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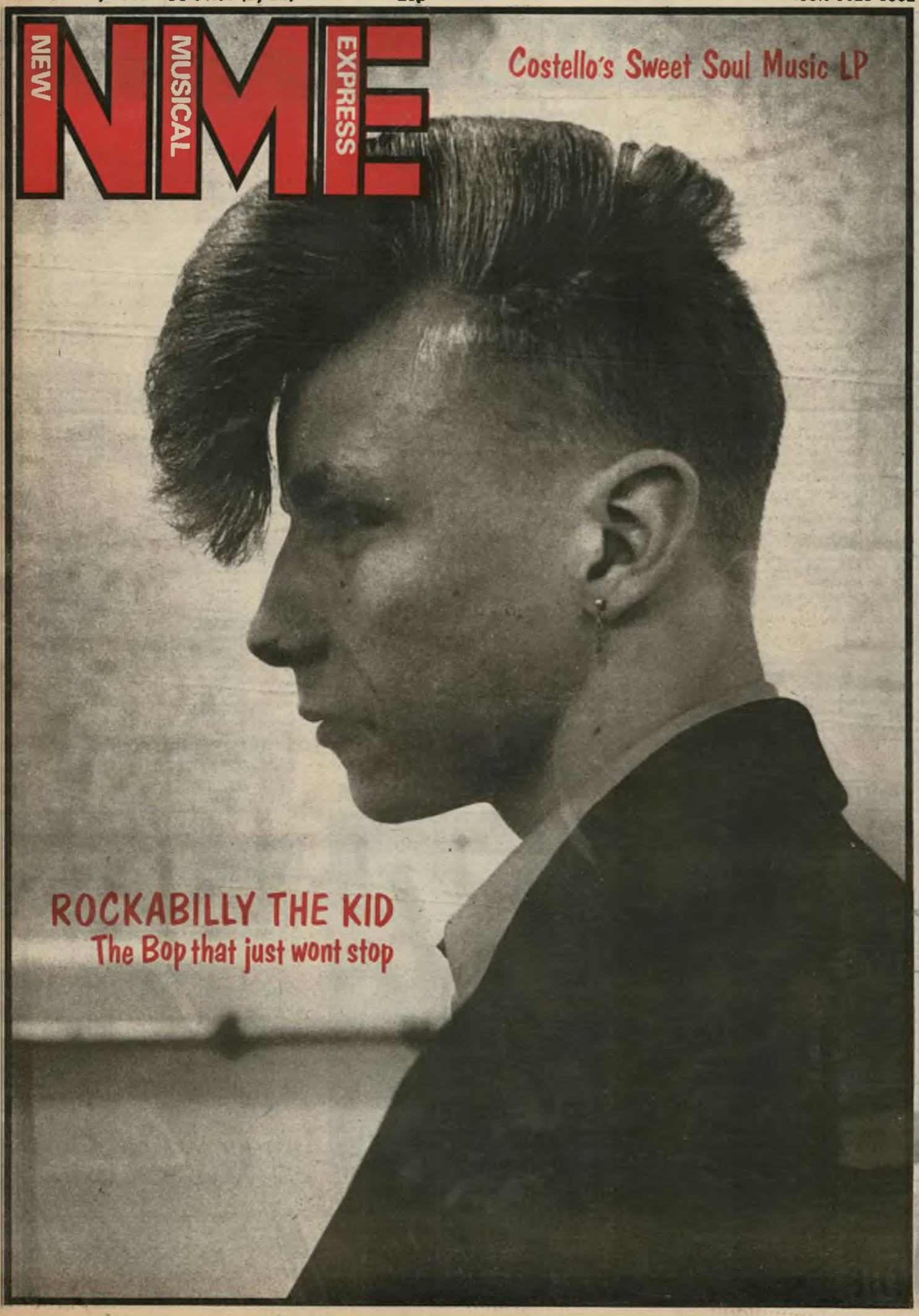
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Costello's Sweet Soul Music LP



ROCKABILLY THE KID
The Bop that just wont stop

North London Rockabilly Rebellion: Polecat At The Hop/Photograph: Anton Corbijn

NME CHARTS

Week ending February 16, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	Coward Of The County	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	3	1
2	(1)	Too Much Too Young	Specials (Two Tone)	3	1
3	(3)	It's Different For Girls	Joe Jackson (A & M)	4	3
4	(7)	I'm In The Mood For Dancing	The Nolans (Epic)	5	4
5	(8)	Someone's Looking At You	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	5
6	(2)	My Girl	Madness (Stiff)	6	1
7	(5)	Babe	Styx (A & M)	5	4
8	(10)	I Hear You Now	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	4	8
9	(—)	Captain Beaky	Keith Michel (Polydor)	1	9
10	(18)	And The Beat Goes On	Whispers (Solar)	2	10
11	(10)	Green Onions	Booker T & The MG's (Atlantic)	5	6
12	(23)	Living By Numbers	New Musik (GTO)	3	12
13	(21)	Save Me	Queen (EMI)	2	13
14	(9)	7 Teen	Regents (Rialto)	4	9
15	(14)	With You I'm Born Again	Billy Preston/Syreeta (Motown)	6	3
16	(6)	Brass In Pocket	Pretenders (Real)	6	1
17	(—)	Rock With You	Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	17
18	(17)	Three Minute Hero	Selecter (Two Tone)	2	17
19	(—)	Carrie	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	19
20	(—)	Ghost Riders In The Sky	Shadows (EMI)	1	20
21	(28)	Baby I Love You	Ramones (Sire)	2	21
22	(20)	I Wanna Hold Your Hand	Dollar (Carrere)	5	11
23	(15)	Buzz Buzz A Diddle It	Matchbox (Magnet)	3	15
24	(25)	Living In The Plastic Age	Buggles (Island)	2	24
25	(30)	Escape	Rupert Holmes (Infinity)	4	25
26	(12)	Please Don't Go	K C & The Sunshine Band (TK)	6	2
27	(19)	Better Love Next Time	Dr Hook (Capitol)	6	9
28	(15)	Jazz Carnival	Azymuth (Milestone)	4	15
29	(—)	So Good To Be Back Home Again	Tourists (Logo)	1	29
30	(22)	Too Hot	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	4	22

UP AND COMING:

Underpass — John Foxx (Virgin).

Singing The Blues — Dave Edmunds (Swan Song).

Games Without Frontiers — Peter Gabriel (Charisma).

Maybe Tomorrow — Chords (Polydor).

Jane — Jefferson Starship (RCA).

Music Makes You Feel Like Dancing — Brass Construction (U.A.).

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)	4	1
2	(29)	Last Dance	Various (EMI)	2	2
3	(2)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	13	2
4	(3)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	17	1
5	(6)	Short Stories	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	3	5
6	(10)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	19	3
7	(7)	The Specials	(Two Tone)	14	7
8	(8)	Permanent Waves	Rush (Mercury)	3	8
9	(6)	Bee Gees Greatest Hits	(RSO)	11	6
10	(13)	I'm The Man	Joe Jackson (A & M)	2	10
11	(—)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	1	11
12	(16)	September Morn	Neil Diamond (CBS)	3	12
12	(28)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)	9	12
14	(9)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2	Abba (Epic)	13	1
15	(—)	Metamatic	John Foxx (Metalbeat)	1	15
16	(18)	Greatest Hits	Rod Stewart (Riva)	12	1
17	(4)	Video Stars	Various (K-Tel)	5	4
18	(—)	The Wall	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	8	4
19	(17)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	61	1
20	(23)	Outlandos D'amour	Police (A&M)	35	7
21	(26)	20 Hottest Hits	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	7	4
22	(—)	Flex	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	1	22
23	(—)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	16	4
24	(11)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	2
25	(19)	The Summit	Various (K-Tel)	3	19
26	(20)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	15	2
27	(15)	No Place To Run	UFO (Chrysalis)	4	13
28	(—)	End Of The Century	Ramones (Sire)	1	28
29	(—)	Sunburn	Various Artists (Warwick)	1	29
30	(21)	20 Golden Greats	Diana Ross (Motown)	11	2

UP AND COMING:

Cornerstone — Styx (A&M).

The Flying Lizards — (Virgin).

Gold And Platinum — Lynyrd Skynyd (MCA).

The Age Of Plastic — Buggles (Island).

Brass Constructions — Brass Construction (UA).

Quiet Life— Japan (Ariola).

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	Cruisin'	Smokey Robinson
2	(3)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen
3	(1)	Coward Of The County	Kenny Rogers
4	(4)	Do That To Me One More Time	The Captain & Tennille
5	(5)	Rock With You	Michael Jackson
6	(6)	Sara	Fleetwood Mac
7	(9)	Yes I'm Ready	Teri DeSario/K C
8	(10)	Longer	Dan Fogelberg
9	(8)	This Is It	Kenny Loggins
10	(18)	On The Radio	Donna Summer
11	(11)	Deja Vu	Dionne Warwick
12	(14)	Romeo's Tune	Steve Forbert
13	(7)	Don't Do Me Like That	Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers
14	(16)	An American Dream	The Dirt Band
15	(20)	Working My Way Back To You	Spinners
16	(12)	I Wanna Be Your Lover	Prince
17	(24)	Desire	Andy Gibb
18	(23)	September Morn	Neil Diamond
19	(19)	Why Me	Styx
20	(25)	Daydream Believer	Anne Murray
21	(15)	The Long Run	Eagles
22	(17)	Ladies' Night	Kool & The Gang
23	(29)	Second Time Around	Shalamar
24	(30)	Him	Rupert Holmes
25	(—)	Another Brick In The Wall (Part 2)	Pink Floyd
26	(13)	Escape	Rupert Holmes
27	(—)	"99"	Toto
28	(—)	When I Wanted You	Barry Manilow
29	(—)	How Do I Make You	Linda Ronstadt
30	(21)	Don't Let Go	Isaac Hayes

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	The Wall	Pink Floyd
2	(3)	Damn The Torpedoes	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
3	(4)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
4	(2)	The Long Run	Eagles
5	(7)	Phoenix	Dan Fogelberg
6	(5)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer
7	(6)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
8	(8)	Cornerstone	Styx
9	(9)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
10	(11)	Freedom At Point Zero	Jefferson Starship
11	(14)	September Morn	Neil Diamond
12	(13)	Gold & Platinum	Lynyrd Skynyrd
13	(15)	The Rose	Original Soundtrack
14	(12)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
15	(10)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	Bee Gees
16	(16)	No Nukes: The Muse Concerts For A Non-Nuclear Future	Various Artists
17	(21)	The Whispers	
18	(19)	Keep The Fire	Kenny Loggins
19	(17)	Live Rust	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
20	(20)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
21	(18)	Wet	Barbra Streisand
22	(—)	Permanent Waves	Rush
23	(24)	Deguello	ZZ Top
24	(26)	Prince	Prince
25	(25)	Where There's Smoke	Smokey Robinson
26	(29)	In The Heat Of The Night	Pat Benatar
27	(23)	Head Games	Foreigner
28	(27)	The Gambler	Kenny Rogers
29	(28)	Masterjam	Rufus & Chaka
30	(—)	Jackrabbit Slim	Steve Forbert

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 4, 1975

1 January — Pilot (EMI)
2 Ms. Grace — Tymes (RCA)
3 Sugar Candy Kisses — Mac & Katie Kissoon (Polydor)
4 Goodbye My Love — Glitter Band (Bell)
5 The Bump — Kenny (Rak)
6 Never Can Say Goodbye — Gloria Gaynor (MGM)
7 Promised Land — Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 Purely By Coincidence — Sweet Sensation (Pye)
9 Now I'm Here — Queen (EMI)
10 Morning Side Of The Mountain — Donnie & Marie Osmond (MGM)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 4, 1970

1 Love Grows — Edison Lighthouse (Bell)
2 Reflections Of My Life — Marmalade (Decca)
3 Come And Get It — Badfinger (Apple)
4 Two Little Boys — Rolf Harris (Columbia)
5 Friends — Arrival (Decca)
6 Leaving On A Jet Plane — Peter, Paul & Mary (WB)
7 The Witch's Promise/Teacher — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)
8 I'm A Man — Chicago (CBS)
9 Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town — Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)
10 All I Have To Do Is Dream — Bobbie Gentry & Glen Campbell (Capitol)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 5, 1965

1 You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' — Righteous Brothers (London)
2 Tired Of Waiting For You — Kinks (Pye)
3 Go Now — Moody Blues (Decca)
4 Keep Searchin' — Del Shannon (Stateside)
5 Come Tomorrow — Manfred Mann (HMV)
6 Cast Your Fate To The Wind — Sounds Orchestral (Piccadilly)
7 You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
8 The Special Years — Val Doonican (Decca)
9 I'll Never Find Another You — Seekers (Columbia)
10 Baby Please Don't Go — Them (Decca)

As the macho axeman pose comes back into vogue and comes to terms with the computerised age, daddy of them all, Hank Marvin, seen here with long-term friend and fan, Bert Weedon, celebrates the Shads twin chart entries with the purchase of an electro-synthesised digital plectrum.

REGGAE

(1) This Is Lovers Rock — Ergosem (Venture)
(2) Lovers Rock — Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
(3) Just One Dance — Al Campbell (JB)
(4) If Jah Should Come Now — Rod Taylor (Little Luke)
(5) Hard Times — Pablo Gad (Burning Sounds)
(6) Dance Hall Style — Errol Scorcher (Scorch)
(7) So Naive — Tropical Breeze (Silver Camel)
(8) Sitting On The Hillside — Horace Andy (Earthquake)
(9) If It's Love You're Looking For — Teddy Lincoln (Cam)
(10) Rock On — Gregory Isaacs (Observer)

Chart Supplied By: DADDY KOOL
94 Dean Street
London W1

DISCO

(1) And The Beat Goes On — Whispers (RCA)
(2) The World Is A Ghetto — War (MCA)
(3) We've Got The Funk — Positive Force (Superhit)
(4) Rock With You — Michael Jackson (Epic)
(5) (Not Just) Knee Deep — Funkadelic (WEA)
(6) You Know How To Love Me — Phyllis Hyman (Arista)
(7) Shake It — Brass Construction (United Artists)
(8) Too Hot — Kool & The Gang (Phonogram)
(9) We've Got The Groove — Players Association (Vanguard)
(10) Rhythm Talk — Jojo (Phil.)

Chart Supplied By: HMV RECORDS
Oxford Street
London W1

INDIES

(1) You Can Be You — Honey Bane (Cross)
(2) Fiery Jack — Fall (Step Forward)
(3) White Mice — Modettes (Mode)
(4) Lets Build A Car — Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
(5) Dark Entries — Bauhaus (Axis)
(6) Opening Up — Circles (Graduate)
(7) Judy In Disguise — Silicone Teens (Mute)
(8) Blood & Lipstick — Pink Military (Erica)
(9) Babies In Jars — John Ellis (Retrace)
(10) King — UB40 (Graduate)

Chart Supplied By: BONAPARTE
101 George Street
Croydon
Surrey CR0 1LE

EDITED BY
DEREK JOHNSON

NEWS

Beat all set to go feetwarming

THE BEAT — currently spearheading the Birmingham beat boom along with such luminaries as Dexy's Midnight Runners and Toyah — play half-a-dozen dates from the end of next week to promote their new single, supported by Dolly Mixture. They are Guildford Civic Hall (February 21), Bath Pavilion (22), Dunstable Queensway Hall (23), Dunfermline Kinema (March 1), Glasgow Tiffany's (2) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (3). And these will be their last live appearances for at least three months.

The new single, the follow-up to their Top Ten hit 'Tears Of A Clown', is significant in two respects — in the first place, it's a double A-sider comprising 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine' and 'Twist And Crawl'; and secondly it marks the debut of their own Go Feet label, distributed by Arista. It's issued this weekend.

After their six gigs, The Beat shut themselves away in the studio for two months to record their first album. It's tentatively planned for May-June release, and plans are already under way for the band to headline a full nationwide tour to coincide with the advent of the LP. European and U.S. tours are also being lined up for the spring.

The Beat — whose ages range from 19 to 50! — comprise David Wakeling (vocals and guitar), Ranking Roger (vocals), Dave Steele (bass), Andy Cox (guitar), Everett Martin (drums) and Saxa (sax). The two young ladies pictured with the band are not regular members!

● **DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS**, whose 'Straight To The Heart' tour opened in January, have added another dozen dates to the tail end of their itinerary — at Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (February 25), Leicester University (26), Birmingham Top Rank (27), Keele University (28), Brighton Top Rank (29), London Camden Electric Ballroom (March 1), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (2), Hull University (4), Bradford University (5), Coleraine Ulster University (6), Belfast Queen's University (7) and Dublin University College (8). This brings the total number of gigs in the tour to 38. Various bands will be guesting, including The Nips in London and from March 4 to 8 inclusive. After the tour, Dexy's begin recording their debut album.

● **THE RUTS** support Dexy's at Penzance, Bath and Manchester (February 21-23) and again from March 4 to 8 inclusive. They also have London headliners at Billy's Club in Dean Street (February 26) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (March 10).

JOEL JETS IN

BILLY JOEL is set for a return visit to the UK in the early spring, to headline three major concerts. To tie in with these dates, CBS release a new Joel album in early March titled 'Glass Houses', containing nine new self-penned songs and produced by Phil Ramone — and there will also be a single taken from it, titles still undecided. Joel will be backed by the same five-piece band who toured with him a year ago, and the dates — promoted by Alec Leslie — are:

● **London Wembley Arena (March 30 and 31)**. Tickets are £6 and £5, plus some with a restricted view at £4. They go on sale this coming Monday. Postal bookings may be made to Billy Joel, GP Productions, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only made payable to 'GP Productions', enclose SAE and there's a 45p booking fee for every ticket.

● **Deeside Leisure Centre, Chester (April 2)**. Tickets are £5 only, and are all standing. They are available from next Monday (18) at the box-office, Queensferry, Chester Road, Deeside, Clwyd.

SKIDS ON THE CAMPUS

AFTER A HECTIC period of pre-tour activity, The Skids have now confirmed the schedule for their 15-date college tour next month, plans for which were reported last week. They play Manchester Polytechnic (March 6), Birmingham University (7), Colchester Essex University (8), Norwich East Anglia University (9), York University (10), Sheffield University (11), Bradford University (12), Hull University (13), Newcastle Polytechnic (14), Leicester Polytechnic (15), Swansea University College (17), Reading University (18), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (19), Belfast Ulster Hall (21) and Dublin Olympic Hall (22).

The hectic activity stems from the fact that Richard Jobson, having just returned from researching a play in Berlin *(God knows why!)*, was due to appear in court in Dunfermline this week on a charge of breach of the peace. Co-founder Stuart Adamson got himself married — and between times they were working in their two new members, Russell Webb (bass) and Mike Bailey (drums). Anyway, as we said last week, it must now be patently obvious that The Skids have no intention of breaking up — as some sources have suggested.

Iggy's London extra, Members in action

IGGY POP has been booked for a last-minute extra London show, to wind up his UK tour — it's a Valentine's Day special at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town tonight (Thursday), and tickets are available on the doors priced £3. The Psychedelic Furs, who've been supporting him on tour, are not available for this gig — but The Teardrop Explodes and The Spiderz are set.

THE MEMBERS have just finished work on their new album '1980 — The Choice Is Yours', for release by Virgin in the spring. And to celebrate their escape from the studios, they play three dates in the coming week — at Sunderland Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Durham University (Saturday) and Bristol University Rag Ball (February 22).

WRECKLESS ERIC is now confirmed as special guest on the bulk of the Squeeze tour. The schedule opened on Monday, and Eric joins the tour next Wednesday (20), playing 17 dates through until the final gig on March 11. Eric, whose new album 'Big Smash' is issued by Stiff next week, will also be introducing his new lead guitarist Colin 'Fletch' Fletcher, who replaces Pete Gosling in his backing band.

THE ONLY ONES will be topping an extensive UK tour in April and May, to coincide with the release of their new CBS album 'Baby's Got A Gun'. But prior to this, they play a one-off at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, February 24 (tickets £3), supported by Simple Minds and Martha & The Muffins. The band's new single, due in late March and still untitled, features guest singer Pauline of Penetration.

THE RUTS' London concert at Camden Electric Ballroom, announced for February 29, has been put back to March 21. And their gig at Bristol Locarno moves from February 24 to March 23. Ticket-holders should go to the point of purchase for cash refunds, or to exchange for the revised dates.

ORCHESTRAL Manouvres In The Dark have added a couple of gigs to their UK tour, listed in NME six weeks ago — they are Bristol Trinity Hall (February 27) and Canterbury Kent University (March 3). And their gig at Shrewsbury Cascade is switched from February 20 to March 4. Their DinDisc single 'Red Frame White Light' is beginning to break, and they'll have a new album out on February 22. The outfit is basically a duo comprising Andy McCluskey (bass and vocals) and Paul Humphreys (keyboards), augmented by a four-track tape recorder called Winston!

Kiss gigs

KISS are now set to play Brighton Centre (June 25), London Wembley Arena (27 and 28), Stafford Bingley Hall (July 1) and Edinburgh Royal Highland Showground (3), according to the Casablanca label manager. But booking arrangements have not yet been announced.

Smirks tour

THE SMIRKS set out this weekend on their 'March Of The Slobs' tour, with The Charlie Parkas (featuring C. P. Lee) as special guests. Dates are Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (tomorrow, Friday), Glasgow Strathclyde Uni. (Saturday), Fife St. Andrew's Uni. (Sunday), Exeter Routes (February 20), London Fulham Greyhound (21), Guildford Surrey Uni. (22), Newcastle Poly (27), Liverpool Eric's (28), Halifax Good Mood (29), London Camden Music Machine (March 1), London Imperial College (2), Colchester Essex Uni. (3), Stoke Trent Poly (4), Sheffield Poly (5), Leeds Poly (6), Huddersfield Poly (7) and Blackpool Norbreck Castle (8).

Ellen makes it after all

ELLEN FOLEY will, after all, be fulfilling her two dates at London Victoria The Venue on February 21 and 22. As reported, it seemed likely that she would have to postpone them, when she dislocated her elbow last month in a fall from her motor-bike. But she has already set out on the European leg of her tour with her arm in plaster (see above), though she hopes to have it removed before reaching London.

Slits back on stage, Pop Group label link

THE SLITS re-emerge this week — with news of a record label they've formed with The Pop Group (in association with Rough Trade), plus a handful of gigs. The label is called 'Y', and the first release on March 7 is a double A-side single featuring 'In The Beginning There Was Rhythm' by The Slits and 'Where There's A Will' by The Pop Group — it runs more than 11 minutes, and sells for 70p. The girls headline a London special at Camden Electric Ballroom on February 21 (with The Raincoats) and then play Manchester Belle Vue (23) and Derby Ajanta (24) both with Night Doctor supporting, followed by Bristol University (29) with The Shakers. Further dates will be added in March.

Knack one-off show

THE KNACK fly in to play a one-off concert at London Dominion Theatre in Tottenham-Court Road on Saturday, March 8 — tickets priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 on sale now at the box office and usual agencies. The band's new single 'Baby Talks Dirty' is issued by Capitol this weekend — it's taken from their LP 'But The Little Girls Understand', due in early March. They can also be seen in a BBC-2 *Old Grey Whistle Test* special, filmed in Miami, screened on February 26.

TENPOLE TUDOR, whose debut single 'Real Fun' is issued this week on the Korova label (distributed by WEA), support The Pretenders at Norwich East Anglia University (tomorrow, Friday), Cambridge Corn Exchange (February 29) and London Hammersmith Palais (March 4). They've been added to The Ramones' show at London Camden Electric Ballroom this Saturday, and have their own London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (March 14) and the Marquee (29).

From the band that captured your imagination during 1979 with the highly successful album & single 'Morning Dance,' a new album and single

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RECORD COLLECTION

Attractive Photos

THE PHOTOS are to have their first single 'I'm So Attractive' reactivated by Epic, to tie in with their March tour, listed by *NME* last week. This is the song which vocalist **Wendy Wu** (above) says she's embarrassed to announce and perform! And it supersedes plans to bring out a new single called 'Do You Have Fun', which is now delayed until later in the spring. The band's new album as yet untitled, is due in April.

● **Bob Calvert** is alive and well — and recording his first solo album since leaving Hawkwind last year. And he's recruited all the members of Bethnal to back him on the LP, for which an outlet is currently being negotiated.

● **Jo-Jo Laine**, wife of Wings guitarist Denny Laine, has her first single out this weekend on Popular-Hammer titled 'Dancin' Man'. It was penned by Ken Pickett, who wrote 'Painter Man' for Boney M, and produced by Brian Adams.

● February 22 is the release date of the new **Purple Hearts** single 'Jimmy' on Fiction Records. Out the same day on the RSO label is 'My Favourite D.J.' by **The Headboys**.

CHARLY NET CLUSTER OF AMERICAN LABELS

CHARLY RECORDS have pulled off three bigs deals for the British distribution of U.S. product. The first involves Louisiana labels Jewel, Paul and Ron whose roster includes **John Fred & His Playboy Band, Fontella Bass, Little Johnny Taylor, Bobby Rush, Lightnin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker** and **Memphis Slim**. The second is with renowned R&B label Vee-Jay whose artists include **Jimmy Reed, Dee Clark, Jerry Butler, Gene Chandler, The Impressions** and **Elmore James**. And the third is with noted New Orleans producer **Allen Toussaint**, both for his own Sansu label and for many of his other productions featuring such acts as **Lee Dorsey, The Meters, Betty Harris, Aaron Neville** and **Irma Thomas**. All these deals are for five years, and initial product is expected shortly.

● Two new Capitol albums out this week are 'Supercharged' by **Tavares** and 'City' by **McGuinn, Clark & Hillman**. The label is also launching a major re-promotion of the **Dr. Hook** LP 'Sometimes You win', which includes both their recent hit singles.

● Liberty United have brought forward the release of the LP 'Every Generation' by top fusion saxist **Ronnie Laws**, originally planned for late March — it's available now, as is a single taken from the album called 'Young Child'. Plans are under way for a major UK tour by Laws in the spring.

● Birmingham band **The Gangsters** release their single 'Woolly Bully'/'We Are The Gangsters' this week on the Big Bear label.

● **Bruford**, the four-piece outfit led by drummer Bill Bruford, release their third album this weekend — titled 'Gradually Going Tornado'. It's on Polydor-EG Records.

● **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**, currently touring Britain with Rockpile, have their first English single issued this week by Chrysalis. It features two tracks from their recently released album with their name as its title, 'She's Tuff' and 'Scratch My Back'. The U.S. band will be headlining a string of London dates in early March.

● This week Rockburgh Records release a double album by **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons**, called 'Takin' The Wraps Off'. One record is a compilation of early studio tracks and the other is a live session recorded in Australia. The set is specially priced at £4.99, and is distributed by Spartan.

● Upcoming on Beggar's Banquet is the fourth LP by San Francisco band **Chrome**, titled 'Red Exposure'. The company's offshoot label 4 A.D. has imported copies of the band's first three albums, available through Rough Trade and other indies at £4.75 each.

● Lightning launch a new label called Gallery this weekend, the first singles being 'Girl' by Portsmouth band **Shy** (this weekend) and 'Little Comfort In The Night' by **John Hardman** (February 22). Reason for the launch is to enable the company's other subsidiary Scope to concentrate exclusively on reggae material.

Chelsea: two singles and tour

CHELSEA, currently preparing for a UK tour in the early spring, have two singles out this week. The first is their latest Step Forward Records offering 'No One's Coming Outside', recorded on New Year's Day and featuring their current personnel — from left to right, James Stevenson (guitar), Geoff Myles (bass), Chris Bashford (drums), Dave Martin (guitar) and Gene October (vocals). The second is an American import comprising two tracks from their debut album, 'I'm On Fire' and 'Decide', released by the International Record Syndicate.

● **Phil Lynott** has a double A-side single issued by Phonogram on February 29, featuring two tracks from his upcoming March solo album — 'Dear Miss Lonelyhearts' and 'Solo In Soho'.

● The Stiff Secret Service have released a 13-track album by the **UK Subs** titled 'Live Kicks', recorded during the last days of London's Roxy in 1977. It's available only by post from Stiff Secret Service, 9-11 Woodfield Road, London W9, and it costs £3.50 (including p&p).

● A&M singles out this weekend include 'Fan Mail' by **The Dickies** (in red vinyl), 'Give It All You've Got' by **Chuck Mangione** and 'Stomp' by **The Brothers Johnson** (in 7" and 12").

● **J. Geils Band** have their new LP 'Love Stinks' issued by Liberty-United/EMI America on February 22, with a single taken from it called 'Come Back' out the same day. Lead singer Peter Wolfe arrives in Britain shortly for a promotional visit.

● With their current single 'Tell That Girl To Shut Up' already being distributed by Virgin, **Holly & The Italians** have now signed a long-term worldwide deal with the label.

Island ska specials

ISLAND release the reggae compilation LP 'More Intensified Vol. 2 1963-67' on March 7 — it features tracks by **The Vikings, The Skatalites, Desmond Dekker, The Ethiopians, Don Drummer** and **The Soul Brothers**, among others. On the same day and label there's a reissue of 'Club Ska 67' including tracks by several of the above acts, plus **Roland Alphonso, Delroy Wilson, The Gaylads** and **The Flams** — it retains its original sleeve note, but now has an extra track in the shape of 'Rub Up Push Up' by **Justin Hinds**, which is also being issued as a single. And on February 22, Island release **Millie**'s two former hits as one single — they are 'My Boy Lollipop' (featuring Rod Stewart on harmonica) and 'Sweet William'.

JOHN FOXX

METAMATIC

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Buy M's single, visit U.S.

THE NEW M single 'That's The Way The Money Goes', issued by MCA on February 22, is the subject of a unique competition — with 500 purchasers of the record winning the M album 'New York, London, Paris, Munich', and the outright winner earning a seven-night holiday for two in New York. The first 30,000 copies will be packaged in special bags bearing details of the competition, and 500 will be overstamped "it's a winner". (To avoid advance discovery, all copies will be shrink wrapped). Anyone buying a winning single will be eligible for a free LP and entry into the contest for the New York trip.

Stylistics spring tour is finalised

THE STYLISTICS have now been confirmed for a string of dates here between late April and early June, including two performances at London's Dominion Theatre. And as a prelude to their visit, their new single 'I Feel Lucky Tonight' — penned by Biddu and Don Black — is issued this week by Epic, who have picked it up from the independent Brent Walker label.

The group play Stoke Jollees (April 21-26), Watford Bailey's (28-May 3), two shows at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (4), two shows at Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (6), Caerphilly Double Diamond (7-10), Westcliff Queen's (15-17), Birmingham Night Out (19-24), Purfleet Circus Tavern (26-31) and Camberley Lakeside Country Club (June 1-7). Promoter in Danny Batesh.

Tickets for the London concerts cost £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 — postal bookings may be made at once, and the box-office opens to personal callers in about a week. For Manchester, tickets priced £6.50, £5 and £3.50 are on sale now. At other venues, tickets are not yet on sale, and details won't be known for a week or so.

SOLO ELY

JOE ELY, who this weekend embarks on a series of dates as special guest of The Clash, subsequently headlines three shows of his own. Together with his band, he plays Hatfield Polytechnic (February 26) and London Victoria The Venue (29 and March 1), and the two London gigs will be recorded for possible inclusion on an upcoming live album. Support act is Manchester band The Trend, who have just signed with MCA, with a single due in the next few weeks.

TOASTER TRUCKING

JAMAICAN TOASTER Prince Far I is back in Britain next week to begin a month-long series of gigs, his first since the 'Roots Encounter' tour last year. He's supported by Creation Rebel and new band The Night Doctor, and gigs confirmed so far are Bristol Trinity Hall (February 20), London Camden Dingwalls (26), Gloucester Leisure Centre (March 5), London Oxford St. 100 Club (6), Liverpool Eric's (7), Derby Ajanta (8), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9) and London City University (14), with more being finalised. He has a new album titled 'Under Heavy Discipline' due out shortly.

10cc to tour in May

10cc are to headline a major British tour in the late spring. They set off on their travels in April, gigging extensively around Europe and reaching this country in May. Details of their dates and venues are currently being finalised by promoter Danny Batesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises, and are expected to be announced in two or three weeks. After their UK commitments, they undertake their delayed tour of Australia and Japan, which was postponed last year when Eric Stewart was injured.

● THE BEACH BOYS, who had been pencilled in for a couple of nights at London Wembley Arena in late April, have now postponed their visit until later in the year.

Palmer for PM!

WITH THE DEMISE of Emerson, Lake and Palmer now official (as reported last week), Carl Palmer this week becomes the first of the trio to announce his future plans — which basically involve the launching of a new band called PM. The line-up, from left to right, comprises Erik Scott (bass and vocals), Todd Cochran (keyboards and vocals), Carl Palmer (drums), Barry Finnerty (lead guitar and vocals) and John Nitzinger (guitar). They have just signed a long-term recording deal with Ariola, who release their debut album '1.P.M.' on March 7. The band will be setting out shortly for a European tour, with British dates expected to follow.

NO MORE PROVINCIAL EXTRAS FOR GENESIS

IT NOW SEEMS unlikely that Genesis will play any more provincial concerts, to compensate for the mix-up in ticket sales for their 40-date tour. As reported, thousands of people who applied on the official box-office opening date of February 1 found that many venues were already sold out, and the band had hoped to slot in more dates to appease their supporters.

But with a U.S. tour following hot on the heels of their British schedule, it's understood they have now ruled out the prospect of further out-of-town gigs, though there is a chance of one or two more in London — in addition to their extra show at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on May 5, announced last week.

Details of their concerts at Reading, Exeter, Aylesbury, Guildford, Portsmouth and Paignton are not being announced nationally, as these are being treated as warm-up dates preceding the main tour. They are being advertised only in the local Press and, in most cases, have already sold out.

LATE NEWS. A crowd estimated at 5,000 had gathered outside Drury Lane Theatre Royal last Sunday morning, waiting for the box-office to start selling tickets for the May 5 show. To accommodate the overflow, Genesis immediately added another date the next night (May 6) at the Lyceum Ballroom. A few tickets remained on Monday, but were sold by mid-day.

Valli ticket info

TICKET prices have now been confirmed for the UK tour by Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (May 9-29), exclusively reported by *NME* last week. They are £10, £9, £8 and £7 (Sheffield); £6, £5 and £4 (Oxford, Manchester, Leicester, Hull, Aberdeen and Southport); £7, £6, £5 and £4 (Brighton); £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Deeside, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Portsmouth); £6, £5, £4, £2.50 and £1.50 (Bristol), and £8.50, £8.50, £5.50, £4.50, £2.50 and £1 standing (London Albert Hall). There are two shows every night, except at Brighton, Manchester and Leicester — and further dates are being set.

Thompsons join Rafferty's trek

THE THOMPSONS, Richard and Linda, are to appear as special guests on Gerry Rafferty's upcoming British tour — which, as previously reported, opens on March 30 and runs to mid-April. They'll be backed by Simon Nicol (guitar), Dave Mattacks (drums), Andy Bown (bass) and, on some dates, John Kirkpatrick (accordion). Rafferty guests on the duo's current Chrysalis album 'SunnyVista' so, even though they've just finished their own UK tour, they were a logical choice for this outing.

Tull set four UK concerts

JETHRO TULL are to play four major UK concerts in April, as the climax of a European tour. These will be their first British dates for 18 months, and they mark the debut of their new bassist Dave Pegg, formerly with Fairport Convention — he joined the band recently, following the untimely death last autumn of John Glascock.

Tull appear at Glasgow Apollo (April 8), Manchester Apollo (9) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10 and 11). Tickets for Glasgow (£5, £4 and £3) and Manchester (£5 and £4) are on sale now, and in London (same prices as Glasgow) they go on sale this Saturday. The band's latest stage presentation includes tracks from their latest Chrysalis album 'Stormwatch'.

Rockabilly is buzzin'

MATCHBOX have added several dates to their UK tour in March, over and above those reported four weeks ago. The extra gigs are at Manchester Polytechnic (March 1), London Marquee (14), Horsham Capitol (15), Sheffield University (21), Leicester Polytechnic (22) and Slough Alexandra's (23). And with their new Magnet single 'Buzz Buzz A Diddle It' now hitting the high spots, they interrupt their European tour and play two more dates this month — London Camden Music Machine (tomorrow, Friday) and Birmingham University (22). They intersperse next month's gigs with sessions for their second album.

DOLLY, CASH FOR FESTIVAL?

INITIAL PLANS for Britain's biggest-ever open-air C&W festival were revealed this week. It's scheduled to take place in Portsmouth during the summer, and among U.S. stars said to be in line for the event are Dolly Parton, Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell. Further details shortly.

MOVIES, SORE THROAT TOURS

THE MOVIES go back on the road this weekend, in support of their first releases for Gem Records — the album 'Ind a' and the single 'Love Is A Sacrifice'. They play **Dublin** Trinity College (tomorrow, Friday), **Cork** University (Saturday), **Northampton** Nene College (February 19), **Liverpool** Eric's (21), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (22), **London Victoria** The Venue (23), **Manchester** Polytechnic (28), **Preston** Polytechnic (29), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (March 1), **Sheffield** Limit (4), **Retford** Porterhouse (8) and **Leeds** Fford Green (9). More dates are being set.

SORE THROAT begin a new UK tour this weekend. Further dates are still being finalised, but those set so far are **Farnborough** Technical College (this Saturday), **Norwich** Cromwells (February 19), **York** College of Ripon and York (23), **London Hammersmith** Palais supporting Joe Jackson (26), **London Camden** Music Machine (28), **London Fulham** Greyhound (29), **Inverness** Kippoch Inn (March 6), **Dundee** Technical College (7), **Glasgow** Technical College (8) and **London Kensington** Queen Elizabeth College (14).

REST OF THE NEWS IN BRIEF

RADIO 1 is launching a major series of 26 one-hour shows titled *25 Years of Rock*, covering the period from 1955 to the present day. Each edition will be devoted to one specific year, preceded by a scene-setter programme. It will be aired at 7pm on Sundays, starting in mid-June.

AFTER THE FIRE have nearly finished work on their new Epic album, their first since Nick Brotherhood replaced Ivor Twiddel as the band's drummer. They then play a short series of dates at Liverpool's Eric's (February 20), Leeds Ffords Green Hotel (21), Matlock Pavilion (22), Retford Porterhouse (23), Sheffield Limit Club (26), Birmingham Bogarts (27) and London Leicester Sq. Notre Dame Hall (28).

JABULA, the London-based South African band soon to be seen in a film documentary called *A Band In Exile*, have London gigs at Oxford St. 100 Club (tomorrow, Friday), School of Economics (February 23), London University (March 7), Camden Centre (15) and Chalk Farm Roundhouse (19) — plus Birmingham Handsworth (March 22). They tour Europe extensively in the spring, interrupted for a one-off at London 100 Club on May 9. An album follows later in the year.

SAXON have added Nottingham Boat Club (February 19), London Marquee (25), Leeds Ffords Green Hotel (28) and Gravesend Woodville Hall (March 3) to their date sheet, reported last week. With their new Carrera LP due in April, the band have a 12-inch single titled 'Stallions Of The Highway' — recorded live at the Hammersmith Odeon in December — issued in mid-March.

WRITZ are now back in business, with the discharge from hospital of their leader Steve Fairnie, following major surgery for a duodenal ulcer. They return to live action by way of a 12-day Far East tour starting March 18, and begin a six-week British one-nighter series on April 3, coinciding with the release of their new single.

GERARD KENNY, currently supporting The Pointer Sisters on their short tour, has dates of his own at Poole Turnpike Theatre (March 9), Slough Fulcrum Centre (10), Nottingham Theatre Royal (12), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16), Birmingham Town Hall (17), Norwich Cromwells (20) and Sheffield Polytechnic (21) — with another 28 to follow in April. His backing band comprises Paul Bliss (keyboards), Phil Palmer (guitar), Andy Bown (bass) and Nigel Elliott (drums).

SHAKIYP, the five-piece band who recorded the classic single 'Skinhead Moonstomp' in 1969 and then promptly disappeared, have now been found! A search was mounted for them after Trojan recently reissued the single and it started selling in large numbers — and they were eventually located in Switzerland, having been gigging on the European circuit since 1972. They still retain their original personnel, and are expected back in Britain shortly for promotion.

THE CADILLACS are a new band formed from the two previous Racing Cars line-ups. They include Lyn Phillips (vocals and harmonica), 'Alice' Ennis (lead guitar), Graham Williams (joint lead guitar and rhythm guitar), Pete Hurley (bass) and Rob Wilding (drums). They debut at Watford Cassio College tomorrow (Friday) and further gigs are being set.

WASTED TALENT is a new agency company formed by two ex-Derek Block men, Bob Gold and Ian Flooks. Their impressive roster includes The Police, Kraftwerk, Ian Dury, The Clash, The Talking Heads, The Knack and Squeeze. They're located at 28 Alexander Street, London W2 (01-221 5136).

THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS promote their Planet Records single 'Life In The 1980s' with a tour from this weekend to the end of March. Gigs confirmed so far are Devizes Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Taunton Cellar Club (Saturday), Croydon Crawdaddy (February 19), Bishops Stortford Triad Centre (20), Basingstoke Magnums (22 and 29), Gosport John Peel (23 and March 29) and Poole Brewers Arms (March 28).

J.B. HUTTO, the U.S. blues slide guitarist, appears at London Oxford St. 100 Club on February 24 and March 9, backed by the Brian Knight Blues Band. Other bookings for the venue include Little Brother Montgomery (March 20), Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson (May 30 and 31) and Billy Emerson (June 22).

THE ALBION BAND play five nights at London Hammersmith Riverside Studio starting February 27, presenting a different show every night. They are 'Back To The Basics' with guests Phil Pickett, Richard Thompson and Martin Carthy (27); 'It All Comes Round Again' with Andy Roberts and Dave Mattacks (28); a programme of words and music with National Theatre actors (29); a country dance (March 1); and 'Time To Ring Some Changes' showcasing the new Albion Band with brass section (2).

BLACK ECHOES' annual British Reggae Awards take place at London Southgate Royalty on Sunday, February 24 (4pm-midnight). Among those taking part are Barrington Levy, Aswad, Revelation, Blackstone, Jah Tom and — subject to confirmation — Janet Kay. Tickets are £5 (advance) and £6 (doors).

NIGHTLIFE are a new three-piece rock band comprising bassist and vocalist Ian Ellis (ex-Savoy Brown), guitarist Jimmy Roche (ex-Major Surgery) and drummer Mac Poole (ex-Gong). They've spent a month rehearsing new material penned by Ellis and Roche, and can be seen in action at London W.14 The Kensington this Sunday (17).

THE HEADBOYS play Aberdeen Ruffles (February 19), Inverness Kippoch Inn (20), Edinburgh Astoria (21) and Glasgow Technical College (23), before leaving for a European tour supporting Wishbone Ash. They have a three-track EP coming out at the end of the month on the RSO label.

DUNCAN BROWNE is supporting Charlie Dore's Back Pocket on their previously reported UK tour, which opened this week, and he's backed by a specially formed three-piece band. He's promoting his new album 'Streets Of Fire' and single 'American Heartbeat', both recently released by Logo.

PROTEX, the Belfast band who toured with The Boomtown Rats last autumn, begin a new series of club and college gigs this weekend as the prelude to a new single. So far set are York University (tomorrow, Friday), London University College (February 22), Harrow College (29) and London Camden Dingwalls (March 7).

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I HAD nothing to do last Saturday, so I interviewed Buggles. Creatures called Buggles shouldn't have faces. But they do. Faces that merge . . .

I meet Buggles, perfectly logically, in a recording studio, where they are recording the B-side for their next single. NEXT! Trevor Horn is the buggle who wears gogglers, and he's cheery, chubby and frank. Geoff Downes is the pin-up buggle, and he's droll, casual and constantly amused.

Horn wears neatly pressed denims.
Downs wears a silver plastic-look coat.
They're a double act.

YOU'VE HAD some interesting press lately, I tell them — referring to recent *Guardian* and *Observer* pieces in which Buggles appeared to be outlining a puppet philosophy with themselves as puppets *and* puppetmasters. A joke.

"What, you thought it was rather surprising that we'd suddenly made the break from cross pop to the intellectual pages of the quality press?" remarks Downes.

It seemed to me you were parodying the flimsy but staggeringly 'now' premise of the charts, ready to wave bye bye. I loved the idea that you were making "disposable plastic records for the '80s."

"People can dispose of the records however they want," begins Downes, oddly defensive when the word 'disposable' is introduced. "Somebody in The Regents said they were getting some plastic bags organised and they were going to drop loads of their singles over Hammersmith Pier or something. Disposable. I don't know. Are Beatles records disposable?"

Horn: "Whether or not a record is disposable depends whether or not you like it."

Maybe we should be talking about instantly forgettable. A week after it's left the charts, it's dead — except for a faded memory of a ghastly hook and an occasional ghostly return in the BBC graveyard. But hang on — *you* used the world disposable. It was in one of the interviews.

"Was it?" questions Horn.

Downs: "Yes, I think we used it in one or two: Probably winding them up."

Horn giggles. "Oh, one of our plastic interviews."

You do interviews in phases? This must be the serious, immodest and cautiously defensive phase. Defending rubbish in the modern world; take two.

"WE USED to be track repair men," reports Horn. "Song repair men. If you've got a duff demo or song and £300 you'd come to us and we'd make it into a presentable record. The last repair job we did was for The Jags."

"They weren't very pleased about that," smirks Downes. "They couldn't see that new wave was taking a keyboard orientated direction."

Horn: "One of The Jags was heard to remark that synthesisers were never heard on new wave records!"

Bitch.

HORN AND Downes spent the major part of the '70s as rag and bone session men, jingle stirrers, hack backing men, cheap producers and arrangers. The odd piece of rubbish they had a hand or two in had no doubt pierced our vulnerable subconscious prior to their debut hit-irritation, 'Video Killed The Radio Star'. Remember that?

They got bored working for others in the studios, impatient with aiding all manner of punk/disco no-hopers. They fancied their own chances. With their own particular scruples — that were determined to be unusual and not easily categorised — and a mass of cynicism and experience, they meticulously assembled the Perfect Radio One Single, assured it would be an immediate hit. "It was essential the first single was a hit, cos it would open a lot of doors for us."

Although Buggles claim that if 'Video' had flopped they would still have produced the LP, would still be touring, a major point in the plan of action was to liven up the best seller lists that they saw becoming progressively stale and obvious — 'plastic' — coming in at an acute angle like David Cunningham with his Flying Lizards. Their approach was as knowing and disordered as Cunningham's, but more sophisticated, sensible, old-fashioned.

The plastic chart they frowned over was the one packed with shoddies, oddities, dying discos, humming punkies, phoney '60s retreads, tiring two tones . . . the same one they now fit into ever so neatly, ever so safely — hardly quearly like Flying Lizards. Obey your way to success. Where's the parody . . . lost in romance? Where's the heat?

"I had a feeling," boasts Horn, "that people wanted to hear interesting pop records again."

Downes: "If you listen to a record in the chart, a Selecter record, or a Sex Pistols record, you'll find virtually the same instruments on each one."

Horn: "It's always the same sort of thing. We wanted to do something different. That sort of music lacks harmonic texture, tonal colour, dynamics . . ."

But do you have to make novelty records to bring that into pop?

Horn: "I don't think we saw it like that."

Downes: "It's all a matter of taste really."

Horn: "We saw it more as a pictorial style of producing music, like we used the record as though it was a picture, rather than a piece of music. You might construe it as novelty, but I never really see it that way."

Downes: "I can understand all the criticism, cos our records do stand for a lot of things that people don't like."

HORN: "One thing we had a good laugh at early on, especially when we were working on 'Video', we used to speculate what sort of comments it would bring from the music press. We used to say things like god, they're going to hate this, let's do it."

Downes: "Some of the things we did on the LP out of sheer bloodymindedness. We thought if we were going to go over the top, like you're halfway over the river, we thought 'well we might as well go right over.'"

THE POP charts change our environment. I'd guessed that Buggles had an academic interest in the mechanics of the charts and were testing a few theories out. I was wrong. The charts for them are a list it's good to get into. Shrug.

They even said they were more interested in making the LP than the singles. Ouch.

In the cartoon world, the surrealistic swamp of Regents, New Musik, The Beat, Boomtown Rats, Dollar, Nolan Sisters and BA Robertson, Buggles are made fools of more than they make fools of others. For all their protestations, they are just another clever-clever, goody-goody chart group manufacturing brand new non-communicative pop. Nothing matters but the wrapping and the apparent freshness.

TS Eliot observed that humankind cannot bear very much reality, and the faded, filtered mock reality of this new school of grinning technicians and mannequins is the right junk for the times, where every little escape helps.

The charts can be fun, and surprising, but really it's just a dustbin. Stuck right where everyone can see it.

Buggles, for all their artistic pretensions, are trapped within the commercial system. They make transient art-products, and spend their interviews finding ways to explain it away that convince themselves they are fighting the bad.

They *are* bad.

"I LIKE The Beatles," admits Horn. "I hate to admit it."

This could be a key!

"What, we're Beatles clones," chuckles Downes.

No. Old men with old-fashioned prejudice and perspective tarting up slick pop with modern(e) mannerisms.

Downes: "A lot of people seem to think it's like some sort of commercial exercise in the music business. Sort of the whole Buggles thing is hey man, let's take all the formulas that have ever made hit singles, put them into one big pot, smelt them down and produce one horrible bit of plastic. A lot of people think that."

Could be fun . . .

Downes: "It isn't even the truth. Because we actually take the whole thing very seriously. We really like what we're doing. That's the ultimate irony of it."

Horn: "This is what we do! The sort of music we like is what we make."

Downes: "It's purely by chance that what we do seems to have adapted itself to the record buying public."

You didn't plan that?

"Well, I mean, it crossed our minds," Downes laughs dirtily, "but it wasn't a sort of, by 1985 we'll have three hit LPs and fourteen hit singles."

Horn: "Or, let's get a computer to work out our songs! I think 'Video' is a pretty odd record, and having the song like 'Plastic Age' on *TOTP* next to The Nolan Sisters I think is great. I suppose a lot of people would regard both as very much pop music, and yet there is a very great difference between the two."

Define to me, then, the difference between your expertly manufactured pop songs and the equally professionally blow-dried and set Nolan Sisters record, or Dollar's intriguingly structured singles. It's the same. Or so it seems to me.

Downes: "The Dollar thing, they're just faces. The real work is done by the producer."

Who could probably defend his work as deftly as you.

Downes: "He's not the front man. We are."

That's the difference?

Downes: "Yeah, we're the extension of ourselves — artist and producers."

BUGGLES are no jokers. They feel there's a valid place for Buggles. Their main reason for inventing Buggles was to return to live work — they've both done anonymous live work in the past — and put the smart ideas on LP, not to produce a couple of daft throwaway singles. The routine, the music business, touring, recording — paying their dues — these are their disciplines and they see no other way. They are very boring, very average. And once the music has been stuck together, that seems to be the end of it. It doesn't go beyond mere product.

NOTT

DIRTY OLD MEN

WITH MODERNE MANNERISMS

Trevor Horn

If the charts are a dustbin, Buggles see themselves as shiny-suited environmental hygiene operatives.

"Round our way we call them dustmen," says Paul Morley, a man who knows the difference between trash and rubbish.

Pictures by Santo Basone

Geoff Downes

Downes: "Oh it does. When we play it on stage it will probably take on whole new dimensions, because the stage is the logical extension of what we've done in the studio."

Even those who hoped that Buggles were witty satirists, or a part of the forming video age, must be losing faith now. What about the people listening?

Horn: "We want to make them think."

Ah ha! In what way?

Horn: "I don't know, exactly. 'Video' made people think, the phrase was used a lot. 'Plastic Age' is about paranoia and pressure. We want the music to have a certain effect on people. It's not mindless. It's not mindless like 'you make me feel like dancing'."

Downes: "A lot of disco records seem far more like records that were constructed purely as a commercial proposition. Which is not the case at all with us. It's actually something we do feel."

So it's not 1980 bubblegum music.

Downes: "No. That's totally wrong."

Sort of 1910 Fruitgum Company.

Horn: "Actually, I'm surprised nobody's come up with 1910 Bugglegum Company."

You've done it for us.

Horn: "Yeah, it'll be the headline for the piece now."

Downes: "No, it'll be BUGGLES SEE THEIR BANK MANAGER."

Are you in it for the money?

Downes: "No."

BUGGLES complain about the '60s slam in the charts. They themselves have really only filched a few tricky little ideas from the '70s which they've just managed to put into operation now, with 'relevant' modifications. It's very '70s — the 10cc analogy is fair.

Horn: "Yes, I would say that the 10cc analogy is fair, but I would say we differ from them immensely, in that they were a vocal harmony band of that time. We're a different ballgame really."

Downes: "They obviously had the same sort of fascination with the studio."

Horn: "This stuff wasn't particularly fashionable when we started off. Everybody was making rough records, or if they weren't doing that they were making very polished disco records. We wanted to do something that sounded different."

Different in a chart context?

Horn: "Just totally different from a sound point of view. We wanted to get away from all the sound cliches."

This concern with achieving 'uniqueness' within tight commercial restraints — why?

Horn: "What not?"

Downes: "Because being original is generally considered . . ."

Conforming to the norm!

Downes: "Yes. We knew that people wouldn't be able to accuse of us too much if we were what we wanted to be and it was a different sound. They couldn't say, oh you've ripped off that and you've ripped off that."

Well, how do you feel about Talking Heads, introducing new shapes, angles, tension, dynamics, or PiL, who are intensely 'different'?

Horn: "Very good!"

Downes: "But then you have to sit down and decide if it's good or bad. Whether or not you like it. I can't stand PiL because to me it has no musical thought behind it."

You're kidding! Downes is obviously unmoved. But PiL are a superb example of a group doing different things with texture, scope, sound, rhythm, a band that sound messively different from your so-called different music. Yours is frivolous.

Downes: "Well, it depends on your musical taste."

What's musical taste?

Horn: "You find Buggles to be frivolous, certain other people may find Buggles to be frivolous, but that's the way we like to do things. We can't please everybody. It's hard to please certain people, there's no way you can aim for it. What you have to do is what you really want to do, because that is the only thing you do properly. Because it comes from inside. If you try and cater for other people, please other people, you'll fuck yourself up, because you don't know what you're talking about. I wouldn't know how to make a record that somebody who was 16, unemployed, and living in a council house in Deptford would like.

"I wouldn't know how to do something specific to please him. I wouldn't know how to do something specific to please someone who was at public school. I just wouldn't know. You just do what you want to do."

Quite a moving speech.

Downes: "The thing is, there has to be a general decision made. Is a guy who has just started to play the piano and who can play 'Chopsticks', is he a better piano player than the guy who has studied for 40 years and can play perfectly every concerto in the book? Who is the better piano player? And who's the better music? Buggles or PiL?"

That's a hard question.

THE BUGGLES story should be no more than a short list. A commodity to be consumed and then discarded. Rubbish. But no. Buggles want to pretend they're durables. Are there any limitations in the Buggles sound, I ask? Aren't you going to run out of usable ideas pretty soon?

"I don't think so."

They don't think so! It could get worse.

A Step Beyond Ska

UB40 ARE not a ska band and nor are they connected with 2-Tone. They want to make that crystal clear before they go any further.

"They're all our mates like," Robin Campbell, lead guitarist, vocalist and main spokesman says of the 2-Tone brigade in that by now familiar Brum accent. "But the press seem to have got hold of the idea that because we've done a few dates with The Selecter and The Beat we're a ska band. We've even been billed as that."

Visually they do resemble a typical 2-Tone line-up — a mixture of The Specials, Selecter and Beat, with their multi-racial two-tone clothes and dreadlocked combination of seven, complete with MC. Besides Robin, the band includes his brother Ali, rhythm guitar and vocals; Jim Brown, drums and vocals; Earl Falconer, bass; Noram Hassan, percussion; Brian Travis, saxophone; and Micky Virtue, keyboards.

But UB40 are a reggae band who, because they understand the importance of space and timing, have managed to create that elusive natural movement in their music that makes them essential dance music.

It's an infectious, pulsating rhythm that attracts the audience to the lyrics that Robin and Ali are pushing so earnestly — about politics and religion; obligatory to reggae perhaps, but no less important for that.

They sing about apartheid in 'Burden of Shame', Martin Luther King in their debut single 'King' on Graduate Records; and in 'Tyler', about a black imprisoned on a dubious murder charge.

Their skill is amazing considering the length of time they've been playing. None, apart from Brian, knew one end of an instrument from the other when they first got together in the summer of '78. Previously they were all on the dole, hence the name UB40 — the dole card reference number.

"And it was more or less a case of drawing straws for which instrument we played," Ali says.

After six months' solid practice in a basement they started gigging locally and soon built up a following. But it wasn't until the emergence of ska and the whole 2-Tone deal that they came into prominence and started playing further afield. Robin can't emphasise enough the importance of ska to UB40 and to reggae.

"Ska has opened the door for reggae, y'know, made it more acceptable."

"Reggae is, after all, a natural progression from ska," Brian points out. "Like, the original ska of the '60s developed into reggae, and I think modern ska is heading the same way. Ska today will become reggae tomorrow, and people'll be listening to us then, instead of the 2-Tone bands."

They see their position at the moment as transitory, a breaking-in period for the audience to reggae. They want to concentrate more on serious dub and jazz though — names like John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Big Youth and Gregory Isaacs are mentioned as influences and pointers to their direction and style.

The single 'King' is very much commercial reggae but the album, Robin assures, will be much heavier.

The band signed to Graduate, a small independent label, after turning down offers from several major labels, including Chrysalis and EMI.

"Chrysalis offered us a huge advance that was, well, delicious," Robin remembers. "But although advances might pay for all your gear and gigs an' that now, they don't pay your wages for the next five years. It's the percentage that counts. So we've formed a company with Graduate, which means we get a percentage of everything we publish and record."

They also had a "mild flirtation", as Robin cautiously puts it, with 2-Tone when they were approached for a one-off single. Wisely they saw fit to keep their music entirely separate from ska, not only to remain independent and get a better financial deal, but also to help establish and promote reggae in its own right.

In the future they will also help to promote some of the music's associated culture, for instance, in the form of Legalise Cannabis gigs.

" 'Cos we all worship the devil weed and the more money we earn the more money will go on that," Earl — black and dreadlocked — says. "We may even do Legalise Paul McCartney gigs, 'cos he's doing his bit too y'know . . ."

Earl does some shouting. Inset: UB40. Pix Al Johnson

'Ska today will become reggae tomorrow and people'll be listening to us instead of the 2-Tone bands,' claim UB40. Deanne Pearson reports.

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14th	CANTERBURY Odeon		
15th	EAST ANGLIA Univ.	March 1st	LEICESTER Univ.
16th	ESSEX Univ. (Colchester)	2nd	BRISTOL Locarno
17th	DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall	4th	LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall
19th	SHREWSBURY Music Hall	5th	BRIGHTON Top Rank
20th	LIVERPOOL Univ.	6th	HATFIELD Poly.
21st	COVENTRY Tiffany's	7th	NOTTINGHAM Univ.
22nd	HULL City Hall	8th	BIRMINGHAM Odeon
23rd	STRATHCLYDE Univ.	9th	LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
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OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

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1	1	THE ARE FOUNDERS - THE PRETENDERS	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
2	NEW	ELVIS COSTELLO - GET HAPPY	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
3	7	JON & VANGELIS - SHORT STORIES	5.35	4.35	£1.00 OFF
4	2	THE POLICE - REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
5	3	MICHAEL JACKSON - OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
6	10	SQUEEZE - ARGY BARGY	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
7	4	JOE JACKSON - I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
8	6	THE SPECIALS - THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
9	8	ALTON - PERMANENT WAVES	4.99	3.99	£1.00 OFF
10	9	MADNESS - ONE STEP BEYOND	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
11	33	GIRL - SWEET GALORE	3.49	2.75	74p OFF
12	19	MARTI WEBB - TELL ME ON A SUNDAY	5.35	4.35	£1.00 OFF
13	5	PINK FLOYD - THE WALL	8.45	6.45	£2.00 OFF
14	11	VARIOUS ARTISTS - THE LAST DANCE	5.29	4.49	80p OFF
15	14	UFO - NO PLACE TO RUN	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
16	27	LEAH LOVITCH - FLEX	3.99	3.19	80p OFF
17	13	THE POLICE - OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	*4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
18	18	THE BLUES BAND - Official Bootleg Album	4.00	3.20	80p OFF
19	12	THE CLASH - LONDON CALLING	5.00	3.75	£1.25 OFF
20	20	NEIL DIAMOND - BEETHOVEN MORN	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
21	RE-ENTRY	RACHEL SWEET - PROTECT THE INNOCENT	3.99	3.19*	80p OFF
22	16	FLEETWOOD MAC - TUSK	8.00	6.00	£2.00 OFF
23	17	THE BEE GEES - GREATEST HITS	8.75	6.99	£1.76 OFF
24	18	BLONDIE - EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
25	22	SUPERTRAMP - BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
26	24	JAPAN - QUIET LIFE	4.99	2.99*	£2.00 OFF
27	RE-ENTRY	BELLE STARS - TOO MUCH PRESSURE	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
28	25	THE BOOMTOWN RATS - The Fine Art of Surfacing	5.85	4.85	£1.00 OFF
29	31	LYNYRD SKYNYRD - GOLD & PLATINUM	7.29	5.54	£1.75 OFF
30	29	The Fabulous Poodles - THINK PINK	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
31	37	ALBERT HOLMES - PARTNERS IN CRIME	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
32	23	BLONDIE - PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
33	RE-ENTRY	BUGGLES - THE AGE OF PLASTIC	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
34	21	ABBA - GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	5.29	4.59	70p OFF
35	RE-ENTRY	IGGY POP - SOLDIER	5.00	3.75	£1.25 OFF
36	28	RAMONES - END OF THE CENTURY	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
37	34	DONNA SUMMER - Gorgeous Hits - On The Radio	6.50	4.75	£1.75 OFF
38	RE-ENTRY	Rumplestiltskin - THE DANCE OF LIFE	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
39	36	DR. HOOK - BEST FRIENDS YOU MAN	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
40	47	TODD RUNDGREN - ADVENTURES IN UTOPIA	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
41	43	STEVIE WONDER - The Secret Life of Plants	8.50	6.50	£2.00 OFF
42	RE-ENTRY	SPYRO GYRA - CATCHING THE SUN	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
43	28	DAVE EDMUNDS - Repeat When Necessary	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
44	32	ROD STEWART - GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19	80p OFF
45	56	BRASS CONSTRUCTION - BRASS CONSTRUCTION 5	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
46	RE-ENTRY	Original Soundtrack Recording - THE ROSE	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
47	RE-ENTRY	ZZ TOP - DEGUELLO	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
48	49	BBD - THE BIGGEST PRIZE IN SPORT	4.95	3.95	£1.00 OFF
49	52	ROBIN TROWER - VICTIME OF THE FURY	4.79	3.54	£1.25 OFF
50	41	The Pleasers - Goon Hits Down Prices Only	3.45	2.75*	70p OFF
51	39	WISHBONE ASH - JUST TESTING	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
52	30	DIANA ROSS - 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
53	42	CHIC - CHIC'S GREATEST HITS	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
54	RE-ENTRY	STANGARD - THE CHANGING OF THE GARD	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
55	40	PETER SELLERS - ASTAIRE	4.99	3.99	£1.00 OFF
56	50	MARIANNE FAITHFULL - BROKEN ENGLISH	5.00	3.50	£1.50 OFF
57	RE-ENTRY	PABLO CRUISE - PART OF THE GAME	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
58	38	E.L.O. - GREATEST HITS	5.29	3.79	£1.50 OFF
59	46	STYX - CORNERSTONE	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
60	48	JEFFERSON STARSHIP - Freedom At Point Zero	5.49	4.24	£1.25 OFF

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THRILLS

WHY YOUR WAX LACKS ATTACK

Illustration by Damien Ledwich

DESPITE your new uranium stylus and micro-chip stereo equipment the one thing you still can't figure out is why most of your rock records continue to sound so crappy.

Well, according to an in-depth report in *New Scientist*, it's all down to the fact that most companies — EMI is cited, as an example — continue to re-cycle vinyl for all rock records whilst reserving better quality virgin vinyl exclusively for their classical music catalogue.

They probably assume that as you're half-deaf to begin with, you'll either not notice the pops and crackles or else you'll put them down to innovative production techniques!

It's not just a question of only inferior vinyl to blame. Aside from lowering pre-production quality controls, many manufacturers insist on using pressing stampers far beyond their natural life-span. According to *New Scientist*, "It could therefore be argued that anyone buying a perfect LP is as lucky as a pools winner."

Quite a comforting thought as you lay your money down!

Also included in the piece is a market research survey recently commissioned by the US Copyright Royalty Tribunal which gives the lie to all this wild talk of home-taping tapping right into record company revenue. Sure, claimed the survey, the practice of home-taping does trim record company profits, but not to the extent that the miserable moguls would have us believe.

Apparently, the claim of a £150 million loss by the British record industry was just a hypothetical figure. It was based on a *projected* profit growth whilst the debit blank cassette sale (estimation: 30-40 million sales per year in the UK) represents a forfeited record sale.

This is completely fallacious. It was proved those people who did the most home-taping were also those who purchased the largest quantity of records. The survey argued that the lobby to persuade the Government to slap a heavy levy on all blank cassettes (rumoured to be between £4-£5) will only further antagonise the consumer and expose the public's growing discontent towards the record industry.

The real reason for the drop in record sales is, quite simply, the appallingly bad quality of domestic pressings in England in comparison to the rest of the world. Needless to say, it's an inexcusable situation that most labels maintain doesn't exist. Perhaps they should check the state of many of the records sent out for review!

So the symptoms have been diagnosed, but don't expect an immediate remedy. Now that digital sound is a commercial reality things can only get worse: the accuracy required for pressing digital sound discs is one hundred times higher than the majority of records now being banged out like doughnuts.

As the collapse of both Decca and EMI confirm, those manufacturers who should be developing the process don't have the readies to upgrade their existing machinery, install new technology or retain their staff. It is said that in the digital sound age plants will have to be cleaner than a hospital operating theatre and the workers must be decked out in sterilized dust-free space cadet togs.

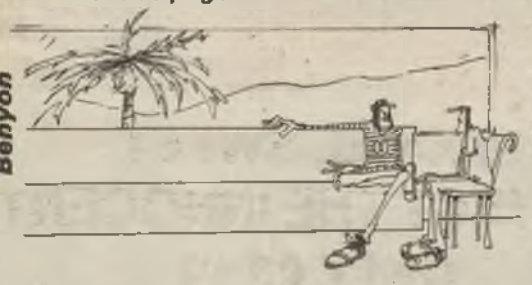
One thing is positive: it will be impossible to press digitals under existing plant conditions.

Perhaps, Phil Spector had the answer when he gave out those 'Back To Mono' buttons.

ROY CARR

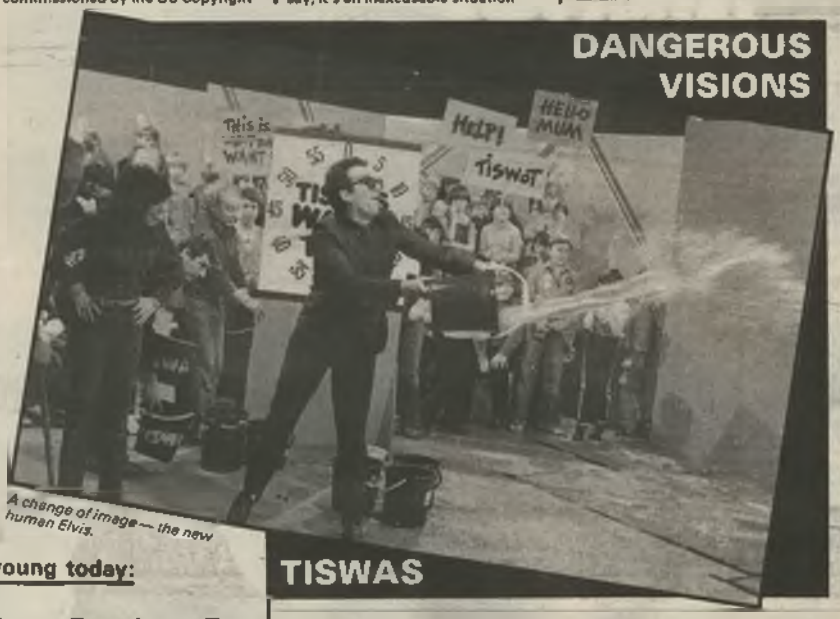
THRILLS

The silent hip majority rears its ugly head. Mick Farren investigates The Libertarians, a growing US political force. See page 17.



"The big turning point in my life came when I realised there are people starving in the world, real poverty, torture, cruelty and I thought to myself — so what!

DANGEROUS VISIONS



A change of image — the new human Elvis.

The question that buzzes through the mind of the young today:

Where's Captain Kirk, Spizz?

ROUGH TRADE'S smiling whizz kid Spizz is spending a relaxing weekend at home in Birmingham when he gives me a ring.

Congratulations on changing the name of the group from Spizz Energie to Athletico Spizz 80, I say — a true punk gesture, just like you always promised.

"Aah, we don't rest on our laurels," comes back the Spizz. "A lot of people would have been scared to change the name, but not us. Sport is going to be big this year, y'know, so our name as always keeps pace with changing events. If we pull out of the Olympic Games I'll arrange an alternative British team. Or if the Olympics go ahead and is unpopular I'll write a protest song. Even if it's popular I'll write a protest song. Our philosophy has always been we can do anything, anywhere, anytime!"

You can always rely on Spizz to be topical. Spizz Energie ended 1979 releasing the fourth Spizzle single, the rip roaring fantasy 'Where's Captain Kirk', which, without contrivance, coincided with the release of the *Star Trek* movie. The single has sold over 25,000 copies, is a Peel/Read favourite, and has spent five weeks at the top of the Alternative charts, but it hasn't figured in the BBC charts. Wrong shops and all that.

"We asked the BBC playlist to put the single on their list," Spizz, "and we sent copies to *Tiswas*, *TOTP* and the local Birmingham programme *Look Hear*. We've got no replies. Total ignorance. We're still totally unpopular with the media. We sell loads of records, but you wouldn't know it. We thought it'd be the perfect record to follow 'Captain Beaky' on *TOTP* — a dream of a tie in."

In the past, Spizz seemed to hero worship Captain Kirk. "I always fancied myself as a leader of a new age... the final frontier and all that. And I like the idea of being a tough guy, not being much of a he man."

As a big fan of the TV series, an addict of those wonderful detailed photo novels, did he like the film?

"No. I saw the film with Adrian Wright, slide technician) from The Human League, and neither of us liked it." Trust these two experts opinions; they should know. "We went to the premier, we were sat on the front row, and there were people like Dave Lee Travis and Paul Gambaccini at the back. People were laughing. I didn't like the new uniforms. They didn't look right, and Kirk should've been blonder. I suppose I'm just taking the series as being gospel."

So Kirk's not much of a favourite these days?

"He used to be my favourite character, but William Shatner, the actor who plays him, has been doing a lot of promotion for the film lately, and he seems a right prat. I saw him on *Jim'll Fix It* last night — did you?"

'Fraid so. On the Paramount set, beige suited, sparkly eyed, saying I Love You three times to a nervous twelve year old.

"I thought he was stupid. I suppose I'm daft for believing it all."

Don't be silly, Spizz. In March and April Athletico Spizz 80 visit Europe — Germany, Switzerland, France and Belgium — with The Mo-dettes, and Spizz has already designed the cover of the LP — which can't be recorded at the moment due to lack of money. The sleeve will be a mix up of an Olympic athletes symbol, a map of the world and the moon.

The Universal Music of Spizz. Before you go to sleep, Spizz, anything you'd like Jim to fix for you?

"There are always things on the programme that I could've written in for, that I wanted to do . . . but my ultimate Jim'll fix it would be for him to build a space craft to send me out into the universe. I think I'd like to be the first astronaut to leave earth with no plans for coming back. As long as I could have provisions for, say, five years of travel."

Pleasant dreams, Spizz!

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

Thrills joins the flan club

THE CENTRAL image of ATV's Saturday morning kids' show *Tiswas* is the cage in which imprisoned victims are soaked with pails of water at sporadic intervals throughout the two-hour programme.

The anarchic, absurdist magazine programme is presented by the gleeful Sally James, like a coquettish young aunt, and Chris Tarrant: the spacy, loony cinema manager in this '80s in - the - comfort - of - your - own - living - room version of Saturday Morning Pictures, in which rock'n'roll acts replace the feature film.

Water-splashing monitor and general court jester Tarrant is the human equivalent of the animal characters like Spit The Punk Dog and Charlie The Monkey whose appearances spatter the programme like crackers Greek choruses. *Tiswas* has a strong animal consciousness: last Saturday a potentially lethal puff adder was dangled blithely about the party-packed studio and Charlie The Monkey kissed the girls of Brum as they bought their Valentine cards.

Terry Jones' presence on the show was apt. Ostensibly there to plug his book on Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, a scholarly, erudite work that makes one question what age group the production team are really aiming at, he served rather to remind one just how influential was Monty Python on British TV humour. The Python spirit, mated with the brisk nuttiness of The Northern Comic, is at the core of *Tiswas*. The Proper Way Of Hitting Yourself On The Head With A Tray (to the tune of Frankie Laine's 'Mule Train') was classic Python, whilst the spoof on Muhammed Ali's ambassadorial visits abroad for Jimmy Carter displayed a sophistication that suggested that as far as the production team is concerned their captive audience is anyone. Next week: Samuel Beckett plugs his new one-act play and dips into the *TisTub*.

Claiming that the show maltreats the heads of children the Fleet Street press has smugly attacked the programme and its emphasis on mischievous, creative chaos. Fleet Street though, is part of a status quo that partially maintains its power by insisting the citizenry of this isle has any child-like (ie: innocent and uncluttered) vision removed at as early an age as possible

Tiswas works because it undertakes that TV *must* be de-mystified and treated as *Fun*. Rather than being awe-struck by the

■ Continues over

ARCHIVE FUN!

So who are these Regents anyway?

ORIGINALLY signed to New York label Gee, along with The Cleftones and The Heartbeats who were also part of the George Goldner stable of street corner singers, The Regents have had to wait twenty-one years for a follow-up to their original 1961 hit, 'Barbara Ann', subsequently re-worked by sixties upstarts Jan And Dean and The Beach Boys.

Only two of the original group lasted the two decades until The Regents were to score again with '7-Teen'. Damian Pew is on the right and Martin Shaller is second from the left.

AT LAST! THE GROOVER SPEAKS OUT

"LISTEN MAN, back in the sixties I was havin' a few jars de fizzo in some Soho boozorium. Next to me is this kosher dude with a pair of dumb lookin' shades. He's American, right? "Well, we start to rap an' get on okay, so I ask him back to my *place de crash* so's he can listen to some tapes I'd done in the studio. I tell this beaky lil' bozo that I'm goin' t'do this album called "Accrington By-pass Revisited'.

"Anyway, all I'm sayin' — no names right? — all I'm sayin' is that 'Highway 61 Revisited' was the best album a certain person ever did."

The Groover paused for a long bitter breath and continued. "Right! Now the next time I ever play anyone a tape of mine is when I meet this hard-faced dude from someplace called Liverpool.

"Similar sort of scene, few pints, and back to the Lone Chateau for a crate of acid. At that time I was workin' on a concept album called 'Serge Mustards Purple Hearts Club Group'. It was about this circus of speed freaks. Mucho into images, dudettes leaving home, that sort of thing.

"Anyway, no names, but it's *tres* funny Lennon ain't written any new numbers, right?"

The Groover was silent for a few moments while he watched a cat die on the mantlepiece.

"You're going to find this hard to get into but I had this demo of another concept album.

"It was about this totally wackoid kid, he was a limbless Albanian living in Goldere Green, who was unbeatable at Monopoly. Anyway, his Monopoly playing is so ultra-brill that his limbs grow and he starts this health club where he changes into something not unlike God.

"Substitute Monopoly with a certain amusement park activity and what have you got?

"Again, no names.

"So when simploids like y'self mince 'round and ask me why I ain't been into the studio or why there's no product of mine on the market, I feel like yawning m'guts up.

"There are certain silk-jacketed Hyenas' boils chargin' their nasal passages with LA talc on the back of my talent. Just cos I opened my mouth at th' wrong time or played some dude something when I should have kept shtumo.

"Right now Charly are zappin' out this EP with my name on it because that rat Sharko slipped them a tape that I thought had been destroyed. These are old tracks, man, they don't represent my present dilemma. Listen to them and you'll see how far ahead of my time I was, as usual.

"He, I saw that piece in *NME* about an invisible synth. Well, I was playin' an invisible synthesizer three years ago and I've got photos to prove it. When those glam-rock goons were putting dayglo on their nipples, I was puttin' together great electronic tracks. Years before Bowie's bisexual pose I was Anita backed by the Pubettes — they later became the Newbiles.

"Listen man, I could go on, y'know, but I did most things first. I hit Nick Kent years before Sid. Who do ya think Richard Hell copied his ripped T shirt off? I mean there's so many damn things that I set rolling. What about Anderson and his codpiece? Ha, I bet even as we speak that Wrangler or someone is planning to market stetsons.

"What's the point, eh?"

I looked at the Groover, his glowing red eyes, his absurd nose, and the flies settling on his hat. Slowly I released a silent curse, not for the man but for the fact that I didn't manage to get much about myself into the interview.

As I was reaching for the door, he stood up, half-twisted around and pointed at his back. "Remember that's where ya stick it, Bastard"

PAUL PAINMAN

THRILLS

Tiswas

■ *From previous page*

form within which it is working the programme works in relaxed, amicable harmony *with* the technology of television, the sum total, therefore, being far greater than etc. . . . Last Saturday footage of George Best and Rodney Marsh on the pitch was tampered with until the two footballers were playing pat-a-cake with each other! This was screened during the opening credits for Great Moments In Sport, which featured superb surfing sequences.

Tiswas is high quality stuff. The *Tisteam try.*

With the cartoons, competitions, and comic slots as crucial as the music itself, *Tiswas* is the best rock'n'roll show there is on British TV — in fact, it's probably the best programme full stop. Though this week was nothing to match the previous show when a mini-Youth mimed touchingly to 'Brick In The Wall', Saturday's programme featured videos of Joe Jackson, Blondie, The Boomtown Rats, and The Tourists. The music is slotted into the programme with the same natural energy that flows throughout the whole show.

Tiswas is a children's programme created by adults rooted in a rock'n'roll comprehension of the world. Sally James and Chris Tarrant do not approach their purpose with the mixture of conservative condescension and downright dumbness so habitual to adults working within the genre. The whole team work their craft with a compassionate intelligence and joyous sense of sedition.

Yet . . . Do children really like *Tiswas?*

Or is it only watched by people like you and me?

Oh dear! Look out: here comes that bleedin' Wheel again.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

Johnny Fingers and Bob Geldof take a light lunch at the Tiswas studios

★★★SCREEN DREAM★★★

AFTER a brief pause to count his winnings, Robert Stigwood is back with a new roster of four music movies aimed at repeating his success with *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*.

First off, scheduled for a June 1980 US debut, is *Times Square*, shot on location in New York and starring Tim Curry as an all-night deejay who befriends two teenage runaways, played by Trini Alvarado and Robin Johnson, and turns them into minor media celebrities.

Further in the future are *The Fan*, starring Lauren Bacall in a suspenser set against the background of the Broadway theatrical world; *Angel*, a music movie with a Latin or salsa soundtrack to be filmed on the streets of Spanish Harlem.

In June of this year shooting starts on the sequel to SNF called *Staying Alive*, which is to be directed by top New York commercials man Ed Bianchi. Neither John Travolta or John Badham will be involved this time round. *Grease* will also have a sequel directed by Patricia Birch who was choreographer on the original.

AFTER the rigours of the Phillipines jungle, Francis Coppola's next film project looks to be altogether a more relaxed affair. Entitled *One From The Heart*, it's described as an "intimate romantic comedy" to be filmed with a $25 million budget.

Coppola himself has yet to react to accusations by Francoise Sagan in a French newspaper, that the awards at the last Cannes Film Festival were "fixed".

Sagan claims that originally the jury decided *The Tin Drum* was the superior film, but pressure was brought to bear on the jury by festival organisers to include *Apocalypse* as joint winner.

Meantime Marlon Brando is active again, and will star alongside George C. Scott, Beatrice Straight and Sir John Gielgud in a film version of Steve Shagan's best-selling wartime thriller *The Formula*. John G. Avildsen will direct.

BETTE MIDLER'S success in *The Rose* has led to a cinematic skeleton emerging from her closet. The film, entitled *The Divine Miss J*, is a religious satire which features Midler as the Virgin Mary in a contemporary New York setting. Legal battles are underway.

PRODUCER Robert Evans of *Godfather* and *Chinatown* fame is jubilant about his new production, a wide screen version of *Popeye* starring Robert Williams (of *Mork and Mindy*) in the title role. Writer and cartoonist Jules Feiffer is scripting and the movie is backed by an unprecedented business liaison between Paramount and Walt Disney who will jointly handle the promotion, distribution and marketing of the film.

News also that DC Comics have licenced the rights for a full-length Batman movie for a projected 1981 release.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Midler

Brando

Looks like the phantom flanner's landed himself a really big part in the movies.

OBITUARY

Warren Smith 1933 — 1980

WARREN SMITH — who died at the age of 46 of a heart attack on January 31 — was an integral part of the mid-'50s Sun Records legend. An aspiring Mississippi-born country singer, Smith was one of many artists who were swept along with the Rockabilly revolution, but possessed the talent to quickly adapt his already highly-individual style to meet the rowdy requirements of the New Music without ever having to compromise his standards.

Though between 1956 and 1959, Sun only put out five Warren Smith singles in retrospect, his debut recording of a Johnny Cash tune ('Rock 'n' Roll Ruby') plus other tracks like 'Miss Froggie', 'Got Love If You Want It' and the insurrectional 'Ubangi Stomp' established him eternally as a forerunner of the genre, rather than an also-ran.

In 1973, he retired after many difficulties, but a visit to London in '77, and a comeback album showed that he had lost none of his original verve. In 1978, he again used his annual vacation for a trip to England when he appeared at the Roxy, Harlesden.

For the first time in years, Warren Smith was optimistic (if a little cautious) of his immediate future as an entertainer and, it appeared as though, these brief trips would become a much-anticipated annual event.

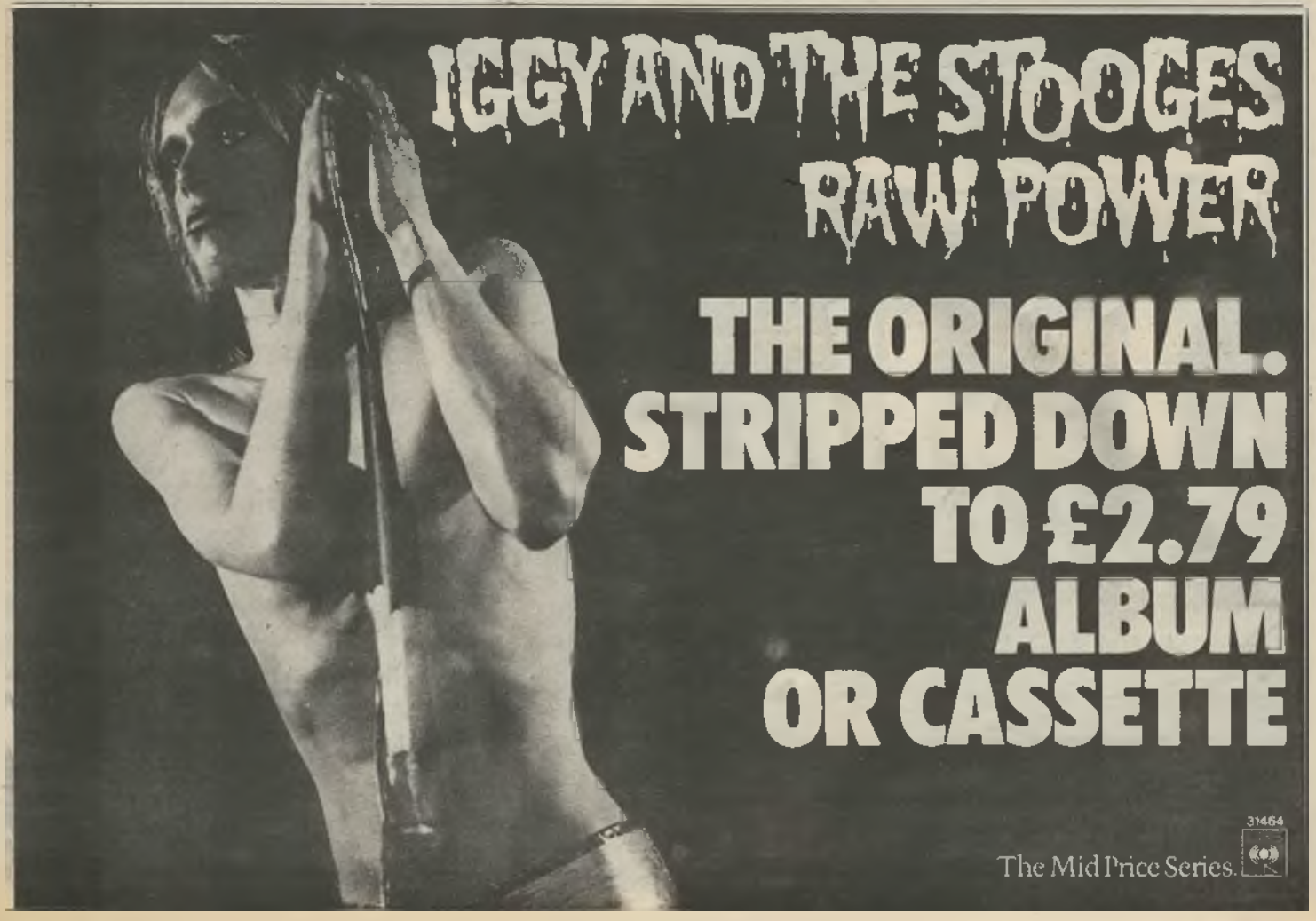
The fact, that unlike so many of his contemporaries, Warren Smith's prowess hadn't deserted him, renders his death that more tragic.

For an appreciation of his work, the following two Charly albums drawn from the Sun catalogue are recommended: 'The Legendary Sun Performers — Warren Smith' (CR-30132) and 'Sun-The Roots Of Rock. Vol. 8' (CR-30115)

ROY CARR

Lowry

"We must have done something REALLY bad, this time. God's set Sid Vicious singing My Way."



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Snips: Back From The Dead?

EIGHT YEARS ago a life-loving, Bridlington-born sometime folk singer called Snips wearied of his Hull college days of art-labs and acid and moved to London to join a group.

Once the more unimaginative members of the music press had given him the un-accolade of describing his voice as a cross between Joe Cocker and Roger Chapman, Snips became a cult figure. He was vocalist with The Sharks, a quirky restless rock band who commercially never meant a light, though the edgy, exotic tensions of 'First Water' and 'Jab It In Yore Eye', their two LPs, on Island gave them the hardest sound of any English white rock group in the early seventies. *Hard* as in reggae, for like The Police today The Sharks' music was sparse, empty with deep hollows. A bit before their time, though ...

Since then there's been nothing but trouble for Snips. "We made a classic mistake with Island", he admits "because we were also *managed* by the record company."

Absurd debts were quickly amassed: "Big record companies encourage young groups to do all the wrong things. The A & R man encourages them to spend money, and then the accountant looks at the balance sheet and says, 'We're out all this money'. He tells the head guy, who puts the pressure on the group, and he tells the management who, in turn, put even more pressure on the musicians

"Then they're fuckin' caught in it. At that point they're already ceasing to think about making music. I know: that's what happened to us."

After The Sharks, Snips, accepted a non-thinking, wage-earning job as singer with the cumbersome, ill-conceived Baker-Gurvitz Army. He confesses he was lured into it by manager and record boss Bill Fehilly's promise that it was only for the meantime, to loosen the pressure whilst he prepared for a soon come solo career.

Fehilly was killed in 1976 in a private plane-crash before this could be fulfilled. The band broke up.

Out on his ear, Snips formed The Video Kings and his manager made a lease-tape deal with Jet Records, about which episode the less said the better.

Snips' current record company, who have just released his nagging, nudging, and nearly superb pop 45, 'Nine O'clock', is MAM, with whom he has a deal for singles only.

"I don't think people even listen to music these days," he reflects. "They just listen to the whole *Noise*, the whole mood — whether it's Gary Numan or Two-Tone Records. You listen to the radio these days, and it's just one slab of *Noise* after another. I listen to that and I feel okay about making singles."

Co-producing and playing synthesizer on 'Nine O'clock' is the dour, keyboards Kalvinist, Midge Ure: "Working with The Midget is very good. He just listens to it, says 'What does this need musically?', and then he does it, and he's always right. His taste is very good."

No longer do Snips' vocals have a bleat that can call over a herd of sheep at a hundred yards. Like Bob Dylan does periodically Snips has changed his voice. When I first heard The Video Kings' record I thought he'd got in a girl singer: "When I did the solo album I cut all the emotion out of it. I tried to neuter it, so there wasn't any feeling there at all — which I really liked in a perverse way."

Snips deserves more than the slow death of being a cult all his life.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

An unseen peril appears unexplained in rural Biddenham to the justifiable horror of reader, Eddie L'erario. Nice to see the Bedfordshire Times is right on the case. Cross ain't the word for it.

Mystery 'A'

A MYSTERY sign has been daubed over houses, a post box and telephone kiosk in Biddenham by vandals brandishing aerosol paint sprays. A circle with a capital letter 'A' inside was painted on the door of an empty cottage in Main Road, and at another house near by.

Police and house owners are baffled by the sign but officers are now investigating.

The Lone Groover

Benyon

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Capitol

Steve Bell

Where have all the hippies gone? MICK FARREN finds out and uncovers an alarming new political force — THE LIBERTARIANS

Stuff you, Jack, I'm all right

SO YOU thought the Me Decade was over, did you? You probably hoped that the US-based mellow world of Perrier, Fiorucci, disco, hot tubs, jogging and total preoccupation with self had slunk quietly away with the last stroke of midnight on December 31, 1979.

Guess again, Jack.

The Me Decade has stopped being a sign of the times and turned itself into a fully blown movement. Rejoicing in the name Libertarian Party, the California style, laid back, self-seeking hedonism of the cocaine and wholefood variety has embodied itself into a near coherent political philosophy. Much more to the point, it has copped some very big funding from sources who more usually bankroll the American lunatic right.

This is, at first, a little surprising. Their basic political platform is one of virtually unlimited individual freedom. They are against taxation, conscription, nuclear power, drug laws, marriage and censorship. They are in favour of legalised prostitution, gay rights, children's rights and non-interference by government in the lives of the regular Joe (or Joan). All in all, the Libertarians have grabbed the whole set of those utopian slogans which, a dozen years ago, the hippies were so sure were going to transform civilization as they knew it.

It's an unlikely set of campaign promises to encourage an oil billionaire to pour in large sums of money or to hike the Libertarian Party into third place in U.S. popularity polls, behind the Democrats and the Republicans.

But it's happened. The money comes from an individual called Charles Koch, who has a personal oil and gas fortune worth an estimated $500 million and is currently pouring quite a bit of it, via a pet foundation called the Cato Institution, into a slow but building Libertarian propaganda campaign.

The party's showing in the U.S. polls makes it clear that, although it has little chance of seizing power in the 1980 elections, it has sufficient support to demand to be taken seriously.

Before, however, you get carried away with the idea that the Libertarian Party *may* be the answer to the world's ills, you should know that there is a slightly less than rock candy mountain side to them.

The Libertarians are the avowed enemies of Godless communism, the welfare state, free education, socialised medicine, unemployment benefits and subsidised social services. They would virtually dismantle centralised government, withdraw from international politics and hand the control of defence, police and even the fire department to the control of giant corporations. (Can you imagine Ford being in control of the H bomb?). Even these services would be basically sold to those who could afford them and denied those who couldn't.

Beneath the glossy, oh-so-groovy exterior, the Libertarian Party draws much of its root inspiration from the works of Ayn Rand, the great advocate of total captalism.

The Ayn Rand philosophy makes anything Keith Joseph has so far come up with look like out-and-out Marxism. In her main work, *Capitalism And The Unknown Ideal*, she sets out a brutally competitive political system in which those who have what it takes to kick and gouge their way to the top of the economic heap survive and those who can't simply don't.

Both Ms Rand and the Libertarians seem to hold a view that runs something like "poverty is God's way of punishing the stupid".

The original support for the Libertarians came from Young Americans For Freedom, a youth-for-Nixon faction that became disillusioned by Tricky Dick's final antics.

Since then, under the leadership of their woman presidential hopeful, Tonie Nathan, they have attracted middle class don't-knows, drifting Liberals, nostalgic hippies, large chunks of the beautiful people, a scattering of rock aristos, post-blank generation kids who'd like to have some sort of cause to justify their rebellion, and even the just plain addled (headed in this case by the ever ready Timothy Leary).

All seem to accept that the coke, the sports cars and the private pools belong to those who've got them, or those who can grab them. Those who can't or don't can go screw.

Or, to put it more politely, in the words of Von Hoffman of *The Washington Post*"... for the overtaxed, overregulated over-burdened and under-powered millions of the American middle class, they (the Libertarians) are the only people worth voting for."

It would seem that what the Libertarians really represent is the counter attack by those who have it and want to keep it against those who don't and want a piece of it.

Unlike old fashioned fascism Libertarianism has a chic, laid back style, and no millionfold skeletons in the cupboard. You can walk into their philosophy with a Donna Summer song on your lips and nothing in your heart.

Unfortunately, the Libertarians' narrow, West Coast philosophy sees the irredeemable have-nots as being most of the rest of the planet, you and me included.

MICK FARREN

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Friday 22nd February: LONDON Music Machine, Sunday 24th February: LONDON Golden Lion, Fulham,
Monday 25th February: LONDON Half Moon, Putney, Tuesday 26th February: CLEETHORPES,
Friday 29th February: READING, Hexagon, Saturday 1st March: DUDLEY JB's,
Sunday 9th March: LONDON Torrington (North Finchley), Saturday 15th March: WOLVERHAMPTON Poly,
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“That’s the support band blues: a Saturday night crowd of drunken lunkheads, 4,000 miles from home . . .

. . . and eighty dollars a minute to call your girl who probably isn’t home anyway . . .”

Fabbos in natural surroundings (L-R): Keith Strickland, Jimmy Vaughan, Kim Wilson, Mike Buck.

Fabulous Thunderbirds in an unfabulous world

MUDDY WATERS doesn’t make a habit of going to any gigs except his own, but he made an exception when The Fabulous Thunderbirds hit Chicago. Muddy packed himself, his wife and manager into a big black limousine and paid the T-Birds a visit in the Wise Fool. The big M plumped down front of stage, a big smile creased across his face, approximately three feet away from guitarist Jimmy Vaughan. “Don’t play that shit too loud now,” he cautioned playfully and Jimmy Vaughan reckoned he might mess his dress pants.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds are a solid juking blues band from Austin, deep in the heart of Texas, the hippest city in the biggest state in the union. Even in America, where the blues travelled down the Mississippi (fanfares, roll credits, Blind Lemon Jefferson speaks, etc.), bands like the Fabulous Thunderbirds have a rough time giving the people back their natural entertainment.

Kim Wilson, lead singer and songwriter, adjusts his dark blue turban and smooths his smear of a moustache into place. “We are a blues band but we hate to be called *just* a blues band. Y’know if you play R&B it puts you in such a small bag. You can open for a mainstream band and even if the people love ya these cats will say, Hmmm ... not bad for a *blues* band. ’Course writers tend to analyse the shit. Face it, the critics are all white. You have to understand that it’s emotion you’re providing. The niggers don’t care about us being white, if you can do it that’s all right with them.”

Keith Strickland, bass Thunderbird, a man with a thousand stories and tattoos to match, takes up the point. “They’re blues nerds, these blues punks. You get all those dudes in Chicago with their leather jackets and berets, comparing notes. It’s ‘Oh wow Muddy’s here tonight’, bogus types who’ll tell you a song was very Jimmy Rogersesque.”

In the three years since their incarnation The Fabulous Thunderbirds have made the transition from Texan club circuit unknowns to honorary founders of a new wave of blues enthusiasm. According to Wilson, time was that “we used to practically pay people to come in, there’d be ten in the audience. I had to leave the stage to get a reaction, take my harp across the floor and blow down their beer glasses. Now they go apeshit. We make all our money off the door ’cos we don’t need no guarantee.”

It’s Wilson’s harp and voice that draw the listener into the sound initially. He can sing like a native of the Windy City itself, affortlessly encompassing the smooth and rough styles of the classic performers but always bringing it back to the Thunderbirds’ streamlined dynamic. On his right Jimmy Vaughan plays a mean rhythm and a sparse lead. The economy of the band is most noticeable when Vaughan takes a solo, lets it rip with his nonchalant demeanor emphasising the heat on the fretboard of his white Fender Telecaster.

Kim Wilson is from Detroit but spent his childhood in California. “I used to back up Eddie Taylor, Luther Tucker, the Wolf, Pee Wee Clayton, singing and playing harp for experience. I was mostly appearing in a blues club in Oxnard where it was all black cats. It was the kind of place where one night a guy touched another man’s girlfriend and phweeeup ... that was his throat cut.”

After a stint with Lowell Fulsom, Wilson trekked north to the dreaded Minneapolis to get work. Jimmy Vaughan, then only an acquaintance he remembered from his travels, answered the long distance call for a guitar player. A month later the pair decided there was more happening in the south, the weather was better and so were the women. Strickland and Vaughan were already buddies. Mike Buck was the last link, the drummer that could shuffle and punch the big beat.

In this final guise the group spent months developing a local stronghold, venturing outside Texas to back up the living cream — Jimmy Reed, Rogers, Walter Horton, Hubert Sumlin. They reserve their greatest respect for Muddy Waters whose seal of approval was an honour and practical asset, says Vaughan.

“In the US Muddy helped us to a ready-made following. When we got to the East Coast the first time they were already waiting. Same in California, Muddy had ’em primed. He says ‘They’re mah boys. Ah made them boys’.”

Not strictly true, but no one would deny the old man his words of wisdom. Last year the two bands played together on the Southern festival circuit, in Houston and the Nashville Centenary Park in front of a mixed crowd of families, fans, dancers and bikers — intense gigs where the competition was fierce. Thunderbirds were ready for it after their apprenticeship on the club circuit where you play four sets a night; the drunker everyone gets the more adrenalin flows, the meaner the results.

It’s the kind of background they prefer and it paid off in spades on the grapevine. Wilson: “We were the cult thing then. When a band came off the road and folks ask them is there anyone out there we never heard of, that was us. We were hot, maybe hotter than we are now. But we’ve been lucky because we could have been past our prime. We had to have something out on record or we would have gone mad. There were plenty of labels interested, big ones and the locals like Texas Record Company, but for a major deal it’s almost impossible to persuade them that blues music can be popular.”

T-Birds struck their first blow for artistic representation when Ray Benson, crooner and ideological factotum behind Asleep At The Wheel, suggested they take off for Los Angeles and audition their material for Denny Bruce, Takoma Records’ president, producer and manager behind such talents as Magic Sam, John Fahey (with whom he started the label) and Leo Kottke. The band secured his services as the big companies backed off in the face of their responsibilities to the new wave explosion — just add water and dilute to taste.

Takoma’s reputation as a trustworty receptacle for genuine talent appealed to Thunderbirds’ sense of priorities and their taste for relative freedom. They recorded their debut album in three days flat, including the mix. Bruce’s direction was augmented by the engineering skills of Bob Sullivan, a former Chess artist whose studio teeth were cut on Elvis Presley’s ‘You’re Right, I’m Left, She’s Gone’ and Dale Hawkins’ ‘Suzy Q’.

The album, ‘Girls Go Wild’ was prefaced with the legend ‘Attention: United States, Mexico & Canada’ and features five assorted covers and six Wilson originals. The pleasures within might have remained a well-kept secret had it not been for a chance visit by Jake Riviera to a Thunderbirds gig in Texas. Riviera liked what he saw and when the time came to secure a support for Rockpile on their current ‘Liberating The Colleges’ tour, Chrysalis took up their licensing option on a British release. The decision to play in Europe has made sense so far, with the Thunderbirds outstripping expectations of a warm-up act by hitting British audiences right between the eyes and dragging them away from the bar to sample some genuine Texas chainsaw blues.

Anti-clockwise from top left: Kim Wilson prepares for combat; sends audience crazy; fends off admirers backstage; celebrates with other Fabulous types.

SOMETIMES the role is a strain. I caught the band first in Canterbury at Keynes Sports Hall, a vast cavern with acoustics like a public toilet. Despite the absence of a bar the audience of fifteen hundred stuck inside and were easily won over. It was a similar story in Leicester Polytechnic, but a total disaster in Norfolk’s West Runton Pavilion, certainly the most isolated venue this writer has ever set foot in. Although I have to admit that the F.T.’s went down like about as well as a pint of Watney’s Red Barrel the atmosphere wasn’t helped by a Saturday night crowd of drunken lunkheads who proved quite capable of swapping punches with the bouncers but totally incapable of appreciating good music. So it goes.

After several numbers the band were nonplussed to hear ... nothing.

Afterwards the Thunderbirds mooched in a fit of depression around their dressing room and debated whether it was worth checking out the audience for friendly females. They felt like they’d started at the beginning again. Mike Buck, a quiet and optimistic character, looked on the reaction as symptomatic of the dilemma facing any band who starts out in a club.

“I could see us getting sterile if the circumstances for performing weren’t right. Playing the blues only really makes sense inside a club, that’s where the music was made, that’s where we get the feel for our stuff, in front of an audience that you can practically touch and smell. We could never compete with the big stadium groups, although the system is designed so that you have to adapt to getting

■ *Continues over*

Fabulous feature: MAX BELL

Fabulous fotografy: TOM SHEEHAN

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

'STRAIGHT TO THE HEART TOUR'

FEBRUARY
13 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic
14 WARWICK University
15 KIDDERMINSTER Town Hall
16 MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden
18 SWANSEA Circles
19 CARDIFF Top Rank
20 BRISTOL Romeo & Juliet's
21 PENZANCE Demelzas
22 BATH University
23 MANCHESTER Polytechnic
25 OLDHAM The Queen Elizabeth Hall
26 LEICESTER University
27 BIRMINGHAM Top Rank
28 KEELE University
29 BRIGHTON Top Rank

MARCH
1 LONDON Electric Ballroom
2 BOURNEMOUTH Stateside Leisure Centre
4 HULL University
6 COLERAINE New University of Ulster
7 BELFAST Queen's University
8 DUBLIN Bellefield University

FAB THUNDERBIRDS: NOBODY'S PUPPETS

■ *From previous page*

bigger all the time. I shouldn't be telling you this I guess, but I'm worried about what will happen to us if it doesn't feel genuine."

They didn't feel quite as bad when Rockpile (who were magnificent) found themselves struggling to communicate too. Those are the rubs — support band blues four thousand miles from home and eighty dollars a minute to call your girl who probably isn't in anyway.

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS as a name has several connotations for wild American youth. It triggers off memories of cheap potent wine, fast cars, sleek guitars and the old blues man Big Walter Price the Thunderbird; the group don't let down.

Jimmy Vaughan, at 28 a veteran of the Dallas garage band circuit with The Penetrations, The Chessmen and Storm, was always the cat who was most likely to make it but never quite did. Separated from his wife and ten-year-old daughter, he has come to terms with this life and its unreal promise of eternal youth, the real drug that attracts people to rock and roll.

Driving through Leicestershire and Rutland in a rented car, he is pleased to see some of England away from the endless sprawl of motorways. He looks at he houses with the neat gardens and grassy verges and the space and thinks that England could be a nice place to bring up a kid.

Vaughan grew up in a rough town and has the scars to prove it. He didn't last long at high school and has to check his spelling when he writes home to his kid because she'll pick him up on the mistakes.

"I started playing grease music and nigger rock and roll before they had drugs, when you could see Little Milton and Bobby Bland in a club and it was no big deal. I was in a local punk band called The Swinging Pendulums and we'd got into the British copy stuff, Beatles, Yardbirds and back to Hendrix and then started wondering where that shit came from and it was full circle. Now we all want Beatle boots and two-tone suits. It's crazy. In New York Texas is hip, same in Boston and New England, they want Texas music like they want the English new wave."

ONE THING that distinguishes Thunderbirds music from the mainstream is their ability to vary a set without coming across like walking archivists — their attitude is to keep it simple, capitalise on what's at hand.

The band could be more visually arresting by exploiting, say, Strickland's heavy trucker persona, getting him to flex his tattoos or some such macho rot, but that would go against their grain. Besides which, Strickland is really a mild-mannered sort — even if he does start drinking at ten o'clock in the morning.

Old Keith is what they call a 'character', but he doesn't shove it down the throat. His rock and roll pedigree is more colourful than your average Joe's, including a short stay with Johnny Winter's Two Plus Two and a longer siesta with Tex-Mex hidalgo Freddie Fender.

It was partly at Keith's insistence that their first album recognised the existence of a Mexican T-Birds chapter. Originally from Houston, he spent years flitting back and forth across the Mexican border playing with Ruben Ramos and the Mexican Revolutionaries. It takes some bottle for a white man to strut his stuff alongside the Mexicanos, who are generally regarded as scum by the rednecks and like to return the compliment.

"Cats like Ruben and Ernesto Chavez and the Golden Angels were based if you got them wrong. I spent a long time dodging knives in the less respectable clubs, but it was fun too. See, the Mexicans will drive hundreds of miles to see their people play in Texas, traverse the state y'know with the whole family. They aren't generally interested in white rock and roll but I could mingle with them, I lived with them.

"Some of 'em are real good musicians too, like Little Joe and La Familia, they're the best players in the state. Little Joe pays his bands good, that's kind of rare for a Mexican."

The Thunderbirds have repaid a debt to South American music by including a Puerto Rican favourite, 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White', on their second album where it fits in very snugly alongside Floyd Soileau and Rocking Sidney Simiens' Cajun stomp 'You Ain't Nothing But Fine' (the A side of their first British single — though it's the flip 'Scratch My Back' that's getting heavy airplay), Juke Boy Bonner's 'Runnin' Shoes' and some hot band instrumentals, 'Lowdown Woman', 'Dirty Work' and the self-explanatory 'Last Call For Alcohol'.

Album number two, as yet unreleased, was recorded a month before the band split for England. This one took five days to record; the third one may take as long as a week.

THE ROUGHER and readier the T-Birds get, the more English audiences warm to their style: the grease, the ensemble threads, Keith's glinting gold star tooth. In Liverpool and Bradford last week Jake Riviera had his boy Elvis come on first. Can you imagine what kind of pressure that puts on an unknown bunch of Southern boys, being sandwiched between our very best songwriter and one of the finest, most assured live groups in the world? It's tough enough, but Vaughan was enjoying it because "the harder they make us work the better we're gonna be".

And imagine what the folks back home will say when they find that their local heroes had Costello come on *before* them. Wilson doesn't like to admit it (I don't think) but there's a bunch of groups in Austin who they call the Thunderclones because they are so enamoured of his songs. "It's a compliment that they cover our songs. If they did our covers I'd be annoyed. On both coasts there are blues bands who check on us, new wave blues bands; 'course they don't sound exactly like us. . ."

Strickland winds Wilson up perfectly. "They do so. There's times I've walked in on them and had to leave 'cos I think it's us. This one band even has a bassist who bought a Fender Precision like mine and it's a '52 model. It took him months to find it and he had to pay eight hundred dollars for it. I paid eighty bucks for mine."

Now there are T-Birds influenced groups in San Francisco, Boston and all across Texas, as well as a healthy selection of excellent blues combos like The Rockets, Bill Campbell and John Nicholas. Jimmy Vaughan's kid bro Steve has a band called Double Trouble and they're waiting on a Takoma deal — all of which only goes to show that some American outfits are capable of carving out their niche without resorting to lifting their moves from imported sounds.

From the chittlin' circuit in America to the polytechnics and pavilions of England, The Fabulous Thunderbirds fit them all in. Even the man from the *New York Times* liked what he heard, though his ears must have burnt when the band offered their verdict of the music business.

Vaughan puts it most eloquently: "The business is a bunch of shit, a whole pile of it. Pass me a brandy and I'll tell ya why. Two years ago we were playing in beer joints where you could pick up a girl after the show, collect your fifty bucks, get wiped out on booze and wake up with enough cash in your pocket to go out and buy a new pair of shoes 'cos you were sick on your old ones. We were happy then and probably a lot tougher."

If you want to treat your feet, the Thunderbirds have the right formula. All you need is a pair of dancing shoes, enough dineros for the six pack and a clean pair of ears. Just tell the man on the door that Muddy sent you.

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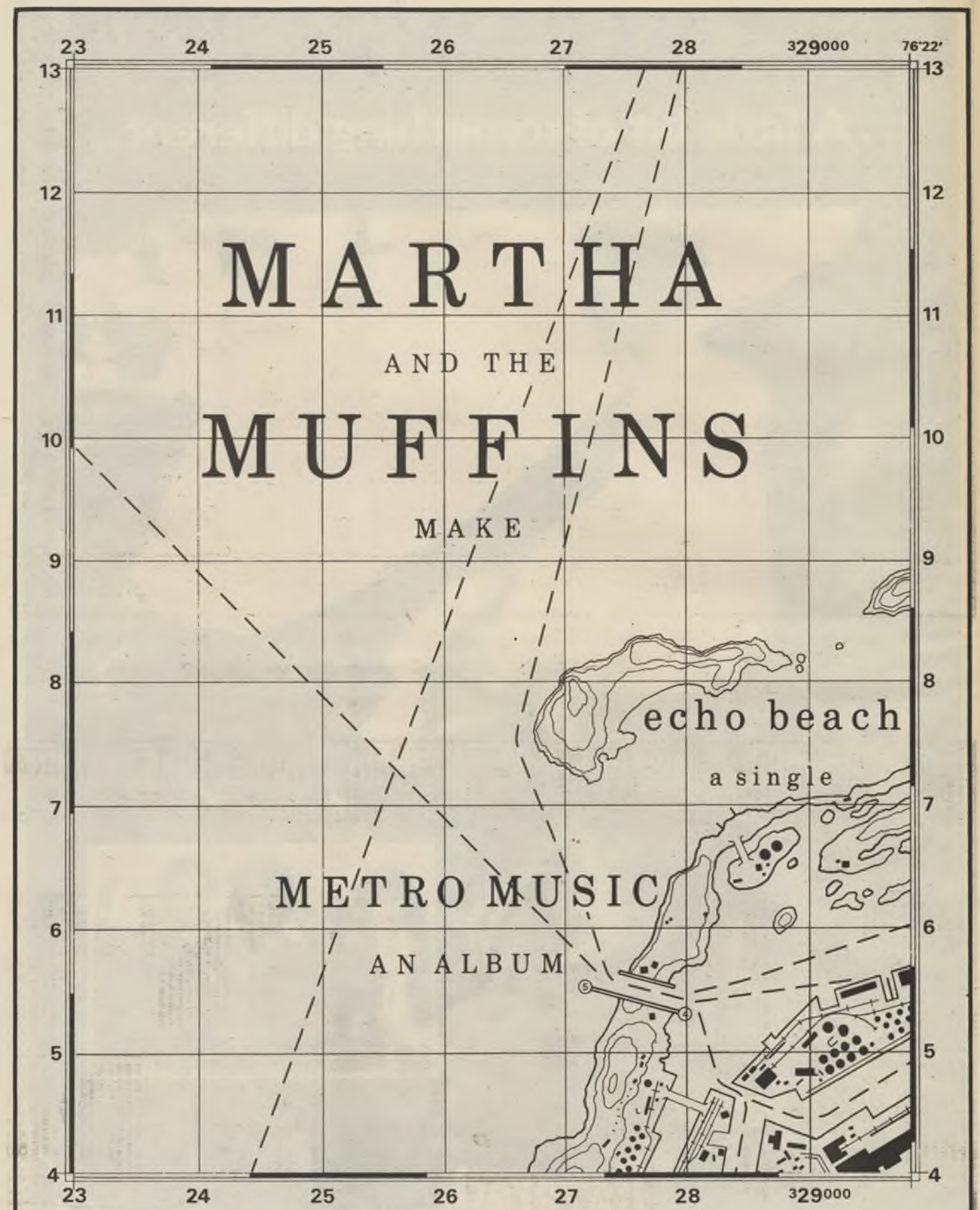

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Adam Faith *Giorgio Moroder*

David Bowie *Robert De Niro*

Live A Little, Love A Little
(Norman Taurog 1968)
In which Elvis Presley works at two jobs at the same time in the same building. Which means it's twice as boring.

Live It Up (Sing And Swing)
(Lance Comfort 1964)
A group makes a demo and tries for success. Forgettable stuff featuring Stevie Marriott and Heinz Burt in acting roles, while Gene Vincent, The Outlaws, Andy Cavell And The Saints, and Sounds Incorporated are among the guests.

Love And Music (Stamping Ground)
(Jason Pohland 1971)
West German film presenting highlights of the 1970 Rotterdam Pop Festival. Includes performances by Santana, Al Stewart, T.Rex, Canned Heat, Jefferson Airplane, It's A Beautiful Day, Pink Floyd, Dr John, The Flock, Soft Machine, Family, Country Joe McDonald and Quintessence.

Love Me Tender
(Robert D Webb 1956)
Elvis Presley's first film. Routine Civil War western in which El is killed but makes an appearance in the last reel in spectral form!

Loving You
(Hal Kanter 1957)
Vehicle for Elvis Presley in which he gets signed (by Lizabeth Scott) to front a country band.

Mack, The
(Michael Campus 1973)
Black movie written by a one-time pimp who spent five years in jail. Lots of slow-motion violence and quick to react racist whites, with a score by Willie Hutch.
s/t — Motown

Mad Dogs And Englishmen
(Pierre Adidge 1971)
A filmed record of Joe Cocker's Stateside tour of 1970. Nearly two hours of music by Cocker, Leon Russell, Chris Stainton, Don Preston, Carl Radle, Jim Keltner, Jim Price, Bobby Keys, Claudia Linnear, Daniel Moore, Matthew Moore, Rita Coolidge and other Cocker sidekicks.
s/t — A&M

Made
(John Mackenzie 1972)
A script that reads like a social worker's casebook — with Roy Harper in a starring role as folk singer Mike Preston.

Magic Christian, The
(Joseph McGrath 1970)
An eccentric millionaire adopts Ringo Starr as his son and proceeds to prove how corrupt the world can be. Badfinger and Thunderclap Newman sing the soundtrack songs.
s/t — Commonwealth United (US)/Pye (UK)

Magic Garden Of Stanley Sweetheart
(Leonard Horn 1970)
Sex 'n' drugs 'n' a little bit of rock 'n' roll provided by Eric Burdon. But still a bore.
s/t — MGM (US)

Mahogany
(Berry Gordy 1975)
Trite movie starring Diana Ross, who portrays a top fashion model. Berry Gordy replaced Tony Richardson as director halfway through the filming. The Temptations help out with the music chores.
s/t — Motown

Man Who Fell To Earth, The
(Nicolas Roeg 1976)
A visitor from outer space attempts to assure the future of his own planet at Earth's expense. Technically brilliant sci-fi with David Bowie in the title role. John Phillips wrote much of the film's music, though offerings by Stomu Yamashta, Roy Orbison and many others are to be heard.

Mean Streets
(Martin Scorsese 1973)
Often stunning but sordid melodrama involving four Italian-Americans who relentlessly drink, brawl and hustle. The soundtrack is of the jukebox variety, with songs from The Rolling Stones, The Chantells, The Marvelettes, Eric Clapton, The Chants, The Chips, Johnny Ace, The Aquatones, The Nutmegs, Little Caesar And The Romans, The Shirelles and The Miracles.

Medium Cool
(Haskell Wexler 1969)
Actual newsreel footage of the 1968 Chicago police riots is employed in this realistic movie spotlighting a TV cameraman who remains detached even in the most heated of situations. The score is by Mike Bloomfield.

Medicine Ball Caravan (We Have Come For Your Daughters)
(Francois Reichenbach 1971)
A group of 154 long-hairs from the West Coast travel through America, staging little-publicised concerts along the way. Stoneground is the featured band but BB King, Alice Cooper, Doug Kershaw and Delaney And Bonnie all contribute musically.
s/t — Warner Bros.

Melinda
(Hugh A Robertson 1972)
A black DJ wreaks vengeance on the killers of his girl-friend. Violent fare, with a title song performed by Jerry Butler.
s/t — Pride (US)

Midnight Express
(Alan Parker 1979)
An American student is imprisoned in Turkey for drug-smuggling. Well-directed movie with a score by Giorgio Moroder.
s/t — Casablanca.

Mister Rock 'n' Roll
(Charles Dubin 1957)
Alan Freed tries to persuade a newspaper editor that rock and rollers are not all juvenile delinquents. An excuse for appearances by Brook Benton, Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Frankie Lymon And The Teenagers, LaVerne Baker, The Moonglows and Clyde McPhatter.

Mix Me A Person
(Leslie Norman 1961)
Adam Faith as a teenage guitarist charged with murdering a policeman. A so-so soaper but not a no-no.

Mods And Rockers
(Kenneth Hume 1964)
A 25-minute short featuring a mods-and-rockers punch-up in ballet form. Music is provided by Ian McPherson and The Cheynes.

Mondo Hollywood
(Robert Carl Cohen 1967)
Also known as *Image* and *Hippie Hollywood*. *The Acid Blasting Freakers*. Untraditional Hollywood — body painting, skydivers, transvestites, flower children etc. The Mugwumps, Davie Allen And The Arrows, and Bobbie Jameson are featured, while Mike Curb provided the soundtrack score.
s/t — Tower (US)

Mondo Teeno
(Richard Lester (Britain), George Lefferts (USA) plus others 1967)
The revolt against society by teenagers around the world. Drugs 'n' sex 'n' rock 'n' roll, with music supplied by ultra-conservative Mike Curb.

Monterey Pop
(D.A. Pennebaker 1967)
A fine memento of the 1967 International Pop Festival held at Monterey, California, documented by 17 cameras placed around the main rostrum. Featured are Janis Joplin, Big Brother And The Holding Company, Scott McKenzie, The Mamas And The Papas, Jefferson Airplane, Canned Heat, The Who, The Animals, Otis Redding, Country Joe And The Fish, Booker T and the MGs, Ravi Shankar, Hugh Masekela, and Jimi Hendrix.

Mord Und Totschlag (A Degree Of Murder)
(Volker Schlondorff 1966)
Stylish murder story starring Anita Pallenburg. The film's music was written by Brian Jones.

More
(Barbet Schroeder 1969)
A German student in Paris becomes involved in both drugs and a love affair with a one-time lesbian. Made in Luxembourg film that has a score composed and performed by Pink Floyd.
s/t — Columbia (UK) / Tower (US)

Mrs Brown, You've Got A Lovely Daughter
(Saul Swimmer 1968)
An Allen Klein production in which Herman and his Hermits go to the dogs — with the aid of a champion greyhound.

Muscle Beach Party
(William Asher 1964)
Once more, Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello kick sand in each other's eyes. Dick Dale, Stevie Wonder and The Kingsmen are featured while some of the music was penned by Brian Wilson.

Music Machine, The
(Ian Sharp 1979)
Saturday Night Fever relocated in London's Camden Town, but with a dismal plot, lacklustre music and equally second-division dancing from its stars. Featuring Patti Boulaye and Music Machine, a band that includes Trevor Bastow, Lee Hurdle, Harold Fisher, Paul Keough, etc.
s/t — Pye (UK)

Nashville Sound, The
(Robert Elfstrom, David Hoffman 1970)
A tourist's view of Nashville, featuring Johnny Cash, Doug Kershaw, Bobby Goldsboro, Tracy Nelson And Mother Earth, Bob Luman and many country music stars.

National Lampoon's Animal House
(John Landis 1978)
Campus high jinks, presented by *National Lampoon*, a delightfully dotty magazine. The rag-bag of jokes involving a disreputable fraternity house come replete with rock sounds by Stephen Bishop, John Belushi, DeWayne Jessie, Paul And Paula, Sam Cooke, Chris Montez, Connie Francis, The Kingsmen and Bobby Lewis.
s/t — MCA

Gidget
(Paul Wendkos 1958)
The first surfing film, with Sandra Dee as a 16-year-old who falls for a healthily tanned James Darren. The Four Preps also play their part in the musical proceedings. Follow-ups included *Gidget Goes Hawaiian* (1961), *Gidget Goes To Rome* (1963) plus two TV movies. *Gidget Grows Up* (1970) and *Gidget Gets Married* (1972).

Gimme Shelter
(David Maysles, Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin 1970)
Brilliant documentary about Jagger and The Rolling Stones, including the Altamont concert, in December 1969, and its on-camera murder. Jefferson Airplane and Ike and Tina Turner also appear.

Girl Can't Help It, The
(Frank Tashlin 1956)
Perhaps the first worthwhile film to boast an array of rock stars. An amusing comedy in which a press agent seeks to fame-push the dumb-blonde girl-friend of a mobster. Julie London, Fats Domino, The Platters, Gene Vincent, The Treniers, Eddie Fontaine, The Chuckles, Abbey Lincoln, Eddie Cochran and Nina Tempo are among the musical acts who appear.

Girl Happy
(Boris Sagal 1965)
Elvis Presley, a dozen songs, Shelley Fabares and a meagre plot about a pop singer who chaperones a number of college girls on vacation.

Girl On A Motorcycle (Naked Under Leather)
(Jack Cardiff 1968)
Ronan O'Raheilly production featuring Marianne Faithfull as an erotic biker in enormously popular, ludicrously pretentious trash epic.
s/t — Polydor (UK)

Girls, Girls, Girls
(Norman Taurog 1962)
Elvis Presley as a fishing-boat captain. The fishing lines are better than those in the script.

Girls On The Beach, The
(William Witney 1964)
Will Sally Sorority get The Beatles to play a benefit concert? Of course not — but The Beach Boys, The Crickets and Lesley Gore all offer help.

Glastonbury Fayre
(Peter Neal 1973)
Filmic record of the Midsummer quasi-religious celebrations of 1971. Perhaps the last gathering of the beautiful people. Several directors were initially involved — including Nicolas Roeg — and Neal assembled the footage. Includes Terry Reid, Linda Lewis, Fairport Convention, Magic Michael, Family, Melanie, Arthur Brown And Kingdom Come, Traffic, Quintessence, Daevid Allen and Gong.

Godspell
(David Greene 1973)
The gospel according to St Matthew and Stephen Schwarz, shot on location in New York.
s/t — Bell

Go, Johnny, Go
(Paul Landres 1958)
Rags to riches via a demo disc. Typical success story starring Jimmy Clanton. Also features Chuck Berry, Alan Freed, Harvey Fuqua, The Flamingos, The Cadillacs, Jackie Wilson, Jo-Ann Campbell and the only film appearance by Ritchie Valens.

Gold
(Bill Daviage and Bob Lewis 1972)
A small town community sets off to join a gold rush. A satirical view of the American way of life, devised by Ronan O'Raheilly of pirate radio fame. Lots of nudity — naked women are utilised to express various freedoms — and music from David McWilliams, Sailcat, Future Now, MC5, John Kongas, Barry St John, Train Music, etc.
s/t — Mother (UK)/ABC (US)

Cook, Biggs and Jones in The Great Rock'n Roll Swindle

Golden Disc, The
(Don Sharp 1967)
A mixture of jazz, skiffle and pop that starred the ill-fated Terry Dene.

Marianne Faithfull

Gonks Go Beat
(Robert Hartford-Davis 1965)
The Planet Gonk sends a representative to Earth to end the rivalry between Beatland and Balladiale. Flimsy excuse to present music by The Nashville Teens, The Long And The Short, Lulu And The Luvvers, The Troles, Ray Lewis And The Trekkers, The Vaqueros, Étaine and Darek, Alan David and The Graham Bond Organisation.

Good Times
(William Friedkin 1967)
Sonny and Cher portray themselves and dream about the movies they could have made. And the results are quite amusing.

Graduate, The
(Mike Nichols, 1967)
A young Californian college graduate has an affair with the wife of a friend, then falls for her daughter. Academy award winning comedy (for Mike Nichols) with a memorable soundtrack by Simon And Garfunkel.
s/t — CBS

Grease
(Randal Kleiser 1978)
Screen version of a stage musical set in a '50s high school, starring the immensely popular John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. Sha-Na-Na and Frankie Avalon also appear, while the soundtrack musicians include Ollie Brown, Lee Rietnour, Jay Graydon, Peter Frampton, Ernie Watts, John Farrar, Mike Pocaro, Curt Becher and many others
s/t — RSO

Greaser's Palace
(Robert Downey 1972)
Mock-religious movie in a Western setting in which the messiah wears a pink suit. Vaguely Mel Brooks-like affair with music by Jack Nitzsche.

Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle, The
(Julian Temple 1979)
History of The Sex Pistols depicted in suitably anarchic manner. Filmed after *Who Killed Bambi?* — which was to have been the first Pistols' feature film (directed by Russ Meyer) — was aborted.
s/t — Virgin

Groove Tube, The
(Ken Shapiro 1974)
A satire on TV, with skits and parodies. Buzzy Linhart appears as a hitchhiker. Songs by Linhart, Curtis Mayfield and Dreams.

Groupies
(Peter Nayard and Robert Dorfman 1970)
Honest and sympathetic documentary about the lives of various groupies. Joe Cocker, Ten Years After, Spooky Tooth, Terry Reid and The Grease Band are featured — at least, parts of them are.

Hair
(Milos Forman 1979)
Spectacular if belated film version of the Raghi, Rado and MacDermot stage musical set in the 'hippy' era. The cast includes Don Dacus, Annie Golden of The Shirts, Melba Moore and Ronnie Dyson.
s/t — RCA

Happening, The
(Elliot Silverstein 1967)
Lightweight swingin' '60s comedy as hippies kidnap Anthony Quinn. Title song sung by The Supremes.
s/t — Colgems (US)

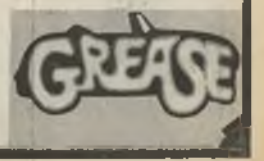
Hard Day's Night, A
(Richard Lester 1964)
Stylish debut for The Beatles, thanks to Lester's direction, Alan Owen's script, Gilbert Taylor's photography, the moptop personality and the Lennon-McCartney songbook.
s/t — UA (US)

Harder They Come, The
(Perry Henzell 1972)
Jimmy Cliff stars in this, the first Jamaican feature film. Based partly on Cliff's own experiences, the movie features music biz rip-offs, rastas and rudies fighting authority. Cliff, Derek Harriot, Desmond Dekker and The Maytals are among those who supply the music.
s/t — Island (UK)/Mango(US)

Hard Ride, The
(Burt Topper 1970)
Tired biker movie that attempts to plot between *Wild Angels* and *Easy Rider*. Between punctures you'll hear Bill Medley, Thelma Camacho, Junction and The Arrows.
s/t — Paramount (US)

Harlem Rock 'n' Roll (Rock 'n' Roll Revue)
(Joseph Kern 1955)
More jazz than rock in this 65-minute documentary, which includes songs by Ruth Brown, The Delta Rhythm Boys, The Clovers and Joe Turner.

Harum Scarum (Harem Holiday)
(Gene Nelson 1965)
Back-lot desert scenery is much in evidence in this Elvis Presley out East slice of tomfoolery. Camel-lovers beware!
s/t — RCA



Head
(Bob Rafelson 1968)
Unhinged trip movie featuring The Monkees, with a script penned by Jack Nicholson and Bob Rafelson. Ken Thorne wrote the score and Annette Funicello and Frank Zappa make appearances.
s/t — RCA

Heavy Traffic
(Ralph Bakshi 1973)
A depressed New Yorker finds solace at the drawing board. Full length cartoon feature that comes accompanied by the recorded sounds of Mort Saunders, Chuck Berry, The Isley Brothers, Sergio Mendes and others.
s/t — Fantasy

Hell's Angels '69
(Lee Madden 1969)
A playboy uses a motorcycle gang in order to rob Las Vegas' Caesar's Palace. The bikers are real — played by The Oakland Hell's Angels — while the music score was penned by Tony Bruno and performed by The Poor
s/t — Capitol

Hell's Angels On Wheels
(Richard Rush 1967)
Great trash, as Jack Nicholson portrays a gas station attendant who befriends a biker gang. Title song by The Poor.
s/t — Smash (US)

Help!
(Dick Lester 1965)
Often brilliant but somewhat over-frantic, Goon-type comedy, in which the followers of the Goddess Kali pursue The Beatles in an attempt to wrest a sacred ring from Ringo's finger.
s/t — Capitol (US)

Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush
(Clive Donner 1967)
A teenager finds it hard to lose his virginity — even in Swingin' London. Amusing and stylish romp with music by Stevie Winwood and Traffic, plus The Spencer Davis Group.

Hey Let's Twist
(Greg Garrison 1960)
A sorta plot, but mainly 80 minutes of the Twist dance craze in the company of Joey Dee and The Starlighters, Teddy Randazzo, and The Peppermint Loungers.
s/t — Roulette (US)

High School Confidential (Young Hellions)
(Jack Arnold 1958)
Jerry Lee Lewis plays himself in a film which encompasses juvenile delinquency, nymphomania, rock 'n' roll and hot rod racing — all in 76 or 85 minutes, depending upon which version you see!

Hold On!
(Arthur Lubin 1966)
The NASA assign an agent to follow Herman's Hermits to ascertain whether or not they should name a spaceship after the band. And that's the plot, folks!
s/t — MGM

Homer
(John Trent 1970)
The generation gap, Vietnam protests, sex and rock form the pot-pourri yet again. Original music is by Don Scardino but there's plenty of soundtrack fare from the likes of Led Zeppelin and others.
s/t — Warner Bros.

The Beatles

Hot Rod Gang (Fury Unleashed)
(Leslie Martinson 1958)
A hot-rodder earns enough money to enter a big race by embarking on a singing career. Low-budget affair featuring Gene Vincent in a leading role.

Hound Dog Man
(Don Siegel 1959)
A wayward kick is hero-worshipped by two teenagers — one of whom is Fabian playing his first screen role. And not badly either.

How I Won The War
(Richard Lester 1967)
Lester goes over-the-top in more ways than one with this often effective World War II satire. John Lennon is among those on the retreat.

How To Stuff A Wild Bikini
(William Asher 1965)
Frankie Avalon employs a witch doctor to watch over Annette Funicello while he's away — while Harvey Lembeck (as Eric Von Zipper) again plans villany. Brian Wilson is a beach boy and The Kingsmen sing

Idle On Parade
(John Gilling 1959)
Anthony Newley as Jeep Jones, a rock idol inducted into the army. Duff comedy filled with songs like 'Idle Rock A Boogie' etc.

I Love You Alice B Toklas
(Hy Averback 1968)
Amusing marijuana cookie, with Peter Sellers freaking out. The title song comes courtesy of Harper's Bizarre, while Strawberry Alarm Clock are also involved.

Imagine
(John Lennon and Yoko Ono 1972)
Collage with newsreel-type footage, mainly built around songs from Lennon's 'Imagine' album and Yoko Ono's 'Fly'. Those seen or heard include The Plastic Ono Band with The Flux Fiddlers, Phil Spector, George Harrison and Andy Warhol.

Invocation Of My Demon Brother
(Kenneth Anger 1969)
Originally known as *The Zap*. An 11-minute invocation of Lucifer at a midnight mass in which Bobby Beausoleil plays a role. Mick Jagger took part in the production and The Rolling Stones are seen in concert at one point.

It Happened At The World's Fair
(Norman Taurog 1962)
Production-line Elvis Presley movie, with the songs and romance placed in a Seattle World's Fair setting.
s/t — RCA.

It's A Bikini World
(Stephanie Rothman 1967)
Daft beach movie starring Tommy Kirk as a meek and mild male who is really much more God's gift to women than he seems. The Animals, The Castaways, The Toys and The Gentrys provide musical action.

The Monkees

It's All Happening (The Dream Maker)
(Don Sharp 1962)
Tommy Steele as a talent scout who arranges a concert to win funds for an orphanage. John Barry and Shane Fenton And The Fentones are among those who musically embellish a thin plot.

It's All Over Town
(Douglas Hickox 1964)
Slim-line plot cheaply serving to introduce a series of pop acts, including The Springfields and The Hollies.

It's Trad Dad (Ring A Ding Rhythm)
(Richard Lester 1962)
With 15 artists, 25 songs and a number of visiting DJs there was hardly room for a plot for Richard Lester to get his teeth into. Del Shannon, Gary U.S. Bonds, Gene McDaniel, Chubby Checker, Gene Vincent, Helen Shapiro and Craig Douglas were among those who battled against the trad banjos.

It's Your Thing
(Mike Cerquito 1970)
Highlights from a soul show staged in New York's Yankee stadium. Featured are The Isley Brothers (who produced the film), plus Patti Austin, Five Stairsteps, Edwin Hawkins Singers, Ike and Tina Turner, Judy White, The Young Gents, Brooklyn Bridge, The Winstons, The Clara Ward Singers and Moms Mabley.

I've Gotta Horse (Wonderful Day)
(Kenneth Hulme 1965)
Dreadful stuff involving Billy Fury as a singer who loves his horse. Lots of songs but little else.

I Wanna Hold Your Hand
(Robert Zemeckis 1978)
Over-enthusiastic chunk of nostalgia in which four girls from New Jersey head for New York to witness The Beatles' appearance on the Ed Sullivan show. Though The Beatles' voices are heard on the soundtrack they are never actually seen.

Jailhouse Rock
(Richard Thorpe 1957)
A jailbird learns to play guitar while doing time — and later becomes a rock idol. Elvis Presley in what was touted as 'his first big dramatic singing role'.
s/t — RCA

James Dean — The First American Teenager
(Ray Connolly 1975)
Documentary that includes interviews, clips from Dean movies and material originally screened in Robert Altman and George W George's *James Dean Story*. Features some music by The Eagles, Elton John, David Bowie.

Janis
(Howard Alk and Seaton Findlay 1974)
Documentary on Janis Joplin. An uneven Canadian production, with interviews and clips of Big Brother And The Holding Company, The Kozmic Blues Band and The Full Tilt Boogie Band.
s/t — CBS

Jazz On A Summer's Day
(Bert Stern 1960)
Memorable 86-minute documentary made at the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival. Chuck Berry and Big Maybelle figure among the host of jazz names, as does Dinah Washington.

Jesus Christ Superstar
(Norman Jewison 1973)
Interesting and not unworthy movie version of the Lloyd-Webber and Rice stage spectacular. Stars Ted Neeley, Ca Anderson, Yvonne Elliman and Barry Dennen made big profits on the prophet's behalf.
s/t — MCA

Jimi Plays Berkeley
(Peter Pilafian 1971)
Vague documentary based around Hendrix's 1970 Memorial Day Concert. 'Purple Haze', 'Machine Gun' and other Hendrix favourites come interspersed with street interviews and clips of student demonstrations etc.

Jimi Hendrix
(Joe Boyd, John Head and Gary Weis 1973).
The best Hendrix film of all. Concert and TV show footage, plus interviews and appearances by Pete Townshend, Little Richard, Mick Jagger, Lou Reed and Eric Clapton.
s/t — Reprise

Joan (Carry It On)
(James Coyne, Robert Jones, Christopher Knight 1970)
Documentary involving Joan Baez and her then husband David Harris, who got jailed for draft-dodging.
s/t — Vanguard

Johnny Cash — The Man, His World, His Music
(Robert Elfstrom 1969)
Documentary in which Cash meets Carl Perkins, The Carter Family and Bob Dylan.

Journey Through The Past
(Bernard Shakey 1973)
A pretentious odyssey, featuring Neil Young, that owes something to Fellini in surrealistic approach and everything to Terry Wogan in intellectual content. A total disaster that appeared only briefly in '73.
s/t — Reprise

Jubilee
(Derek Jarman 1978)
Queen Elizabeth I takes a trip into the future — and encounters a punk generation. Spasmodically affective black comedy that provides acting roles for Toyah Willcox, Adam Ant, Wayne County, while The Slits also appear. The new wave soundtrack is provided by Adam and The Ants, Wayne County, Electric Chairs, Suzi Pinns, Menaster, Chelsea, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Amilcar and Brian Eno.
s/t — Polydor

Just For Fun
(Gordon Fleming 1963)
In between the mass of pop acts — which include Bobby Vee, Mark Wynter, Jet Harris, Tony Meehan Joe Brown, The Crickets, The Spotniks, Brian Poole And The Tremeloes, and Freddie Cannon — there's a glimpse of a plot involving kids getting the vote. But you could easily miss it.

Keep It Cool (Let's Rock)
(Harry Foster 1958)
Virtually plotless rock'n'roll musical comedy featuring Paul Anka, Della Reese, The Royal Teens, Roy Hamilton, Danny And The Juniors, The Tyrones plus others.

Keep On Rockin'
(D. A. Pennebaker 1972)
Shortened version of *Sweet Toronto* (1970), prefaced by sequences featuring Janis Joplin with Big Brother And The Holding Company, plus Jimi Hendrix.

Kids Are Alright, The
(Jeff Stein 1979)
Accessible documentary spanning 15 years of The Who in 90 minutes. Includes film shot in the band's Railway Tavern, Harrow, days plus other footage from early gigs at The Marquee and the Richmond Jazz and Blues Festival.
s/t — Polydor (UK)/MCA (US)

Kid Galahad
(Phil Karlson 1962)
Remake of a 1937 movie about a nobody who becomes a boxing champ. Elvis Presley is the one who takes it on the chin.

King Creole
(Michael Curtiz 1958)
Reasonable melodrama in which a singer (Elvis Presley) becomes a New Orleans night-club star and gets involved with gangsters.
s/t — RCA

Kings Of The Road (Im Lauf Der Zeit)
(Wim Wenders 1976)
A mobile workship driver, with a jukebox in the back of his truck, befriends a man who has crashed his car. Black and white movie that contains soundtrack songs by Heinz, Roger Miller and Crispian St Peters.

Kissin' Cousins
(Gene Nelson 1964)
Elvis Presley in a dual role — and the blond one has more fun. The plot (as such) involves hillbillies, revenue men and a government bid to build an ICBM base in the Smokies.
s/t — RCA

Ladies And Gentlemen — Mr Leonard Cohen
(Don Owen and Donald Brittain 1968)
Documentary made by the National Film Board of Canada.

Ladies And Gentlemen — The Rolling Stones
(Rollin Binzer 1975)
The Stones' 1972 tour of the States. Straightforward documentary, with the music recorded in quadrophonic sound.

Lady Sings The Blues
(Sidney J Furie 1972)
Highly inaccurate biopic about Billie Holiday. But Diana Ross is surprisingly good in the leading role.
s/t — Motown.

Last Waltz, The
(Martin Scorsese 1978)
The Band, The Staples Singers, Emmylou Harris, Ronnie Hawkins, Neil Young, Dr John, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, Muddy Waters, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell, Paul Butterfield, Ringo Starr and Ron Wood partake of The Band's farewell Concert at Bill Graham's Winterland on Thanksgiving Day, 1976, plus interviews conducted by Scorsese himself.
s/t — Warner Bros

Leadbelly
(Gordon Parks 1976)
Traditional Hollywood biopic based on the life of bluesman Huddie Ledbetter, with Hi-Tide Harris providing adequate versions of Leadbelly's songs. Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry play soundtrack back-ups.
s/t — ABC

Legend Of Bo Diddley
(Gary Sherman 1964)
A 23-minute portrait of Bo Diddley that includes scenes shot at a Toronto club performance.

Lemon Popsicle (Eskimo Limon)
(Boaz Davidson 1977)
The Israeli version of *American Graffiti*, set against the sounds of records by Little Richard, Paul Anka, Bruce Channel, Bill Haley, The Shadows, Jerry Lee Lewis, Brian Hyland, The Chordettes, Bobby Vinton, Paul Evans, Danny And The Juniors and others.
s/t — Warwick.

Let It Be
(Michael Lindsay-Hogg 1970)
Documentary filmed during the last days of The Beatles. The rooftop scene in which Billy Preston and the moptops play 'Get Back' is one of rock's best moments.

Let The Good Times Roll
(Sid Lewin, Bob Abel 1973)
Superb compilation of rock film from the '50s plus modern footage by surviving groups, often projected at the same time using the split screen process. Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Chubby Checker, Bo Diddley, The Shirelles, The Five Satins, Bill Haley, The Coasters, Danny And The Juniors and Fats Domino are among those who appear.
s/t — Bell (UK)

Lisztomania
(Ken Russell 1975)
Unmitigated catastrophe, with Roger Daltrey as Liszt and Rick Wakeman supplying rock arrangements of Liszt and Wagner's music. Paul Nicholas, Linda Lewis and Mandy Moore help vocally.
s/t — A&M

Roger Daltrey

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My Brilliant Career

Directed by Gillian Armstrong
Starring Judy Davis and Sam Neill
(Mainline)

DESPITE producer Margaret Fink's contention that the book (published in 1901) on which *Career* is based is "so contemporary", the resulting film suggests Jane Austen Down Under. Sure, the characters are subtly delineated and the acting wholly believable, but the pastel shades of the landscape reflect the rather gentle dramas on view.

Like Laura Rowbotham in Bruce Beresford's *The Getting Of Wisdom* — also scripted by Eleanor Witcombe — Sybylla Velvyn (Judy Davis) longs to shake off the outback dust and give vent to her artistic aspirations. Unlike Laura, who must cope with the petty intrigues of boarding school, the older Sybylla is in desperation shunted off to live with her rich grandmother.

She sports thick, shapeless curls, looking not unlike Mick Taylor, and her relatives openly regard her 'ugliness' as a fact of life ("My nose is the wrong shape" — "True"). Aunt Gussie (Pat Kennedy) and bluff Uncle Julius (Peter Whitford) relish her spirit, but the virtues of marriage are plugged pretty relentlessly.

Strong, silent Harry Beecham (Sam Neill), a nearby landowner and the most eligible bachelor for miles, is both disconcerted and attracted by Sybylla's wilfulness. (He is variously assaulted with a pillow, tipped into a river and hit across the face with a riding whip.) Separated when she is forced to do a year as governess to a bunch of muddy hicks, their reunion has you subconsciously primed for the happy ending.

Sybylla's need to "find herself" quite reasonably scuppers that possibility, but such a denouement must inevitably — if unfairly — smack of cliche in 1979. Unfortunately, this is compounded by a desperately glib ending, with Syb finishing *My Brilliant Career* and popping it in the post to the publishers. We must take her creative abilities entirely on trust: the possibility that she's just another free spirit lacking the talent to lead her desired lifestyle is never contemplated.

Another quibble is the serious undercasting of Wendy Hughes as lonely, dignified Aunt Helen. As Amy in *Newsfront*, she had a catalytic effect out of all proportion to her time on screen and looked ripe for a really substantial role. Her statuesque demureness here is a bizarre sidestep. Please rectify, Wen. **Harry George**

My Brilliant Career: Judy Davis shows Sam Neill the white flag.

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Silver Screen

English roses and Ms Midler's noses . . .

The Rose

Directed by Mark Rydell
Starring Bette Midler and Alan Bates
(20th Century Fox)

THE cinema frequently seems to make insufficient demands of the world of rock'n'roll. The film that has convincingly and searchingly examined the machinations, manipulations and just sheer madness that it represents hasn't yet been made.

The main difficulty is credibility. If the backstage lives of particular performers were actually reconstructed for the public gaze, then it would all seem like so much fantasy anyway. In that peculiar world, standard social norms are in permanent suspension: imagine *Lord Of The Flies* with drugs, sex and enough money to buy the BBC.

So Hollywood usually just extracts the bits it knows how to handle — the isolation and sadness, a smattering of sex, small doses of drugs — and leaves alone the farther shores of madness. The nitty gritty, therefore, is rarely gotten down to, and *The Rose* is no exception. Further, the fact that rock stars in films are invariably portrayed by artists a rock audience would think of as cabaret performers is something that inevitably grates.

Compared with what Diana Ross endured in *Lady Sings The Blues*, Ms Midler must have had a holiday. "You look tired," a journalist informs her at one point, prompted solely by the script. Bette never looks tired, or drawn, or washed-out, or fucked-up. True, she flaunts hairy armpits in some kind of concession to characterisation, and her mascara runs now and again, but overall she meets her wretched end without overtaxing the make-up department.

It should not, however, be presumed that *The Rose* lacks guts. It doesn't and *she* doesn't. It is actually Midler's belting central performance that sustains this film, to the extent of making the failing all around seem unimportant (much as Kevin Keegan regularly redeems the other ten). The context of her performance is the last few days and gigs in the life of the top female rock star of the late '60s, and so she enjoys plenty of scope for staccato extremes of emotion, all of which seem as natural as her quick-witted repartee.

Her co-stars enjoy mixed fortunes. Her lover, an AWOL army sergeant masquerading as a chauffeur, is very effectively played by Frederic Forrest. Alan Bates plays Rudge, her manager, who thinks and talks in crudely commercialistic terms.

It was in theory a good idea to cast an Englishman as the burly defender of the American capitalist faith, but Bates was not the one to choose. He doesn't achieve the malice born of self-interest that the role demands. In fact, his part is under-written, and the crucial manager/star relationship doesn't hold water at all. This is ironic because it is apparently partly based on Midler's own problems with her erstwhile manager, Aaron Russo (although she told *Rolling Stone*, "our relationship was much sicker that anything in the film").

The music, produced by the estimable Paul A. Rothchild, is not at all bad. Not only is the sound excellent, but Midler has sensibly preferred rock standards ('When A Man Loves A Woman', 'Stay With Me, Baby' et al) to an original score. Other performers

The Rose: "Please, God, let me play the Perkinson show one more time."

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"10" and The Rose: Julie and Bo (above). Bette and Dud (below). Such loving relationships, such meaningful movies.

Bette 10, Julie 1 (o.g.)

featured include The Dillards (as a redneck country band, would you believe) and Sylvester (as a black drag disco artist, ditto).

So, in the absence of a realistic portrayal of the rock business, it is Bette's film, though unhesitatingly recommended for her alone — and, God knows, I resisted the whole Divine Miss M experience adamantly enough.

Significantly, one of the most delightful scenes depicts her running amok through men-only steam baths — which is both an evocation and a reinforcement of her own legend. Whoever the Rose is (and it's not particularly Janis Joplin; for example, one of the longest stage routines is recognisable as having been lifted from the repertoire of Millie Jackson, even after being white-washed en route — a further instance of the film pulling its punches), Midler never lets you forget that the real star is herself.

Bob Woffinden

"10"

Directed by Blake Edwards
Starring Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews and Bo Derek
(Warner Bros)

DUDLEY Moore — comedian, dirty joke teller and jazz pianist to the UK — is a saleable product. In the States he's known for the same three talents, and also a fourth that we don't know about. Believe it or not, he's some kind of a sex symbol. Ever since *Foul Play*, the middle-aged maternal have apparently taken rather a shine to those boyish good-looks.

"10" is a soggy and truly gruelling attempt to compound these attributes into a monster box-office smash. It's written, produced and directed by Blake Edwards, and adds weight to the theory that — as he's managed to knock out at least one film a year since 1947 (among them the four *Pink Panthers*) — he must now be able to do it all with his eyes shut.

"10"'s custom-built around its two leading lights; an aging, successful but frustrated Malibu muzak writer (Moore), and a trim, prudish, superficially liberated opera singer (Julie Andrews — who, by pure coincidence, happens to be Blake Edwards' wife).

Briefly, the bargain-bin script shunts 42-year-old Dudley into the infantile upper reaches of Male Menopause. They'd told him life began at 40, and he's spent the last two years realising the bastards were lying through their teeth. He begins acting like a bull moose on a bender; one glimpse of those curvy Californian girls and his shades start steaming up. He confides to his partner, a 'faggy' lyric-writer, that he computes women on a 1-10 scale, and that he rates his chances of ever meeting a '10' as nigh-on impossible.

Would you believe, he does. It's lissome libertine Bo Derek, and Dud's supposedly cathartic comic/serious fling with this hunk of pulchritude comes across as both unconvincing and quite appallingly limp.

Looking incredibly foolish, he skates over surface layers of intrigue, mawkish sentiment and tireless titillation, plus the inevitable tinkling of ivories. There's even an attempt to scrutinise West Coast hedonism through the eyes of the arch-English moralist (starchy old Julie Andrews), but it's almost more painful just to hear her spieling on about Sexual Emancipation (can you *imagine* it?) using expressions like "strange vibrations" and "temporary malfunction of the bio-rhythms". At one point, incidentally, she sings. Very nasty.

Clearly this film's going down a storm in the States due precisely to its sheer *Englishness*. They're loving the way trad British inhibitions get pitted against typically amoral beach-boy bacchanalia.

It's just opened in England. Take stock of your self-respect. Think of 'Edelweiss'. Stay home and barricade the doors.

Mark Ellen

Hot Stuff

Directed by Dom DeLuise
Starring Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette and Jerry Reed

Steel

Directed by Steve Carver
Starring Lee Majors and Jennifer O'Neill
(Columbia)

FORGET the double bill label. *Steel* is strictly second-rate.

If anything, it's a short-sighted waste of an untapped thriller/suspense gambit — high-rise construction — whose ambitions are never realised due to a patchy script and insufficient time and money to get the full effect from its main dramatic devices, such as the few thickheads who plummet 60 stories and make a hell of a mess on the pavement.

Built around a cowboy construction team (led by the bionic Lee Majors), who seem to enjoy dicing with death by "hanging iron", it makes lamentably weak reference to union frauds and 'wildcat' strikes and packs precious few punches for those who couldn't care less if it's macho to wear a crash-hat and crack cans of lager all day, and who get vertigo wearing stack-heeled boots.

Hot Stuff: Dom De Luise isn't sure quite what to show his dog.

Hot Stuff is what you pay for, Dom DeLuise's debut as a director after playing the endearingly oafish Latin fatman in various of Mel Brooks' comedies (*Blazing Saddles* and *Silent Movie* being the best known).

Wisely avoiding anything of the width of a Brooks' masterplan, he centres the film around what's little more than an elaborate sit-com. It's loosely based on a supposedly true story filched from the U.S. police files — the real cops involved, incidentally, were asking a cool quarter million bucks for the details — wherein a troop of totally useless Miami cops (including Suzanne Pleshette as a self-assured bungler, Jerry Reed as an urban rancher, and Dom DeLuise as himself) take over an undercover swap-shop, reckoning that buying stolen goods direct is as good a means as any of boosting their meagre rate of convictions.

They waste little potential for slinging together all manner of weird, wonderful and completely cookie characters, some of whom are so horrendous they're the reason for birth control.

Hot Stuff looks like Dom DeLuise clearing the decks of all the gags he can reel off without so much as straining himself while still making you bust a gut. Next time maybe he'll attempt something larger and more coherent.

Till then, this one's well worth a visit. Expect little and you'll get a lot in return.

Mark Ellen

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SINGLES

The Beats' Ranking Roger: hands off me daughter.

Pic: David Corio

DB1·2·3 : dB's Da Beat D Bowie

Bowie: Weill we are waiting

Chris Stamey: Manhattan says hi

Pic: Myra Holder

■ *Single Of The Week*

THE dBs: Black And White (Shake Import). Chris Stamey's dBs (short for decibels) pull another cracker out of their ample bag. It's almost a year since 'I Thought You Wanted To Know,' and that's a good ten months too long. 'Black And White' brings more than enough verve and intelligence to bear on its allotted three minutes — creating a furious, condensed motion in the space between Stamey's guitar and Peter Holsapple's vocal. The A-side is pop that doesn't treat the genre as something facile. The B-side ('Soul Kiss') takes off its jacket, gets raucous, and forgets its limitations.

One side is pop. The other is adult pop. This is the sort of thing that could make people want to grow up to form a group.

DAVID BOWIE: Alabama Song (RCA). Further strangeness from the elusive butterfly of rock (schlock?). Bowie's such a frail creature that if someone did finally pin him down he might just turn to dust. He gives those armchair analysts and front-row romantics a good symbol for the restless spirit of the age: seemingly always one jump ahead, more often than not simply leaping in the dark.

After 'John, I'm Only Dancing', this version of the Brecht/Weill 'Alabama Song' (performed on the 1978 tours and probably recorded about the same time) coupled with 'Space Oddity' (from the video shown on Kenny Everett's New Year Farce) represents another pause, another curio from the archive. It also makes for an unlikely single — given how easily he could make hay in the present chart climate — but no doubt radio will lean heavily on the nostalgic prop of 'Space Oddity'.

Yet 'Alabama Song' is by far the most personal record Bowie's released in a long while. As you might expect of someone who's always claimed to be closer to theatre than rock (which demands some kind of identifiable, individual commitment from its performers — hance, perhaps, along with the lack of a Ronson or an Eno to set the stage, his current impasse), Bowie sounds like he's enjoying himself immensely.

Swapping masks on cue with his voice, he builds on the brooding menace of the lyrics, lounging in the pre-war Berlin ambience like some latterday Christopher Isherwood. Isherwood was amongst the first to translate Brecht into English, and served as the inspiration for *Cabaret*. Maybe that's where Bowie's future lies . . .

LOVE OF LIFE ORCHESTRA: Extended Nineties (List/Unlist). Love Of Life Orchestra are New York bohemians Peter Gordon (keyboards and horns) and David Van Tieghem (drums and syndrum, augmented for a 12" instrumental EP by Arto Lindsay of DNA, Ernie Brooks of the early Modern Lovers, David Byrne of Talking Heads, and others. The purpose of the exercise is to be weird and commercial and kitsch without either collapsing under your own weight or getting carried away by the lack of gravity. The result is disco with a five per cent tilt. Cunning stuff. Makes a good conversation piece.

BLONDIE: Atomic (Chrysalis). An inevitable hit pick from 'Eat To The Beat', a whisper away from the Eurodisco of 'Heart Of Glass'. Debbie gets closer to Donna Summer here than she would hitherto ever have dared, singing of how *"tonight . . . your hair is beautiful"* and other such translucent plastic rubbish. Her tongue may quite possibly be in her cheek, but not so you'd notice. And anyway, fire-edged satire was never a big factor over at the Woolworth's record counter.

On the flipside of the 12" version there's a live recording of 'Heroes' with Robert Fripp on guitar. Taken from the recent Hammersmith Odeon shows, it does nothing to refute Blondie's reputation as a band who can't cut it where it counts.

KLEENEX: U (Rough Trade). Couldn't pretend for a moment to understand what's being said here. Not even sure if it's on Rough Trade. The U of the title has an umlaut over it — if that means anything to anybody. Such a thin, taut, compact, driving noise as this, however, does not deserve to be lightly skimmed over — even if it does wilfully place obstacle between itself and the listener. A sort of modern primitivist version of what The Modern Lovers must've been like before they stopped taking drugs.

THE BEAT: Hands Off . . . She's Mine (Go-Feet). *Go-Feet?* presumably implying some sort of dance idiom, this is Arista Records' specially-formed label brand for The Beat, signed in the heat of the great ska scramble. Although 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine' fails to meet practically all of the obvious stylistic requirements, it's not a bad record for that. Closer to calypso than anything else, it basks in an ideal lightweight lollypop summerfun sound, some three or four months short of the ideal release date. Everything except the sax solo, which is a pearl.

THE INMATES: Love Got Me (Radar).

DR FEELGOOD: Hong Kong Money (UA)

British rhythm'n'booze, straight from the shoulder. Call me a snob, but I still prefer this grease from the original skillet. Fourth generation re-creationists The Inmates take an old Arthur Conley number and dress it down without the guts they applied to 'The Walk' and 'Dirty Water'. Third generation die-hards Dr Feelgood opt for their own composition — though some might argue — and dress it down like a group of second-hand car dealers. Impossible not to miss the rust coming through the paint on this one.

I like good, solid, unpretentious fun almost as much as the next man, but I can't help wondering if this kind of thing isn't scheduled to be the rock'n'roll equivalent of trad jazz: the comfort of bald, beer-bellied old men, played in dowdy pubs at the weekends of their — and the music's — twilight.

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: You Ain't Nothin' But Fine (Chrysalis). The cooler, purist approach of the Thunderbirds labours under the same cloud, although the Thunderbirds — coming from a place where this kind of music was born and is still alive and kicking — sound natural and unselfconscious in a way that The Inmates, walking in the shadow of the early Stones, can't. It's much easier to smile at the Thunderbirds, and at this, the best cajun single since Johnnie Allen's 'Promised Land' (not that there can have been many). Also notable for having two songs on the A-side and only one on the flip.

THE LAMBRETTAS: Poison Ivy (2-stroke). More re-creation. Not all that different from the last three specimens, except in terms of age and clothing. This bright, brittle, bland version of a Coasters song from the sometime razor-sharp pens of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller comes and goes quicker than a number 19 bus. The 2-Tone parody sleeve and the silly noises and honky horns that protrude from the grooves now and again invoke The Barron Knights. I think it's a joke. I hope it's a joke.

TALKING HEADS: I Zimbra (Sire). The second single from the *NME* bullpen's '79 album of the year. 'I Zimbra' is the opening cut: a piece of nonsense, an exercise in textural music, perhaps both. But removed from context and place across seven inches it's definitely nearer the former. Had they not printed the meaningless lyric on their album sleeve no doubt some egg would have landed on the face of the odd rockcrit striving to interpret the latest twist in the Byrne psyche.

This is destined to be a good backdrop for DJ's to read out birthday greetings, or it may even end up as the theme music for a BBC third world travelogue. Wait a minute . . . what was that he just said? . . . Zimbabwe?

THE TILLER BOYS: Big Noise From The Jungle (New Hormones). The third ever release from the label that first gave Buzzcocks a platform from which to bare their neuroses with 'Spiral Scratch', way back in the dim, distant time before rock'n'roll had fully re-invented itself in its former image. The Tiller Boys have, apparently, overcome the insecurities we read about in the *Beg* a few months ago and came up with an instrumental EP. Noise is right. Loud, teeth-grinding convoluted noise played by bass, drums and two guitars that sounds an awful lot like Buzzcocks' 'Late For The Train' specifically and Pete Shelley's whining guitar riffs generally. An almost Beefheartian execution, in a way, but lacking that all-important structural precision.

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE: Whatever Happened To The West? (Virgin). Nothing dates quicker than the immediate past, and there's nothing like hearing a 1978 Clashsong just when you'd forgotten what The Clash sounded like in 1978 to make you feel old before your time. Another Pretty Face sounded innocuous and precocious on 'All The Boys Love Carrie' — as groups are wont to sound on records with titles like that — and I don't have to spell out who they resemble here. In between the two singles they've signed to Virgin — who else? — and developed the confidence to make lively, ironic comments on the modern malaise that evaporate under scrutiny but sound quite good if you're in the kitchen making a cup of tea or feeding the crocodiles or thinking about your dandruff. "Why change the world when you can watch television?" they ask, energetically and earnestly. Don't kid yourselves. Why change the world when you can buy this record?

THE DISTRACTIONS: It Doesn't Bother Me (Island). I could swear this record first came out a few months before Christmas without a picture sleeve, and I know the song originally appeared on The Distractions' brilliantly-titled 'You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That' EP. Those words had to strike a chord with everyone, even if the chords to the song reverberated with but a few. The Distractions' idea of pop is too homely and quaint to be true to word, i.e. to be popular. The Undertones are also homely and quaint *and* they're popular, but The Distractions aren't such big fans of The Ramones.

THE CARS: It's All I Can Do (Elektra). For you sake, Ric, let's hope it isn't. Ric Ocasek put Suicide on prime time US TV, so he can't be that bad. But this limp ballad does nothing to ensure the future viability of the Beantown bop band who can be blamed fair

■ *Continues over page*

Radio from Ambivalence & Spark Plugs cover

WHY CHANGE THE WORLD WHEN YOU CAN WATCH TELEVISION?

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

GOODBYE 1970's / WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WEST?

new single out now

Virgin

VS320

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

and square for paving the way in America for The Knack, and thus leading droves of dim-witted rockbiz execs to the conclusion that if it's wearing a skinny tie, it must be 'vibrant' and 'vital' and 'new wave' and they better sign it up quick in case they miss out on the *next* big thing . . .

SHOES: Too Late (Elektra). The Shoes don't wear skinny ties. It's a wonder they got signed up at all. And if it wasn't for the like of The Cars and The knack they probably wouldn't have, despite being the best of the whole American Anglo-pop bunch. Although their first major-label album, from which this is culled, is relatively inferior to earlier front-room efforts, The Shoes remain the best-realised exponents of the motorised mid-Atlantic beat. This combination of English energy and American harmony has fuelled more than a few bands in its time — from The Who to The Byrds to Dwight Twilley — but whether it isn't just a bit too arcane at this juncture only the oracle could say.

THE TOURISTS: So Good To Be Back Home Again (Logo). The Tourists have less shame than a colony of nudists. They contrive so hard to be a pop group, strive so desperately for a hit sound. But they're not dumb enough that you could like them for it, nor clever enough to be admired. They are, essentially, mediocre. There's a lot of mediocrity about these days, but The Tourists still stand out like the winners of some nationwide TV talent search. Fans of light entertainment will be queueing up for this tired rehash of bits of old Beach Boys, Ohio Express and Peter, Paul And Mary records.

THE DICKIES: Fan Mail (A&M). The West Coast never quite recovered from getting its first live taste of British punk rock music from The Damned. This is bondage stupidity at its peak: 32-track bondage stupidity, on red vinyl, with a poster sleeve. And who can knock it? You've got to get something for your money when you buy a Dickies record.

ACE AND THE EIGHTS: Explosion (Fit Import). An independent record from San Francisco that boasts the return of the amazing Rockette Morton (on bass, guitar solos and production). Would that it could boast of more. But it's hard to contest the fact that this pleasant piece of four-square slide-guitar raunch is merely, er, pleasant. The more you play it the less you remember it.

THE TEARJERKERS: Murder Mystery (Back Door). The sound of boredom bleating over a bouncy beat. John Peel played their first single (it sez here). He would.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: White Noise EP (Fuck Off). Amidst the abstract sonic garbage of the title can be heard The Sell Outs, The 012 and Danny and the Dressmakers. It costs 60p, there's nine minutes per side, it's totally unlistenable and it's on Fuck Off records.

MARK KJELDSEN: Are You Ready? (Back Door). Produced by Robin Scott, and featuring The Sinceros before they became The Sinceros but were still every bit as zesty, unpretentious, fun-filled and dull. So slender and insipid is this that it might as well have been a flexi-disc.

IAN NORTH: Hollywood Babylon (Aura). Ian North has led an obscure and chequered career trying to provide a more substantial alternative to Sparks. Not an easy thing to do at the best of times. Naturally, this is a disco record; inevitably, it's cynical. And predictably, it's about a girl, who's in Tinseltown waiting on tables while she waits for a break. She seems to be in the same predicament as this single: going nowhere, fast.

THE HITMEN: She's All Mine (Urgent). This lot have probably got it in them to live up to their name somewhere along the line. They're spry, sassy, sale-able, and the singer sounds like Costello. What more could you want? (Answer: plenty).

SAD AMONG STRANGERS: Sparks Fly Upward (Brave Tales). The name gives it away: another adventure in abstract English whimsy, with a lineage that meanders from Kevin Ayers to Swell Maps. It's never done much for me, but it seems unlikely to pass away. If Gabriel-era Genesis and XTC both appeal to you then by all means seek out this manifestation. Better still, see a doctor.

IMMUNE SYSTEM: Ambivalence And Spark Plugs (Immune System). An almost perfect little jamboree of all the punk cliches that us elite cosmopolitan savants grew tired of at least, oh, two years ago. There's a fellow on the cover with one hell of a great haircut though. Haircuts count for a lot. Ask Johnny Rotten.

THE

DICKIES

FAN MAIL

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REAL GONE CATS

A concise history of Rockabilly, the rhythm that was too hot for the '50s to hold.

By Robot A. Hull & Joe Satisfy

"I don't know anything about music. In my line I don't have to. — Elvis Presley, 1955."

FOR thirty years, country music gave birth to a series of musical crossbreeds through an on-again, off-again, illicit relationship with black blues and jazz. In 1954, Elvis Presley delivered the strangest and meanest mutt of them all — rockabilly.

Like a grubby mongrel tormented by fleas, the reckless genre of rockabilly attracted hordes of hillbillies. Countless grits let their sideburns blossom and their libidos roam, surrendering themselves to the intoxication of absolute chaos — hiccups, stutters, gasps, shudders, and ultimately, quivers down the backbone of lust.

To the poor Southern white, rockabilly meant emotional license. Freed from the strait jacket of Southern charm school (where manners, Mom, and modesty were the curricula), the rockabilly found a new home in a mental ward called Temporary Psychosis, Hillbilly-Style. For three years, 1955-57, that ward was packed.

In July, 1954, Elvis Presley, Scotty Moore, and Bill Black went into Sam Phillips' Sun Records in Memphis, Tennessee, to cut the first rockabilly record. Moore and Black were the guitarist and bass player for a local hillbilly band, the Starlite Wranglers; by day, Elvis was driving a truck, trying to sing like Dean Martin, and waiting.

In the studio, after Black recovered from the shock of Presley's sideburns and pink shirt, the trio began to experiment. The first results — metamorphoses of Bill Monroe's 'Blue Moon of Kentucky' and Arthur Crudup's 'That's All Right' — defined the rockabilly moment. In the wake of that single and Presley's *four* other Sun recordings, almost every other rockabilly was destined to try to relive that elusive, seemingly unreachable, moment.

Some simply chased the musical style itself: a teetering balance of uptempo country and blues impulses that often collapsed into mere hillbilly music, either becoming awkward and stiff through an uncomfortable beat, or degenerating into a raucous parody of Presley's stuttering dementia. Others embraced Presley's hep-cat image, the country boy now one *gone* daddy thanks to an overdose of pink and purple threads, curled lips, blue suedes and black leather, and most importantly, a general horny posture. The gaunt and physically tortured Gene Vincent was an even tougher, and purer, crystallization of the image than Elvis.

More typical of the rockabilly circus was Sonny Burgess, who came from Arkansas, recorded at Sun, and, not unlike Johnny Cash's man-in-black, became the man-in-red. Consider Georgia's half-breed Jackie Lee Cochran ("Jack the Cat"), attired in skin-tight black pants, who would take the stage only after a laminate of a giant black cat with red flashing eyes was rolled out. Still, one could play rockabilly to a perfection, like Malcolm Yelvington or Don Woody, without actually being a rockabilly. Conversely, there were wild men, like Ray Harris or Billy Barrix, who wore the image like skin but never really captured the sound and substance.

Rockabilly was recorded best, and most often, by Sam Phillips at Sun Recording Studio. Following Elvis' regional success, Phillips stopped recording bluesmen and concentrated on rockabilly music. Phillips' creation of the "Sun Sound" was marked by essentially three elements: 1) liberal use of tape echo on vocals, 2) an amplified bass drum and slapping bass fiddle, and 3) a spontaneous, unrehearsed atmosphere. The results like many of Phillips' early blues recordings, were stark and primitive, creating a sense of heightened musical reality, or "audio *verite*." Sonny Burgess' 'We Wanna Boogie,' so drunk and loose not even Krazy Glue could keep it together, is perhaps the best example of Phillips' feel for the impromptu.

Above: Sweet Gene Vincent circa 1956
Below: Gene & The Bluecaps in session.

The most provocative evidence of Sam Phillips' ability to capture the native genius of his hillbilly artists lies in Carl Perkins' 'Put Your Cat Clothes On,' in which scat-like guitar and slurred vocals skim along on top of the rhythm. The band tries to follow Perkins while he unleashes spluttering solos full of harsh, ringing treble notes. Though never issued by Sun, the record was released in England in the mid-'70s. A few years ago, when Perkins toured England, he was bewildered that audiences requested the song. Later, he admitted that he did not even remember composing or recording the song. Today, Perkins can only conclude that he recorded the song in a drunken stupor, making it up on the spot!

Undoubtedly, along with the Fabulous Pretzel, Perkins was rockabilly's greatest artist. But there were many other demi-gods, of course, who ambled into Sun Studios. Some, like Charlie Feathers and Warren Smith, made the transition from country music; others, like Billy Lee Riley and Sonny Burgess, were rooted in R&B. Even a homely, pop-oriented nerd like Roy Orbison made the pilgrimage to Sun all the way from Wink, Texas.

Essentially, every ingredient of the rockabilly genre can be discerned within the rich catalogue of Sun, its authority unsoiled and without reproach. Rockabilly's foundation was a compulsive, infectious rhythm, featuring a slapping string bass, chopped acoustic guitar, and offbeat drumming, heavy on the rimshots. The loose rhythm constantly shifted in dogged pursuit of the vocals, which were uncontrolled, filled with menace and inner tension, and unbelievably, trying to desperately follow the rhythm. Interrupting this futile game of musical tag usually was a frenetic guitar solo, blues-derived and insanely erratic. Somewhere between sexual hysteria and the primal scream, rockabilly was authentic, uncalculated music, dedicated to the zeal of liberation and shit-kicking good times.

Perhaps the one identifiable characteristic most popularly associated with the "Sun Sound" was Phillips' use of echo, which hiccuping hysteria into an eerie, remote spirituality. Carl Perkins has claimed that Phillips was enchanted with the phantom echoes of Hank Williams' 'Kaw-liga,' and certainly most Sun recordings reverberate with God-forsaken voices, absorbed in echoic exchange as if to escape the constriction of time and enter the eternity of myth. Rockabilly, then, can really be perceived as an echo of Sun, as the powerful, but faint, response to Elvis' initial awe-inspiring cry.

THE first echoes of the Sun rockabilly recordings were heard in the small, independent studios which dotted the South and, like Sun, were accustomed to hillbilly, blues, or both. Meteor in Memphis, Trumpet in Jackson, Excello in Nashville, Goldband in Louisiana, TNT in Texas, and many others produced good rockabilly, but the limited distribution of these companies restricted them, at best, to a regional hit. The raw nature of these Southern recordings probably sounded as strange and exotic to the nation's ears as the names of the artists themselves: Alvis Wayne, Al Ferrier and His Boppin' Billies, Onie Wheeler, Delbert Trolinder, Herschel Almond, Gar Bacon, and Groovey Joe Poovey. (Let's not forget Artie Duff.)

The larger independents, of course, were more successful. King in Cincinnati produced classic sides by Mac Curtis and one of rockabilly's few originals, Charlie Feathers, whose unique phrasing, high-pitched hiccups and mumbling baby talk were much emulated in Memphis. Imperial, a West Coast R & B label, had Shreveport's Bob Luman, who contributed to rock history both great rockabilly performances and an incredible rockabilly band (James Kirkland, Butch White, and the legendary James Burton). A rich kid named Ricky Nelson brought this band to L.A. so that he could sound like his idol, Carl Perkins. In Texas, Starday recorded Sonny Fisher and the Rocking Boys, a loose blues-based band whose brand of rockabilly was

■ *Continues over page*

The Bop that just wont stop

Billy Lee Riley

Carl Perkins

Warren Smith

Elvis Presley

Mac Curtis

◀ *From previous page*

tough enough to make Paul Anka pee his pants.

In early '56, Carl Perkins' 'Blue Suede Shoes' had topped the pop, country, and R&B charts, and the larger national record companies were already rumbling into the rockabilly fray. The majors pursued either of two strategies: pushing an established country performer into the chasm of hiccups or searching for a young handsome hunk willing to worship at Presley's altar. Decca convinced 30-year-old Webb Pierce into attempting the 'Teenage Boogie,' while at Columbia younger country performers, such as Johnny Horton and Marty Robbins, moved effortlessly into the new style. MGM, though, probably went too far when they propped up 66-year-old Carson Robison, a geezer who began his country career in 1906, to choke 'n' chug his way through 'Rockin' and Rollin' With Granmew.' Robison croaked shortly thereafter.

Capitol was the most successful with the "Find-an-Elvis" strategy, scoring with Gene Vincent. In fact, Vincent's 'Be-Bop-A-Lula' applied the Sun echo to Gene's vocals with such accuracy that Elvis' mom mistakenly called her son to congratulate El on his new hit.

Decca captured the strangled savagery of Johnny Carroll, whose band, the Hot Rocks, blistered with the searing guitar work of Grady Martin. MGM recorded Andy Starr, a Texas wildcat who walked on the wild side. Starr's 'Round and Round' exemplified the shift rockabilly made in the mid-'50s from a country-based sound to an increasingly degenerate form of rock 'n' roll. The beat assumed a thunderous quality, the guitar solos jumped out of nowhere and ran like headless chickens, and Starr's singing became a raunchy apocalypse of bogus hysteria.

In rockabilly's pantheon, none was more legendary than Memphis' Johnny Burnette and the Rock 'n' Roll Trio. Compared to Presley's Sun recordings, the Trio's style of rockabilly was especially wild, extracting Elvis' country overtones while transforming the resignation of the blues into total rage. While backing Howlin' Wolf in Memphis, the Trio's guitarist, Paul Burlison, learned to play mean. Burlison *discovered* fuzztone when he accidentally loosened a tube in his amp. Yet, Johnny Burnette's vocals, brimming with ominous passion, separate the Trio's classics — 'Tear It Up,' 'Train Kept A-Rollin',' and 'Lonesome Train' — from the countless cover versions still endlessly appearing.

Despite Burnette's success in the North-east, his failure to generate a national hit was symbolic of rockabilly's inherent unsavoriness to America's palate. Excluding the neo-rockabilly hits of Buddy Holly and Gene Vincent, rockabilly rarely charted: Carl Perkins' 'Blue Suede Shoes' (‡4) and 'Boppin' the Blues' (‡70), Roy Orbison's 'Ooby Dooby' (‡59), and Ronnie Self's 'Bop-A-Lena' (‡67), owing as much to Little Richard as Elvis. If the success of 'Blue Suede Shoes' suggested that, at least momentarily, rockabilly was the perfect fusion of R&B, hillbilly, and pop, the truth is that the genre proved too black for hillbillies, too hillbilly for blacks, and too poor white *and* black for the pop audience. By 1958, rockabilly was as tired and as useless as a hound dog after a coon hunt.

In pop music, the then-emerging quarantine on raw, ethnic impulses restricted the rockabilly epidemic to the South. If Elvis touched off the explosion, his move to RCA and development of a full rock 'n' roll sound was the handwriting on the wall. Rockabilly in '58 had become just an ugly zit on pop's blemish-free facade of ballads, novelties, and transparent teen idols.

THE rockabilly legacy is an historical paradox. Logically, the music was an organic step in the evolution of uptempo hillbilly styles — Hank Williams' honky-tonk, the country boogie of the Delmore Brothers and Arthur Smith, and Bill Monroe's bluegrass. The invigoration of these styles by the R&B sound pervasive in the South was as natural as the earlier use of blues by Jimmie Rodgers, Bob Wills, and Hank Williams. From its earliest incarnation as a primitive, acoustic hillbilly form, rockabilly developed into a harder, electric rock form until its demise, both commercially and stylistically, was complete.

Rockabilly's "folk" context and adoption of black music was obvious even to the MC of the *Louisiana Hayride* who interviewed Elvis on a broadcast in December, 1954.

MC: I'd like to know how you derived that style, how you came about that rhythm and blues style, that's all it is.

Elvis: Well, to be honest, sir, I don't know. We just stumbled upon it.

MC: Well, you're mighty lucky.

Elvis: Thank you, sir.

MC: They've been looking for something new in the folk music field for some time, and I think you've got it.

On the other hand, rockabilly demanded the most inexplicable leap of faith in pop history, simply because the emotional extreme and hysterical edge of the music were spiritually antithetical to the realism and fatalism inherent in the country style. However closely one scrutinizes the stylistic progression of hillbilly, Elvis' Sun records are primordial and revolutionary acts.

Central to the rockabilly revolution was the simple psychological process of becoming "gone," "real gone," or "one gone cat." "Gone" basically meant losing one's self (as well as the limitation of one's past) in the emotional catharsis of the moment . . . and all the possibilities that moment promised for the future.

Certainly this psychological state explains the transformation of Jerry Lott, a Southern country singer, into the Phantom. Mysteriously masked like a rockabilly Lone Ranger, the Phantom, encouraged by Pat Boone, summoned forth a primal scream for the Dot label, a bizarre one-shot entitled 'Love Me.' Beginning with a shriek wrenched from the bottomless pit o' hillbilly passion, the song combines a lustful entreaty with musical cacophony, elevating the salacious chaos of sexual desire above all musical virtue.

Rockabilly's lyrics made the spiritual removal from its hillbilly roots even more evident; they eschewed country's "real-life" sobriety in favour of a fantasy world of endless rockin' and countless boppin' high school babes. If those topics were too conceptual, most rockabillies were not above sinking to total nonsense with regressive gibberish like 'Bip Bop Boom,' 'Bop-A-Dee-Bop-A-Doo,' 'Bop-A-Loop,' 'Bop Bop A Doo Bop,' or the more concise 'Didi Didi.' Most of the songs celebrated losing one's self to the music ('Lone Gone Daddy,' 'I Go Into Orbit'), rocking and partying ('Let's Go Boppin' Tonight,' 'Rhythm and Booze'), and especially women. If women were mostly praised ('Red Hot,' 'Rock Boppin' Baby,' or 'Wild, Wild Women'), rockabillies could occasionally be brutally descriptive ('Snaggle-Tooth Ann,' 'Tongue-Tied Jill,' or 'Screamin' Mimi Jeanie').

In short, rockabilly couldn't afford to let the real world drag down its redemptive spirit. So it mostly bipped, bopped, and boomed about itself.

IF ROCKABILLY had expired by '58 with faint impact on American pop, it echoed across the Atlantic with enough resonance to jar British pop into a rock 'n' roll convulsion. The rockabilly message — that white boys could rock with vengeance on their own terms — was hand-delivered by the appearances of Gene Vincent, Buddy Holly, and Eddie Cochran in England. By '61, during the Beatles' Hamburg sojourns, the Fab Four had adopted the black leather, boots, and pompadour hairdo intact, and they were especially gone on Carl Perkins' material. Indeed, the Teddy Boy culture had emerged. One can imagine the starship Enterprise landing in its midst while Mr Spock carefully explains to Capt. Kirk: "It's quite fascinating, Captain. This planet seems to have adopted the habits and conventions of the American Southern culture of approximately the mid-1950s."

The Beat Age produced hundreds of rock bands, and it seemed every one had usurped rockabilly's standard line-up: two guitars, bass, and drums. Even the Yardbirds, a band essentially rooted in the blues, made a pilgrimage in '66 to the Sam Phillips' Recording Studio in Memphis to attempt *their* stab at the Johnny Burnette Trio's frenzied reworking of "Train Kept A Rollin'." However, only Creedence Clearwater Revival ever succeeded in molding the sound of Sun rockabilly to the formula of AM radio.

In the '70s, rockabilly primarily became the province of European collectors whose mania for the music was fixed by an idyllic vision of an authentic and funky South populated by hepcats endlessly cruising in pink Cadillacs. Memphis was mecca, Presley its god, and the hundreds of other hillbillies its rockin' saints. In fact, so obsessed with the Sun mythology were the foreign collectors that a Dutch entrepreneur once offered to buy the defunct Sun Studio. His plan was to restore it, brick-by-brick, in downtown Amsterdam!

In '76, the fervour of the British fans forced Hank Mizell's 'Jungle Rock', a 'billy novelty released in '59 by King, into the English charts as a freak hit. When 51-year-old Mizell was informed about his unexpected fame, 'Jungle Rock' was played for him, but he couldn't recollect ever recording it. After all, it had only been 17 years.

In addition to the continuing reissue of original rockabilly, England has produced a slew of its own Limey-billy bands — Matchbox, Whirlwind, and the Teds' fave, Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers. Internationally, both the contemporary rockabilly synthesis of Dave Edmunds and the basso profundo of Robert Gordon have brought attention to the genre. The rockabilly revival has also benefited from the punk upsurge. Both styles

Reprint courtesy 'Cream' magazine

Johnny Burnette

Ray Campi

have proved too raw, uncompromising, and unrelentingly rhythmic for their times.

In America, Ronnie Weiser's Rolling Rock label spearheaded the revival by recording original rockabillies like Ray Campi, Charlie Feathers, and Mac Curtis, and, at the same time, discovering a host of young rockers aspiring to hillbilly fever. As with any long-gone style, the trick is to avoid mere nostalgic mimicry. N.Y.C.'s Cramps have invented an outrageous psychobilly by filtering the original sound through the cultural debris of the 60s (surf, sci-fi and monster flicks, psych-and-garage punk). In Washington D.C., Billy Hancock and the Tennessee Rockets have proven that the Sun style can be revitalized without modernist revisions.

Alas, no matter how intense the current rockabilly revival may become, the Saturnian age of Memphis rockabilly is as irretrievable as a vanished echo. In the early '50s, a man named Ray Butts handmade four amplifiers with the echo built in. Chet Atkins got one, as did Scotty Moore, Roy Orbison, and Carl Perkins. As Carl glumly recalls, "I was a fool and sold that amplifier in 1963. The first Sun record I used it on was 'Lend Me Your Comb.' That was a great amplifier. Some little kid and his daddy pulled up in front of my door one day in a new Cadillac. They were from Arkansas. His daddy said to me, 'Just how much do you want for it?' I hadn't used it for a while so I said I'll take $1,000. He gave me a cheque. I wish I hadn't sold it. That amp did something those echoplexes can't do. It was a sound of its own. It was the Sun sound in person."

No one story, song, or singer can ever encapsulate the rockabilly mythology. But perhaps Jimmy Lloyd came close when he shouted in '58: "I got a rocket in my pocket and the fuse is lit!" Not only was that a sexual metaphor, but also one for the music itself. The rocket went off, but the fuse is still lit.

★ Selected Discography ★

Elvis Presley: The Sun Collection *(RCA NL-42767)*
Gene Vincent & The Blue Caps: Bluejean Bop! *(Capitol 2C 064-82.077 — French import)*
Johnny Burnette: And The Rock 'N' Roll Trio *(MCA CDLM-8054)*
Johnny Burnette: The Rock 'N' Roll Trio *(Solid Smoke 8001 — import)*
Ray Campi: Rockabilly *(Rollin' Rock LP-001)*
Don't Step On My Blue Suede Shoes *(Charly CR-30119)*
The Best Of Sun Rockabilly Vol. 1 *(Charly CR-30123)*
The Best Of Sun Rockabilly Vol. 2 *(Charly CR-30124)*
The Roots Of Rock. Vol. 6. 'Rebel Rockabilly. 1' *(Charly CR-30105)*
The Roots Of Rock. Vol. 9. 'Rebel Rockabilly. 2' *(Charly CR-30116)*
The Roots Of Rock. Vol. 8 *(Charly CR-30115)*
Sun Sound Special. 'Raunchy Rockabilly' *(Charly CR-30147)*
The Original Carl Perkins *(Charly CR-30110)*
Charlie Feathers — Rockabilly's Main Man *(Charly CR-30161)*
Legendary Sun Performers Series Carl Mann *(Charly CR-30136)*
Billy Lee Riley *(Charly CR-30131)*
Warren Smith *(Charly CR-30132)*
Sonny Burgess *(Charly CR-30138)*
Rare Rockabilly Vol. 1 *(MCA MCFM-2697)*
Rare Rockabilly Vol. 2 *(MCA MCFM-2788)*
Rare Rockabilly Vol. 3 *(MCA MCFM-2833)*
Rare Rockabilly Vol. 4 *(MCA MCF-3035)*
Chess Rockabillies *(Phonogram 9124-213)*
Rockabilly Party *(Ace 10-CH-17 10")*
Hillbilly Rock *(DJM 22069)*
Rockabilly Kings *(Polydor 2310.293)*
Capitol Rockabilly Originals *(Capitol CAPS-1009)*
Imperial Rockabillies *(LIA-30101)*
Cotton Pickin' Rock *(ABC 5247)*
Rockabilly Classics Vol. 1 *(CBS 82401)*
Rockabilly Classics Vol. 2 *(CBS 82883)*
King-Federal Rockabillys *(King 5016) (Midland Record Co. import)*
Starday-Dixie Rockabilly Vol. 1 *(Starday QD-5017X) (Midland Record Co. import)*
Starday-Dixie Rockabilly Vol. 2 *(Starday QD-50131X) (Midland Record Co. import)*
MGM Rockabilly Collection *(MGM 2315.394)*
Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll *(Chiswick CH.1)*
Mac Curtis: Rockin' Mother *(Radar Rad-22)*
Mac Curtis: Rock Me *(Rollin' Rock LP-016)*
Ray Campi & His Rockabilly Rebels: Wildcat Shakeout *(Radar Rad-9)*
Ray Campi & His Rockabilly Rebels: Born To Rock *(Rollin' Rock LP-011)*
Whirlwind: Blowing Up A Storm *(Chiswick WIK-7)*
Matchbox: Settin' The Woods On Fire *(Chiswick WIK-16)*
Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers: The Best Of/Red Hot 'N' Rockabilly *(Charly CR-30174)*
The Best Of British Rockabillies *(Charly CRM-2082)*

The man who rolled the world.

SAM PHILLIPS, founder of Sun Records, spills secrets over the hot line to ROY CARR.

IF Elvis Presley was the King Of Rock'n'Roll, then Sam C. Phillips was most definitely the original power behind the throne, a visionary fired with the ambition of discovering a white singer with a black soul and making a million.

Phillips achieved the first part of his masterplan, but fell short of his projected jackpot.

Born in Alabama 55-years ago, Phillips dropped out of school at 17 to become a disc jockey.

In 1950, Phillips inaugurated the Memphis Recording Service. Apart from charging four dollars a time for aspiring amateurs to transfer their talents directly onto both sides of a 10-inch acetate, Phillips also produced black artists and leased the masters to such major companies as the Chicago-based Chess label and Modern Records in L.A.

"The negroes," Phillips once claimed, "had no place to record in the South. They had to go up to Chicago or New York to get on record and even the most successful of the local entertainers had a tough time doing that. So I set up my studio just to make records of some of these great negro artists."

Amongst these were Johnny Ace, Bobby Bland, Howlin' Wolf, Rufus Thomas, Little Milton, Earl Hooker, Roscoe Gordon, Little Junior Parker and B B King.

Nobody needs a blow-by-blow account of how, in 1953, a 19-year-old $42 a week truck driver with the Crown Electric Company called Elvis Presley stopped by the Memphis Recording Service one Saturday afternoon, handed over his four bucks and, to the accompaniment of his own beat-up guitar, cut The Inkspots' 'My Happiness' and Bob Lamb's 'That's When Your Heartaches Begin'.

There was a certain quality in the young trucker's voice that caught the attention of Marion Keisker who, apart from running the four dollar direct-cut disc operation, doubled as Phillips' assistant. Flashing on Phillips pipe-dream of discovering a young white singer with a black feel she promptly recorded the end of 'My Happiness' and the whole of 'That's When Your Heartaches Begin', onto a length of discarded tape, took Presley's address and jotted down a memo: "Elvis Presley. Good ballad singer. Hold."

It was an event which, a year later, lead to Presley cutting the first of five commercial singles for Sun.

Sam Phillips in the '50s.

THOUGH Elvis Presley's short professional association with Sam Phillips (July 1954 — November 1955), is by far the most intriguing stage in the late singer's entire publicity-saturated career, it is still shrouded in mystique.

Just how Phillips achieved what is universally revered as 'The Sun Sound', why he chose guitarist Scotty Moore and bassist Bill Black (two members of The Starlight Wranglers) to back Elvis, and how they all changed the direction of popular music within the confines of Sun's 30ft by 18ft studio are topics he's seldom discussed freely in public up until now.

"Scotty," Phillips fondly recollects of the guitarist, "never tried to be a leader as such, his great strength was that he was very adaptable and this was precisely the kind of guitarist that Elvis needed.

"When I first audit-oned Elvis, I saw that he ran the gamut from blues and gospel right through to country and straight pop. Now, with someone as diverse as that, you can't use a musician who is reticent and will only stick to one particular style."

If, in Elvis, Phillips realised the potential of a white singer with a black soul, then he also knew precisely what accompaniment was required. It was aggressively rhythmic but at the same time, drumless; a modification of the popular Big Band Sound of the '40s as purveyed by Court Basie, Glenn Miller and Jimmy & Tommy Dorsey.

"During the Big Band era," Phillips explains, "outside of say Buddy Rich, you hardly ever heard the drums as an individual instrument . . . what you usually heard was the rhythm patterns of the instrumentation and how good strong riffs were derived from the careful arrangement of either individual instruments or sections of a band.

"That's what I based my sound on," he reveals. "Sure, it would have been quite easy to fall into using steel guitars, fiddle and all the other instruments they used in country music, but then Elvis would have sounded just like another country artist.

"I was always of the opinion, still am, that over-instrumentation took away the natural purity. I felt that music and musicianship is big enough in itself to make the required impact without resorting to studio gimmicks, big overtones and too much volume.

"People like Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins," he says of four of his most celebrated proteges, "were all natural performers. And, it was this special quality that I wanted to retain; there's nothing more pure in this world than what a person instinctively feels.

"Whoever it was I was recording," he continues, "I only wanted them to pay attention to the song . . . what the words meant and the hook line rather than get distracted by a whole bunch of fancy musicianship going on behind.

"Once you've got that it's easier to work on the interpretation."

The secret, according to Sam The Man, "is to get them to feel at ease in the studio, at the same time get them psyched up just a little about what they're going to do, because what can happen is that they get into the material and nothing else."

But was it as easy as that to convey his ideas to the musicians and have them faithfully interpreted?

"Sure, once they all got to know me and understood the simplistic approach I was after.

"See, I was most definite about having the musicians play together awhile before we actually thought about recording so that they'd get to know each other personally and build up a rapport. By doing this, they'd be more at home together in the studio when it was time to go for the big kill. Kinda like, walking into a room and seeing your family instead of a bunch of strangers.

"So, before we actually went for a take, these things were carefully thought out and rehearsed.

"Sure," admits Phillips, "nothing ever comes off exactly the way you want it, but I was most definite in that I wanted my artists, be it Elvis or Jerry Lee or whoever, to feel at home with themselves — a vocalist to be able to stand up on his own instead of being shoved out front".

"Basically," says the creator of the most influential of all rock production styles, "I went for a definite live feel in the studio. In comparison with today's standards, we were certainly working with limited technical resources, but I always made a point of milking each instrument correctly."

With regard to Elvis, Phillips reveals, "When it came to Elvis' tenor voice, I discovered that it had a certain cancellation characteristic about it. He possessed the power, but at the same time a very soft feel to it and I had to record him in such a way as it wouldn't get too mixed up with the instrumental overtones.

"I didn't depend on too much echo, though I had my own special little slapback for fixing up the cake, so to speak!"

Allegedly, a 7½ips tape-loop delay, whilst the added echo on Scotty Moore's guitar stemmed from a custom-built amplifier crafted by Ray Butts who also supplied Chet Atkins, Carl Perkins and Roy Orbison with identical hardware.

"I never wanted to use a crutch," insists Phillips, "if I did, it was unintentional. I was trying to capture that feel in the studio that Elvis, Scotty and Bill got on stage. Like, if one note will suffice, then don't slip in another four or five and try to over-compensate because you're trying to cover up for something else that didn't quite happen."

"As far as Elvis was concerned, on something like, 'I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine', he'd quit playing rhythm, flip his guitar over and commence beating out the tempo on the back. Bill Black would just follow what Scotty was doing and would slap away at his bass that bit harder than he'd done behind Elvis' vocal."

In a two guitar and acoustic bass line-up, there's absolutely no room for passengers and so Bill Black quickly developed a full-bodied percussive approach, which made it difficult to tell whether or not drums were present on these recordings.

Actually, Phillips only ever recorded three tracks with Elvis using a drummer and, contrary to legend, D. J. Fontana *never* played on any of Elvis' Sun sessions. That distinction belongs to someone by the name of Johnny Bonnero.

"I only used him," claims Phillips when speaking of Bonnero, "when I did a little experimenting with the rim-shot snare drum sound. I had a certain feel going between Bill's bass, Scotty's lead guitar and Elvis'

▶ Continues page 50

MONDO ROCKABILLY '80s

NICK KENT does the stroll through the British rockabilly scene, from the roots upwards.

"*No more Elvis, Beatles and Rolling Stones in 1977,*" prophesied The Clash in 1976 when the first seeds of punk had sprouted from the McLaren/Rhodes mafia, had been cross-bred with certain subterranean rock out-growths over the big pond in downtown Manhattan, and were blossoming like poison ivy via media zoom-ins of the Bill Grundy variety.

Messrs Strummer and Jones were right on target on two counts, although absence only made the heart grow fonder, what with all manner of grave robbing tactics going on to keep The King — gone but not forgotten — alive at least in spirit, whilst every few months a few extra million dollars are added to the financial carrot enticing The Fab Four to reform just once so as to induce a mass nostalgia orgasm.

More pertinent, the days of '76/'77 — punk's halcyon days — seem strangely alien, almost comically quaint what with the safety pins, the boisterous amphetamine-boosted bravado and puerile sense of political awareness on one hand and nihilism on the other.

Nowadays, many claim that punk itself is dead — as redundant as yesterday's papers — which is a stupid over-reaction of course, although the movement's vision has become somewhat blurred, its spirit no longer tied by a natural unity of style and rhetoric but scattered as its protagonists and followers look elsewhere for a sense of identity and purpose.

As the new decade arrives to be dealt with, things entwined within the 'youth culture' (thank you George Melly) that once found a single definition under the 'punk' umbrella now seem strangely disparate. For example, many camp followers suckled on Bowie and early Roxy Music at highly impressionable ages have now joined the all-too-earnest electronic cold musik school of facile cool, as personified by Gary Numan's banal cloning clean-up campaign.

Meanwhile, 1979 saw an incredibly potent spiritual reawakening of the 'scooter boy as mod' ethic, at first only a minor league splinter group who followed The Jam in their club days, but suddenly spreading like bush fire when *Quadrophenia* came out last year. An irresponsible film, its half hearted moral essence was only too easy to ignore when impressionable teenagers were getting swept up in the re-enacted scenes of Brighton pier Mods vs Teds skirmishes, with the former's sense of newly found independence arrogance and superficially omnipotent camaraderie appealing only too readily to the 'herd' mentality so prevalent amongst post-adolescents beginning to face the harsh realities of life's mundane demands.

Mod hit back with a vengeance last year, replete with positive attractions like the 2-Tone bands, although one wonders just who, beyond The Specials, will pass the test of time and trends spurned as brusquely as they're taken up.

One of the true ironies of the Mod revival however must be the fact that Pete Townshend, long considered the very embodiment of '60s 'Mod', the creator of 'Quadrophenia' and this current trend's omni-voted 'Godfather' should choose to take to the stage in order to jam with a young-blood outfit that was, in certain key respects, the very antithesis of 'nouveau mod' — The Clash.

Harrow's answer to the Johnny Burnette Trio visits the boy's room. L to r: Tim Polecat, Ricochet Ray, Johnny Hotrod.

Lend us yer comb.

Give us a hand.

Show us a leg.

Although always a self-defined 'punk' band — indeed since The Sex Pistols' break-up — *the* punk band with Paul Weller's Jam a close second, The Clash's visuals over the last 18 months or so have transformed into an impressively precise if updated revamp of a Sun rockabilly artiste. Hair slicked back, side-burns sliced sharp, the band is currently prone to wearing sharply tailored suits reminiscent of Johnny Cash's 'Man In Black' look, replete with low brimmed fedoras, US bike boots straight out of *The Wild One*, wrap-around shades and plenty of ethnically emblazoned leather. Not only do the band look like ethnic rockers, Joe Strummer — inclined towards rockabilly since his days fronting The 101'ers — is one of the form's current top-line practitioners; his hoarse, ragged bark of a voice making (for me, anyway) the band's rendition of Vince Taylor's epic 'Brand New Cadillac' one of the two or three real highpoints on 'London Calling'. The next single — probably a number entitled 'Bank Robber', recently written and currently being performed live — is also straight down the line rockabilly.

To consummate the irony further, in 1977 both Strummer and Jones were apparently in a state of some agitation due to a number of Teds having discovered the latter's address and planning a show-down with the guitarist. Three years later The Clash's version of 'Brand New Cadillac' is being played at Teds' dance nights, whilst the younger breed of rockers — the Rockabilly Rebels and the Hepcats — openly regard the group with respect.

THE Royalty is an old-style ballroom situated in Southgate, one of the anonymous suburbs on the outskirts of North London. A stone's throw from the local tube stop, every Thursday the building acts as the official numero uno hotspot for the surprisingly diverse cross-section of those to whom rockabilly and early rock and roll is a music to be both worshipped and danced to with a fervour that makes most other displays of physical reaction to music, rhythm and melody pretty tame.

At close to eight the queue has started, with the odd two or three more mature Teds lurking morosely in line next to crowds of teenagers, hair always crafted into a droopy lump of grease under which lurk mostly coarse, sullen features, made all the more so by the brash colour of a regulation drape jacket and high buttoned shirt tied at the neck by a boot lace tie. The old school of teddy boy looks appear doubly arcane next to the buoyant sharp-tongued irreverence of the Rockabilly Rebels — with their regulation donkey jackets emblazoned with a miniature confederate flag sewn on the back, checkered shirts, blue jeans, and crepe-soled sneakers — and the Hepcats, who are into a sharper style of dress, often apeing clothes worn by early Sun rockers. Leather jackets are hardly in evidence, although the girls tend to wear them, along with pencil skirts and stilettos.

Having checked our bearings, we being myself and Dutch photographer Anton Corbijn, I approach a particularly brash group of miscellaneous rebels and hepcats and, explaining the reasons for my presence here, ask them if they'd fancy posing for some snaps outside the ballroom's illuminated foyer. The very idea of being immortalised in some journal causes an immediate howl of approval and the six or so characters lurch only too readily to the spotlight to oblige.

After much pushing and shoving, tattoo showing and grotesque face-pulling, the session is finished, and I ask them for some sort of verbal ID, expecting individual names for a caption. The eldest looking one, whom the others claim

to be the big noise of the bunch, simply states — demonstratively if not belligerently: "Yeah, you just put *The* North London Rockabilly Rebels OK!" The others grunt or nod approvingly as if the photo plus caption will prove once and for all just whose precinct this desolate little suburb and its other neighbouring whistlestops belongs to. As they return to the queue, the first of innumerable small groups suddenly appear to collar Anton for some snaps. Some are bashful, some are forceful: all of them have their combs out and make attempts to get the full extent of their quiff in the shot.

Only the old Teds hold back, disinterested, or maybe sullenly reproaching their decendents for the 'childish' displays of arrogance that they were once so enthralled in themselves.

"THE problem you'll find trying to reach some bloke who actually *does* know what's going on with rockabilly and early rock is that virtually all the old-timers reckon they were the 'King of the Teds', or that they knew the bloke who started the Rockabilly Rebel movement off.

"It's full of that," remarks Mick Lewis, guitarist with Whirlwind, the band currently being touted as most likely to take over from the older Matchbox who're currently enjoying deserved commercial success after years of slaving away in the clubs. A fairly thorough concensus tends to echo two or three names however: older guys constantly involved in the rockabilly movement whose views aren't blighted by the prejudices so prevalent amongst ageing purists.

Mike Gordon of Holloway's Vintage Record Store is one such nominee and proves suitably erudite and unbiased regarding the current rockabilly craze, its origins and consequently the origin of the Rockabilly Rebel and Hepcat teenage splinter groups.

"What basically started this move towards rockabilly amongst teenagers was the availability of singles released on the Rolling Rock label, a small American independent set-up owned and started three years ago by a guy named Ronnie Weiser. Weiser had an 8-track studio and his two main artists were Ray Campi and Mac Curtis whose recordings — though I personally feel that they're over-rated — nonetheless had this sound that came from using a 'slap bass'. That's a double bass that the player slaps the strings in order to get the basic rhythm feel.

"In the process the type of rockabilly made was more suited to the 'bop' — that's dancing alone, using the springheel affect of creepers — than to jiving, which involves two people; the old girl and boy routine. Suddenly these Ray Campi and Mac Curtis records became incredibly in demand on import amongst the kids to the point where 'jive' records just went by the board completely.

"Prior to that, four or five years ago, the old rockstyle was kept going but it was a very different thing. Crazy Cavan was going then attempting to be authentic but although he had his audience, teenagers weren't that interested. Back then it was very much a nostalgia thing. Getting the authentic sound or else forget it. There were other bands too, like The Shades, The Wild Angels and The Riot Rockers. Plus the guys now in Matchbox were working then too. I mean Graham Fenton, for what he does (Fenton is Matchbox's vocalist) is incredibly talented, and he's been struggling on the rock and roll circuit for . . . well at least since 1967.

"But then that bunch virtually fizzled out and then with 'Rolling Rock' suddenly a new young market appeared. It wasn't just old time collectors but young kids who went on to become the Rockabilly Rebels and the Hepcats and who were after that certain sound, that slap-bass effect they call the 'bop beat'.

"Since then 'Rolling Rock' has become less vital although Ray Campi's 'Tore Up' was a huge seller recently, so it's far from dead. It's more a case of those young guys forming their own bands, like Whirlwind — and there's The Polecats whose average age is 16, and the Rockin' Shades from Cornwall.

"Influential outlets? Certainly The Wild Wax Show (the best known rocker portable disco) who are absolutely vital. I mean, they play a number and if the kids latch on we're totally swept away with requests for it in the shop. There's an example in that Wild Wax played Tommy Steele — of all people — a number of his called 'Elevator Rock', it was a B-side to 'Rock With The Caveman'. The A side got nil response but the B side kids went crazy for because of its 'bop' rhythm. Same with a Billy Fury B-side 'I'm Gonna Type A Letter'.

"Radio is very important as well tho right now Radio City, the pirate station is the most popular by far. Roger Scott on Capital — who I like — most Teds think he's blown out. Stuart Coleman appeals to the young Teds."

Gordon, as well as providing a decent perspective regarding the origins of rockabilly's claim to prominence amongst the young, is also one of the few over-30s rock collectors involved in the almost labyrinthine bouts of in-fighting that occur on that particular circuit.

An interview with Matchbox, although not abetted by the group's unavoidable lateness, thus making the dialogue little more than a fairly amiable chat, was, if nothing else, an exercise in a bunch of hard-skinned rocker die-hards trying to retain their resentment at those outfits younger than them.

WHEN formed, Matchbox were considered a supergroup of sorts from out of the rock and roll circuit, and the years spent earning their proverbial wings has perhaps left them somewhat irked by what they probably consider to be young upstarts. After brusque discussions on rockabilly and the odd anecdote about old rockers they've worked with (Bo Diddley, Carl Perkins), the main matters discussed — beyond a highly concerned denial of accusations made by certain amongst their peer group that signing to Magnet Records, home of Darts, is tantamount to sell out — discussed were basic slatings of the likes of Whirlwind.

"They lost out trying to play rockabilly to punks," was the basic denunciation, whilst the band's belief that rockabilly is going to be the next big thing is hardly backed up when one surveys the sullen faces of each member. Success has come with two top ten hits in 'Rockabilly Rebel' and 'Buzz Buzz A Diddle It', and yet if rockabilly is soon to become a force to be reckoned with, Fenton and Matchbox's success will most likely act as a precursor to it all in the same way that Bill Haley did for Elvis Presley. Not that the band are as basically inept as Haley — Matchbox are a worthy band but are crippled by being reactionaries playing a form of music that *has* to break free from its limitations and prejudices to cause the breakthrough so many are predicting.

Whirlwind could well be the force if only because of singer Nigel Dixon who has just the kind of youthful good looks and outspokeness that make him the perfect visual/image wise spearhead.

When they first performed Whirlwind wore their naive absence of experience and chutzpah in a fashion that was as infuriating as it was mildly endearing. Dixon two years on has just that blend of worldliness and mild arrogance that stays clear of obnoxiousness. Where Matchbox grumble and snipe at his band, Dixon completely trashes Matchbox, pulling all the punches.

He also proves himself to be a complete natural — visually the type of figure someone like Billy Idol so desperately wants to be but is too self-conscious ever to become — while his style is very much his own, not that of some Presley or Vincent clone. Seated alongside guitarist Michael Lewis, the pair make an intriguing contrast, the former's candour and obvious star potential dove-tailed alongside Lewis' simple but sturdy considerations.

Two years ago, Whirlwind released their first album, an unambitious if promising debut with an out and out rockabilly slant that wasn't as sharp and well conceived a work in a modern fashion as was needed to capture that market where rockabilly's 'bop' rhythm could latch onto the dancing habits of a widespread public.

In the subsequent 24 months preceding 'Midnight Blue' their second stab at success in 33⅓, the band found themselves actively cheesed off by the reactionary tendencies of the bread and butter Ted circuit.

"They're so fuckin' thick, so many of 'em," Dixon states, as agreeably outspoken as usual. "I mean the cases you meet in the suburbs! The number of blokes up north who comes up to you and say "'Ere my dad, he were king of t'Teds. Just ask my mate. 'Ere Fred, you tell 'im.' So Fred comes over and says 'Ay, 'is dad was King of Teds'. Guys like that should be in a white van . . . And then there's the others (impersonates Northern accent again) "Ere, I tell ya, I wear me drape to building site. I just tell 'em to fuck off.'"

And so after miserable periods playing in the sticks to simpleton Teds, or, a slight improvement, playing to rainstorms of spit at punk gigs, Whirlwind have wised up. Rockabilly — the ethnic form they worked up sometime back, is making way for what Lewis views as "more straight rock 'n' roll".

To the guitarist's straightforward sense of logic, adaptability is the key word. "It's all showbusiness after all, isn't it?" he mutters in his typical style of slightly weedy, you've-got-to-be-realistic manner. "Like I really admire Cliff Richard. Look how long he's been going. You can't knock that kind of success."

Dixon stays mute and expressionless throughout the guitarist's showbusiness contention. He only comes alive when doing impersonations of certain older English rock-artistes who base their act on copying the likes of Presley and Gene Vincent, a practice he finds despicable. Concerning the rockabilly origins of Whirlwind he prefers — like Lewis — to consider what the band do now as being straightforward rock 'n' roll.

The results, to be displayed imminently on the 'Midnight Blue' album, more than bear out Adrian Thrills' contention when making the band's last 45 *NME* Single Of The Week as a perfect album in the Dave Edmunds tradition. Song credits range from Eddie Cochran, Johnny Burnette and Ray Campi to the band itself, producers Billy Holliday and Tommy Doherty and even Mick Ferren, and the sound, if not as gorgeously textured as Edmunds' pristine productions, has a clear, crystalline sting and irrepressible freshness to its clout that puts it very close to the Rockpile packing order of making classic rock sound contemporary and vital.

Dixon meanwhile asks me if I've seen the *Elvis movie where Presley's part is played by an actor, and Shelley Winters plays his mother. When I answer in the negative, he describes in minute detail one scene involving Presley in leather and shades watching TV just as an announcement of his Las Vegas shows are announced. "And at that* point," Dixon states, savouring the vision, "he pulls out a gun and blows the screen to pieces!"

One can imagine Dixon himself shooting out TV screens soon enough.

INSIDE the Royalty, I've scarcely dumped my coat and hat in the cloakroom when an extraordinarily fresh-faced youngster approaches me. His face has a sensitive clean quality, unlike the predominantly coarse swarthy pallors evident almost everywhere else, that would make him the perfect 'good - boy - who - falls - in - with - a - fast - crowd' character in some dire *Expresso Bongo* type film. His name is Tim, he is 16, goes to art school and he plays acoustic guitar in The Polecats.

He has heard that I'm doing a piece on the Rebels and the Hepcats and for the next two hours with few respites he and his friends will tell me about the real rockabilly scene the kids are getting together.

The Polecats, in fact, are the best-known of this new breed, having actually released a single 'Rockabilly Guy' backed with 'Chicken Shack'. They are — I'm duly convinced by the majority of Rockabilly Rebels present — the best. The Rebels, see, don't rate Matchbox — "Gnarled old tossers" or Whirlwind — "spend all their time in the bleedin' studio". Tim (the other Polecats are Boz, 16, on lead guitar who goes to music college, while Phil, the most vital member due to his being on double bass, is studying for A levels. He is, after all,

Continues page 38

Whirlwind's Michael Lewis and Steve Dixon.

Matchbox's Fred Poke and Graham Fenton.

Two of the young dudes . . .

. . . a whole bunch more besides.

Pictures by Anton Corbijn

(ADVERTISEMENT)

TURN IT UP

A RECORD TO STAND YOU ON YOUR FEET

From page 35

MONDO ROCKABILLY '80s

17) introduces me to the two original Rebels — Johnny Hot Rod and Ricochet Ray — who both come from Harrow.

This is very important because Harrow is the true birthplace of Rockabilly Rebeldom, due to the fact that the town houses the 'Bob Stop' a record to which owner Chester Dowling used to import Ray Campi and Mac Curtis Rolling Rock singles before anyone else had heard of Ronnie Weiser.

"Yeah, forget them other wankers (i.e. Matchbox, Whirlwind)," states 'Johnny Hotrod', a snake-eyed youth with an overgrown 'Mac Curtis' — a stock R'n'R haircut involving shaved hair around the ears and back, no sideburns and only a 'flat top' — like a landing strip for aeroplanes — donkey jacket and other accoutrements. "The three real Rebel bands are: No. 1 Polecats, — uh yeah No 2 has to be The Rhythm Cats, and third is Rebound, OK?"

The other important factor here is the sense of communal spirit around these bands, remarks Tim. The Polecats record their stuff on a 4 track tape recorder located in a makeshift studio of sorts that was once a garden shed. (The equipment belongs to one Alan Warner, once a member of The Foundations who lets them use it for free). And it's assumed that their services plus loan of the albeit primitive recording equipment is also open to 'mates'.

"Like," the loquacious Mr 'Hotrod' continues, "me and Ricochet Ray" (who is very short and unbelievably stocky, rather like a bullock with a forcefield of acne) "are gonna record a couple of songs with a couple of The Polecats and maybe one of two of Rebound. I'm doing this song called "Got To Be Hep" while Ray's gonna do Gene Vincent's 'Baby Blue'. It'll be billed as Johnny Hotrod and The Crawdads (slight pause) featuring Ricochet Ray."

When I address the stocky Raymond as to whether Gene Vincent is as popular as rumour has it, the Rebel's No 1 favourite rocker, he simply pulls one checked sleeve up to denote a lavish tattoo of Vincent from head to toe emblazoned from elbow to veins of the hand. Johnny Hotrod, without prompting, pulls his sleeve up and points to his tattoo — again on his arm — bearing the statement "No 1 — Gene Vincent" "No 2 — Johnny Burnette" and so on through Elvis, Mac Curtis, and "Early Buddy Holly".

Feeling perhaps as if he needed to demonstrate further bodily embellishments, Ricochet Ray undoes the top two buttons of his shirt (checked, of course) to reveal a hideous twisted face in mute agony.

"This is Oriental," he mutters pointing at the tattoo covering virtually his complete upper torso. "Apparently this woman crossed some monks so in revenge, like, they dropped this huge bell on her 'ead. That's what she looked like when they lifted it off 'er!" he remarks, chuckling not unlike a Harrow facsimile of Michael J Pollard in *Bonnie & Clyde*.

Johnny Hotrod, not to be outdone, simply pulls down his lower lip to reveal a "Fuck Off" tattoo on the inside of his mouth. Ricochet Ray does likewise. It's stalemate. "'Ere, there's a girl I know who's got this huge tattoo on 'e' bum. Let's go in the ladies and I'll show you."

Half the Wild Wax Show looks on. Hammmond as the other half enlightens reporter Kent's nose, extreme left.

I politely decline the offer, choosing instead to discuss the ethics of Rockabilly Rebeldom. The clothes, for example, come from various places, although in order to attain true R.R. kudos it would be only fitting to purchase your Rebel donkey jacket 'complete with sewn on confederate flag' ("Well, all the good 'bop' come down from the South, didn't it?" from one Jack Geech. Not to mention the creepers, braces, checked shirt, etc. Oh, and where does this Mr Geech peddle these outfits? "In Harrow (pronounced "Arrow") of course!" Say no more.

As for The Hepcats, well, according to Tim of the Polecats and Roy of the Wild Wax Show, there *were* differences — "but now you can hardly tell. They're basically Elvis fanatics."

The Rebels go for wider tastes, however, working from Gene Vincent (very much the guv'nor) through to such one-shots as Jack "Let's Bop" Earles, Benny "Spin The Bottle" Joy and Sammy "Some Like It Hot" Masters. The Polecats do all those numbers — even stretching old blues standards like "Easy Rider" and "Travellin' Blues".

Roy of Wild Wax reminisces about further splinter groups such as the "Hillbillies" who loved Cajun music. "Yeah, they come in wearing straw hats with clay pipes in their mouths and pogo to Clifton Chenier."

And so it goes. I wandered around the Royalty without even thinking about the possible threat of physical violence occurring. Although the crowd that turned up were mostly white and British, the black guys amongst the rebels just mixed in without any hint of tension. And as for drugs, I just got blank-faced stares when I enquired as to whether uppers and the like were used in any capacity, as if the word was completely alien.

The old Teds just shuffle about looking as morose as ever, holding their pint glasses, whilst the dance floor reverberated continually with the motions of three dances — the Bop, The Jive and the Stroll (a sort of more elegant, energetic 'hokey-cokey') alternating or all going on at once. The music was always great whilst the atmosphere was totally bereft of that sense of grotesque self-consciousness and feeling of discomfort that I for one seem to experience most of the time.

In fact, when I left the place, having been told by a number of the kids there that it was great that someone had come down to write about the scene at the Royalty and the new upsurge in rockabilly, I worried that in a very real sense I'd only be helping to bring all the posers and music biz debris down to ultimately kill off the great atmosphere they had going for them. Because places like the Southgate's Royalty, the Bobby Sox in Willesden, the Bandwagon in Kingsway, the George in Hammersmith and all the other clubs are simply places to go where you can banish all the banal, mundane aspects of one's job or very existence, reinvent yourself — be it as Jailhouse Jimmy or Ricochet Ray — and just dance yourself into gorgeous oblivion.

Whilst talking to one of the aforequated leading R.R. teenagers, who in this instance asked to remain anonymous, I mentioned the possible threat of rockabilly just becoming another trend.

"Yeah, I know what you mean because I was a punk before I got into this. I believed in the whole lark — changing the world and that. And than I saw how everything just turned around, all the hypocrisy, the contracts and money.

"The thing you've got to understand is that this is not a trend. Just because you're writing about it this week won't mean it'll be over next month, because these places have always been here and they'll be here and we won't have changed one bit, when the Mods'll all be hippies which'll happen probably next year, seeing how trends change.

"But this is no trend. It's no transitory thing. It's solid. Like rock."

DR FEELGOOD

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JUST FOR a moment, step outside the insane, rapacious rock rush. Move into the void. Close your eyes and think of a group.

This group belongs nowhere. The group's members are young, private and committed to all the positive forces, like change and personal dignity.

The individuals are self-conscious idealists, undogmatic and confident. A group serious about the music, who want, but don't expect, for it to be treated just as seriously. A group who claim that their major influences are people and places, and that their intention is to recreate atmosphere, emotion and opinion with ambiguous validity.

Other music rarely enters into their world, although they are currently developing an interest in innovative popular music from the earlier decades of the 20th century, stylists like Gershwin. The group scorn gimmickry and hype and abhor the restrictive practice of labelling. Their music, they are convinced, is original and stimulating. They justify their satisfaction about the progressive state of their music and the attitudes that complement it, with tolerant, plausible articulacy.

Think of a group.

Yes, that's right.

Japan.

Laugh. Get it out of your system. You've got to admit, they're not normal, are they?

A PECULIAR day: grey and drizzly. A peculiar scene: two members of the reclusive Japan (con)descend to earth for an uneven talk in a publicist's eerie and pale office close to and far away from the familiar central London fairground. The two Japan boys are genuine aliens, not quite present, not quite correct.

David Sylvain, a fragile blond beauty with a brilliant smile, talks with contented self-esteem reminiscent of Marc Bolan. Sylvain, with little to lose, and all he can command to gain, uses words to sedate and seduce. As he talks, eyes soothe, mouth tosses, elegant fingers immaculately emphasise. He's giving us an insight into the mystical qualities of the group he leads.

Maroon haired percussionist Steve Jansen — as beautifully made-up but not as beautiful, whose fingers are fatter and cheeks puffier — listens politely.

"The five of us will sit in a room," Sylvain explains, "and we won't say a thing, and if someone comes into the room they feel very uncomfortable. They will feel uneasy and try to make conversation and it just doesn't work! We're that close; there's just a strong feeling amongst all of us. We can sit for hours, not say a thing, in a room of silence, and know what each other is thinking. It's not something special, everyone can have it! It's just a point of calm. It's a very emotional thing . . ."

Sounds rude to me.

A shocking Jansen laugh breaks in before I can investigate further this Japanology. Jansen is agreeing. "This sounds like a load of crap but it's *true!*"

At this point I let the obvious slip: I could easily make you out to be a bunch of prats.

Sylvain is unmoved. His lips gently spread. "I'd expect it."

JUST for a moment, step inside the exploitive world of pop perversity. Move into the freak circus. If you can, amidst this sickening, pointless abnormality, keep your eyes open and think of a group.

This group belongs here. The group's members are smug, indulgent and long insensitive to the rude details of real life. They paint their faces in masses of make-up, perfect effeminate gestures, boast indifferently about the majesty of their music.

The group deal in repulsive images of degradation and decadence, silly sex and teen disaffection. They steal the noises and ideas of other musics with nasty cunning, live mostly detached lives, care nothing about the purpose of their music.

They're in it for the money. They want to be worshipped. They're big in Japan. They change their music and look to correspond clumsily with the turning trends of pop music, usually missing out but pretending that they have nothing to do with fad and fashion. They're dismal remnants of glam rock, Gen X with too much money and dreadful flamboyance, ready and waiting for the glam revival.

This group is so ridiculous they're impossible to take seriously, it's hard to remember they even exist. They're crass and hopelessly inarticulate.

Think of a group.

That's right.

Japan.

Laugh. Almost everybody else does.

AT THE back of our minds, the Japan of sharply commercial orientated, contrived decadence is the one we all recognise, even prefer; the image can be safely kept down.

Their silly, artificial hair; the emaciated, severely decorated faces . . . Japan were kept in their place as a cruder, less intelligent version of The New York Dolls. How could the music matter? Here was a naively surreal Ariola package, a dumb outrage puppet-cousin of Boney M and Child. But if only McLaren had got there first.

This week Japan have sneaked into the LP charts at 75. It will be hard to keep them in their place much longer.

Sylvain relaxes in a soft armchair. Some vision! The Japan look is more refined than two years ago, mostly because their hair is shorter. They were never as comic-gross as the Dolls, and with the hair smarter there's no resemblance at all now. Just boys with talcum powder hair and expertly applied make-up.

But still they're an unusual sight.

In such a drab society, how do Japan get on when they make occasional contact with average people? The reaction ranges from "sarcasm to bitterness to prejudice to violence". The way they look, it's patiently pointed out, is a symbol of their inner character: "It's a shell of what we are."

But it was the shell that came first; a shell they're very serious about. I ask Sylvain if he feels uncomfortable?

"Oh, yes, definitely. In England more than anywhere else. In England it's very . . . how can I say . . . *more* tense than anywhere else."

Jansen: "We all feel much more comfortable when we are abroad. So we try to spend more time abroad."

Do they stare at you abroad as much as they do in this country?

"Yeah, but for different reasons. In England it's much more violent. You're stared at and there are violent reactions to the way you look. In America you get shouted at because they think they're complimenting you by doing that. In Europe, it's very different; they rarely stare. In Japan they never stare, which is very unusual because you'd think even if you were white they'd stare."

Presumably this acceptance is what you expect?

"That's what would be nice. That's the silly thing. We turn up in Japan and nobody looks at us, and we think oh isn't that nice. What a nice reaction. It's just no reaction."

If you feel uncomfortable, don't you feel it's unnaturally perverse to express yourself so strongly visually?

"I started looking a bit different before I was ever aware of my discomfort. I was quite happy in the world I was living in before I started to wear make-up. But once I started to wear it my whole attitude towards life changed, and the prejudices of others came down on me all at once. And now I couldn't change."

Jansen: "People think this is an image, that we just dress up for photo sessions and interviews. But we'd be dressed like this if we were at home watching telly."

Now that *is* extreme.

"It's just the way we are, the way we project the way we think."

It's a strange way. Most people would project their feelings of distrust and alienation by withdrawing, being scruffy.

Sylvain: "That is conventional. That's a very normal way of projecting. If I went around looking scruffy people would . . . have a general idea of the way I feel. I go around like this and they have no idea. That is basically the reason we chose our name, the reason we look like this. It confuses people. It's not conventional!"

You consider your appearance an uncompromising attitude?

"Yes. The way we look has held us up in lots

Discovering Japan

Ain't they sweet? Steve Jansen (left) and David Sylvain.

Sylvain: "You can't go through life being depressed by peoples' reactions. I know that people are prejudiced against me whether I'm in the band Japan or just walking down the street. People despise me."

Are Japan just a bunch of pretty boy remnants of glamrock Or do they know something that the rest of rock 'n' roll is yet to learn? Paul Morley investigates. Pix Jill Furmanovsky

of different ways. It's caused lots of people to be biased against us, just because of our appearance. But there's no point in changing because if we did that we would be compromising with the majority. And that is something we're not prepared to do."

Isn't the way you look just a cheap way to shock?

"No." Sylvain shows no sign of irritation. "It's not doing anything. Like I say, it's a shell of what we are. We look like this because it's a shell of what we are and we are a little more open minded than most."

Since Sylvain has implied that their appearance was a result of adolescent rebellion, and that the hostility they encountered gave them purpose and strength, this last statement is rash. But Sylvain *is* open minded.

This carefully cultivated open mindedness cleverly contradicts the weight of prejudice that has snapped Japan out of sane view.

The implication of his sensible, restrained parrying of criticism and cynicism is: What have I done to deserve this? Look how nasty everyone is but how calm and composed I am. My opinion is as valid as anyone else's.

"Ever since we were first launched the bias has gone against us."

Sylvain uses the word 'launch'. I don't have to push for him and Jansen to talk about their relationship with the weak Ariola label.

"It was a mistake the record company made at the start. They deliberately hyped us. Something which also threw a lot of people off so they never took us seriously. That was the label's mistake. They thought they could make us into something we didn't want to be.

"The music wasn't there to be made into a big commercial venture. They thought they could sell us by appearance, and it was all the wrong reasons for us to get a deal, but it was the only deal we could get. Then it took one and a half years to get an LP out, an LP I now find it difficult to listen to. It sounds incomplete."

Jansen: "You've only got to look to the groups that Ariola have. They're just out to have commercial hits and make loads of money. So having been with them for a year and showing them that we weren't interested in making money, they said to us, OK do it your own way.

"It's totally different now. We are allowed total freedom, and the guys at the record company are quite into what we do."

THE Japan on the LPs 'Adolescent Sex' and 'Obscure Alternatives' were as close to heavy metal onslaught as The Cars, and clobbered insensitivity as much as Genesis. A very negative music, absolutely unoutrageous. Sylvain's words were gentle, wretched, incoherent: pseudo-metaphysical attempts at introspection, honesty and compassion that were tedious and pretentiously impenetratable.

It was intensely assembled, carefully detailed, self-consciously dramatic, blandly dynamic music that, combined with the 'theatre' enabled Japan to become one of the most popular British rock groups in Japan. That's not as easy as people say. It wasn't just because of their name. And in Japan, Japan are MASSIVE.

"All the papers get excited over these groups going over to play the clubs, while we're filling the Budokan. It's not registered over here how big we are over there."

Again the implication is that there is a towering bias towards the group. But it's this success in Japan that has sustained their 'open mindedness' and given them an opportunity to live how they want. It's made them all but immune to the contempt of rock critics. Immune but not indifferent.

You are a good subject for the vicious rock writer. The criticism is there in the curt caricatured put down. You're no good.

"It's not valid. We accept that criticism is valid, but if somebody is going to criticise they've got to have some idea of that we are trying to do, and then criticise from that base.

"There are people we know vaguely who are freelance journalists and they come over to see one of our gigs and they've generally enjoyed the show. They've got to sell their articles and they've taken them to the music press and been told that if they want to print an article on Japan, it's got to be nasty.

"I might be naive, but doing that seems to me to be just like making a record for purely commercial reasons, just like being boringly controversial. Those are the reasons we're hated!"

Constructive criticism of Japan could centre on the notion of originality. People who attack you reasonably do so on the grounds of your lack of originality. Totally derivative rock is poisonous. You'd take that as an argument.

"Yes I would."

So Japan are totally underivative?

"As far as . . . um, no, hold on. Nothing is totally original, you accept that in the first place. Um, well, coming from that, it's the attitude behind the music, that must be healthy. That's as close as I could say to being original. And ours is healthy."

There's no doubt in his mind.

JAPAN are not trivial, nauseous deviants. They're as charming and harmless as Gary Numan. They are over-indulgent, lightweight child philosophers, looking for subtlety and dimension in their music.

The closest parallel would be Doctors Of Madness. So if you thought they were ahead of their time, then it could be said so were Japan. Not a lost part of the dead glam pop, but a large pioneering fragment of the days when the cosmetics and artificial extravagence would rise again, with the bitter-fresh bonus of electronics. The days when Bowie and Eno and Ferry would be re-modelled and refined — and re-marketed with safe, quaint up-to-date modern trimmings.

Japan's latest LP gets it into focus. 'Quiet Life' attempts to probe the problematic core of sexual melancholy, of solitude, of nostalgia, of innocence — unconvincingly. It's much more a logical extension of their early music than has been said. And that it sounds like a faded, less inventive and dense, and very safe Simple Minds can be no real shock. It's mellow, frigidly introverted, drastically diluted Roxy music, so perfectly directed at the new Numan etc it can hardly be coincidence.

Except Japan have always been slanted towards pretension and stylistic contrivance rather than bombast and crassness. I mean that in the nicest possible way. And Sylvain has always fancied himself as bruised-heart poet, a pallid pursuer of 'beauty', tangled in misfortune, dangling profoundly midway between life and death. A wordy,

Continues page 67

Pix Anton Corbijn

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ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
Get Happy!! *(F-Beat)*

ON an otherwise typical day late last October, Elvis Costello strolled through the door of London's *Rock On* record shop in Camden Town, the oldies emporium that laid the groundwork for the first of the new breed of independent labels (Chiswick), and played its part in the movement from pub-rock to punk. Ask Joe Strummer. Or ask Elvis.

Elvis had finished work producing The Specials' album and 'Message To You, Rudy' was already in the charts. In a few weeks time he and The Attractions, along with Nick Lowe and engineer Roger Bechirian, would be in Holland making the fourth Elvis Costello album, scheduled to come out a year after 'Armed Forces', but delayed by business matters until now. He had come to *Rock On* to raid their trove of obscure and classic records of the '50s, '60s and '70s.

A few hours later Elvis emerged clutching bags of singles and a handful of albums bearing the '60s blue and red labels of Stax and Atlantic — mostly Sam And Dave records, but generally anything that emanated from the downtown Memphis studio that housed Steve Cropper, Booker T Jones, Al Jackson and Duck Dunn and put the big beat behind Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Eddie Floyd, and more. An even 50 quid's worth of this stuff walked out the door with EC. He presumably already had a lot of Tamla and such-like. And he presumably had the germ of an idea.

This is the result; 'Get Happy!!', Elvis Costello's soul album. 20 tracks, 50 minutes, with the single first, just like a Motown.

Pic: Pennie Smith

ELVIS: THE HAARLEM SHUFFLE

In 1979 Costello had to step down and take a break. He'd made the side-step into a fine art, but last year he finally put a foot wrong. He achieved his first number one single with a sly indictment of the armed farces cleverly disguised as an Abba song, and he jeoperdized his standing in America by getting into a bar-room brawl in the wake of which some quarters of the US media were about ready to lynch the tense, over-worked, over-tired little limey bigot. For a while it seemed that the closing lines of 'Armed Forces' had got it ironically wrong. *"I will not burn,"* he promised. *"I will return."* And so he has.

Of course, there were those of us who got quite a kick out of watching Elvis push and push and push, driven by whatever it is that drives him — money, lust, drugs, revenge, boredom, sheer perversity, a hunger for the brink — to an almost inevitably bitter end. In a terribly vicarious way — like watching a fighter in the ring — I really enjoyed these past few years of watching Elvis burn. It was going to be good. It was going to spare him and me the sad and embarrasing spectacle of an undignified decline. It wasn't going to be like The Who, that's for sure.

But that was then and this is now. Elvis picks up where he left off with a tight-reined musical stomp called 'Sive Gears In Reverse': *"You think I don't know what I'm doing? Another fashionable first? Like walking down that road to ruin."*

To digest the content of 20 songs takes a long time. To digest the songs takes even longer. 'Get Happy!!' isn't an *especially* long album — most of the songs last only two and a half minutes — but they're crammed to the teeth. So let's chew it over (-night, in fact).

Elvis and The Attractions have pared their sound right down to the bone. There are no solos, except for one small flourish of guitar at the end of 'Sive Gears', there are no synthisisers and almost no overdubs. Steve Mason fleshes out the sound on acoustic piano and organ with his usual succinct excellence, and Pete Thomas and Bruce Thomas lock in hard with Elvis rhythm guitar. The model is obviously The MGs — and Nick Loew takes his production cues from that and from the Motor-town hit factory.

While Steve Mason is busy out-doing Bob Andrews' Garth Hudson impersonation and throwing in a side order of Booker T, Bruce Thomas is busy making like Carole Kaye. 'Love For Tender' is almost a tribute to Tamla. 'High Fidelity' goes beyond Motown, and the bass on 'B Movie' is pure Detroit studio '66 off-set by a reggaematic mix-up. There's more: Elvis loosens up his usual twisted, venomous snarl and lets in some Eddie Floyd, some Marvin Gaye, and something more relaxed, varied and confident. True to their source, the vocals are more a part of the mix than its highlight, as in the past. You don't have to pay attention, just play it and it'll be re-paid.

'Get Happy!!' comes at a good time, but in a sense it also comes at the wrong time. It makes deliberate nods to the period that inspired it (the jokey, time-warped sleeve admits to everything before you even play it) but it makes them well over six months too late. That doesn't make it a bad album. No way. The skill and style with which the participants have adapted the sound — and all the familiar elements of Elvis Costello are still around, even two songs in country waltz time — shows the door to all the young contenders for the new soul crown. 'Get Happy!!' gets it *right*. Simple as that. It's a long way from just a re-creation.

I have a friend who thinks Costello has a method. Iggy and Bowie used it to write 'Lust For Life'. You take a song, as a model or jumping-off point, and then gradually strip away the parts, replacing them with your own, until the original song is all but un-recognisable. He imagines it isn't as precise as that, however. For, say, 'Temptation' Elvis had a lyric, and just said to the band play like 'Green Onions' or something ('Temptation' isn't a million miles removed from 'Green Onions'). My friend also hears 'We Can Work It Out' ('Clowntime Is Over') and 'I Saw Her Standing There' ('Beaten To The Punch') as well as echoes of certain Supremes' songs. So maybe soul was simply last year's model. And talking of models . . .

The songs on 'Get Happy!!' were written over a year in which Elvis can't help but have changed somehow considering the way events upset his previous poise. Broadly speaking, the lyrics seem to come from either a period of sleepless nights in the US of A, or from later, more conciliatory times back home.

Elvis still isn't too enamoured of the modern world (and he rails humourously at the harbinger of bleakness and automation on '(I Need, I Need, I Need A) Human Touch' — which is also, appropriately, a fine tribute to The Specials), but he seems more at ease this time with the strain between his curiously old-fashioned morality and modern temptations, if only marginally less bitter at the bind he, and others, find themselves in. Try, for starters, 'Black And White World': *"I was looking at the black and white world/Trying to nail some pin up/Those days she was just a beautiful girl/Now she's plain and hung up/It seemed so exciting if you'd only put me back to back with that girl/With just a little lighting/There'll never be days like that again/Can I resist a bargain?"*

The question seems to have been answered. But Elvis' camera keeps clicking in his head. Here's a sordid, sorry little polaroid from the sexual supermarket, with music downhome from Aretha Franklin and lyrics from one of the prime exponents of the wry country idiom. "Boys *everywhere, fumbling with the catches/I struck it lucky with motel matches/Falling for you without a second look/Falling out of your open pocket-book/Giving you away like motel matches"* ('Motel Matches').

With 20 songs, and no solos to interrupt them, there are a lot of lyrics on this album, and there's a lot being said with a greater sense of direct autobiographical honesty (some of it very graphic) and with less of a feeling of contrivance than on previous albums. Elvis doesn't seem to be under as big an obligation as on 'Armed Forces' to keep coming up with those pithy puns and coy couplets. There's a much better rhythm and expression here: a greater, more enjoyable, liberty. He must have been aware of his tendency to sound, at times, unbearably forced, and 'Get Happy!!' doesn't.

It's a record you didn't expect. It looks like fun and it is. Maybe it's only a temporary lapse, but Elvis has gotten off the treadmill and gotten happy. Get it.

Paul Rambali

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Squeeze start to feel the pinch

SQUEEZE
Argybargy *(A&M)*

SQUEEZE are masters of the quirky, clever-clever pop song — a somewhat dubious honour. For their attention to studio detail, their eye for the instantly commercial arrangement and the cryptic lyric, they make XTC sound like Sham live at the Vortex.

As far as slyly infiltrating the playlist and the chart goes, this meticulous approach has been their trump card. Since making the same switch as The Police to A&M from Faulty Products in 1977, they have hit the singles jackpot thrice. 'Take Me I'm Yours' and 'Cool For Cats' were drab and disposable but 'Up The Junction', though no less mundane in its subject matter, was a minor gem — a record to remember last summer by. The follow-up 'Slap And Tickle', unfortunately, was so indescribably dull that it hardly even dented the dirty thirty.

'Argybargy' is the band's third album: time to put up or shut up. Squeeze seemed to be so acutely aware of this that they severely curtailed and eventually postponed nationwide tours last autumn as the sessions for this album drastically over-ran.

It is obvious from even a cursory listen that a lot of painstaking effort went into 'Argybargy'. But the same craft and sheer graft that serves them in the singles game proves to be their undoing here.

Squeeze are the pioneers of pomp-punk. For all its noble aspirations, it is as overblown and ultimately inconsequential as a triple ELP set. They are simply too elaborate for their own good, obscuring whatever they originally set out to say — both musically and lyrically — by how they choose to say it.

Squeeze also seem uncertain as to what exactly they want from themselves. They flit with little conviction from downbeat, rock soap-operas ('Vicky Verky', 'Separate Beds' and the new single 'Another Nail In My Heart') to mild psychedelia ('Here Comes That Feeling'); from mod ('Farfisa Beat') to moderne ('I Think I'm Go-Go'). The end result is an album on which they stamp no real identity.

The only two exceptions to the general dreariness are 'Pulling Mussels (From The Shell)', a fine pop song, and keyboard man Jools Holland's only composition credit 'Wrong Side Of The Moon', a breezy rocker based around a glorious motown piano riff. Even so, there's nothing remotely as vivid or memorable as 'Up The Junction' here — it's one of those albums that reminds you why you always preferred singles in the first place anyway.

Desperate is hardly the word for it.

Adrian Thrills

Going out the wrong way (from top): Pearl, Rachel Sweet, Squeeze. Pix: Pennie Smith, Philippe Carly, Jill Furmanovsky.

. . . and it's no different for girls

RACHEL SWEET
Protect The Innocent *(Stiff)*

RACHEL SWEET is a more than competent singer, but the problem is how to realise her potential. In the space of two LPs, Sweet has been transformed from guileless jailbait into something approaching brattish ballbreaker. All highly contrived and sexist, but that's the image which, someone has assumed, is probably the most acceptable to those who like their ladies young, leathered and dominant. Seeing that Rachel Sweet doesn't possess the tongue-in-cheekiness of a Suzi Quatro, it all comes across as being a shade bogus.

Fundamentally, Rachel is a cutting from the traditional frog-in-throat Brenda Lee country rock root of 'Sweet Nuthins', but instead of allowing this facet to flower she's being shoe-horned into everything from self-consciously following Jenny Haan's footsteps to flog BASF cassettes or participating in the cheapest kind of fake nostalgia on the dreadful *Oh Boy* travesty.

The only occasion on this album when Rachel Sweet sounds at ease with herself is during the self-penned 'Lovers Lane', but the fact that it's derivative of Springsteen in both structure and presentation only illustrates the album's shortcomings. Elsewhere, the full-bodied resonance of her voice is persistently obstructed with unnecessary multi-tracking and so much static electricity that one almost expects flashes of St Elmo's Fire to come bouncing out of the grooves.

Aside from inferior and cliched production, the album suffers from a patchwork of material ranging from Elvis Presley ('Baby, Let's Play House') and Lou Reed ('New Age') through to The Damned ('New Rose') and the Graham Parker single-from-the-album, 'Fools Gold'. On the surface, there's nothing wrong in that, except that it's all hacked out in an uninspired workmanlike manner.

'Tonight Ricky' finds Sweet even further out of her depth. Intended as a jazzy Rickie Lee Jones whispered come-on, the inept vocal production reduces it to something one would expect coming from a nervy and impatient Eartha Kitt.

Whatever her final destination, it appears that Rachel Sweet has read her map incorrectly and now desperately requires the expert guidance from either a Mickie Most or a Chinn & Chapman to put her back on course. If ever there was an apt album title, this is it.

Roy Carr

PEARL HARBOUR AND THE EXPLOSIONS
Pearl Harbour And The Explosions *(Warner Brothers)*

GIVEN what has gone before — which, repackaged, is what they usually give us — Bugs and his buddies might've been expected by now to realise there's bucks in them there female rockers. Of course they have to look the part: cute, vivacious, not too spiky, a strong image for the market place . . . How's about a lissom little fashion-plate new rhinestone cowgirl? Like it? It's yours.

Maybe this perspective does Pearl E Gates and her Explosions a dis-service. Maybe she's just grateful to get a good record deal, with lots of promotion and finance for records. Maybe this will make her a star. Maybe she thinks she already is. Maybe she's right. She does seem to come from the right mould: the age-old brassy showgirl who knows how to look a camera right in the lens.

Pearl cut a lewd and funny record as part of the Tubes' off-shoot Leila And The Snakes in '78 that bears no relation to this debut album. Basically, it was a lot better. With the Explosions a year and more later she then made a single, 'Drivin', which wasn't bad. The Explosions — Peter Gilt on guitar and the brothers Stench (Stench?) on bass and drums — weighed in behind her with some classy, professional licks that demonstrated the musicianly attention they'd been paying to the sensible, commercial end of American punk — *sorry*, new wave.

This is the fruit of their further labours, slicked up by producer David Kahne in accordance with playlist standards. It's funky, pretty, and vacant. A little like Talking Heads, with the spiky edges smoothed down and everything attenuated to the point of flatness.

To such competent and ordinary sounds Pearl adds competent and ordinary colourings, propounding platitudes galore that advise you to 'Take It Up And Over', or 'Get A Grip On Yourself', or even that 'You've Got It', and you should "release it".

Explosions? This one's a dud.

Paul Rambali

THE TEMPTATIONS
Sing Smokey *(Tamla Motown)*
THE FOUR TOPS
Second Album *(Tamla Motown)*

DOUBTLESS, thoughts of the newly assembled 2 tone/mod army were on someone's mind when the re-release of these two classics was authorised (with more, I suspect, to follow). With vintage Tamla-Motown in general, and Smokey Robinson in particular, being revived, re-enjoyed, done-over and sometimes done-in, it's clearly time to flesh out the hardest-working back catalogue in show business.

There couldn't be a better place to start than 'The Temptations Sing Smokey', a record which typifies the qualities of Motown in the mid-'60s. The corporate impersonality of today's Los Angeles based company and its music is a far cry from the emergent Detroit soul label of those days, with its legendary family atmosphere and equally legendary hit-factory studios in the basement of Hitsville USA, the company's HQ.

The brightest star in the Tamla firmament was Smokey Robinson, who not only wrote and recorded hits of his own with the Miracles, but was given charge of the company's hottest male vocal combo The Temptations, when they were signed in 1963.

The combination of Smokey's swooping, lyrically dazzling, heavily romantic compositions and the Tempts' soulful fresh - out - of - gospel - choir vocals — especially the husky, sensuous lead voice of David Ruffin and immaculate falsetto of Eddie Kendricks — was devastating.

The resultant hits — 'It's Growing', 'My Girl', 'The Way You Do The Things You Do' — are all here, alongside scarcely less memorable versions of songs like 'What's So Good About Goodbye' and 'You Really Got A Hold On Me', which were Miracles hits, and 'You Beat Me To The Punch' which gave US chart status to Mary Wells.

The other truly magical writing and production team at Motown was Holland-Dozier-Holland, who gave hits to anyone given to *them* by bossman Barry Gordy: Marvin Gaye, The Four Tops, the Tempts, The Supremes, the Isleys, The Marvellettes, etc. . . . the list is long, but sweet.

I won't pretend the Tops were ever favourites of mine; vocally Levi Stubbs and the boys were too abrasive and ebullient, while after an initial burst of brilliant sides — 'Baby I Need Your Loving', 'I Can't Help Myself', 'The Same Old Song', 'Something About You', the last three of them on this album — they were fed progressively more commercial and insubstantial material by the corporation.

Still, they were kings of the northern scene here, and plenty of ears will find this set the equal of the Tempts disc, especially since it's firmly stamped with the archetypal TM production line tambourine / handclap / echo snare drum rhythm.

Fans whose appetite has been stimulated by Motown's excellent 'Mod Memories' compilation of '79 are hereby directed to the Temptations disc. Young bands casting round for material are urged to emulate the vocals as much as the rhythms; it's what soul was all about.

Neil Spencer

Vintage Tops — just take a look over ya shoulder . . .

LINDA CLIFFORD
Here's My Love *(RSO Curtom)*
FREDDIE JAMES
Get Up And Boogie *(Warner Bros)*

TRANSFORMED since her last album from loose-permed free spirit to off-the-shoulder satin sheets merchant, Linda Clifford's singing has emphatically survived. Only the opening shot 'King For A Night' summons up the international disco fantasy with lines like *"I hope that we're compatible/To make love to one another"*.

Most of the rest is intelligent, assertive fare. 'Ballin' Out' benefits from a fine wailing vocal and 'Repossessed' is good, spunky stuff propelled by leaping back-up voices and great percussion. Yet it's impossible to pinpoint a Clifford vocal style: though alert to lyrical nuance, when the heat's on there's more than a hint of Le Summer.

Handsome ballads like 'Never Gonna Stop' and 'I Just Wanna' highlight her virtues, the latter graced by deft guitar straight out of the Nile Rodgers phrase book. If I'm not in love with this album, it's perhaps because I prefer music where you can see the joins more.

Compared to Freddie James' album, though, 'Here's My Love' is looser than The Rolling Stones at the El Mocambo Club. Just edging into his second decade on the planet, Freddie combines the voice of Michael Jackson '71 with the music of Michael Jackson '79 — though 'Get Up And Boogie' is far worse than that sounds. The songs go on far too long and the playing lacks character.

I give you the Freddie James interview, 1990: "Child stardom wasn't too rough. In those days — heh heh — you could do an album with four songs — *four songs, man!*"

Harry George

New Genesis solo no revelation

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Mike Rutherford sees the meaning of life in a teddy bear

MIKE RUTHERFORD
Smallcreep's Day *(Charisma)*

A GENESIS solo album, says the removeable sticker adorning the Hipgnosis sleeve — and a Genesis solo concept album at that. Is it of consistent quality, well-produced and boasting musicianship of the highest standard? It certainly is. And will it be a success? It certainly will. All in all, then, a thoroughly worthwhile venture and a credit to its maker, wouldn't you say? In fact, no; it's probably the biggest heap of pretension-riddled piffle I've had to plough through in ages.

Why do otherwise talented and respected musicians have to show such blithe disregard for their own limitations? Why do they insist on inflicting these utterly unnecessary exercises in fake Art upon us; why lavish so much time and money and expertise in erecting grotesquely overblown monuments on the flimsiest of pedestals, churning out endless lengths of insignificant kitsch that leaves you none the wiser and several pounds the poorer? I'm sure it's a secret known only to God, to their own egos and their accountants.

Mike Rutherford, bassist of the aforementioned combo, has based his particular opus on a book by Peter Currell Brown which seems to be about a humble factory operative who, unhappy with his lot, sets off on a spiritual quest around the bits of his factory he's never seen. By the end of side one, Smallcreep has achieved enlightenment and is moved to declare: *"The grass is never greener either side of the wall/. . . For I have come to realise nothing changes at all"*. It's probably just that I'm stupid, but the point of this cosy little parable, as related by Rutherford, escapes me altogether.

Side two sees Rutherford move on to wrestle with the dilemmas of his own existence (presumably having solved the proletariat's problems for them on side one), again in the ersatz poetical language that so appeals to legions of young grammar school lads. And again, the conclusions to be drawn seem to range from the obscure to the nonsensical.

As for the music, it's generally mellow, unemotional and dreamy, with calm vocals by Noel McCalla and melodious keyboard noises from original Genesis man Ant Phillips. Drums and percussion are added, but always with moderation and precision, by Simon Phillips and Morris Pert respectively. Rutherford's own guitar and bass contributions are likewise perfectly executed within the context of their carefully characterless surroundings.

Is this the very opposite of everything that ever made rock'n'roll in the slightest bit vital? It certainly sounds that way.

Paul Du Noyer

HENRY COW
Western Culture
(Broadcast)
ART BEARS
Winter Songs
(Recommended)

ONE of the songs on the first Art Bears album ('Hopes And Fears') ends with the observation *"only when we settle with/ the Past/ can we advance"*, a truth borne out by the release of the second Art Bears album and Henry Cow's swansong.

Cow's 'Western Culture' was recorded in Switzerland in 1978. Besides Tim Hodgkinson, Lindsay Cooper, Chris Cutler and Fred Frith, Anne-Marie Roelofs is added on trombone and violin, with Irene Schweitzer (piano) and Georgie Born (bass) contributing on one track apiece. Side one contains Hodgkinson's compositions, and side two Cooper's; neither is exactly a barrel of laughs . . .

Throughout the album, the same unfortunate adjectives spring to mind — turgid, portentous, bombastic — and there's an air of smugness which suits Henry Cow not one iota.

'The Decay Of Cities', for instance, potters along for a while before tumbling in on itself in a series of climactic collapses and frothy Frithy scribbles, setting the stage for the funereal horns of 'On The Raft'. Given the titles, it's possible to project imaginatively into the music — is this Social(ist) Impressionism? — but it's a fairly bleak picture they paint.

So much for the past. Now, what of the advance?

In one word: staggering. 'Winter Songs' marks as great an advance beyond 'Hopes And Fears' as, say, 'Metal Box' does beyond 'First Edition'. Though superficially as cold and bleak as 'Western Culture' — these are *winter* songs, right — this is an album of countless pleasures and puzzles, positively bursting with energy and invention.

Art Bears are Fred Frith, Chris Cutler and Dagmar Krause, all members of the Henry Cow caucus, though their current work takes more chances and utilises more elements and is far more accessible to a "rock audience".

'Winter Songs' is a collection of musical and lyrical interpretations of a series of stone carvings found in French cathedrals, photos of which are included in an accompanying booklet. Cutler and Frith restrict themselves to short, pointedly philosophical photo-lyrical vignettes — a self-imposed discipline which works well. Each song is a moment of meditation hewn (like the carvings) out of a longer time continuum — a process echoed in the culminatory '3 Wheels', which speaks of *"a wheel which moves and is unmoving; which is both Being and Becoming; which is both Flow, arrested flow, Decay and Growth."*

It might seem, from this, as though these notorious polemicists have crept from under the bed into the silky sheets of comfy mysticism (graveyard of many an erstwhile politico). This is most assuredly *not* the case, as a brief glance at the contentiously revolutionary-activist interpretation of a carving like '3 Figures' shows. There's also 'Gold', a short first-person self-appraisal by a chunk of gold, defined as a function of socio-economic circumstances, if you see what I mean. (Quite a topical little number, as it happens.)

Musically, the album's a dazzling achievement, utilising a vast array of sounds, techniques and moods, from the antique medievalism of 'The Slave' and 'The Hermit', through the shifting sound-collage of 'Man And Boy' and the haunting solemnity of 'Winter/War' and '3 Wheels', to the chaotic urban panic of 'Rats And Monkeys'. Yet it somehow manages to hang together as a unified whole.

'Winter Songs' is on Recommended Records, and it certainly is.

Andy Gill

Art Ensemble: Joseph Jarman, Don Moye. Pic: Jak Kilby.

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
Rees And The Smooth Ones
(Affinity)
STEVE LACY
Moon *(Affinity)*

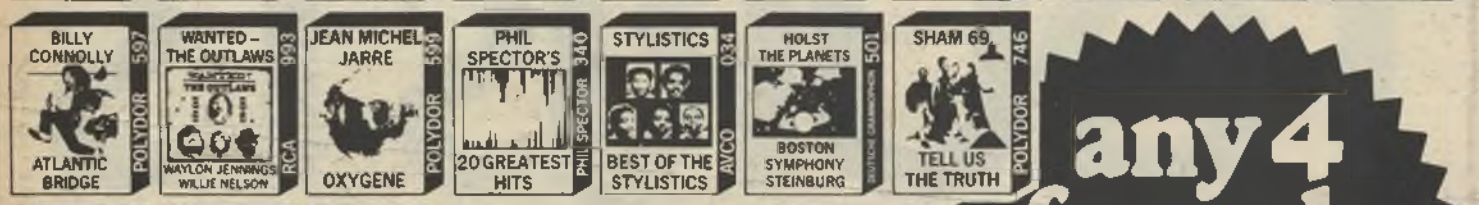
'REES And The Smooth Ones' is one of the first records the Art Ensemble, then a quartet, made when they arrived in Paris in 1969. From the jerkily waltzing horns at the start, through brilliant percussive interplay, to the saxes' muted poignancy at the close, it's a magnificent display of freeform ensemble blowing that highlights the group's best-known qualities — droll parody, incisive investigation of past black musics and a celebratory embrace of change. This is one of their most stunning forays.

Steve Lacy's 'Moon' also dates from 1969; and demonstrates his ample talents as both player and composer. He's joined by a group of European musicians whose unusual blend of instruments — trombone, clarinet, cello, bass and drums alongside Lacy's spiralling soprano sax — lend an extra dimension to the experimental textures he plays with.

'Moon' is the epitome of alert, imaginative jazz, filled with exploratory dialogues, resonant silences and committed solos. Here is wit and ferocity aplenty; and, on 'The Breath', a soft, delightful sensuousness that one all too rarely associates with the avant-garde.

Of Affinity's judicious selection of reissues from the French BYG label, these two albums are among the pick of the crop.

Graham Lock



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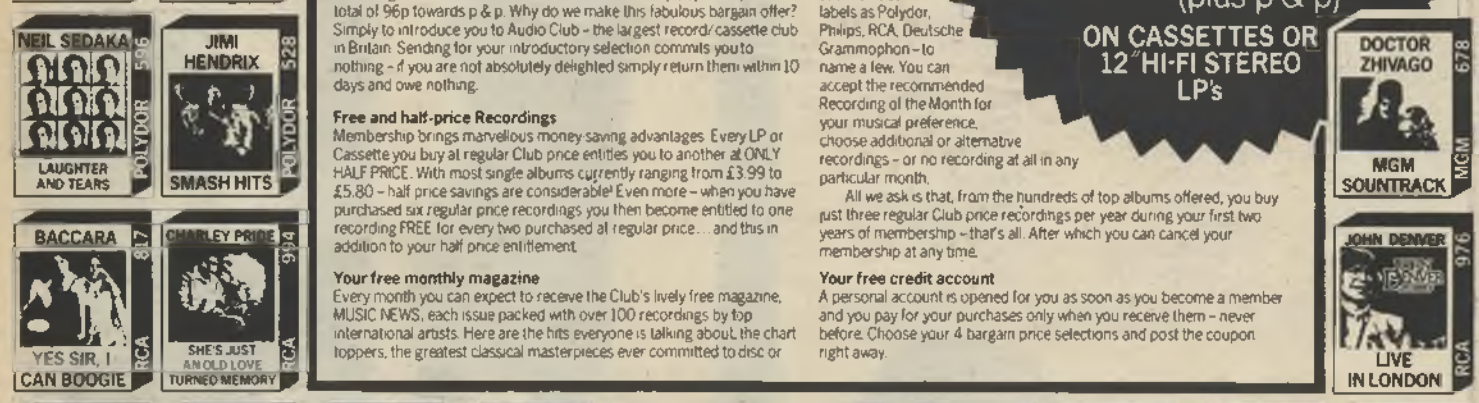

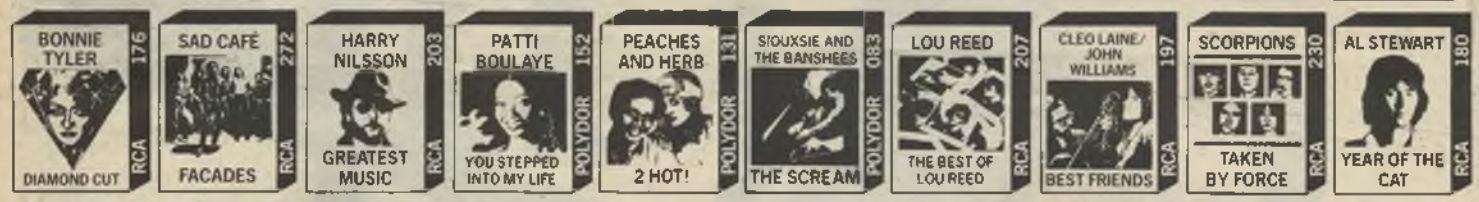

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THE MINCER

IAN PENMAN spits out the inedible bits

The Consciousness Industry

JON AND VANGELIS
Short Stories *(Polydor)*
CAMEL
I Can See Your House From Here *(Decca)*
TOTO
Hydra *(CBS)*

THREE products of a Consciousness Industry, whose accounts of rarely recognisable 'realities' and pale 'fantasies' contribute to rock's vile and guileless attitudinising.

You know — some people are born to Radio 3 and literature, others to a lot such as this, and qualitative differences here are scant. Your hosts, Jon and Vangelis, are more likely to click with t'average consumer because they have a hit single more personality cult appeal and better titles ('Curious Electric', 'Far Away Is Beagad', 'A Play Within A Play') than either Camel ('Who We Are', 'Remote Romance', 'Ice') or Toto ('St George And The Dragon') — and this from bloody Yanks!).

The Jon (Anderson, Yes, yes) and Vangelis Otherland comes complete with a reference to *Match of The Day*: a less obviously disturbing vision than Floyd's 'Another Brick In The Wall' — the darker side of the liberal ethos — whose thermometer reading of what the "kid in the street" thinks is perfect company to. . ., but what they're dreaming?

Rock as medium is in effect offering here its massive listening public a picture of itself and inviting them to identify with a stylistically established (i.e. cliched) frame of reference: cloud cuckoo land. This is cultural valium, a function of a dominant, repressive ideology. It is by appearing to seek out and define all those glittery Otherlands which people 'naturally' find appealing that such public 'art' sustains a coherent — classless? — picture of the world: no cracks in the image. It's not just bad entertainment, but *vox pop* at its most unthinking and irresponsible. Tut tut, sez the angry young. . .

The Industry of Industry
PETE BARDENS
Heart To Heart *(Arista)*
PRINCE
Prince *(Warner Bros)*
KIM BEACON
Ravenna *(Pye)*

OR: the latest session men/out-of-work-popsters to have made enough money and friends to get it/them together to perform little numbers they just *happened* to have up their sleeve all the time. Pete Bardens is ex-Camel; Prince (isn't Buster and) rides a white horse; Kim Beacon falls at the first fence with a cover of 'Imagine' (just *imagine!*).

Pic: Barry Plummer

Jon — Vangelis

■ The Best of Roy Ayers

ROY AYERS
The Best of Roy Ayers *(Polydor)*

Memo to Public Relations: If the thematic content of this 'Best of' ('Freaky Dasky', 'Get On Up, Get On Down', 'Heat Of The Beat') production has been set by the nature of the genre in which it has so far appeared, we have still to place its "ambiance factor" on a plane somewhere between 'funktional' and 'muzakal'.

Roy Ayers' Best of shall be distinguished by the prevalence of violins and voices, with bass playing mixed well into the background, thereby accomplishing the kind of disco/taco-bar dispersion of persuasion that we always like to employ in order to leave the purchaser no other way in than the way out, which we prefer to be 'easy'. In that sense, then, by all means *market* the product as a 'Best Of'. But do not so think of it, for the basis of its material in 'act denies the validity of the proposition.

■ The Best They Can Manage

MICKEY DREAD
Dread At The Controls *(Trojan)*
THE MIKEY DREAD SHOW
DUBWISE
African Anthem *(Cruise)*

DUB seems all too coherent at present, all too measured and polite. These Mikey Dread noise collections are the Kenny Everett end of the genre and inspire one towards little more than some kind of 'objective' consumer's guide preference (for the consumer who has everything but 'Pinky & Perky In Dub Conference,' presumably): 'African Anthem' is more tastefully (some objectivity!) assembled. As the noise on the introductory track indeed sez: "Zzzzzzz. . ." *Dead* at.

IMPORTS

REMEMBER Terry Allen? For the benefit of those who have just got to their seats, I'll reiterate that a short time back he cut a classic double album called 'Lubbock On Everything' (Fate), not only beating The Clash to the punch by recording with the Joe Ely Band but also getting his monicker into Max Bell's Albums Of The Year listing. *(Must be dodgy — Ed.)*

More recently an even more obscure Allen offering, bearing no logo but distributed by Landfall Press of Chicago, has surfaced on the British import scene. Titled 'Juarez', the album is built around the story of a sailor who weds a prostitute and heads for Cortez, Colorado, where the twosome meet their deaths at the hands of an equally ill-starred couple who are heading for the very town that lends the album its name.

The songs, which come briefly punctuated by narrative, are melaly Tex-Mex in flavour and sound rather like vintage Steinbeck performed by some acid head Marty Robbins. The accompaniment is sparse, Allen's demo-disc piano often being the only instrument utilised to lend weight to his wonderfully descriptive way with a story-line, though Greg Douglas (guitar) and Peter Kaukonen (mandolin, guitar and slide guitar) are around to provide added impetus on certain tracks.

Simple it all may be — but it is this very simplicity that somehow enhances the reality of Allen's tale. So much so in fact, that one can virtually choke on the dust of Allen's roads and smell the aroma of tequila within his rusting trailers and roadside pull-ups. Pekinpah should do so well.

I believe Cold Chisel to be an Australian band — though my copy of 'Breakfast At Sweethearts' (Elektra) actually hails from Canada. But, unfortunately for the five spirited worthies concerned, there are few Aussie producers with the know-how of a Vanda and Young. Which is why 'Breakfast' — produced, engineered and mastered by one Richard Batchens — fails to make the impact it should. The one-dimensional recording leaves vocalist Jim Barnes fighting for his very existence, and so an above average rock album registers only at milk-bar level.

Re-mix anyone?

Fred Dellar

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Tuesday 19th February £1.20
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Wednesday 20th February £1.20
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX + Idiot Dancers

Friday 22nd February £2.20
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WEDS FEB 13 **LONDON** HOPE & ANCHOR
THURS FEB 14 **WARWICK** UNIVERSITY
FRI FEB 15 **W'HAMPTON** LAYFAYETTE
SAT FEB 16 **BLACKPOOL** NORBRECK CAS.
SUN FEB 17 **BRUNEL** UNIVERSITY
WEDS FEB 20 **LONDON** HOPE & ANCHOR
FRI FEB 22 **LONDON** DINGWALLS
SAT FEB 23 **LOUGH'BORO'** UNIVERSITY
WEDS FEB 27 **LONDON** HOPE & ANCHOR

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FEB
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE SELECTER promote their 'Too Much Pressure' album and 'Three Minute Hero' single by way of a major UK tour, opening at Derby (Thursday), Hanley (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Carlisle (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday). The fast-rising and much acclaimed HOLLY (below) & The Italians are also featured on all dates.

Thursday

Aberdeen University: The Squibs
Accrington East Lancs Jazz Society: Harry Edison
Aviemore Osprey Ballroom: The Vikings/Juniper Green
Bath Moles: Radio Gordon
Birmingham College of Food: The Mods
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: The Cravats/The Mood Elevators
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Bodmin Jail Club: Metro Glider
Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars: Toulouse
Bournemouth Slateside Centre: Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe
Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Bury Arts Association: Landscape
Canterbury Odeon: Squeeze
Coventry Tiffany's: UB40
Coventry Warwick University: Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs / The Bogey Boys
Derby Kings Hall: The Selecter / Holly & The Italians
Derby The Old Bell: Neo Tetra
Falmouth Art School: Missing Chemicals / The Lubricators
Fareham Collingwood Club: Marmalade
Flint Raven Hotel: Grass
Guildford Wooden Bridge: Motley Crew
Hanley The Place: Big Business (for three days)
High Wycombe Nags Head: Brewers Droop
Ilford The Cranbrook: Nightbird
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: The Tourists / The Solos
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: The Chords
Knaresborough The Mitre: The Mirror Boys
Leeds Fan Club: Knox / The Defectors
Leeds Peel Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
Leigh-on-Sea Barons: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Liverpool Eric's: Nightmares In Wax / Shattered Dolls / Think Of The Winter
London Camden Centre: De Danann
London Camden Dingwalls: The Q-Tips
London Camden Music Machine: Berlin
London Clapham 101 Club: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Valentines
London Deptford Albany Empire: the Raincoats/ The Young Marble Giants
London Fulham Golden Lion: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
London Fulham Greyhound: Tennis Shoes
London Fulham The Cock: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Hammersmith Odeon: Uriah Heep / Girlschool
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Gangsters
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Flowers
London Kennington The Cricketers: Lacey's Allstars
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: The Blues Band
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Lennie Felix (for a week, except Sunday)
London Marquee Club: Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club.
London New Cross Goldsmith College: The Regulars
London New Cross Royal Albert: Mutiny
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Prince Hammer
London Putney White Lion: Sammy Mitchell's Blues Band
London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: Speedball
London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Wilber/Keith Nichols Trio
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
London Tottenham All Saints College: The Piranhas
London Victoria The Venue: Paul Brady
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Lambrettas/Midnight
London Woolwich Tramshed: Lonnie Donegan
London W.1 Maunkberry's: Leslee Carling
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
Macclesfield Krumbles: Inelzer
Maesteg Town Hall: The Chieftains
Maidenhead Prince Albert: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Spyro Gyra
Manchester Polytechnic: Vibrant Thigh/Dislocation/The Still
Manchester Tingletangle at Deville's: The Distractions
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: The Revillos
Norwich City College: The Auditions
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffe
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Linda Lewis
Port Talbot Troubador: 999
Portsmouth Guildhall: The Pointer Sisters
Poynton Folk Centre: Andy Caven
Salisbury City Hall: The Martian Schoolgirls
Sheffield Limit Club: Supercharge
Sheffield Midland Hotel: St. Valentine's Day Massacre/Allen Heat
Sheffield Wapentake: Blood Sculpture
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Jerry Lee Lewis
Southampton Eastleigh Crown Inn: Bobby Henry & The Risk
Southend Scamps: Bastille
St. Helens Railway Hotel: Asylum
Swansea University: Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: UFO/Girl
Worksop Old Ship Inn: Veiled Threat

Friday

Aberdeen University: The Pretenders/UB 40
Aviemore Osprey Ballroom: The Vikings-/Juniper Green
Basingstoke Technical College: The VIPs
Bath Moles: The Interceptors
Bath University: Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
Bicester Nowhere Club: The Commuters/Vince Pie & The Crumbs
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traitors
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Modettes
Birmingham Odeon: The Tourists/The Solos
Birmingham University: Random Hold
Bishop Wevenden Railway Folk Club: Alex Campbell
Brighouse Civic Hall: Rhabstallion-/Dawnwatcher
Brighton Alhambra: The Same
Brighton Buccaneer: Peter & The Test Tube Babies/Bruce & The Conspirators
Brighton The Northern: The Tinsels
Brighton Top Rank: Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe
Bristol Colston Hall: Uriah Heep-/Girlschool
Bristol Pill Youth Club: The Review
Bury Elizabethan Suite: Humphrey Lyttelton Band
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: The Rhythm Hawks
Coventry General Wolfe: The Speedy Bears
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Croydon Fairfield Hall: The Pointer Sisters
Darlington The Speedwall: Carl Green & The Scene
Derby Lonsdale College: The Chads
Derby Talk of the Midlands: Jerry Lee Lewis
Devizes Corn Exchange: The Martian Schoolgirls
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: Denigh
Gravesend Prince of Wales: Rednite
Grimsby Community Hall: Vardis
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Selecter/Holly & The Italians
Hereford Flamingo: Marmalade
High Wycombe Flyover Club: Cross-/Poison Girls/Cyclon B
Kidderminster Town Hall: Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs
Knaresborough The Mitre: The Oscillators
Liverpool Eric's: Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Liverpool University: Girl
London Acton Kings Head: Pez
London Camden Dingwalls: Billy Karloff Band
London Camden Electric Ballroom: The Clash/Joe Ely Band
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Central Polytechnic: The Regulars
London Clapham 101 Club: First Aid/The Odds
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Blues Band/Berlin
London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Lambrettas
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: The Fleshcats
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Q-Tips
London Fulham Greyhound: The Crooks/The Directions
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Micky Jones Band
London Holborn Princess Louise: The Scoop
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Paul Shuttleworth & The Latest Craze
London Kennington The Cricketers: Manyana
London Kensington The Nashville: The Spiderz
London Kilburn Gaumont State Theatre: De Danann
London Marquee Club: The Bishops
London Mile End Queen Mary College: Tour De Force
London New Cross Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Jabula/Shaka
London Putney Half Moon: Basil's Ballsup Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night

JOE ELY flies in with his band to appear as special guest in several concerts by The Clash — starting in London at the Electric Ballroom (Friday and Saturday), the Lyceum (Sunday) and Lewisham Odeon (Monday). More dates follow next week.

London Putney White Lion: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
London Soho Pizza Express: Kathy Stobart Quartet
London Southall White Swan: Spider
London Strand Kings College: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Tufnell Park Hall of Residence: Red Beans & Rice
London Victoria The Venue: Ronnie Lane Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Squire/Scissor Fits.
London Woolwich Tramshed: Tracks
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The O.K. Band
Maldon Jubilee Hall: The Rockin' Shades
Malvern Winter Gardens: Def Leppard/Witchfynde
Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle: F104
Manchester The Squat: Elti-Fits/Bench Of Tories
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: The Gangsters
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Sledgehammer
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Revillos
Newport The Metropole: Ginger Baker's Energy
Newport The Village: The Vapors
Norwich East Anglia University: Squeeze
Norwich The Cannery: Jane Bond & The Agents
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call/The Howdy Boys
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Radium
Ormskirk Edge Hill College: Landscape
Oxford Co-op Hall: The Au Pairs/Dangerous Girls/Black Harmony
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: Metro Glider
Portsmouth Guildhall: Wishbone Ash/The Dukes
Retford Porterhouse: 999
Rochester Kings Head: Battlefield
Salford College of Technology: Dirty 'Arry
Salisbury Wherehouse: Little Johnny Murk/Where's Snake?
Scarborough Penthouse: The Heat/The Jerks
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: The Rockets
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: The Chieftains
Slough College: The Strawbs
Southampton The Griffin: Mark Andrews & The Gents
Stockport College: Inelzer
Stockport Jazz Cellar: Harry Edison
Stroud New Cross Inn: The Strays
Teddington The Chippenham: Shades
Weymouth Cellar Vino: Thieves Like Us
Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Bogey Boys
York University: Protex/Sema 4

Saturday

Accrington Sports Centre: The Chieftains
Aviemore Osprey Ballroom: The Bears
Aylesbury Buckland Hall: Alex Campbell
Aylesbury Friars: Def Leppard /Witchfynde
Bath Moles: Answer
Bicester Nowhere Club: Motley Crew
Birmingham Bogarts: Section 5
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Bogey Boys
Brighton Sussex Sports Centre: The Dodgems / The Executives
Brighton The Northerns: Airport
Bristol Colston Hall: Wishbone Ash / The Dukes
Cambridge University Union: Roger & The Bannisters
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: The Rockets
Carshalton St Heliers's Arms : Shades
Chester Deeside Leisure Centre: Jerry Lee Lewis
Colchester Essex University: Squeeze
Coventry Warwick University: Billy Karloff Band
Cromer Crabs: Jane Bond & The Agents
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Saxon
Derby Belper Sports Centre: Strange Days
Derby Bramble Brook Community Centre: Roaring Jelly
Dudley JB's Club: The Vapors
Dundee University: The Prentenders / UB40
Edinburgh Odeon: Spyro Gyra
Gravesend Red Lion: The EF Band
Hadleigh FC Clubhouse: The Teenage Delinquents
Hastings Pier Pavilion: The Circles / Seventeen
Hatfield The Forum: Ronnie Lane Band
High Wycombe Nags Head: Weapon
Hitchin North Herts College: The Modettes / The Chords
Leeds University: The Selecter/Holly & The Italians
Liverpool Eric's: The Pop Group
London Camden Dingwalls: The Roll-Ups / The Opposition
London Camden Electric Ballroom: The Clash/ Joe Ely Band
London Clapham 101 Club: Charge / Alien Culture / The Nurses
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Brimstone
London Covent Garden The Blitz: Home Service
London Fulham Greyhound: The Teenbeats
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammersmith Odeon (11.30am): Madness/ Dolly Mixtures
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Directions
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The VIP's
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Ian Gomm
London Kensington The Nashville: The Berlin Blondes / Charlie Fawn
London Marquee Club: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Morden Baptist Free Church: Millennium
London Poplar Civic Theatre: De Danann
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Archie Fisher
London Richmond Bull & Bush: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Fool
London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Wilber / Tony Mann Trio
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Victoria The Venue: Mirage / Midnight Express
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Rubber Johnny / Soulyard
London Woolwich Tramshed: Tracks
London W1 Portman Hotel: Alan Elsdon Band
Loughborough University: The Strawbs
Lutterworth Fox Inn: Burn
Maidstone East Farleigh Hall: Blitz
Malvern Youth Centre: The Strays
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Tourists / The Solos
Manchester Polytechnic: Orchestra Manoeuvres In The Dark
Manchester University: charlie Dore's Back Pocket
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: The Showstoppers
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs
Northampton County Ground: 999
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: Radium
Oldham The Lancashire: Local Heroes
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: English Subtitles
Portslade Town Hall: Rock Island Line
Port Talbot Sandman: Marmalade
Retford Porterhouse: Ginger Baker's Energy
Slough Community Centre: Total Attack / Strand Der Vard
St Austell Bethel Social Club: Metro Glider
St Austell New Cornish Riviera : Aswad
Stockton The Teessider: Carl Green & the Scene
Stroud Leisure Centre: Prince Hammer / Creation Rebel / Night Doctor
Sudbury St Peter's: Trespass / Caroline Roadshow

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GIG GUIDE

Taunton Cellar Bar: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Telham Black Horse: **Battlefield**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **The Squibs**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **The Chieftains**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Selecter / Holly & The Italians**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Birmingham King George's Hall: **The Tourists / The Solos**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars: **Thieves Like Us**
Bristol Locarno: **Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhall Club (lunchtime): **The [illegible]**
Buxton Foresters Arms: **Foggy**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chevy**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Alex [illegible]**
Croydon The Star: **Tennis Shoes**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Squeeze / Fashion**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Pretenders / UB 40**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Bastile**
Hemsworth Beaches: **The Accelerators**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Heat / The Jerks**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Staging Post: **The Alwoodley Jets**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Q-Tips / The Trendies**
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles** (for four days)
London Clapham 101 Club: **Danny Adler**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **White Rabbit**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Linda Lewis**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Blues Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **North End Boogie Band / The 45's**
London Fulham The Cock: **Aura**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Brainiac 5**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Rave**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Marquee Club: **The Vapors**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Long John Baldry / Sammy Mitchell Trio**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
London Ronnie Scott'S Club: **Channel B / Stinky Winkles**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Nichols**
London Strand Lyceum: **The Clash / Joe Ely Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ian Gomm**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The McCalmans / Katy Hearth**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Claude Williams**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Nightlife**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **Blitz**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **I.Q. Zero / Louise & Friends**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Splodgenessabounds / The Sex Beetles**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oldham Birch Hall Hotel: **Harry Edison**
Oxford New Theatre: **Uriah Heep / Girlschool**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **Wishbone Ash / The Dukes**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Battlefield**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Derek Brimstone & Ted Edwards**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Firebird**
Reading Target Club: **The Step**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Saxon**
Rotherham Kimberworth Park Club: **Strange Days**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Vibrators**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Random Hold / The Bogey Boys**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Witney Palace Cinema: **Beowulf / ESP / The Sneaks**

THE TOURISTS are headlining their first major concert tour of Britain, with initial dates this week at Ipswich (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Blackburn (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday) and Bridlington (Tuesday).

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Money**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **The Zorkie Twins/ The Powers**
Boston Folk Club: **Johnny Handle**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Brighton The Basement: **The Chefs/Nicky & The Dots**
Cambridge Great Northern: **Boris & The Spiders**
Cambridge University: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Vapors**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Legend**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Uriah Heep/[illegible]**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Pretenders/UB40**
Farnham The Maltings: **The Chieftans**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Spyro Gyra**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Set/The Xdreamysts/Disco Students**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The 45's/The Imports**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Savoys**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Shader**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Realists/Ricky & The Prefects**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Spare Parts**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fashion**
London Lewisham Odeon: **The Clash/Joe Ely Band**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Stuart Cowell & Friends**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Houston Person Trio/Etta James/Louis Stewart Trio** (for two weeks)
London Victoria The Venue: **Sugarhill Gang**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Opposition/The Act**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The APB's**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Def Leppard/Witchfynde**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Fiddlers Dram**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwalhir**
Nottingham Newcastle Arms: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The VIPs**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Step**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Q-Tips**
Preston Lamb Hotel: **Saffron Summerfield**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Blue Lights**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Tourists/The Solos**
Southend Zero 6: **Tour De Force**
Stevenage Youth Centre: **The Mods/Long Tall Shorty**
Swansea Circles: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Watford Bailey's: **The Chi-Lites** (for a week)

Tuesday

Birmingham (Barnes Hill) California: **Servadac**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Vision Collision / The Detectives / The Arbs**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham St Luke's Hall: **Blitz**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The E. F. Band**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Fiddler's Dram**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **The Tourists / The Solos**
Brighton Dome: **The Chieftains**
Bury The Derby Hall: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Uriah Heep / Girlschool**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Cardiff University: **Wishbone Ash / The Dukes**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Selecter / Holly & The Italians**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Au Pairs**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Nick Dow**
Hatfield The Forum: **Spyro Gyra**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Orchestra Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Leeds Warehouse: **Sugarhill Gang**
Leicester University: **Aswad**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Brecknock: **Agents**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Nips**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Trendies**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Plain Characters / English Subtitles / The Cravats**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Beans & Rice / Replicas**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Echo Bravo**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Electrotunes**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Crooks / The Directions**
London Marquee Club: **Athletics Spizz 80**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin Quartet**
London University: **Billy Karloff Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Mo-dettes / The Flatbackers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Paul Goodman**
Luton Civic Hall: **The Step**
Malvern Nags Head: **The Pinkies**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rainbow**
Norwich Cromwells: **Sore Throat**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Splodgenessabounds**
Reading University: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Salford University: **The Blues Band / The Dance Band**
Sheffield Blitz (at George IV): **Clock DVA**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Squeeze**
St Albans Horn of Plenty: **The Q-Tips**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Narrow Faint**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
West Kirby Black Horse Music Hall: **Saffron Summerfield**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Cryer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Brighton Colonade Bar: **Slaves Of Janet**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Bristol The Stonehouse: **Siren**
Carshalton St. Helier's Arms: **Blue Cat Trio**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Mark Turner Band**
Galashiels College of Textiles: **The Squibs**
Glasgow (Eglinton Toll) Plaza Ballroom: **Cuban Heels / Liberty Bodice / Radio Ghosts**
Henley Victoria Hall: **The Clash**
Irvine Eglington Arms: **Saffron Summerfield**
Keele University: **Charlie Dore's Back [illegible]**
Liverpool Eric's: **After The Fire**
Liverpool University: **Squeeze**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Time Flies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wanted Youth**
London City University: **The Q-Tips**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Opposition / The Dials**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blood Donor**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Thieves Like Us**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Directions**
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South Woodford Railway Ball: **Original East Side Stompers**
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Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
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RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW began their eagerly-awaited sell-out UK tour with concerts in Newcastle on Tuesday and Wednesday.

SMALLER LABELS, INDEPENDENTS

● **MLR** have released their first album 'Psychedelik Gymkana' in cassette form only. Send a postal order for £2.25 to Bathroom Floor, 76 Sulivan Court, Fulham, London SW6

● End End trio **London Dogs** have put out an EP with a triple A-side, containing 'Born Yesterday', 'Blue Boats' and 'Give All Your Lovin'. It's on Shattered Records of 82 Edmonton Road, Worthing, Sussex.

● South-East London duo **Third Door From The Left** have issued a C-60 tape called 'Absolutely Nothing' — available at £1.50 (including p&p) from K. Dobson, c/o 47 Stoneleigh Street, London W11.

● Manchester-based **Twisting Ferraris** release a double A-side single 'Our Favourite Photograph'/'Lipsticks' on their own Round Records label, available through the usual independent outlets.

● Heavy metal outfit **Vardis** have a single out this month called 'If I Were King'. It will be stocked by Bullet Records and Virgin, priced £1 — or send £1.15 to Prince Charles Records, Mercantile House, 99 St Leonards Road, Windsor, Berks.

● **The Steps**, a five-piece band from Hull now living in London, release their second single 'Now It's Time' next month on their own Genuine Records label. It will be available from leading one-stops, and the outfit will go on tour to promote it.

● **Famous Players** have their first single 'Who's Kissing You'/'Angel In Black' out this week on the newly formed Page 43 label — available through Pinnacle, Rough Trade and other indies. The band are lining up a tour to promote it.

Record News Extra

● Harrogate band **The Oscillators** have their first single 'Fast Breeder Reactor' out on the Warren label. Price is £1 (including p&p) from 287 Skipton Road, Harrogate, N. Yorks.

● Midlands heavy metal outfit **Quartz** will have a live album released at the end of this month. It will be on Birmingham independent label Reddingtons Rare Records.

● Final Solution, who have already established a reputation as concert promoters, have now launched their own label — "which will give anyone with some worthwhile music the chance to be heard by more people." Distribution is by Rough Trade and Spartan, and the first releases are the single 'Men In The Railings' by **Plain Characters** and the album 'Gadgetry' by **Gadgets**. Address to send demo tapes is 256 Pentonville Road, London N1.

● Blues veteran **Billy Boy Arnold** has an album called 'Checkin' It Out' issued this week on Norfolk specialist label Red Lightning. And it features three top British R&B men — former Groundhogs leader Tony McPhee (guitar), ex-Rory Gallagher drummer Wilgar Campbell and Zorro co-leader Alan Fish (bass)

● The first release on Fockker Records is a three-track EP by Queensferry band **The Thermometers**, in a limited edition of 1,000. Available at £1 (including p&p) from 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

● **The Door And The Window**, now expanded to a trio with the addition of a drummer, are currently finishing off their debut album for March release. Meanwhile, N. B. Records release their second EP at its original price of 55p. They are also featured on the 'Weird Noise' EP (price 60p), being distributed by N.B., which also includes tracks by **The Instant Automatons, Denny & The Dressmakers, The 012** and **The Sellouts**. Available in many shops, or by post (including p&p) from 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.

● Nik Turner's band **Inner City Unit** have just finished work on an album called 'Pass Out' for February 20 release on their own Riddle Records label — 4 Englands Lane, London NW3 (01-722 3299).

● **Renaldo And The Loaf**, a Portsmouth duo, have an LP cassette available in local shops. It can also be obtained by post from 60 Lichfield Road, Portsmouth, Hants — send either a blank C60 tape plus postage, or £1.30. Title is 'Renaldo And The Loaf Play Struve And Sneff'.

● A live album by **Buddy Guy** titled 'The Dollar Done Fell', recorded at Chicago's Checkerboard Lounge, is issued this week by JSP Records. Also in the pipeline from the same label are albums by **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson, J. B. Hutto, Long Gone Miles** and **Earle Warren**, among others.

● Boston new-wave outfit **The Commercials** are in London to record an album for Eat Records. Coming soon on Eat is an LP by another Boston band **Human Sexual Response**.

THE LIVE PAGE

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words (Barry Clarke) words words words words words words words words words words
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69
THE NUMBER WILL CONJURE UP FOND MEMORIES IN THE FUTURE!

IT WILL REMIND YOU OF THE PAGE WHERE YOU READ A VALENTINE FROM YOUR SWEETHEART. THE PAGE WHERE YOU FIRST READ HE/SHE LOVES YOU. THE PAGE WITH HEARTS ON.

THE PAGE WITH LOVE INSTEAD OF HATRED. THE PAGE WITH MESSAGES WITHIN MESSAGES. THE PAGE WITH VALENTINES!

69

LIVE!

Simply The First Division

The Specials

New York

THIS 2-Tone thing is constantly referred to in terms of its ska connection. In The Specials' case that's of course an influence, but this is no ska "revival".

Ska was an altogether more restrained, less frantic sound, an easy, loping, graceful movement. What The Specials do is far more untamed: but nor is it a ska-punk fusion. Punk provided the liberating atmosphere, the context. But when you get down to technical stuff like beats and so forth, the two forms are miles apart.

No, we've got something here so clever that it eludes any really appropriate categorisation. Three cheers!

Over this side of the pond, reggae and ska have hitherto been of slight influence on the local sounds. But what the 2-Tone crew have provided is the most exciting live music seen for some time.

Madness broke the ground; The Specials were media stars before they arrived. Their debut was a full-scale scene-making event — the Be There Or Be Square hype laid on thick and swallowed whole; the all-time record for stuffing bodies into Hurrah's . . .

In this atmosphere, Polyrock's set seemed incidental. They were poorly matched to the mood and the audience, though on a better night they could be captivating.

By the end of the set we are almost down to random noise, pushing up against the edges of what is usually recognised as song structure.

Problem is that Polyrock set about this inversion of rock principles in a manner so self-absorbed that it lacks the slightest trace of emotion or humour. Maybe they'll prove we no longer need those old sugar coatings on our vitamins, but for this night at least I was shopping at a different store.

The Specials lived up to whatever anybody may have thought they had to live up to — and gloriously. The opening chords of '(Dawning Of A) New Era' hit like a landing party, guns blazing, which I suppose it was really.

American audiences supposedly being a hard nut to crack, The Specials figured they had a challenge here. It didn't matter that this being Hiptown, you know, this audience was already *committed*. It was the right thing, it made them play hard.

They sounded like they were giving it all they had, through a series of hot fast album cuts. Singer Terry Hall was all nerves and agitation. Jerry Dammers was a sight to behold, leaping around behind his organ like a demented puppet. But the standout was singer Neville Staples. Bits of the sharp dash of Wilson Pickett, the soul voice of Sam Moore, the wit of Prince Buster and the audacity of Trinity or the Lone Ranger, all wrap up into one non-stop spectacle.

He was pure locomotion, all over the stage, on top of the speaker stacks, into the crowd, over the top. And while Hall is not as dynamic, Staples doesn't upstage him. Like a shell game, The Specials keep everything moving so fast you don't know where to look; a trick that seems to push back the walls and makes room for everybody.

The sheer luxury of having so much going on at once is a visual feast.

But the band's idea on how to project their act in America resulted in a curious onstage attitude, articulated by Hall between songs.

A song called 'Rat Race' was prefaced by laboured invective against students; other times he pointed to the back of the club and lectured those who were standing, not dancing. If this had been the general case, Hall would've been justified, but most of the club was one mass of heaving pandemonium.

However, if someone would rather stand and watch, calling them "shitheads" seems a bit out of order.

But that's a minor bone to pick, when one is delivered such a set. Hommen Rico and Dick Cuthell were in place and perfect. Staples' Judge Roughneck routine got its laughs. The audience's excitement was a force like waves, falling just slightly for unfamiliar numbers like 'Guns Of Neverone' or 'Rude Boys Out Of Jail', and then rising with a palpable rush when something like 'Concrete Jungle' followed.

We're talking here about body reaction, and soaking up a great show. The Specials are up to more than that, both in their lyrics and in the social implications of their presentation. Hall can deliver a song like 'Doesn't Make It Alright' with just the right mixture of sincerity and matter-of-factness. Nothing screams "message" but there's a lot to listen to and learn.

The last encore, Rico's 'Man From Wareika', was a reggae-wise instrumental that The Special's rhythm section handled like they were born doing it. A perfect way to ease down and cushion the fall.

The uncanny thing about The Specials' package is the way they've connected themselves to all those outside references, while putting together an identity that's self contained, purely their own. And here, where those references are themselves still exotic, the effect is double-whammy impressive.

Never saw nuthin' like it in this little town.

Richard Grabel

Top: Joy Division's Ian Curtis, pic Anton Corbijn. Bottom: Neville Special, pix Sento Basone.

Joy Division

University Of London

I DIDN'T know which way to turn. In every corner of the second floor of the anonymous university building there seemed to be some group demanding attention.

Blackpool's Section 25 I missed — PiLle somebody said, whether as insult or not I don't know. And Honey Bane's Fatal Microbes I couldn't stand, though I wanted to. The Smirks I forgot all about. Killing Joke were the worst, heroically adding nothing at all to the latent '70s post punk beats and bashings one or two turned into their art.

I wandered around looking for a time machine. There's one. The sign said the future was none of my business, but I found the present for the first time all evening.

I walked through a door and Joy Division had started their first song. Live entertainment. Start here.

Joy Division at the University of London was a sell out. The guest list was huge. Their impact was substantial.

Seeing Joy Division, if you are properly tuned, is a jarring experience. The music keeps coming, trenchant, serene, steady, hard, almost an orgiastic celebration of the decent fact that Joy Division have arrived at a noise and form that is distinctive, instinctive and immeasurably dynamic. The introversion and singularity of the four musicians is fitfully held under control, and private music is forced out into the open. The tension is startling.

The presentation is as grey and bland as the noise is volatile and deeply black — singer Ian Curtis' comical trapped butterfly flapping the only real stage movement, a visual representation of the struggle inherent in Division's music. As Richard Jobson said, Division's music is genuinely violent, and it's the violence of beauty rooted in beastly desire, the violence of breakdown, inhibition, failure, fatalism . . .

It could be vanity, it could be impatience, even nervousness, but during a Joy Division set, outside of the songs, you'll be lucky to hear more than two or three words. Hello and goodbye. No introductions, no promotion. Good or bad? Inside the songs, careful words — settings, situations, dilemmas, images that are primitive and anxious. Joy Division are a powerful act of make believe, their songs like desperate bits of nightmares, clearly drawn, potent and personal. But Joy Division's dreams are the inescapable places where we live. It's all suggestion rather than direction or dogma.

Joy Division sped through their early songs, with intensity of feeling and concentration, and without totally relenting the shadows and suspense. The group pointedly proved that they still work well away from the re-established mainstream, forging ahead down the same slippy corridor of experimentations. They played more new songs than old (untitled but I guessed two were 'Sound Of Music' and 'Colony' — they didn't play 'She's Lost Control' or 'Transmission' or 'Disorder' or . . . name your favourite) and these new songs give no suggestion of Division stagnation.

These new songs show that Division's music is as natural as PiLs, not held down by the grey hands of limitation and expectation. Division aren't conforming to pressure or pattern. The songs revealed a new extension of their language and possibility, and considering that live the songs are true caricatures of recorded versions, how these new ones will end up is a good mystery.

But Joy Division are still coming up with new ways to alter the shape, emphasis and texture of their music. The new songs are as organised, hostile and spacious as the last set, but there's all round intensification, further emphasis on the lead bass and the active drums, even an overall simplification.

The songs have extreme, para-melodies, and some have no bass, some no guitars. Synthesizers and bass with the drums, or two guitars. The new single 'Love Will Tear You Apart' is one hell of a 'classic' — bass, synth, drums, voice, Curtis hugging a white guiter up to his chest but rarely using it. The song's mobility and fluidity shows how much potential there is in the simple contrasting and connecting of instruments that Division use. It's a staggeringly melodic and momentous piece.

For 'Isolation' they have the same instrumentation, but it's more withdrawn and estranged; a song they wrote only days before that reveals Numan and Foxx as true fools.

The full new introduction of synthesizer has not damaged the coherence and balance of the music in any way, it simply increases the amount of mood, atmosphere, ephemeral terror Division are capable of achieving. The encore is a confident, compelling utterly withdrawn ballad, something like a dislocated and depraved improvement upon Bowie's 'Heroes'. So impressive.

Part of Joy Division 'success' is the breadth and certainty of the reactions they inspire. For this performance there were three obvious ones: love, penetration and stimulation is one all in its own, and if I wasn't tied down by language and responsibility I could attempt to explain. Simple frustration; that the group didn't lay out for selfish delectation their eloquent standards. How ironical! And old fashioned derision. A dissenter behind me, with a spiteful snort, reckoned Joy Division are the new Pink Floyd.

Joy Division's music is physical and lucid, music about uncontrollable emotions, impulses, prejudices, fears. The group have turned inarticulacy and vagueness into concrete, disturbing impressions of the most degenerate, deepest desires.

It's simple music, but not simple-minded; cryptic but not impenetrable.

As Danny Baker said to me, Joy Division are due some sort of backlash, but he's not the one to do it. If the group had shown the slightest indication of slackening or straightening out I would have attacked. But they are now better than they have ever been.

Joy Division will tear you apart. Still.

Paul Morley

Gang Of Four
Mekons
Scritti Politti
The Raincoats

Electric Ballroom

IT'S one of *those* occasions. You amass a body of music, dress it up in different coloured modes, string it up by the ankles, shake it and see . . . ! Some of the clothes get creased, some stay intact — and a hell of a lot of old junk falls out of the pockets.

The body in question is about two years old, a form devised and refined by The Gang Of Four. Its components are pared down to the outer limits of tautness and metal-edged mobility with a sound that's scoured and corrosively clean. It's the most instantaneous and brutally effective sound of any band in Britain today and it's influenced (if not directly) every other band on this bill.

In the context of the Gang's revision of structure, the spectrum spans their own invigorating sparseness to The Raincoats' clumps of loose tangents to The Mekons' width (and consequent shallowness) to the immediate warmth and spontaneity of Scritti Politti.

And let's not forget Ralph And The Ponytails (which isn't easy when you've spent the entire set standing in the rain in Camden High Street).

They leave behind an air of light-headed looseness soon shown the door by The Raincoats. All baggy trousers, crepe skirts and side-swept fringes, it's a sensitive and resolutely honest soundtrack that goes down a storm but, to these ears, could curdle milk even when it's in tune.

They dissect an orthodox form and rhythm rather like Swell Maps (very Rough Trade), leaving a hard metal casing with its centre drilled out and all its instruments (bass, drums, guitar, fiddle) playing apparently unconnected and markedly different roles. Unlike the Maps, they simply don't have the cohesion to make the end result even vaguely listenable. They throw a gloriously innocent light on a tremulous cover of 'Lola', but for the most part the set makes me feel my teeth are loose.

The kind of press Scritti Politti attract gives the impression they're *so* abstract they can probably switch dimensions mid-set and have a political invective that makes a nuclear fission seem like a poke in the eye.

Believe me, I'm surprised — not to say *stunned* — that they shatter all these preconceptions.

They're warm, animated and instantly accessible, providing some of the brightest moments of the whole evening. Working loosely as a collective, Scritti tread a very fragile edge between an expansive, articulate music and imminent collapse. (Quite literally! Guitarist Green, at 23, has just been warned he's in line for his second heart-attack). They keep all options open by playing a piece of music once and then either revamping or discarding it completely, so God knows if this set's typical.

Tonight they play completely absorbing, experimental songs like 'The Watusi' making brilliant use of the accents and shades of their loose dub framework with thick cottonwool Wobble-styled bass, crackling electric drums (synthesized?) and restrained carefully-interwoven graphic guitar. I've rarely seen any band create so much space within such narrow confines and then put it to such exhilarating use.

Gang leader Jon King. Pic David Cohn.

The Mekons, wedged between two extremes — the fluid Scritti and the Gang's hard-milled precision — have to put a lot of effort into being effortless and never really seem at ease.

Old Mekons material like 'Beetroot' and 'Watch The Film' tend to wear a little thin these days, mainly as the 'Strmen' album was written well over a year ago and only released in December so their on-campus astuteness and slightly self-conscious angle on a modern world now seem wildly out of date. They've also been stalled (inevitably) by having to road-test their group ideology, and in this context (especially in the shadow of The Gang Of Four) their earlier numbers make it painfully clear that it's more effective to diversify around a constant than to be constantly diverse.

Judging by newer material like 'Kill My Endearment' — a skilfully arranged Velvets-styled gradual crescendo over banks of chords overlaid with violin — that's getting clear to The Mekons too.

And so, straining to focus across a sea of steaming heads, to The Gang Of Four, who turn in a flawless, exhaustingly intense set, playing sharper, more disciplined and yet more visually confronting than I've ever seen them before.

They bombard with sensations: Andy Gill's crystal scathing guitar sound sweeps across in lateral sheets, the bass throbbing up through the floorboards and the ever-confusing lights projecting them as if on a black screen, lit from beneath the stage and so suspending their heavily-shadowed faces in mid-air.

The Gang operate exclusively on economy and directness. Their words and sounds make a perfect marriage, a perfect complement; without one, there's still the intrinsic feel of the other. The ideas are stark — the politics of order and obsession — captivating and uncomfortably realistic. Tonight's stand-outs are the ones I've had longest to come to terms with — 'Ether', 'Tourist', 'Return The Gift' and the immaculately textured 'Damaged Goods'.

If they folded tomorrow, the Gang could sit back and watch their technique continue to get adopted and adapted by others.

They deserve to feel proud of themselves.

Mark Ellen

Madness

Liverpool

'MY Girl' seemed to make number one without anyone noticing. Admittedly Madness were in Europe at the time but its replacement by 'Too Much Too Young' has immediately been accorded event status, despite The Specials' absence in the States.

If this was bothering Suggs and Co, their reception at Liverpool Empire must surely have eased the pain. Lights dim, voices chant and orgasm is reached as Lee Thompson and Mike Barson run on, the former liberating a bunch of balloons.

Then it's Sir Chas enunciating the hallowed *"Hey you! Don't watch that, watch this"* and straight into 'One Step Beyond', wherein the Thompson sax fails to repeat its recorded authority.

It's a barely adequate rendition and, with a similarly indifferent 'My Girl' fifth up, it seems part of a determination to show there's more to Madness than hit singles.

If that's the scheme, it doesn't help that guitarist Chris Foreman alone seems totally on the case. On 'Mistakes', a cautionary tale, he successfully evokes Costello's work on 'Detectives' and generally contributes a shrewd blend of pointed Berry motifs and Wilko jumps. Live, however, musical considerations seem lowish on Madness' list of priorities.

My initial impression of Madness — that they were a novelty act of strictly short-term viability — would remain unchanged had I not heard their album. The band admittedly do reasonable justice to the convincingly-detailed scenarios of 'In The Middle Of

Wanna be in your Gang

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The Night' and 'Rockin' In A Flat', but the coherent, sax-and drums-dominated groove of the records in dissipated in all the pissing about.

Still, it's a pleasure to report that no offence worse than self-indulgence was witnessed by your man in the upper circle. The police numbers suggested they'd done their homework and were ready to move in at the first "Seig Heil", but since a solitary copper strolling across Lime Street beforehand was enough to send a couple of dozen cropheads fleeing, it didn't seem like they'd be over-extended.

That things remained calm inside was due at least in part to Madness' almost touchingly modest demeanour: no whiff of any 'Your heroes are home' stunts. 'My Girl', for instance, is merely introduced as "our new single". Full marks for unspoiled humanity — pity about the music.

If they sobered up, though, where would that leave Master Smash?

Recently 'sworn in' as a full band member, Chas in fact provides essential visual cover for the self-conscious Suggs, whose limited voice is a distinct drawback on more demanding stuff like 'The Prince'. But the Madness problem is rooted in attitude rather than individual weakness: that good music and a 'good time' are not necessarily compatible has been demonstrated often enough.

For the moment, Madness are lurching without a compass on the slopes, somewhere between Lord *"Hoots mon, there's a moose loose aboot this hoose"* Rockingham and a neo-ska Faces. A return to base camp would be timely.

Harry George

Three images of Madness and the centre one belongs to Wreckless Eric and guitarist Colin Flecher (pic Steve Wallgreen). Other pix by Kevin Cummins.

But don't wanna get Wrecklessed

Wreckless Eric

Sheffield

STILL crazy after all these (three) years? Or just a pale shadow, pandering to audience expectations? Through a glass, coyly . . .

I used to have a soft spot for Wreckless Eric, I'll admit. Those early gigs, that splendidly shabby first album, that rough'n'ready, sloppy idiosyncracy sounded fine to me, a honking raspberry in the face of buzzsaw chic. Then there was that (sadly) straightforward second album, a gradual paring-away of identity to make a real bona-fide *ordinary* rock'n'roll record, just like all the rest. Desperation in the marketplace? Huh!

And so to this year's model, which seems to be even more faceless than last year's. Oh sure, Eric's still *the same*, still playing the boozy clot for all he's worth. "Blew up a hotel room this evening," he smirks, "had a bit of trouble with me hair-drier!"

Gosh! What a lad, eh! That's the trouble with images — once saddled with one, all you can do is flog it to death.

Musically, Eric's now locked firmly into "mainstream" boogie rock'n'roll, a blustery, galumphing kind of noise we've all heard countless times before. This is fine in small doses (I'm rather partial to J. Geil's 'Full House', as it happens), but have you ever been forced to listen to a whole show of dreary pub-rock "raunch" (as I believe it's called)?

No joke, sweethearts . . .

So, openers 'Let's Go To The Pictures' and 'My Home Town' are bearable — enjoyable, even — and even the revamped 'Semaphore Signals' fares quite well as a kind of stumpy-thumpy boogie. But that's as far as it goes: the fourth and fifth songs, 'Out Of The Blue' and 'It'll Soon Be The Weekend' — both apparently from Eric's third album 'Best Smash' — are quite simply sub-standard blurs; sounds and syllables going through the motions, no effect at all.

Eric's band comprises a drummer, a bassist and two guitarists, and remind me at times of the Allman Brothers, except that they're all alive and have probably never snitched on anyone in their lives. The thought crosses my mind that it might be better for all concerned if they went to America, where punters seem to have an insatiable appetite for this kind of stuff.

And so it goes on: 'Reconnez Cherie', and its (deliberate?) overtones of 'Save The Last Dance For Me', sees Eric add a third guitar to the line-up; 'Little Miss Judy', a *diabolical*, ungainly version of 'Whole Wide World', 'Take The Money (K.A.S.H.)', and finally the closing "new release", 'A Pop Song'.

"We're gonna do some *rock'n'roll* now!" says Eric as the band return for their encore. "Do ya like rock'n'roll?"

A brief, half-hearted smattering of cheers and whistles. "What are the rest of you doin' here, then?"

A wide-boy has a pretty good idea. He leans over and says something in the ear of a punkette. She sneers pityingly and turns away. Whoops! A bit of a brick, methinks.

A night's work blown, his chances down the drain. He turns away, directs his energies in more promising directions. Not much time left . . .

If you don't like the game, then change the rules. (Change the game.)

Andy Gill

Marquee Modness

The Chords
The Upset

Marquee

IT'S 8.30, the House Full signs are out, and you can feel the heat from halfway down the street. It's cold outside, but as usual the Marquee's a steaming climatic zone all on its very own. And tonight it has its own special population too.

If mod really was just last year's thing then somebody forget to tell this lot: the club's a jam-packed and Jam-badged crush of young kids, neat and dressed to kill any notion that their movement's had its short second day.

But it's moved on from mail-order target T-shirts and crass *Quadrophenia* merchandising, towards a more complete and thought-out adoption of mid-'60s styles. Clothes or make-up are chosen with a precision and care for the forgotten details, while there's a similar shift of interest to the music's historical roots — from Stax soul to Merseybeat — that blends naturally into both the research work of the 2-Tone school and the current R&B renewal as well.

As a period re-creation it's unnervingly perfect, like footage from an old film — and for kids of this age the sensation of newness must be so strong as to make words like 'revival' seem meaningless; style so thorough can't be aped casually, it has to be worked at.

Which is where support band The Upset come in.

They play tight and intelligent tributes to their sources of inspiration; the sound is a disciplined re-working of soul-influenced English beat, but unselfconscious and committed — about as far away from the gormless opportunist goofiness of powerpop as it's possible to get. And when they've developed some more character to match all this determination then The Upset could yet prove something special about themselves and about the potential of R&B based material in general.

" 'Ot in 'ere, innit?" says singer Billy Hassett.

And with that The Chords set about pushing the collective temperature level up yet further.

This is spirited stuff, whether you want to call it mod or not, full of drive and definitely livelier than anything I'd come expecting tonight, remembering that distinctly indifferent outfit I'd caught one evening not too many months ago.

The Chords are tearing swiftly through an uninhibited set of things for people to dance and grin to — and wonder at the pointlessness of factional attitudes that can put others off enjoying bands like this for what they are.

Propelled by the frenetic back-up of drummer Brett Ascot, the group just seem to hurtle forward regardless, but really they're controlling their direction with a mixture of the old punk rush and a poppier sense of melodics, as numbers like 'Tumbling Down', 'It's No Use' and the current single 'Maybe Tomorrow' all demonstrate.

Even the standard soul inclusions like 'Hold On I'm Coming' seem more like gestures of affection for the soul tradition rather than genuine efforts to emulate it, so much are they incorporated into the carefree headlong charge of the rest of the material.

So it's fun, and it's fine, and there's not a lot to add.

The Chords' music is alive with energy and played with purpose. It might never feed the imagination or challenge the mind, or ever lead us somewhere we've never been; but it has its own job to do and does it pleasingly. . . .or does that sound like a bad case of damning with faint praise?

Maybe that's up to you. How much are you looking for?

Paul Du Noyer

Strike a Chord . . . Pic Santo Basone.

The Electrotunes

Dingwalls

SALVAGED by EMI Central after the extinction of the Cobra label left them on ice, The Electrotunes are losing no time in establishing themselves in that notoriously fallow league of white reggae. Having started in '78 as a four-piece, their line-up now includes Trampas (from The Cimarons), an intuitive, dreadlocked conga player, without whom etc . . .

Despite their above-average capability, their choice of material and stage-presence is concertedly faceless, but sufficiently interesting to divert one's attention away from the chicken-in-na-basket tackiness of Dingwalls. They seem to have mastered the basic mechanics of reggae, using taut bass-lines and some cleverly syncopated routines shared by the keyboards and rhythm guitar. Their vocal harmonies are quite good, and I'm told that their lyrics are witty, although I detected no undue mirth among the patrons.

The Electrotunes are at best lively and danceable, not unlike a superlative showband Salsa combo and worth catching if they come your way. But don't expect blue-eyed rude boys or any radical departure from the state of the recording arts.

Rick Joseph

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SAM PHILLIPS

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rhythm playing which was so distinctive that we didn't really require the extra movement of a drum.

"Though," Phillips recollects, "I tried three things with drums. I don't think that added anything to what we had already achieved because I wanted everything to revolve around Bill Black's bass."

Unlike many of his copyists, Black didn't used to hit the strings of his instrument with a drum stick. The highly distinctive percussive click and rattle heard on those recordings was a combination of Black slapping the strings with the heel of his palm and the microphone picking up both the sonorous sound of the instrument and the gut ricochetting back off the ebony fret board.

AT the time of writing, there are now 16 Elvis Sun recordings plus an alternate take of "I Love You Because" officially available. There's also one more track in RCA's catalogue, 'Tomorrow Night'. However, in 1965, Chet Atkins refurbished the original backing track with additional accompaniment.

When presented with a list of allegedly unreleased Sun titles, Phillips refutes having recorded almost all of them, or planned to release an album entitled 'Rockin' With Elvis'.

It's Phillips' belief that those titles claimed to have been recorded by Elvis at Sun were songs Elvis either performed on stage or on many of his *Louisiana Hayride* broadcasts.

"I never recorded Elvis excessively," insists Phillips, "simply because Elvis and I worked on things very diligently. We never went for quantity, just tried to get into those things that we did properly.

"When I sold Elvis' entire Sun catalogue to RCA, I gave them everything I had. But, a lot of those tapes weren't ever meant for release, they contain nothing more than Elvis, Scotty and Bill loosening up and trying to create a comfortable atmosphere."

A recording of 'Tennessee Saturday Night' certainly exists and I have information that corroborates that 'Always Late (With Your Kisses)' and 'Uncle Pen' were stored in the RCA Vaults.

"I wasn't going to do an album with Elvis, for the simple reason that I honestly didn't feel he needed the exposure on so many songs.

"It was difficult enough for us to do the things that we did and have them sounding as natural as they should be. To take an amateur . . . because that's precisely what Elvis was when I first started recording him, and say, Man, we gotta have an album . . . Elvis just wasn't ready. And, to expose someone with inferior material and inferior interpretations would decidedly hurt him later when he was more established. There was a quality in the music that I wanted to retain and therefore, I was even very careful about the number of singles I released on him, let alone start thinking about albums which, at that time, weren't a big thing.

"I was always very careful never to over-expose any of my artists. I wanted the distributors and the people who bought Elvis' records to really want them, to believe in what we were trying to achieve with each one. That's why I never followed hot on the heels of every release, just wanted them to have a fair chance and leave it up to the public to decide."

HOWEVER, of all Phillips' projects, the one involving The Million Dollar Quartet — a session that every Elvis fan has heard of, but never actually heard — gave him the most satisfaction.

Soon after signing with RCA, Elvis returned home to Memphis for a Christmas vacation and, one afternoon, unexpectedly turned up at Sun accompanied by his friends Cliff Gleaves and Marilyn Evans. A Carl Perkins session was in progress featuring Jerry Lee Lewis on piano. Another Sun artist, Johnny Cash, was a non-participating spectator.

It seems young Elvis was in something of a euphoric state, as he strode into the studio and joined Jerry Lee at the keyboard where, for the next two or three hours, all four artists toyed around on a selection of old gospel and country songs plus a few R&B hits. Fortunately, Phillips had the tapes rolling throughout the duration of this Big Four summit and, though nothing was intended for commercial consideration, amongst the material either recorded in whole or in part were, 'Island Of Dreams', 'Vacation In Heaven', '(There'll Be) Peace In The Valley (For Me)', 'The Old Rugged Cross', 'Down By The Riverside', 'Blueberry Hill', 'Tutti Frutti', and 'Big Boss Man'.

"That," Phillips recollects almost 25 years after the event, "was quite probably the highlight of my life. Having all four of them in the same studio at one time, singing and playing together."

He likens the atmosphere of that occasion to an old time revival meeting. "Just the four boys fooling around and having fun. Even though by

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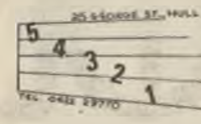

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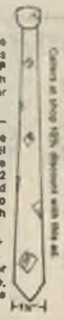

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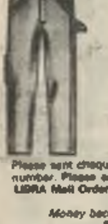

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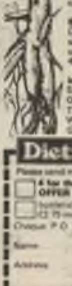

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More Japan

*From page 41

pseudo-romantic partner for the loner Numan.

And as Numan is to Bowie, so Sylvain is to Ferry. If Numan has compressed and frozen Bowie's brief flirtation with 'anti-realistic' narcissistic alienation into a whole way of life, Sylvain has extended Ferry's broad, frustrated camp into cosmic proportions. The sad emptiness of a man born into the wrong time. Feel the ache!

So Japan appear to feel more relevant than they ever have. Do they take notice of what is going on around them?

"No."

Oh. But the change in 'Quiet Life' towards 'haunting coldness' and the earnest use of electronics seems to correspond with new movements in fashion.

"It depends how you take the LP. I personally don't think that it relates to anything that is occuring, to anything that has happened recently. The change on this LP is instinctive, we're just growing out of things. We get bored playing the same thing. I find it a very emotional album."

It seems to fall in with the present rhapsodic, rhetorical-futuristic regressiveness — eloquently eclectic, fundamentally unoriginal, celebrating weirdness and loneliness awkwardly.

"The album is just a reflection of my particular lifestyle. It is up to the individual to decide how they accept it. I don't see what you're saying."

But all along it seems Japan have attempted to predict what would be the next trend. It's just that so far you've got it wrong. You're success in Japan was a miraculous accident. You just seem to want to be pop stars.

"If we wanted to be pop stars as such why would we put ourselves in for hard times? Why would we go through the chores of making this type of music? If we wanted to be pop stars because it's the ideal way of life we could've changed after the first LP. We could've split up and tried another way. There are so many easy ways to be successful. We had a thousand chances at the beginning. Ariola have one hit after the other."

Don't you feel that Japan perpetuate the false image of musician as special, mysteriously distant?

"I don't think musicians are special. They're the same as everyone else. I never relate what we do to rock music.

"A lot of interviewers come to us and ask us what we think of the current music scene. They're quite surprised when we say we don't know what's going on. They say, well you're in a band, it's important to know. But I don't think it is."

THE exquisite Sylvain has been given the opportunity to live preciously and distantly due to the fickleness of rock commercialism — like Numan. From his position Sylvain has become convinced of his music's supremacy. He has a self-inflated opinion of himself. But he is convinced he is sharing and caring with radical, misunderstood sensitivity. Critics have crudely underestimated his strenuous efforts towards impassioned expression.

He talks a lot of sense, with unexpected alertness. I don't think Japan are dumb and senselessly commercial; just inadequate. They are on a common indulgent quest; a search for perfection, in their instance not tempered by realism or robustness. Through circumstances, they feel they are almost there.

Their music is cloying, lacks lucidity and spontaneity, while Sylvain's words lack consistency and substance and are just plain mediocre. Sylvain himself, for all his self-satisfaction, over confidence, negative isolation, misguidance and self-glory, is no idiot. From where he is, such a strange, genuinely forbidding place he is in control.

Is Sylvain the wonder boy depressed by the amount of prejudice against him?

"It's been going on ever so long. Even before we released an LP we had prejudices against us. You can't go through life being depressed by peoples' reactions. I live with it now and I know that people are prejudiced against me whether I'm in the band Japan or just walking down the street.

"People despise me and I'm very used to it. It doesn't affect me much anymore.

"The English people are far more aware of being conned than anywhere else. They think that if they accept us they're going to end up being made fools of; that we're going to turn round and say: TOO BAD, WE'RE A HYPE — fooled ya! It's ridiculous to hold our appearance against us. It's like saying all reggae bands are black, don't listen to reggae. That's racialism and it's as pathetic as that."

So if people ignore the way you look, you have total faith in the originality and stimulation of your music? They will not be disappointed.

"No, I think our music is original. We put a lot into it, emotionally and so on. It's very important to us that what we do we do very seriously. I think that comes through no matter what. We're very genuine."

Jansen: "We've always considered what we do to be art . . ."

Of course. What else could it be?

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A.B. (GINGER), keep telling you, but it's true. I love you: O.G.V. (Jabe).

ALISON, HAPPY Valentines and birthday. All my love — Paul.

ALISON — WHO "Can't stand up for falling down", I don't mind — "I'm in the mood for dancing". Luv Chris.

ALI YOU need a shave — Nicola.

"ALL MY loving". To "my funny Valentine" — John.

ANDREA — HAPPY Valentine. Thinking of you. Have a great birthday. Love Simon X.

ANDY: YOU may not have the bank balance of Paul Getty, the power of the Ayatollah, or the muscles of the Incredible Hulk, but I love you. Kerry.

ANGEL — I love you. Happy Valentines Day. Babes — Charmian.

ANGIE, K. "YOU'RE all I need to get by". Love Steve W.

ANITA — STINKY loves you.

ANNE MACE — happy anniversary my sweet Valentine.

ANNE, TO you, a rose in N.M.E. print — Chic.

BARBS — BE my Valentine. Love cannot be put into words — Andy.

BE MY Valentine forever. Kevin I love you Honey. Love and kisses your fiancee, Karen.

BERN, BLACK pussies in the toilet, no more. F.

BILBO — I love ya. Chripo.

BILL PRIMROSE — You still give me teenage kicks. Love you — Bint Blanket.

BMW — ICKLE OCKLE MT.

BOBABI, I live yow Happy Vilintaens Doy. Biboo.

BONP — MY love forever — Paul.

Bongo, love you, Pooh.

BRENDA, LOVE you always. Pete.

BRIAN B. You certainly were the biggest. Kings Reach.

BUNNIE'S VALENTINE MESSAGE: Meet!

BS'S THE only one's 4 Johanne.

CATHY — LOVE you Sting.

CAROLINE DUNN — you are really wunnerful, I love you. James.

CHAR & WENDY — you didn't think I'd spend money did you? — Peter.

CHRISTINA — OUR dream will last forever. Now I know what love is. I love you — John.

CHRISTINE, I love you, Gary.

CHUBBS — KEEP smiling Alison, my love always — Philip.

COLIN — I'll love you always — GAR.

COLIN I'M lonely without you. Love you. Margaret.

CONTENTED CAT, the horrendous happy dog will love you forever.

CUDDLES — DON'T be afraid of me — Monkey.

DARLIN' RAB loves ye big bits today and always. Gange.

DAVID BOWIE — in this age of grand illusion you walked into my life out of my dreams — Shakey, 18 Sheil Road, Liverpool.

DAVE CURTIS — I am really lucky to have you. Love Stephanie.

DAVE — WANT me to want you? Love you at least. Bett XX. P.S. Do I deserve a dog?

DEAR MARIANNA, I will love you forever. Love Ian. XXXXX

"DEAR STEPH, loving you is one thing I'll never regret. M.I.K."

DEBBIE — LOVING you always — slushy as ever, and adore you even more — GOS.

DENISE, NEW beginning new life, love you Peach, your Rusty.

DEREK, I love you. Sharon. XXXX.

DEREK — YOU'RE first and last. I'll love you forever — Merlin.

DIANE, YOU mean everything, love you. Pale Blue Eyes.

DIDA — HAPPY Valentines Day. Love Dopey.

DUNCAN — I love you — Caz xx.

DUNCAN G COME up and have dinner sometime! Captain Birdseye.

DUNCAN — love you — Caz xx.

DYE BE our Valentine. Love Cook and Nibble.

ECHO AND your silhouette, when the sunlight never dims forever. Bloom.

ELAINE — LOVE you always — Tosh.

ELIZABETH, YOU'RE always a special to me — The two tone man from Tool.

EM, I love you X TC

EVELYN — 2032, I will love you forever — Phil 3877.

FRANCES I'LL take you to the seven seas of Rhye. Stephen.

"Furry hamster — Pussycat loves you."

FUT EXIT We love you: The Fans

GAYNOR, SHEILA, I love you both Little Phil.

GEOFF (PHD) happy Valentine's Day Love you very much, Jane.

GEORGE — YOURE perfectly medulated — Carol.

GHERKIN I love you, happy Valentine's Day.

GILL — LOVE you for eber and eber and eber.

GISELLE — LOVE on Valentine's Day and always — Stuart.

GLENDA DARLING I love you. MPL reign between us forever — Snoopy.

GLEN I.W.Y. Pooh X.

GRAHAM SMITH — Happy Thursday love from your little Karen friend.

GREATEST MOD ever, happy Valentine, Love Babe.

HEATHER I will love you forever. Let's make it another memorable year. With all my love Keith. P.S. Where's me leather underwear?

HELLO ALFIE NOAKES love you (still) darling Swampsnake. Remember Haystack? Power to the people. W. up B. tonight? Firework Lady XXXXXXXXX.

HUMPHREY — YOU'RE fantastic, please be my Valentine. Love and bites "The Bean". P.S. The Nolans rule O.K.

I LOVE Sally Saunders. John.

I LOVE Simon, cos he does good sculptures, yeah. Jane.

I LOVE YOU and all. G.

I'M IN love with the girl from number nine — Dave.

"JACKIE DARLING, page 44 says it all".

JACKIE — I love you, love Pauly.

JANETTE — LOVE you, now and forever, Danny.

JAYNE — THANK you for loving me — your devoted Munchkin.

JEFF D, I wish it was June 28th. I love you — Claire.

JELLY BELLY — Chubby Chops still loves you.

JENNIFER GENTLE you're a witch. Love Lucifer Sam.

JOHN, LOVE and meatballs. Carolyn.

John, you're t'riffic, love Sally.

JON — YOU'RE wonderful — Mary.

JO — WHY aren't you ever in. Duncan.

JULIE BISSEL — My Valentine for ever, I will always love you my darling especially April twelfth. P.S. "Three".

JULIE — I'LL love you forever. Graham.

JULIE — MON Amitie a Tu — Craig.

JULI (FIRST track second side) surprise, surprise, even on a Thursday. Chris.

KATE, NORTON'S sex kitten. Love you forever. Cuddly Crutch, Wolverhampton.

KAREN — THE bed's too big without you — The only one.

KATH — LOVE and think of you always — John.

KATY — GOOD ol' Tim? St.

KEN — ALWAYS yours. Love Blue Bay Tours.

KERRY SWEETHEART my arm's still true.

KEVIN — HAPPY new year. Love you, Vicky X.

KEVIN — I'LL love you, always Sharon XX.

KEVIN — I love you LOTS and I always will. Karla. XXXXXXXX.

LESLEY — LOTS of love — Roy.

LESLEY — WE both love you very much and adore our riding sessions Copper and Friend.

LINDA — KEEP listening to the charts. All my love, Alan.

LITTLE HOTPOT — All my love — Rabbit.

LIZ — ALL my love, Tony.

LOU, BIRDS sing it, dogs bark it, love you always, what a market! Andy.

LORRAINE — I'LL switch the radiator off next time. Russ the needle loves you.

LORRAINE, I will love you forever. Tim (Gorri).

LOVE TO Diane from Captain Beaky.

LUCY — LOVE you Sonshine. Waz.

LYNN — I LOVE YOU PUDGY AND ALWAYS WILL — STUART.

MAGGIE 'W' love you and bust, kiss, kiss, Paul.

MAGGIE, YOU are my Valentine. J.W.S.

MANDY, YOU are the lady who's sure all that glitters is gold, and you are on your stairway to heaven. All of my love, peace and thank you. Rap and Mark.

MANTICORE SINFIELD and Torkus Toccata love HG No No and Hemley.

MARK RULE cool. Love millions always. Nicky XXXXXXX.

MAURA IS she really going out with him? Love Barry.

MELANIE MOJA droga, ja cie kocham bradzo duzo. Love you. Eddy.

MIKE: THANKS for rescuing '79. Here's to the '80s. All my love, Andy.

MR GOODBUNNIE! Wash behind earums and fluff up tailums. Dawg and Poo are out and Smokey Pink is going to pick Bonzo's nose. What are we going to do? Your fave rabbit pie — Mrs Goodbunnie.

MRS. MORLO, Rydw. i'n caru ti. Mr Morlo.

"MY LOGICAL Guernsey Knight, lots of Peng from Sir Henry."

MY LOVE for you is ten out of ten, so hugs and kisses to Robert from Bren X.

NELLIE - I love you. Happy Valentines Day. Sonia.

NICK DARLING, yet another first. Italy Rosie.

NICKIE — LOVE YOU. Dave

NIKKI SULLIVAN — My one and only dream is 4 U 2 B mine, not a 10lb barbel on my line. Ex-fisherman.

NOOL LOVE you Bubs, Lynnie X

ONLY FOOLS fall in love — your very own fool, Helen.

"PAUL HAJDUK — Middlesex Polytechnic — All my love — The Birmingham Warthog".

PAUL — I love you. Be my Valentine and Armadillos will rule forever! Lesley.

PECCARY — FAVE sugar mouse — love you Greggery.

PERKY — LOVE AND KISSES — PINKY XXX.

PERRY — REMEMBER Screaming Babes!

PHIL H. — "Brighton Calling", Love an older Terry.

POWER — MAKES me go tripping — love Half Pint.

RACHEL, MY love is yours forever, Barry.

RIK — JE T'AIME, LIN.

ROB VILLETTE, can't explain. Miss Clean.

ROLF, I Love you. All my love. Mary.

ROB — HAPPY Valentine's Dat. Lots and lots of love. Paul.

RUTH, THE Monk loves you loads.

RWYN DY garu di, Jenny. Mark.

SAMMY SHARP/ Thinking of you always/Bruce Springsteen.

SANDRA — HAPPY Valentines Day — there ain't no chicken here either. Love Richard.

SEXPOT: CUDDLES falls over easier than Skittles, especially before skiing. You bowl me over most. Love you. There it's in print.

SHARON, "I'LL put some roses in your room". Lottsa love. F.B.

SHIRLEY HI! I Love you. Forget Ferry and Sting — I'll give you a ring — Neil.

SIAN DEAREST will love you forever. Noddy.

SPECIAL GRANTS to Mark in Brighton — Caroline.

SQUIRREL NUTKIN — Love you. Liz.

STEPH, HI there. I've just blown £5.20 telling you how much I love you, so you'd sure as hell better have bought the paper. Love Dave.

STEVE MEEHAN — Happy Valentine's Day. I love you. Chris XXXX.

STEVE SMITH, Manchester. Oh Ms Coraton, remember the card cheat.

SUSAN, 8 (HOMERTON) "You're all I'm living for". Richard A.

SWEET SUZY Q, my arm is true. Mighty Mouse loves you.

TERRI, I love you! Jon

TERRY — TIME cannot stop us now. I love you more than ever. Blue Lady.

TESSA CARD — Love you mums one — Anthony.

THANKS JOHN. Love Katie X

THE GIRL loves you — Brown Eyes.

THE MIST love Helen forever.

TINA SEVEN beautiful years. Love you always. Neil.

TO AMANDA lots of love, see you soon, Chopper.

TO CRASS — Lots of Love.

TOGETHER WE are forever. I love you Alison.

TO JAMES, Michele and Puss: Happy Valentine's Day. I love you all! You're beautiful. Lots of love, Steven.

TO HELEN, all my amplifiers, ol' Pete records and love to you, Richard.

TO MICK — all my love. Theresa X.

TO MORAG goes all the love she ever wanted. Mark.

TONY SMV Claire, the Grande Affaire.

TO RICH — I'll always love you forever, until the end of the Rainbow is found. Lots of love. Diddley XX.

TO SARA — Happy Valentine's Day. Love Mark.

TO SARAH love from Shaun Heudle Jersey.

TO THE lady bass player from a Tiller Boy.

TRACEY, HAPPY Valentines. Love you — Mark.

THREE FEELINGS to Olbs. Bertie.

VAL, HAPPY Valentine's — Birthday. Luv David and who says I ain't ritzy.

VICKY ANDREW — I love you. Head

"Wah, you're better than Elvis Costello and Leonard Cohen! Love Zipiggy."

WALTHAMSTOW — LOVE you — Wembley.

WENDY I love you — Nigel

WILKIE — MY little Avocado Pear — I'll love for ebber.

WRITER, TO 1980 with a bit of peace, love and understanding. Thinker

2V — I'VE got sunshine on a cloudy day — love Otis, S.E.9.

VALENTINE SPLODGE, I still loves ye. 2886.

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MANCHESTER PERSONS for Anarchy sounds. 061-998 3933.

SUBVERT 80 require drummer. Phone Submusic 600336 Dunstable.

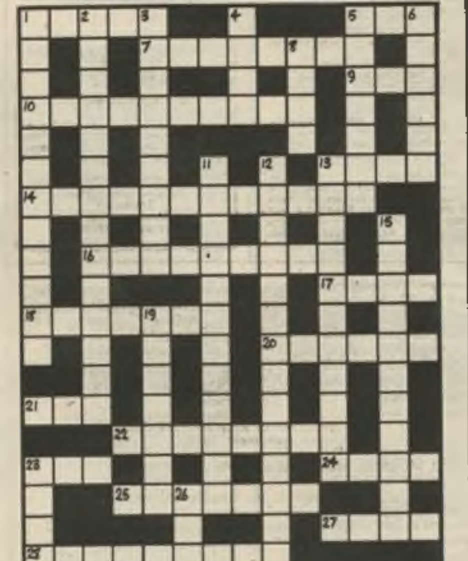
TALENTED VOCALIST for original band. Greenwich based. 856 1917. Roy 7pm.

TEMPORARY FAULT require drummer. Multi-influenced new wave band. Enthusiasm a must. London based. Gigs waiting. Basingstoke 24420.

YOUNG FEMALE wants to join 60's style group, lead or backing. Portsmouth area. Whitcomb, 122 St. Andrews Road, Southsea.

MANSOOR — Please come home or contact your mother.

NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

1 Actress / singer who played Monkey in *Quadrophenia*
5 Disco / soul combo hiding in 'Coward Of The County'
7 TYA guitar bore (5,3)
9 Kryptic Kwikkie: Little Pamela turns into a hearing aid!
10 Generation X's Greatest Hit (4,6)
13 See 17
14 Stones cut which gave name to the infamous movie / documentary of the Altamont Festival (6,7)
16 Robbie or B.A.?
17 & 13 across. Runaway frontperson
18 LA kiddie-punk combo belonging to Richard!
20 See 23 across
21 BOF techno-rockers from Billericay, Essex!
22 A single wireless!? (6,3)
23 & 20 Old Wave white soul singer whose first hit was with a Beatles cover
24 New York stadium where Beatles played for thousands of screaming girls and the movie cameras
25 1962 Tornados No 1 named after the world's first telecommunications satellite
27 Mode of record?!
28 See 4

DOWN

1 Thinks: 'A glade' (anag. 2 words)
2 Bowie's 'soul' album (5,9)
3 The Reverend Cliff's real name (6,4)
4 & 28 V. tall rock drummer who gives his name to his band
5 & 6. Rain on Monday, cloud and scattered showers Tuesday, jazz / rock on Wednesday ...!
8 Titled Purple organist?
11 Album from which 'I Hear You Now' is taken, and should be returned forthwith! (5,7)
12 Lennon's pick-up band on 'Give Peace A Chance' and 'Cold Turkey' (7,3,4)
13 Foreign Strangler? (4,7)
15 Recent Abba 45 (1,4,1,5)
19 The mouth of Secret Affair (3,4)
23 Lynne or Beck?
26 Bowie's first 'moderne' elpee

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 5 Richard Jobson; 8 Jimi Hendrix; 10 'Grease'; 11 (John) Peel! 13 Frank Zappa; 14 Rico; 15 Status (Quo); 18 'Flex'; 20 Ian (Dury); 21 Rufus Thomas; 22 Cliff Richard; 25 Sweet; 27 '(Mull Of) Kintyre'; 30 'Kung Fu Fighting'.

DOWN: 'Sid Sings'; 2 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing'; 3 Robert Plant; 4 John (Peel); 6 'Riders On The Storm'; 7 Bootlegs; 9 'Deja Vu'; 12 (Ian) Dury; 16 (Mick) Abrahams; 17 Slade; 19 'Mull Of (Kintyre)'; 23 Charlie (Watts); 24 Sting; 26 (Charlie) Watts; 28 Tour; 29 (Status) Quo.

SAM PHILLIPS

♦ *from page 60*

this time, Elvis was the biggest of the four, he just loved to bounce things off Carl, Johnny and Jerry Lee and, in turn they did precisley the same to him.

"It wasn't just because they were all successful that made it such a unique event," Phillips insists, "each in his own way was a highly distinctive artist, yet they were all motivated by the same common denominator and there was this feeling of artistic freedom in the studio that particular afternoon as a result of their mutual respect for one another's talent.

"They may have only been making some impromptu music together as opposed to trying to record something for eventual release, but the only way I can best describe exactly what happened that day is to liken it to a spiritual awakening through music."

Though these tapes (which reportedly are in the possession of Shelby Singleton who bought an 80 per cent interest in Sun in 1969) are still the subject of complex litigations, there is considerable doubt as to whether edited highlights will ever be officially released.

To return to the last months of 1955 and RCA's benevolent offer of $35,000 — then a king's ransom — for Elvis' Sun contract which still had a year to run, Phillips claimed at the time, "I had to either sell it to RCA or give up everything else I was doing and just go with Elvis."

Elvis was still no more than a regional success and as such wasn't bringing in a fortune in terms of record sales — therefore, Phillips needed to raise a large bank-roll to expand Sun if he were to afford Elvis anything like the same degree of promotion as a major label, or forever remain a small-time operation.

Marion Keisker is on record as stating, "Sam decided and I think wisely, that he could use the money. He could make other stars just as he had made Elvis."

Whatever, within a couple of months of selling off his stake in The Hillbilly Cat, Phillips released Carl Perkins' 'Blue Suede Shoes' which not only made the nation's top 5 (a feat he'd never achieved with Elvis), but prompted RCA to panic and assume that they'd signed the wrong artist! Indeed, Steve Sholes, who'd been responsible for fixing the RCA deal, went so far as to phone Phillips who assured him that RCA had in fact purchased the right artist.

To curb their anxiety, on January 30, 1956, RCA persuaded Elvis to cover 'Blue Suede Shoes' a song which he'd featured (along with 'Heartbreak Hotel') two days earlier on his first-ever coast-to-coast TV appearance.

Today, Phillips (who runs five radio stations) has absolutely no regrets about letting Elvis go when he did, for he went on to discover and develop many other fine and lasting talents.

"In those days," Phillips concludes, "we had absolutely no idea if people would accept what were trying to do, therefore, today I derive a great deal of satisfaction from knowing that nobody has ever been able to kill off the Sun catalogue. It's still in print and there are still many thousands of people who still buy and enjoy what we did back then."

And, as far as Phillips is concerned, that's the best possible appreciation anyone could ever ask for.

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Back to musics

A STRANGE malady is rock music snobbery, so easily detected in others but so difficult to find in ourselves; an inherent part of old wave music, but strangely absent in the new.

Groups who play modern music reject conventional rock and roll as played by The Rolling Stones and The Who, and their new wave offspring The Clash and The Jam, and never even whisper the names of such atrocities as Sham 69.

They reject rock and roll as much because they can't play it as they don't want to play it. They do admit they can't play their instruments very well, but force you to conclude that they make a lot of interesting noises. Non-music played by non-musicians for tone deaf intellectuals, tuneless, characterless vocals backed by sparse monotones, repetitive dirges, punctuated with electronic beeps and farts, and all with that oh-so-fashionable 'dub' production sound. Records to be released on small independant labels, Rough Trade, Factory, Fast, played on the John Peel shows, reviews and interviews in the *NME* with Paul Morley, Ian Penman, Andy Gill. All of which is totally incomprehensible to all but a small minority of the most learned, enlightened and perceptive listeners and readers. Music to flatter yourself with, and make you feel so much better than all the common oiks.

Johnny Rotten — the voice that once screamed that immortal couplet *'God save the Queen/It's a fascist regime'* while fronting, in his words, a 'piss take of a rock group' — has been appointed the spokesman for a whole generation of modern music lovers. He is now so highly revered that all he need do to provide material for his next widely-acclaimed album is fart in the bath. Of course, it is quite possible that Public Image Ltd. are in fact a 'piss take' of an *NME* writer's idea of a modern music band; in which case the whole Public Image business becomes a brilliant hoax, and certain *NME* writers the most willing of dupes.

Having said all that, I must at least note that the *NME's* humble cartoonist Benyon and Lowry manage to retain an admirable sense of perspective and a great deal of clear-headed thinking as they unrelentingly lampoon with a great deal of accuracy the worst elements of snobbery, elitism and pseudo-intellectualism in the current music scene.

For my part, a truly classless and unaffected person, I feel myself being completely and utterly abused, bemused, confused and defused when reading articles by Paul Morley as he uses more descriptive adjectives and big words than the compare of *The Good Old Days*. I fall asleep during the John Peel show. I even like The Police and The Jam. But then maybe I don't take the right drugs. Modern music one-upmanship — I pass!
Matthew Piss (ex-editor of 'Spittin' Blood'), Aberdeen.
Oh, come on, Matt, there's always a certain ratio of good stuff floating about (though not necessarily A Certain Ratio and certainly not Orchestral Anagrams In A No Light Situation). So it's all subjective; would you have it any other way? — M.S.

First impressions can be misleading. Originally, upon encountering Ian Penman's roaming pen and the sometimes incomprehensible productions / creations thereof I thought 'what a wanker'. Now, after having laboured through his semiological doings week by week, I have gradually begun to change my mind and mind my change.

Although boring, conservative sub-editors may interrupt frequently (sometimes to 'correct' Penman's semantic juggling), it has only served to enhance the crucial apotheosis. To play with words, but with a care, and to create and invent is one of the prime and redeeming functions of contemporary journalists. With the demise of the inventive novelist and / or poet, the columnists and critics of today are destined to become the Joyces and Hopkins' of today. Witness the steady, interminable interchange between critic, rock-poet, rock-performer, creative artist. A new Modernist poetry is slowly coming — not like Dylan's train, but with a contempt for traditional semantics and a love for contempt.

The Beats back on the road reliving words, constructing non-myths, whether you 'stupidists' accept it or not, is, quite inextricably, the 1980s and the future. To be and to do, or not to be.
G. Matthews, St. Saviour, Jersey.
The hell you say! — STAN LAUREL (a genuine poet).

Dear Ian Penman, I read the whole of your *Gasbag* and am now totally exhausted mentally!

There is a theorem that the average length of words employed indicates the complexity of information conveyed; thus this figure is high for good science fiction, but low for 'romantic' novels.

Pity about the typo in the headline: what is "Semiological"? Something is either logical or it isn't, in which case I think I'd prefer vanilla, as the saying goes.

Two little points of carping criticism: (i) do we have to have so many 'four letter' words? (ii) The Swastika is an ancient symbol which has only acquired pejorative characteristics since its adoption by the Hitler National Socialists — how many people know that is what 'Nazi' is an abbreviation for; the German for National Socialist?

Oh well, as Theodore Sturgeon said when asked why 90% of science fiction was rubbish, "80% of *everything* is crud!" Sorry, but that's what the man said, and it's known now as 'Sturgeon's Revelation'.
Martin A Kennelly M.I.R.S.E., Dip E.E., T.Eng., Allestree, Derby.
Resorting to four letter words to make a point, eh Mart? — M.S.
'Crud' is not actually a four letter word. It originated in America in the Chalk River atomic plant where samples were frequently sent off for analysis labelled 'CRUD': Chalk River Unidentified Deposit. — M.A.K.
Oh shut up. — M.S.

Ian Penman is one of the most pathetic journalists you have ever had working for your paper, and that's really something. His so-called review of Japan's latest album proves this. It consisted of a series of supposedly clever sentences rammed into each other which made no sense at all. It's people like Ian Penman who make me want to read in the dark.
Diana Michalak, London NT1.
Maybe you'd care to swap make-up hints with the boys from Japan, dear, but Ian obviously didn't. Mind you, a touch of rouge would do wonders for the lad; he'd look like that little chap in *Cabaret*. — MAX FACTOR.

So Ian Penman comes out "quite strongly on the side of hedonism" *(Gasbag)* which, I presume, means that he sees nothing wrong with drug addiction.

In the past Penman has condemned the policies of the demented Thatcher government, the sick NF's dirty racism on the grounds that these things cause human suffering and distress. This is true and he is right to single out these things for what they are. Why then, does he see nothing wrong with drug taking which also causes a large amount of human suffering in the world today?

When are people going to see that drugs do not bring any real, true happiness? For such a false sense of security and the unreal escape from reality there is such an awful price to pay at the end — i.e. death or permanent damage to the health. It is just not worth it.

People do not need any artificial stimulants whatsoever. All drug addiction shows is human weakness and a reluctance to face the real world. All Ian Penman does in supporting drug-taking is glorify one of the world's greatest problems and make these mass killers seem attractive. Pathetic really.
John Thomas, Manchester.
You are entitled to your opinion, of course, just as Ian is his and — since he's currently away having his blood changed — let me make it quite plain that Ian's remark was sarcastic. — M.S.

Dear Monty Smith, you are continually in print, these days, pointing out your hatred of racism. I'd like to draw your attention to an article you wrote in *NME* (27.5.78) in which you refer to the Scots as 'dirty gits'.

I don't know about you, but I would consider the Scots, Welsh and Irish to be a race separate from the English in that they are direct descendants of the Celtic race, whereas the English are descended from the Anglo-Saxons. Therefore your insult directed at the Scots hurts me personally, because I am Scottish. I know some Scots direct similar insults at the English, but that's not the point.
Joe McCormick, Glasgow.
As far as I can tell, the only thing the Scots, Irish and Welsh have in common is that none of them will be appearing in this summer's European Championships in Rome. (And neither are the Russians, which might account for a lot.) The 'dirty gits' jibe you refer to was in fact a passing reference to yet another Scottish football defeat, and it was made in an album review. It was A Joke. — M.S.

After reading in *T-Zers* (Jan 31) about the alleged riot at the Toyah concert in Huddersfield — being the chief of the local Mafia as you put it — can I please put things straight on behalf of the Huddersfield punks.

Firstly two mikes were thieved, not half the PA as you say and on speaking to Toyah, myself and two bodyguards (that's what they have in the Mafia) got the mikes back. The reason for our riot and three surges on the stage was a protest at the lack of good bands put on at our poly. OK we have got to have mod and ska bands but please give us some punk as there are a lot of punks — at least 300 in Huddersfield — into things like The Ants, Upstarts, Crass, Subs, Damned, etc. etc. Tonight (1.2.80) we have The Piranhas on and we're having another riot until we get some decent bands. We're sorry for the bands subjected to our rioting but we feel it's the only thing to do as the last punk type band to play Hudds was Gang Of Four way back in November and I wouldn't like to say who was before that.
The Godfather on behalf of the Huddersfield Punk Mafia Organisation for better groups in Huddersfield.
You are a complete pillock and we've printed your letter just to demonstrate to our readers why there can be so much trouble at gigs. How could there not be when morons like you are about? — M.S.

What the hell is this punks v. mods v. reds crap all about? Does fashion really have so much hold on people that they must go around beating up people because of their taste in clothing and music?

Violence won't accomplish anything. Laugh at the disco freaks if you have to, but don't beat them up. Mods and punks are on the same side after all. If you're going to emulate other people, you'll never be an individual human being with soul and personality.
Rat Rabies, Reykjavik, Iceland.
What? Like you are, you mean? It sounds as though you're as fashion conscious as the rest. — M.S.

Had all the current mods gone to see *The Towering Inferno* instead of *Quadrophenia* would they all have burned themselves to death?
A.S.C., Stewarton.
Choc ice and Kiaora voucher winner. — M.S.

I went t'gig t'uthe night t'see t'Selecter. A good t'job that eh took Hovis butty else ah'd never made it t'through t'encore.
Willie McBrougan, t'Yorkshire Exile.
They do play rather a long set, don't they? — SIR GEOFFREY BOYCOTT.

Why has *Wages Of Fear*, with music by Tangerine Dream, been excluded from your guide to 'Rock Cinema'?

They were also excluded from the *NME Book Of Modern Music.*
Gareth Penn, Cardiff.
Er, aren't you twigging something there, Gareth? — M.S.

Referring to your 'Rock Cinema' thing, Bernard Shakey is Neil Young (see *Rolling Stone*). He makes his TV commercials behind that sobriquet, too.
Boring James Bulman, Liverpool 22.
Not really surprising he uses an assumed name, is it? — FRED FELLINI.

Did you notice that when some folk left a pub during *Grange Hill* the song coming out of the jukebox was 'South Of The River' by Blast Furnace And The ****s?
Brian James
Well, don't waste time telling us, man. Get on to the Beeb and complain in the strongest possible terms. — THE MAN ON THE ARENA OMNIBUS.

Last week, my son (Simon Griffin) wrote in saying that if you didn't print his letter, he would chop his left testicle off. His letter didn't appear and he is now in Charing Cross Intensive Care.
Doris Griffin.
What a load of bail. — M.S.

Love the paper, but why don't you have a Problems Page — because I've got a problem.
George Grain.
I've a horrible feeling we all have, George. — M.S.

There's no such thing as snobbery when MONTY SMIFF does The Bag. Well, not a lot.

T-ZERS GETS ON THE BUS

GOOD MORNING and welcome to the place where rumours go to breed, your handle on the scandal, your unflinching guide to illness, legal complications, sartorial fetishes and romantic confusions amongst the stars; all blended with cogent, clear-eyed commentary on the real issues of today as seen by a leading team of environmental semanticists, fashion leaders, disenfranchised anarcho-syndicalists and non-sexist drunks. As a result, each item will be accompanied by helpful hints on what to wear while reading it. So — eschewing outmoded notions of structuralist thought — let's get reified and then get on with the action!

Don a tasteful but unostentatiously populist overcoat with a Rizla packet containing the scribbled 'phone number of a leading Tokyo lawyer to consider the fact that the internationally renowned herbalist **Paul McCartney** has landed on his financial feet once again despite his announced willingness to refund every single tiny little yen of the million pounds or so laid out by his Japanese following to attend the by-now legendary non-gigs on THAT tour. It seems that only 37% of that massive prospective audience has applied for a refund, the remaining 63% (maths courtesy of a Jap calculator) presumably preferring to retain the tickets as souvenirs. The lily was further gilded when the tour programme was put on public sale, sold out immediately and then went into a second print run. Money may not buy happiness, but it certainly makes being miserable far more comfortable . . .

A fast switch into cowboy boots and a box jacket: Despite the disproval of (and legal action by) its stars, director **Jack Hazan's** *Rude Boy* — a feature film about **The Clash** — has been selected as the British entry in the Berlin Film Festival, thereby gaining its world premiere in **Richard Jobson's** fave burg on February 26 . . .

This highly significant date is, in fact, only eleven days after the release date of the interminably delayed **Elvis Costello** album (you've ditched the trilby and wraparounds for a pair of hornrims by now, naturally) still entitled 'Get Happy'. The beleaguered one celebrated the reactivation of his career — and, no doubt, the fact that no less than three of his compositions including 'Girls Talk' crop up on **Linda Ronstadt's** next elpee — by guesting on the Liverpool and Bradford dates of the **Rockpile/Fabulous Thunderbirds** tour under the nom du Strat of **The Horace Bartow Experience** . . .

This one's complicated since it involves both a parka and a pair of startlingly indecent trousers. To illustrate the aphorism that "treason is only a matter of dates", consider that not only has former Black Panther and born-again Christian **Eldridge Cleaver** switched his theological allegiance to 'Moonie' leader **Sun Myung Moon**, but that former **Specials** manager **Peter Collins** is the producer of **The Lambrettas'** 'Poison Ivy' single, issued on Rocket Records' 2-Stroke subsidiary, a label whose artwork and graphics are esclosesathis to the rather more distinguished 2-Tone . . .

The Ramones an repose on their tour bus, and keeping the boys company are the requisite number of personages of the opposite gender, known variously as Mrs Ramone, Ms Ramone, Joey's one, etc. If you can tell them apart, answers on a postcard please to 'Must We Fling This Filth At Our Pop Kids' Comp, Sunday People, Personchester. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Comings and goings (just wear a confused expression): **Graeme Potter**, former drummer with **The Little Roosters**, is now involved in some dubious venture or other with **Glen Matlock**, while singer/harpist **Justin Ward** has quit **Sore Throat**, who are carrying on without a replacement . . .

Those of you in black suits, pudding-basin haircuts and manic expressions will be delighted to know that **Wilko Johnson** has celebrated the onset of the '80s by readying his first product since splitting with Virgin in 1978. The recording in question has been produced by Rockburgh Records chap **Sandy Roberton** of **Steeleye Span** and **Ian Matthews** fame. The said Matthews meanwhile has been somewhat impeded by the fact that the boss of Mushroom, his American record company, died of a brain tumour during vital negotiations, which is why his last album is still unreleased Ovah Dere while his next one's almost ready to go. Go where? Ah, therein lies the rub . . .

A tasteful little rug should be appropriate for this one: When the celebrated ska combo **Pink Floyd** reached the States to launch their new tour, they discoverd that the pitch black stage required by their special effects crew could not be achieved using American carpets, which are — gaspo — reflective. The entire world came to a standstill while 350 yards of — up comes Rule Britannia, chest swells w/pride, etc — *British* carpeting was prepared, cut and sewn to the required shape before being flown to LA. Nice to know that we can still teach these foreign chaps a thing or two . . .

Next up, a carnation in the lapel and a trickle of salty fluid at the corner of the eye: Knots were tied recently between **Stuart Adamson** of **The Skids** and **Sandra Davidson** as well as between **Rod Elliott** (the former **Skid Marx** of **Blast Furnace And** and, more recently, **The Untouchables**) and the dazzling **Domini**. Imminent nuptials include the cementing of the pact between the very lovely **Phil Lynott** and **Caroline Crowther**. **Barbara Cartland** is 109 . . .

Wear a concerned expression: Several hundred albums and a fantastically important briefcase were nicked from Music Hive Record Shop in Norwood, S. E. London. The owner, **Jimmy Lindsay**, is currently touring with **Ronnie Lane** and would appreciate a call on 01-671 5155 from anyone who could tell him where his things are. *(A band of the reggae persuasion — Ed).* We'd quite appreciate a call from someone who can tell us who Jimmy Lindsay is. Furthermore, a live tape of **The Tourists** at the Nashville was nicked from the band's manager's car outside the Marquee last week. A phone call to 01-834 8341 could make the lucky thief (or his/her duly appointed representative) £500 richer. Finally, could **Trix** please call Tim (huh???) . . .

A broad grin should suffice here: **Iron Maiden** vocalist **Paul D'Ano** lost his voice and was unable to recapture the horrid thing in time for the band's Grimsby gig so anyone who finds D'Ano's missing yelp is requested to keep it in a lead box until the RSPCA arrive.

Plaster is manditory when considering the wilful ways of whacky but winsome beat poet **John Cooper Clarke**. The weedy one demonstrated the Psycle Pallp at Kings Cross Station last week ('twas icy in the extreeeeeme). This attempt for late consideration in the Winter Olympics earned JCC a broken ankle which is not doing much for his current spate of recording sessions, but his projected script for a TV play is now receiving more of the Stevenage bard's attention than was originally deemed likely . . .

This week's football *T-Zer* (dress optional): Following in the footsteps of **Phil Lynott** and **Gang Of Four's Hugo Burnham**, **PiL's Jah Wobble** became the latest music biz bigwig to be spotted hanging out at the joint where all the happy people go — the bar beneath The Shelf at Tottenham Hotspur FC. Wob was seen braving the unprecedented crush at the Spurs-Swindon FA Cup Tie (ah yes, that's what you wear to read a football *T-Zer*) . . .

And the ceremonial handkerchief, please: **Cher**, the plastic surgeon's best friend, has parted from **Gene Simmons** of **Kiss**, America's most culturally progressive human being. "We realised it was not true love," gritted the 'sexy singing star' . . .

This bit is a conceptual link with the bit about **The Clash** movie (we said it was non-structuralist this week, didn't we?) **The Sex Pistols'** *Great Rock'N'Roll Swindle* moovin' pitchah will be shown at the Berlin, Cannes and LA film festivals (Berlin screening on the 23rd inst, flight fans). In the meantime, distributors are getting crushed in the rush not to touch the horrid thing with a bargepole, and it's currently getting dubbed into Espanol for its first theatrical showing in — wait for it — Spain . . .

Don tutus and dreadlox now: **The Slits'** next thing will v. probably be coming your way via Rough Trade now that they are definitively splitsville with Island after a raging fiscal dispute . . .

Don't wear this, wear that: will **Madness** be doing 'To Know Him Is To Love Him' as their next 45? A tiny teddy bear tells *T-Zers* that this might well be the case . . .

Wear a bloodstained Brook Brothers shirt: **Pat Boone** (**God's** best friend) has just written a record, something entitled 'The Hostage Hymn'. A well known critic comments, "This one will iran and iren" . . .

'Locks to me means one form of thinking,' quoth Michael Riley darkly as he has his head shaved by hairdresser Siegfried Sassoon. Micheal, a promising welterweight, once aired his tonsils with Steel Pulse but after a year in the gym above the Thomas A'Beckett, be'a now airing his airless bounce with Sarl London outfit Headline. Pic: Teasy Weasy.

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