshaped and sprawling musical power flooding an auditorium of clenched fists, pointing fingers and imaginary guitars.

"Are you being crushed to death down there?" "Don't you mean bored, silly?"

Individual songs are competently played and conceived with pristine harmonies and pleasantly resonant vocals; an almost clinical guided tour through hackneyed riffs, solos and melodies.

There are the vacuous symbols of strength and bravery (the new LP is called 'Tall Tales'; I bet they are), and a trip from the dark end of the night to the shallow, muddy waters of the heavy metal dream. They wallow in their predictability. 'Ricochet Man' features staccato well-bouncing chords, and the violin solo on 'We've Got The Power' may just as well be a guitar.

Horslips have left their valuable field of work — the demystification of the alienating nature of folkways for rock listeners — and found themselves a place in the rock'n'roll circus. Perhaps it would be foolish to expect otherwise (their press release boasts that 170,000 copies of their last LP were sold in America).

I left early, quite desperate after hearing 'Dear Doom' delivered in a stylistically stunted and ego-pampering manner with a five hour intro of rampant soloing (it's our classic, we'll make you sweat for it if we want to).

Maybe I was intruding. These people have been involved and have evolved with Horslips from the start of their career and probably view each successive step as definite progress. For some young whippernapper to tell the band to remember their old folkie days possibly sounds impudent and ill-considered.

Gavin Martin

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Iggy Pop Cramps Student Teachers

New York

The celebration of All Hallow's Eve used to be a children's affair, with kids happily ringing their neighbours' doorbells saying 'trick or treat'. But those days are almost gone, and Halloween has become an adult occasion.

It's a mass costume ball, a night when everyone indulges their fantasies for the witchy and the weird: a night of role playing and acting out.

And that sums up what went on Halloween night at the Palladium, both on and off-stage. Devils and witches cruised the aisles and lobby, waiting for The Cramps and Iggy, studied masks of different kinds, perfect centre-pieces for a costume drama.

Student Teachers were added to the bill as a kind of afterthought. They're an appealing group — two girls, Laura Davis (drums), Lourie Reese (bass), and three guys, Billy Arning (organ), Phillip Shelly (guitar) and Jan David or J.D. (vocals) — with a style that's derivative but honest.

On the club circuit, their punk-surf-psychedelic pop mixture is light, easily digested and fun, but they were out of their league at the Palladium. Their sound was sabotaged by an atrocious sound-mix which made J.D.'s voice sound as if it was coming out of a transistor. And he didn't really know how to carry himself on the big stage.

His usual problem is too much cockiness, sometimes seeming like a Junior League Iggy. But with Iggy himself so close, J.D. was under manners not to risk comparisons, and as a result he was inhibited, nervous and shy.

Their stronger songs still managed to get across. 'Being Polite For Kicks' combines good hooks with a catchy surf-instrumental style guitar and roller-rink organ fills. Some others connected with a low-keyed, rocking style, hard but not belligerent. They're a good band still growing and learning.

The Cramps exploited the Halloween situation, laying on the full voodoo jive. There were blacked-robed roadies setting up and burning candles around the drum set.

In the early days, The Cramps were silly and inspired amateurs, playing up their perversity angle for all it was worth. There was genius in their concept and rollicking incompetence in their execution. It made them both exhilarating and exasperating.

They've become professional now, which means they're a little less of both. Digging The Cramps now is less like having a secret vice and more like your usual rock and roll enjoyment — which they supplied in large measures.

Ivy is a joy to watch, as she shimmies just so slightly while she plays seriously. And Lux is a manic, captivating wild-man. Old songs like 'Teenage Werewolf' and 'The Way I Walk' are mixed with the new ones 'Drug Train' and 'Hot Cramps' in a seamless web of dark-toned frenzy.

Of course, Iggy's ghost hung over the evening from the start. Student Teacher's J.D. had handled it one way. Lux, a more accomplished performer, confronted the problem head-on by imitating Iggy, early in his set — running up to the speaker column and embracing it, jumping up on top of it and leaping back to the stage.

But how was Iggy himself to handle the burden of having to play Iggy? Apparently, just by playing the same old Iggy... but only up to a point.

The more dangerous, titillating aspects of his stage ritual are relegated to memories, the flirtation with self-destruction is over. His performance now is a matter of choreography, an athlete's stage show. He seems to have been studying movement, adopting poses from dance

stage happily, looking like he's enjoying himself. As opposed to James and Kral, who are so intent and serious you'd think they were soldiers in a mine-field (which might be what Iggy told them they were). But Matlock is determined to add some levity, and he comes across as

buoyant and personable, singing decent backing vocals, too.

The biggest disappointment was the lack of material from the strong 'New Values' album. Only the title cut and 'Five Foot One' were performed. It's nice that Pop is not into

album-pushing, but those two new songs were the high-spots of the night.

Iggy sounded genuinely committed to what he was saying rather than simply throwing out lines, and the arrangements showed more thought and care. James even did a nicely restrained guitar introduction to 'Five Foot One'.

It seems that every year Iggy trots out a new band doing new versions of his old songs. Admittedly this edition does many of them well, but how many times do we need to hear 'Now I Wanna Be Your Dog'?

As someone once told me, it's not where you have been but where you are going that will be your honour.

Richard Grabel

exercises and gestures from the martial arts.

He looks good — body in shape, energy up, wired and ready, — and he commands the stage, his voice full of power.

The new band is Brian James (guitar), Ivan Kral (guitar and keyboards), Glen Matlock (bass) and Klaus Kruger (drums). Their sound is the rock and roll equivalent of military basic training, a test of endurance. The volume was, as the saying goes, loud enough to make your ears bleed.

James' guitar overwhelms everything else, splashing notes around in wild abandon. Kral is useful on organ, filling in the band's hard-edged sound with some tonal variety. He's less useful on rhythm guitar, where he's hardly heard over James' volume-mad bravado. Kruger is a serviceable powerhouse on drums.

Matlock is the secret weapon bouncing around the

The devil came out to dance

Iggy Pop. Pic Ebert Roberts

Her new album is Night Rains. And the weather suits Janis Ian just fine.

If you've heard her latest single 'Fly Too High', or any of the other superb tracks from the album, you'll already know that 'Night Rains' presents another side of Janis Ian.

The critically acclaimed vocal and songwriting talents are as strong as ever. But now, for the first time, the mood is lighter, more positive.

And Janis Ian is also exploring different areas of creativity. One of the songs was co-written with Albert Hammond, and for two tracks she went to Munich to work with Giorgio Moroder, well-known for his work with Donna Summer.

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Single: 'Fly Too High' CBS 9538
Album: 'Night Rains' CBS
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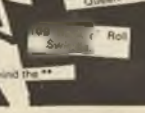
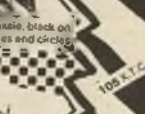
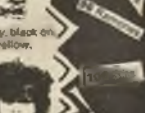
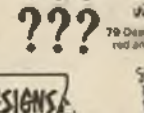
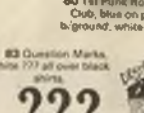
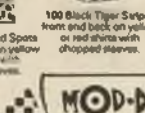
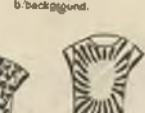
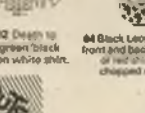
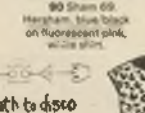
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The Ace Face's Forgotten Story

From page 43

... here's my band, playing in the Aquarium, Brighton, and I couldn't even bloody go in and see them, man — there were so many fucking Mods about, the whole of the South Coast was turning into the Mods, right away. I mean, I'd done publicity, I'd got them into every single magazine you can possibly imagine — I'd made The High Numbers the hippest number in town...

Did you keep the cuttings?

Yeah, I kept them, but I threw them away after a while.

Was the Scene Club still operating?

Well, it closed down about 1966.

In your opinion, when did the Mod thing phase out?

About 1967, when Acid came in.

You think Acid phased it out?

Yeah.

What about... 'cos you got these styles, and you develop out of it, don't you? Did it sort of burn itself out, or what?

Well, I was with Beefheart then, I had Jimmy James and the Vagabonds from 1965...

Yeah, I was talking about music, I was talking about clothes...

I was into continental clothes, Curtis Mayfield clothes...

What do you think was the ultimate Mod kit?

Tonik jacket, blue jeans, or tonik trousers in a different colour...

That's jacket and trousers?

Jacket with about a seven or eight inch centre-band, and it's a stiffish quality cloth, and it's tight — you wear tight sleeves, tight shoulders, and a comfortable jacket, you know, with a centre-band. It was straight enough to be drapes, and small enough to be tight enough, and you just did the top button up, and then you'd have a pair of tonik trousers of a different colour, probably blue and bronze, straight down but widish, hipsters. You'd have your belly-button showing, with a french jersey, with a crew neck on it, and then you'd have a Mod scarf, with a single twist in so it flies out on both sides. A pair of desert boots, and you're set for the weekend. Or if you got a scooter, you got a pair of dark glasses, maybe a stungy brim hat, with an inch-wide brim, or else a pair of dark glasses, and then an anorak, and then you sit on your scooter, and you'd have everything, even your sleeping-bag, which is your anorak. Parks, yeah.

What about your haircut?

French crew — razor-barbered, you know? There was no lacquer, it was blow-dried, it was called the College-boy, short at the sides, 'cos you're mostly blond, like fair-haired geezers, they all seemed to be — don't know why. You didn't have too many whiskers — like that Samuel Palmer picture, you know? He hasn't got too many whiskers.

Some of the Mods got into make-up, didn't they?

Not really, they could have done, but that's because effeminists got into it.

Did you ever hear about Mods using make-up?

Yeah, I heard about it man, but when you're out for four days on the trot man, you don't listen about make-up. All you're doing is trying to have a good time, and try to keep yourself clean, you know?

Were there ways of walking?

Yeah, you walked speedwise, which is like, you put both hands in your Mod jacket. Of course, your head's bent against the wind, so you got your head down, talking left to right, and speaking left to right...

Was there a way of smoking?

Yeah, you smoke it as cool as you like, man, and you're smoking king-size...

What, inside your hand?

No, it's never covered. You drink black coffee, cup of trench, you know? You'd be on french brews, and you smoke as cool as you can be, you know? And you drink french brews, just to keep your system down, 'cos you've been up for three nights already and your stomach's starting to rise.

Did Mods read?

They'd read things of knowledgeable interest, like William Burroughs, I reckon, if they ever got on to William Burroughs, to find out what new drug trips were all about — information on drugs... practical things.

What was the Mod revolution all about then?

My Mod revolution was an undefined revolution against commodities and people. That is people were commodities, my parents treated me as a commodity, and Modism to me was a release, sweet release, relief. The burdens of mundane existence, and I had, personally had something like 250 thousand Mods running around the South Coast, South of England.

Did you go to the big fights?

Yeah, I went to some of the big fights, I saw them.

What was it like?

Just too many of us, and none of them — we overpowered them — like ZAP!

What sort of feeling did you get, actually being involved?

There was no focal... no focus... The Who were letting us down, they should have been there with us, they should have been there. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE WITH US! You must have felt elated...

Yeah, I was elated when I was there, like seeing fifteen thousand kids, all on the street with you, with exactly the same clothes — I was with Bob Bedford, who's now a millionaire insurance broker, and he was a Mod same as me, he used to work on a music paper, and we went out in '67, down to Hastings — I knew it was over, I knew it was falling apart, but I went down there because I wanted to see what the riots were about. I had my own Mod band, which was the Vagabonds. There should have been a conscious effort on the part of The Who to stick with The Mods, not to go into Pop art or those things, because Pop art was not where it's at.

Did the Mods follow the Pop art?

No they did not. They never did, you can never say that about the Mods. That was a sell-out on The Who's part. I'm not being bitter now, but it was my revolution, I had 250 thousand people on my side — in uniform, fighting for something which was clearly defined to me...

Would you say 'My Generation' was a Mod song?

'Course it was. It was a pride factor, on Pete Townshend's part, to talk about... No I don't think he was too much into Jagger or anything like that, but he was talking about... more about pop stars, like Dylan, Lennon and Jagger, people...

He was turning on to them?

Yeah, 'course he was getting turned onto them — they were his friends, they were my friends as well, Jagger was my friend, and I was Dylan's first publicist.

When do you think that The Who lost their grip on the Mod market?

'67, easy, maybe before that.

While they were doing the Pop art stuff they still had the Mod clothes, as well?

I'm not letting down The Who, I'm just saying that, I've gotta draw a perspective of what the situation was. The situation was, that there was a huge group of people, well the market, I tend to call them markets 'cos... well, I try to be humane about it, human in so much as the Mods were, for me, the revolution, the revolutionary group, they're like the Vietcong, out in Cambodia, you know? The Vietcong. There's a North Vietnamese army who are stolid troops, and there's the Vietcong who are like Mods, who are the ones who've been fighting all the time. They've never let down the side, they've never come in in strength, they've always been fighting in a minority group, against the vast armour of the American army.

What did you think of 'Quadrophonia'? (Ed's note: the album not the film)

Brilliant, it's... I identified with it entirely, 'cos Jimmy could easily be Jimmy of Jimmy James and the Vagabonds. He's talking about a Mod, well, I am a Mod, the Mod who made Mods out of The Who.

When do you feel The Who let you down, as representing Mods?

When I never got that ticket at Brighton Aquarium, that night, when I saw fifty thousand kids queuing up down there.

The mod thing was style as opposed to content, wasn't it?

Yeah, in as much as you can dismiss life as having no substance, there was no substance. But if you can put life together as having substance, a reason to believe, then you have Modism, which is where it was, which was via having a pill, having a few drinks, via having music to listen to, and a style of your own, so succinctly beautiful and self-contained, where privacy was everything, and no-one ever disturbed your privacy, because you are all the same...

It takes a structured society to support that sort of thing?

Yeah, you have to stretch society, that's why they had policemen walking around...

I mean, it takes a structured society to support that sort of thing, I mean everybody couldn't be a Mod, because...

No, anybody can become a Mod, that's the beauty of it, anyone can become a Vietcong...

Can you imagine 20 million people, staying out every weekend?

That's what my dream was...

But who would do the work?

They did work, because they worked during the day-time, you gotta understand this...

Well what about Nurses... nurses can't be Mods, can they?

'Course they can, they're the best Mods of all...

What if they're on night duty?

Well, they'll come out in the daytime, go shopping with you, and they'll have the short haircuts, and nurses are about the best Mods of all, because they're actual practical people. Can't you understand, that's what Mods are all about.

When did you stop being a Mod?

I stopped after Acid came in... I used to call myself a Black Tripper.

So you were into a Hip thing?

No, no, Hippies wore flowers, I had the Allie Kens jacket, a £300 jacket...

And when did all that come out...?

Well, that was when I brought Captain Beefheart to Great Britain... I had my mental breakdown, my nervous breakdown...

Was that a result of all your old hard-living, do you think?

Yeah... I'd done three and a half years on the road with Jimmy James and the Vagabonds, which the purist Mods... they weren't believing me anymore, and I was feeling that the structure is breaking down, and Modism — Modism has to be sustained up and it has to be a rigid, rigorous structure for Modism to function in it.

Do you think that The Who eventually became Mods, or at least Pete and Roger, or something...

I think Pete is the greatest Mod of all time... and myself.

Were you interested in them being Mods, or just appealing to a Mod market?

No, I made them into Mods, and they weren't Mods, they were... they have always said they were never Mods... I made them like... it's just saying, they're my best mates, and I can't make my mates into the best mates you can ever make, mates you can be proud of, then I cannot do anything for my friends, then it they go off for ten years or something, I've still kept in touch with them, but if they go off for ten years... all I can say, all it was, as I said to Pete Townshend on the telephone, 'I only made you into The Who, because I wanted you to be my mates'.

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GASBAG

AFTER reading the *Gasbag* letters concerning violence at rock gigs, I happened to go and see the film *Quadrophonia*. Had I not been obliged to stay I would have walked out on two counts — firstly at my personal disinterest at this trite, pseudo street-level pre-conception of the Mods and Rockers' tribal warfare of the '60s, secondly at the reaction to the film of a sizeable proportion of the cinema crowd.

I personally do not laugh at a person falling thirty feet onto concrete, or being involved in a nasty road accident, or people fornicating like rabbits. So I was amazed to see people amused by these scenes and the spectacle of bloody battles and beatings, the predicament of people caught in the mayhem, the police outnumbered by savage rioters. Of course this was fiction, but reality lurks behind these token images of contemporary street warfare.

I can tolerate viewing violence, if it happens — the truth must be known. It is objectionable that violence is manipulated, marketed and presented for entertainment and amusement. Disturbing is the proportion of the public (and most disturbing, young people) who will relish and ultimately emulate what they see.

We'll never be free of violence, it's human nature in perpetrator and voyeur alike. On a commercial level, it's what the public wants. AD, Eastbourne, Sussex. You sound like you're on nodding acquaintance with Mary. Suppose you were murdered in a shower — would your Mum sue Alfred Hitchcock? If people are dumb enough to emulate celluloid images or be dedicated followers of fashion then so be it. Have you ever wondered why Stanley Kubrick won't allow *Clockwork Orange* to be re-released? Mind you he's mad. — M.S.

You bemoan the violence at gigs between different youth cultures (sniff) yet you blatantly encourage the same (via 'Love Sex, Hate Students' headline). Are you not ashamed???

A sensible answer please. Angry person. Sod off back to your subsidised canteen and start worrying about real issues. — M.S.

What is it that you lot seem to have against students? If you take a wide definition there are about two million of them, most people who buy the wonderful Enema are probably students, ex-students or prospective students. All of you lot have probably been students. It is Stuart Johnston says students are jovially smug why do they make up the bulk of demonstrators? Being academically successful (it's no more than that) is not a disease. Anyway, isn't it better to be jovially smug than vicious and smug, e.g. BM, most skinheads, lots of mods etc., chic rock critics. I really wonder where you get some of the nimbus on your paper. Ian Smith BSC, Erit, Kent. Most of us have never been students, but it doesn't mean you're a bad person. — M.S.

So John and Paul's differences are more important than a thousand Cambodian lives, are they? Fair enough, then, The Beatles



have grown old and reactionary and thus redundant as far as youth is concerned. It was consequently reassuring to witness the re-emergence of a wave of musicians of which the ethic appeared to be of a broadly socialistic flavour.

But whatever happened to the good old 'charity concert'? True, it was good to see the emergence of RAR as a true force in this country (even though some of its participants might have been suspected of tokenism), but how long is it since we've seen a reasonably sized RAR gig?

Listen, Gang of Four, I'm talking to you. I loved your piece in the *NME* the other week, and I sympathise almost totally with your expressed feelings. Well done for the RAS gig. But why the hell ignore Cambodia? The injustices in our own country simply cannot be compared with the devastating malnutrition and disease in that country. Isn't it about time that some of you, who supposedly care, sacrificed a day or two of your lives for the sakes of countless other lives? Costello? Jackson? Strummer? Sting? Harvey Goldsmith? Could it be two bowls of rice next month? Does anybody care?

If only I could play a guitar... Boris Yeltes, Eddington Eleven. Sensitive Liberal guilt is a wonderful thing. — M.S.

Thank you for your excellent interview with Eldridge Cleaver. As an atheist, humanist and keen follower of him since I was 14, I personally was disappointed to hear of his conversion to Christianity. It would be easy to say he had sold out but quite possibly unfair. I appreciate that he needs some sort of spiritual understanding as well as political and economical, but I think he has gone a bit too far with this shit about how wonderful Dylan is. A matter of opinion I suppose.

However, I agree with him 100 per cent when he says: "The system is well qualified to play the game of violent expression and repentment. It's really the only game the system knows and as long as you respond that way then the system has a long tradition of mating out punishment to rebellion". I would never have

believed how true this is if it wasn't for the events at Southall. Of course we have to fight back at the system, but the more discreetly and non-violently we can do this, the more effective it will be. Eldridge Cleaver is one of the few great black American leaders to emerge from the '60s that we have left. I'd rather see him shot dead today than reverse all the wonderful things he has written and said. Ruth, London SW14. Insensitive radical guilt is nearly as good. — M.S.

"Sham 69 are my favourite band. I hope you can find out why." (Danny Baker, *Zigzag*, September '77). OK, Danny, I finally give up. Tell me why. The Thin White Duke, Nigel Dempster's Attic. Yes, well, er... um... — D.B.

If, as Neil Young says, "It's better to burn out than to rust", why does PIL continue to oxidize? Howard Hecht, Chestertown, USA. You mean oxidise, you flaming Yankee shithead. — M.S.

One of the groups I love the most in today's music scene are The Specials. Lately, I bought their album and I'm very fond of it, but may I ask them why they put the trade-mark of their drummer's kit on the sleeve (see credits). At least, that's what I found on the sleeve of a copy "printed in The Netherlands". Quite disappointing. Luc Gulnick, Belgium. I should cocoa. — M.S.

If I wear shiny trousers and write a song with a 'reggae' beat can I be on *Top Of The Pops* this week, please? Barry Von Harrow. Why not? You'd be in good company. — M.S.

I almost choked on my cheese and cucumber sandwiches when I read Mark Ellen's *Pretenders* put down. Wise up creep! 'Stop Your Sobbing' is a Kinks kultural song by another Fab Four (geddit?) *The Low Budget Superman*. Sorry, Low, but Mark was being sassy — that's the way Ms Hynde introduced the song, as being by Les Beatles. — BRIAN EPSTEIN.

So, Mark Ellen, The Specials weren't as good as on the last three occasions on which you saw them? My heart bleeds. Neglected, Whitstable, Kent. Move. — M.S.

What's this about the UK Subs film being too strong to support *Scum*? I've seen *Scum* and I can't imagine Charlie and the lads doing anything as strong as gang bugging some poor little sod (sic) in a greenhouse. How do we get to see the Subs' film then — in a bloody Soho blue movie show? Paul Gill. If you've seen *Scum*, good. If you haven't seen *Punk Can Take It*, be grateful. It's pathetic and I suspect that's the real reason it wasn't given a circuit release. — M.S.

Beware of the hippie revival! Professor Quatermass, Wembley Stadium.

Can I be the first to say that I thought Mike Yarwood's impersonation of the *Shirley Bassey Show* on telly last Saturday was absolutely amazing. Isaac Hunt, Egham.

Every seventh person works in the post office, right? Every seventh person is gay, right? This could mean one of four things:

a) Every postman is gay.

b) Every gay is a postman.

c) Every seventh postman is gay.

d) Every seventh gay is a postman.

Don't you think statistics are a load of crap? *The Seventh Gay Postman*, Hereford. A half of me thinks you seem like a nice boy but the other two quarters have a 50% ambivalent factor. — M.S.

I have just returned from a hilarious "Night Out" with that well known and loved pop band 'The Stranglers' at Bristol Colston Hall. Their appearance was something of a non-event, the highlight of the evening being Hughie's obligatory sexist and sectarian jokes, and his ridiculous 'duck walk'. Our ageing macho-man attempted to aforementioned strut, but ended up waddling across the stage like a member of Village People with a six inch suppository up his anal passage. "A Message To You, Hughie": Give Up! Anon.

A reply to George, San Bernardino, California (Letters 27/10/79).

You're looking for raw, primitive energy? The refusal to compromise? You're looking for a violently independent music force are you? Well if you're looking at the "punk today, mod/whatever tomorrow" clique you aren't going to find it. Furthermore you won't find it in The Clash either, they are close to extinction, my hamburger friend. What you are looking for lies in *Crass*, the most Anarchistic band around. They have it all sussed out. *Crass* make the Pistols look like the Flowerpot Men. *Crass* are so shit hot the *NME* won't do a piece on them! I bet they don't even print my bloody letter because I've taken their name in vain. Remember *Crass* spells A-N-A-R-C-H-Y! Always, Suffolk, Belfast. Double secret sad! — M.S.

It would be all too easy to parody Nick Kent's all too frequent use of phrases beginning "all too...". But seriously Neil (you don't mind if I call you Neil, do you?) it's becoming a bit of a joke (well, a whole joke in fact). The 'Tusk' review exhibits the two most recent examples — "all too easy" and "all too

redolent", while in the past we have been treated to "all too often", another "all too easy" (Wire review), "all too eager" and, a stunning variation, "only too readily" (Police feature).

I suggest you rep his knuckles soundly at the next opportunity. *A Guardian of Stylistic Purity*. P.S. In the course of my research for this long overdue report, the phrase "more to the point" has also imprinted itself indelibly upon my eyeballs, appearing as it does in the 'Tusk' review, The Eagles, and the James Brown article. In the latter case, it occurs no less than three times — a record surpassed only when the same critic, for some obscure reason, elected to use the word "brusque" no less than five times in the Cheep... but you've stopped reading this by now. In those halcyon days of yore, Nick would've belted you. — M.S.

So as to prove to all my detractors that I really am an impossibly smug know it all, just print that the missing word from the 2 Down anagram in last week's crossword was 'Regal'. Chester Fan, Manchester.

Dear Andy, don't worry, I thought your reviews were great and I'd have printed them. Nick Logan. P.S. I even knew that 3 and 26 was Roger Daltrey and that the missing word was 'Lager' — good huh! Can I have my job back please? No. Even so, I never realised Lager was regal. — M.S.

If you put 'Electricity' by Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark at 78 rpm, it's definitely poeable. Gang Of Four album please. Hugh S., Woking.

My entry for the Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark anagram competition is 'Their Ark Unloads Over Manchester'. What do I win? U.N. Original, Oxford. You can borrow Hugh's Gang Of Four album if you like. — M.S.

OK, you of the weedy little anagram from "a box on Hargest Ridge". No thick rural man deserves to hear 'Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark'. Graham Robb, Rouen, France.

How about 'Len, Shoot The Aardvark's Rumen Rice'? I spent half the bloody night and two cans of Export trying to think it up. Auntie Perspirent. Pathetic. You win two Gang Of Four albums. — M.S.

T.S. Eliot is an anagram of tiolots. Selly Beer, Wimbledon. That's more like it. Being anal retentive is very clever. — M.S.

I think it was: Goal X Goal Y Goal Z in that order. Jimmy (Bring back capital punishment for faulcs) Hill, Oldham, Lancs.

And over to the teleprinter for the latest gig score for 1979: Led Zep 2, Public Image 2.

Does anything ever change? Frank Bough, Newton-le-Willows.

I've been meaning to write for some time. Angry Steve Harley Fan, Waterford.

Letters
edited by
MONTY
SMITH



A JOURNEY THROUGH THE SECRET LIFE OF

T-ZERS

MAYDAY. MAYDAY. Meridian 4 to control. Do you read me? Over. Err Control, we read you loud and clear, Meridian 4. How's your cotton pickin' day goin' up there buddy? Over. Meridian 4 to control. We have a mad dog blip on the radar scanner. Unidentified flying missile, lowrider, 'proachin' New York City. Can you advise? Over. Control to Meridian 4. We read you buddy-boy. Errr suggest you sit-tight pal and we'll have some o' those big old Blackbirds up in the sky 'fore yew kin... crackle, pop, kerfwee. BANG.

And that's how the world ends. But before it does we hear that relations twist. The Slits and Island are not exactly bursting with seasonal bonhomie. Will Ari Upp quit the band to pursue her meaningful kinetic incursion into the dub music form? Is Viv unhappy with the current Slits direction? Would she prefer more of a Pop Group type free form expressionist jazz bag? And will all that make any difference to poor god Andrew Smith who was recently fined £50 for driving his Bentley up the big end of a nearby Capri in North London? Smith's defence stated that he'd been distracted by a poster advertising the new Slits album 'Cut'. Keep your eyes on the road and your hands upon the wheel...

And in the eve, as the last hot-dog vendor trundled back into Soho's gloomy alleyways, a lone figure could be seen scuttling through the garbage towards Shades, a record store in the Metropolis. David Bowie, for it is he, wanders towards the counter and peers at the proprietor. "Have you got The Specials' 'Special' bootleg?" Pause. "Sorry mate." Our hapless hero slips back emptyhanded into the anonymity of a ravaged city...

What can it all mean dept: After The Members had taken San Francisco by storm on their recent US tour, Nicky Tasco agreed to have the band play free at a political rally endorsing Dead Kennedy's lead singer Jello Biafra who is standing for mayor in that gay city. Biafra's manifesto means that if he is successful all businessmen will be required by law to wear clown suits...

And now for the good news: there's a sizeable buzz emanating from the corridors of WEA which categorically denies that The Eagles have split up. Some cynics say that the group have called it a day but that news of a rift would damage Christmas sales of the five bearded bores' 'Long May We Run And Run'...

Don't point that thing at me mac. The Printhes weren't overjoyed to have their dormobile pulled in for speeding recently en route to the Marquee. The squad car that stopped them outside Gatwick Airport was bristling with sub-machine guns supposedly carried in the event of a terrorist attack...

Space invader fanaticism in Japan has reached such heights that the government has had to re-mint the appropriate yen. All the rest are inside the machines...

Pass the Holy Water! Hugh Cornwell is dating petite bubbly Kate Bush while he sweeps away the memory of his thwarted love affair with a fifteen-year-old Japanese heart-throb, and The Stranglers intend to tour the Indian continent early next year. Dates include Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi...

When The Boomtown Rats played the Rainbow last week two Johnny Fingers and Pete Briquette clones stormed the stage. The Fingers chap hopped off after a while but Briquette's mini-adorer



STEVIE WONDER gasps from excess of ozone and negative ions in the air of Bronx Botanical Gardens. New York, where the harmonica man held the reception for his new, er, epic thingy 'Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants'. Taking a deep breath and keeping the camera steady. JOE 'Captain Snaps' STEVENS

handcuffed himself to the hapless bassist and stayed on for two encores...

And paranoia sets in for The Tourists who would like to meet the sinister gent who frequents all their gigs these days, stands in the front and stares at his feet. The band are starting to break out in late night sweats, and there are terrible headaches that won't go away. Asaargh...

Philosophical Judas Priest dropped a clanger in America last week when Rob Halford discharged the sluices of the band's coach toilet all over the windscreen of a pursuing highway patrol car (some people would give their left arm etc). The cops were not amused by the offering and fined the heavy metal hucksters 115 dollars. If that wasn't enough the Priest have been asked to play at the White House 'cos daffy Amy Carter, the Pres's retarded daughter, likes them so much. Maybe they'll cure Jimmy's pilies...

More romance in the air for Policeman Stuart Copeland

and curvacious Sonja Kristina. Friends report the couple's canoeing as a sure sign that wedding bells will ring...

Dastardly Phil O'Lyndott gets back into T-Zers due to his double dating of Caroline Crowther and an anonymous secretary (how good's her shorthand?). When Lynott isn't ensconced in his £90,000 Richmond mansion the errant paddy likes to dwell on a recent Lizzy appearance on Top Of The Pops when drummer Clive Edwards from Wild Horses had to stand in for Brian Downey who was AWOL on a fishing trip in Eire. Lizzy broadcast an SOS over RTE but the lackadaisical thumper couldn't be bothered to come back...

Alright all you bookworms who've been jamming the switchboard asking where to buy the new Hunter S Thompson *The Great Shark Hunt* (reviewed in last fab ish of NME). Apparently the book has yet to find an English distributor and interested parties are advised to try an importer or hang on in

there... New West Coast poet rocker most likely to get his name in the papers for several months is Jim Carroll whose prose debut *The Basketball Diaries* will be published by Bantam next February...

And still they come out. The week after Elton John reiterated his sexual preferences for the benefit of Fleet St, *The Sun* captured Freddie Mercury in unguarded mood. The lead Queen admitted to a platonic friendship with a girl called Mary and a piano that he kept by the bed for that telltale flash of inspiration. For Queen's next tour Mercury will dress in leather of course. "I rather fancy myself as a black panther," he tittered. Thank God for 4,000 per cent heterosexuals like manly Rod Stewart...

Good God what is this country coming to? Even fun-loving Tom Robinson has come out and admitted quite brazenly that when he gets home at night he likes to listen to the sounds of the new XTC

album! Tom is looking for a sensitive guitarist and drummer to share this experience with. Large Hampstead gentlemen need not apply...

The late John Buchan (of *The 39 Steps* fame) will turn in his grave to hear that grand-daughter Josephine is fronting a punk (gasp!) band called *The Containers*. Standards slip by the wayside...

Rolling Stones' chief honchos Richard and Jagger Inc have been seen leaving Electric Ladyland (the studio Hendrix built, chickadees!) in the smutty West Village after adding the finishing touches to their forthcoming album 'Untitled'...

D.O.A. (*Dead On Arrival*), a film by Lech Kowalski with footage of *The Sex Pistols* cavorting on and off stage during their fateful US tour, and an interview with Sid and Nancy (at home) is expected to hit the screens around the same time as *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* (Xmas?). The film was originally financed by the late Tom Forcade (publisher of *High Times*) who blew his mind out in the cold of last winter...

The Clash's next record will be a double album retailing for the price of one and out before Yule on December 7th. This cheap and cheerful artefact is housed in a groovy black and white cover as done by our own lovable Raymond Lowry, the Manchester Manet...

How droll darling, Chrissie Hynd is planning to stage a Rock Against Rock Journalists gig and may approach Elvis Costello to assist...

Must have been the baked beans. Ian Gomm's 'Summer Holiday' ('Seven days to a holiday' etc) is to be re-released under the title of 'Gomm With The Wind'...

Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter strapped on his Bob Dylan kit last week at the Venue and wowed the hippy hordes with a selection including the complete 'Terrapin Station'. Many of the audience appeared to be under the influence of several species of sacred fungi which is no big deal because The Grateful Dead themselves are renowned to be suffering the ravages of sundry drug abuse. The band are also in the studio in NYC with English producer Gary Lyons...

Not just pretty faces. Joni Mitchell, Ron Wood (Ron Wood!), John Mayall and Klaus Voormann have a selection of their doodlings featured in *Starry*, a 240-page glossy art book...

CBS are suing the Our Price record chain for importing records and selling them too cheap...

Disco existentialist Grace Jones had a maternity party thrown in her honour by Debbie Harry at New York's Paradise Garage. Grace is actually 6½ months gone but still managed to gyrate and sing in her usual suggestive manner. Jones' next album will be produced by Chris Blackwell and musicians include Sly Dunbar and Hobby Shakespeare...

Robert Wyatt may be going into the studio with Carla Bley...

WEA are to release a Tim Buckley double retrospective soonest...

Late news on the Dylan front, the Big Z is to play four benefit concerts in aid of the refugees in Kampuchea that's Cambodia to you bub! kicking off on the 19th November at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. All proceeds will be directed via World Vision, an international Christian Relief organisation. No truth in the rumour that John Pilger was to MC the gigs...

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