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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Jake Burns

The Cramps

The Citizen



WOMEN IN ROCK

Maya

Some girls talk. Pages 27-30.

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NME CHARTS

Week ending March 29, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (17)	Going Underground.....Jem (Polydor)	2	1
2 (2)	Together We Are Beautiful.....Fera Kinney (WEA)	5	1
3 (10)	Dance Yourself Dizzy.....Liquid Gold (Polo)	3	3
4 (4)	Take That Look Off Your Face.....Marti Webb (Polydor)	6	3
5 (7)	Turning Japanese.....Vapors (United Artists)	4	5
6 (13)	Working My Way Back To You.....Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	3	6
7 (3)	Games Without Frontiers.....Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	5	3
8 (13)	Stomp.....Brothers Johnson (A&M)	5	8
9 (2)	Atomic.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	1
10 (5)	Do That To Me One More Time.....Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	5	5
11 (15)	Echo Beach.....Martha & The Muffins (DinDisc)	3	11
12 (11)	Cuba.....Gibson Brothers (Island)	5	11
13 (8)	Hands Off She's Mine.....The Beat (Feet)	5	8
14 (6)	So Lonely.....Police (A&M)	6	6
15 (28)	Turn It On Again.....Genesis (Charisma)	2	15
16 (20)	Spirit Of Radio.....Rush (Mercury)	2	16
17 (9)	All Night Long.....Rainbow (Polydor)	4	9
18 (—)	Happy House.....Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	18
19 (—)	January February.....Barbara Dickson (Epic)	1	19
20 (27)	Don't Push It Don't Force It.....Leon Haywood (20th Century)	2	20
21 (22)	Poison Ivy.....Lambertas (Rocket)	2	21
22 (12)	And The Beat Goes On.....Whispers (Solar)	8	5
23 (—)	At The Edge.....Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	1	23
24 (23)	Another Nail In The Heart.....Squeeze (A & M)	2	23
25 (26)	Tonight I'm Alright.....Nerada Michael Walden (Atlantic)	3	25
26 (—)	Love Patrol.....The Dooleys (GTO)	1	26
27 (—)	Hot Dog.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	27
28 (—)	Let's Do Rock Steady.....Bodysnatchers (2 Tone)	1	28
29 (18)	I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down.....Elvis Costello (F Beat)	6	2
30 (21)	Holdin' On.....Tony Ratio (Calibre)	2	21

UP AND COMING:

Bear Cage — Strangers (United Artists).
 King/Food For Thought — UB40 (Graduate).
 Warhead — U.K. Subs (Gem).
 My Oh My — Sad Cafe (RCA).
 Him — Rupert Holmes (MCA).
 Ne-Na-Na-Nu-Nu — Bad Manners (Magnet).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 24, 1975

- 1 Bye Bye Baby.....Bay City Rollers (Bolt)
- 2 There's A Whole Lot Of Loving.....Gays & Dolls (Magnet)
- 3 Only You Can.....Fox (GTO)
- 4 If.....Telly Savalas (MCA)
- 5 Fancy Pants.....Kenny (Rak)
- 6 What Am I Gonna Do With You.....Barry White (20th Century)
- 7 Girls.....Moments & Whispers (All Platinum)
- 8 Pick Up The Pieces.....Average White Band (Atlantic)
- 9 Play Me Like You Play Your Guitar.....Dusane Eddy & The Rabeettes (GTO)
- 10 I Can Do It.....Rubettes (Sire)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 25, 1970

- 1 Bridge Over Troubled Water.....Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
- 2 Wandering Star.....Lee Marvin (Parlophone)
- 3 Let It Be.....Beatles (Apple)
- 4 Can't Help Falling In Love.....Adele Williams (CBS)
- 5 That Same Old Feeling.....Pickertwitch (Pye)
- 6 Young Gifted And Black.....Bob & Marcia (Trojan)
- 7 Don't Cry Daddy.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 8 No No Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye.....Steam (Fontana)
- 9 I Want You Back.....Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
- 10 Something's Burning.....Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 26, 1965

- 1 The Last Time.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 2 Silhouettes.....Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
- 3 It's Not Unusual.....Tom Jones (Decca)
- 4 Come And Stay With Me.....Marianne Faithfull (Decca)
- 5 Goodbye My Love.....Seekers (Columbia)
- 6 I'll Never Find Another You.....Seekers (Columbia)
- 7 Concrete And Clay.....Unk 4 Plus 2 (Decca)
- 8 I'll Stop At Nothing.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 9 The Minute You're Gone.....CBW Richard (Columbia)
- 10 Money I Need.....Pretty Things (Fontana)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	Teens And Laughter.....Johnny Mathis (CBS)	3	1
2 (3)	Tell Me On A Sunday.....Marti Webb (Polydor)	5	2
3 (6)	Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)	23	1
4 (5)	Greatest Hits.....Rose Royce (Whitfield)	3	4
5 (2)	String Of Hits.....Shadows (EMI)	20	1
6 (—)	Glass Houses.....Billy Joel (CBS)	1	6
7 (7)	Get Happy.....Elvis Costello (F Beat)	6	2
8 (12)	Heartbreakers.....Matt Monro (EMI)	2	8
9 (21)	Outlandos D'amour.....Police (A & M)	40	7
10 (9)	Nobody's Hero. Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	2	9
11 (4)	Last Dance.....Various (EMI)	8	1
12 (15)	The Crystal Gayle Singles Album.....Crystal Gayle (UA)	2	12
13 (10)	Golden Collection.....Charley Pride (K-Tel)	7	10
14 (11)	Down To Earth.....Pinbow (Polydor)	16	7
15 (19)	The Specials.....(Two Tone)	20	7
16 (—)	Twelve Gold Bars.....Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	16
17 (13)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	25	3
18 (8)	Eat To The Beat.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	24	2
19 (18)	Light Up The Night.....Brothers Johnson (A & M)	5	15
20 (20)	Kenny.....Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	7	4
21 (14)	Pretenders.....Pretenders (Real)	10	1
22 (—)	Loud And Clear.....Sammy Hagar (Capitol)	1	22
23 (16)	One Step Beyond.....Madness (Stiff)	19	2
24 (17)	Too Much Pressure.....Selecter (2 Tone)	5	3
25 (24)	Against The Wind.....Bob Seger (Capitol)	2	24
26 (—)	Make Your Move.....Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	1	26
27 (27)	Permanent Waves.....Rush (Mercury)	9	8
28 (—)	Psychodelic Furs.....Psychodelic Furs (CBS)	1	28
29 (—)	Greatest Hits Vol. 1.....Cockney Rejects (EMI)	1	29
30 (23)	Greatest Hits.....K.C & The Sunshine Band (TK)	3	23

UP AND COMING:

On Through The Night — Def Leppard (Vertigo).
 Club Ska 87 — Various (Island).
 Initial Success — B. A. Robertson (Asylum).
 Phoenix — Dan Fogelberg (Epic).
 Tenement Steps — The Motors (Virgin).

Pic: Fin Costello



Despite all the boundless talents necessary to achieve the 'highest new entry in singles chart' honour 'Happy House', number 18) Ms Siouxsie has still to master the technique involved in answering the telephone.

US SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	Another Brick In The Wall.....Pink Floyd	2	1
2 (2)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love.....Queen	3	14
3 (4)	Working My Way Back To You/Forgive Me Girl.....Detroit Spinners	4	10
4 (10)	Call Me.....Blondie	5	13
5 (3)	Longer.....Dan Fogelberg	6	17
6 (7)	Hen.....Rupert Holmes	7	18
7 (8)	How Do I Make You.....Linda Ronstadt	8	19
8 (9)	Too Hot.....Kool & The Gang	9	15
9 (15)	Ride Like The Wind.....Christopher Cross	10	11
10 (11)	Second Time Around.....Shalamar	11	12
11 (12)	Refugees.....Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers	12	14
12 (14)	Special Lady.....Ray Goodman & Brown	13	17
13 (17)	Fire Lake.....Bob Seger	14	18
14 (18)	I Can't Tell You Why.....Eagles	15	19
15 (5)	On The Radio.....Donna Summer	16	21
16 (21)	With You I'm Born Again.....Billy Preston	17	23
17 (23)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson	18	26
18 (6)	Desire.....Andy Gibb	19	20
19 (20)	Give It All You Got.....Chuck Mangione	20	22
20 (22)	Three Times In Love.....Tommy James	21	13
21 (13)	Yes I'm Ready.....Ten DeSeno	22	26
22 (26)	Lost In Love.....Air Supply	23	27
23 (27)	And The Beat Goes On.....Whispers	24	16
24 (16)	Rock With You.....Michael Jackson	25	19
25 (—)	You May Be Right.....Billy Joel	26	19
26 (19)	Heartbreaker.....Pat Benatar	27	19
27 (—)	Sexy Eyes.....Or. Hook	28	19
28 (—)	Hold On To My Love.....Jimmy Ruffin	29	24
29 (24)	An American Dream.....The Dirt Band	30	26
30 (26)	September Morn.....Neil Diamond		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	The Wall.....Pink Floyd	2	3
2 (3)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson	3	4
3 (4)	Mad Love.....Linda Ronstadt	4	7
4 (7)	Against The Wind.....Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band	5	21
5 (2)	Damn The Torpedoes Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers	6	8
6 (8)	Bebe La Strange.....Heart	7	11
7 (11)	Glass Houses.....Billy Joel	8	8
8 (8)	The Whispers.....The Whispers	9	9
9 (9)	Fun And Games.....Chuck Mangione	10	10
10 (5)	Phoenix.....Dan Fogelberg	11	10
11 (10)	The Long Run.....The Eagles	12	14
12 (14)	Light Up The Night.....Brothers Johnson	13	13
13 (13)	Permanent Waves.....Rush	14	15
14 (15)	On The Radio Greatest Hits Volumes 1 & 2.....Donna Summer	15	18
15 (18)	American Gigolo.....Original Soundtrack	16	12
16 (12)	But The Little Girls Understand.....The Knack	17	17
17 (17)	In The Heart Of The Night.....Pat Benatar	18	18
18 (18)	Kenny.....Kenny Rogers	19	20
19 (20)	Love Stinks.....The J. Geils Band	20	21
20 (21)	Ray, Goodman & Brown.....Ray, Goodman & Brown	21	24
21 (24)	Bad Luck Struck In Dancing School.....Warren Zevon	22	19
22 (19)	Get Happy!.....Elvis Costello & The Attractions	23	19
23 (19)	Cornerstone.....Styx	24	22
24 (22)	Ladies' Night.....Kool & The Gang	25	26
25 (26)	Big Fun.....Shalamar	26	29
26 (29)	Pretenders.....Pretenders	27	28
27 (28)	Departure.....Journey	28	28
28 (28)	London Calling.....The Clash	29	30
29 (30)	After Dark.....Andy Gibb	30	12
30 (12)	The Rose.....Original Soundtrack		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

1. Serve Mi Long.....Walton Irie (Errol T)
2. What's Cooking.....Jah Thomas (Midnight)
3. Bad To Worse.....Burning Spear (Burning Spear)
4. Joe Grime.....Medoo (Crazy Joe)
5. Jah Children Rising.....Roy Dobson (Black Pearl)
6. Jah Send Rain.....Hard Rock (Reggae Connection)
7. We Are All One.....Horace Martin (Dart Locks)
8. 61 Storm Part 2.....Little John (Dwyer)
9. Run Come In A De Dance.....Papa Levi & Augustus Pablo (Int. Rockers)
10. Rubadub Session.....Ranking Devon (Mighty Cloud)

Chart supplied by Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E.14. Tel. 691 0070.

DISCO

1. Groove.....Rodney Franklin (Columbia)
2. Sure Shot.....Crown Heights Affair (Phonogram)
3. You Are My Heaven.....Roberts Flack (Atlantic)
4. Right In The Socket.....Shalamar (Sola)
5. Standing Overton.....G.O. (Arista)
6. Oh Boy.....Rose Royce (Arista)
7. Now I Am Fine.....Grey and Anis (RCA)
8. Now That I've Found You.....Al Arlon (MCA)
9. Check Out The Grooves.....Bobby Thurston (Prelude)
10. Can't Give You Up.....Mystic Merlin (Capitol)

Chart supplied by Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1. Tel. 580 0900.

INDIES

1. Food For Thought.....UB40 (Grad 8)
2. Pop Group and Sits single.....Adam & The Ants (DUN 10)
3. Car Trouble.....Spizz Energi (RTSO4)
4. Where's Captain Kiki.....Eargasm (EAR 726/28)
5. This Is Love Rock.....Fed Gadget (IMUTE 008)
6. Ricky's Hand.....Toys (SAP 1)
7. Sheep Farming In Dartmoor.....Stiff Little Fingers (IRT004)
8. Alternative Ulster.....Wilko Johnson (ROCS 220)
9. Down By The Waterside.....White Heat (VAL 01)
10. Nervous Breakdown.....White Heat (VAL 01)

Chart supplied by Spartan Records, London Road, Wembley, Middx. Tel. 903 4753.

NEWS

STRANGLERS: Rainbow is on

DESPITE Hugh Cornwell's incarceration in Pentonville Prison for two months, his appeal against sentence on drugs charges having been dismissed last Friday, The Stranglers' other three members are determined to go ahead with the band's concerts at London Rainbow next Thursday and Friday (3-4).

With help from both their manager and promoter, they are persuading a number of well-known "friends" to join them in the shows, which now look like developing into star-studded events — with names like Ian Dury, Dr. Feelgood, The Members and Steel Pulse

among many who have offered to chip in. The Cure, Peter Gabriel, Robert Fripp and Toyah Wilcox joined the list on Tuesday.

Said promoter Harvey Goldsmith: "The concerts are definitely on, and they really should be something special. But of course, if anyone wants their money back beforehand, they can have it." Thursday's gig is already sold out, and at press-time less than 800 tickets were remaining for Good Friday.

The official support acts (apart from the guests) are Hazel O'Connor, Monochrome Set, The Passions and Blood Donor on Thursday; and Joy Division, UB40, Section 25 and The Soul Boys on Friday.



Cornwell goes to jail—but friends rally to save gigs

Goldsmith also revealed that he has re-scheduled the two Rainbow concerts by the full Stranglers line-up. These will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 3 and 4 — about a fortnight after Cornwell's release.

The Stranglers had made extensive plans for the spring, including recording and overseas visits, on the assumption that Cornwell's sentence would be quashed — since it was his first offence, and he has no previous record. But despite an eloquent plea, on behalf of the other members of the band and their fans (particularly ticket-holders), Cornwell was told by the judge at Knightsbridge

Crown Court that he was to be made an example of.

The main problem facing the band now is finance. They are in litigation with their original management with many of their assets frozen, they are facing huge tax demands — and they were hoping their spring schedule would help them meet some of their commitments. Now additionally, Cornwell has to find over £5,000 in lawyers' fees.

Their spokesman commented: "The ramifications are frightening. I don't think that Hugh's imprisonment will herald the end of The Stranglers, but it's certainly going to put them in very deep water." See also page 11.

Second Jam show

THE JAM, already set for a Rainbow concert on Easter Monday to complete the venue's 50th anniversary week, have now added a second show the following night — Tuesday, April 8. Tickets are on sale now, priced £4 and £3.50.

Cure, Muffins, Human League, Undertones, Only Ones: tours

THE CURE have now confirmed the bulk of the dates for their previously-reported UK tour, as follows — Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 25), Manchester Osborne Club (26), Bristol Locarno (27), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (28), Coventry Tiffany's (29), Brighton Top Rank (30), Aberdeen University (May 2), Sheffield Top Rank (6), Exeter Routes (8), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (9), Liverpool University (10) and London Rainbow (11).

A couple more Scottish dates have still to be slotted into the tour, on which the special guests throughout are The Passions, whose debut album 'Michael & Miranda' is issued by Fiction Records on April 18. Same label releases The Cure's single 'A Forest' this week, and their LP '17 Seconds' on April 18.

MARTHA & THE MUFFINS, currently back in their native Canada, return to the UK next month to headline a series of major dates — hot on the heels of their debut chart successes with the single 'Echo Beach' and album 'Metro Music'. And they'll have a new single titled 'Saigon' issued by DinDisc on April 11 to coincide with their visit — the song is featured on the LP, but the single is a different and newly recorded version.

The tour includes two London shows — the Marquee Club on April 22, followed by the Camden Electric Ballroom on May 3. Other gigs are Newcastle Mayfair (April 25), Huddersfield Polytechnic (26), Birmingham Top Rank (27), Edinburgh venue to be set (29), Sheffield Polytechnic (May 1), Manchester Russell Club (2), Norwich East Anglia University (5) and Brighton Top Rank (7). One or two further dates have yet to be slotted in, before the band leaves for Europe.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE, who curtailed their autumn tour with the explanation that they would never perform again under that



THE CURE and THE PASSIONS

name, have been lined up for a major spring tour — under the name of The Human League! In the meantime, though, they say they've been revolutionising live performance techniques. With a new single and their second album to be issued by Virgin to tie in with the tour, their developments may be assessed at:

Portsmouth Locarno (May 8), Birmingham University (9), Manchester University (10), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (13), Newcastle Mayfair (15), Edinburgh George Square Theatre (16), File St. Andrew's University (17), Glasgow Tiffany's (18), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Derby Assembly Rooms (21), Coventry Tiffany's (22), Hull City Hall (23), Bristol Locarno (25), London Hammersmith Palais (27), Hanley Victoria Hall (28) and Wakefield Unity Hall (29). THE UNDERTONES return to live action next month with their biggest-ever British tour, taking in 27 dates, all at important venues. It ties in with the April 18 release of

their second Sire Records album 'Hypnotised', which consists of 15 original tracks, all self-penned except for The Drifters' oldie 'Under The Boardwalk'. Support act for the tour is fellow Derry group The Moondogs, and tickets are on sale now, with the maximum price pegged at £3.

Dates are Brighton Top Rank (April 23), Guildford Civic Hall (24), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Manchester Free Trade Hall (29), Bradford St. George's Hall (30), Liverpool Empire (May 1), Belfast Queen's University (2), Belfast White Hall (3), Cambridge Corn Exchange (9), Aylesbury Friars (10), Norwich East Anglia University (11), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (12), Portsmouth Locarno (13), Birmingham Odeon (15), Bath Pavilion (16), Malvern Winter Gardens (17), Cardiff Top Rank (18), London Hammersmith Palais (20), Sheffield Top Rank (28), Carlisle Market Hall (29), Edinburgh Odeon (30), Glasgow Apollo (31), Aberdeen Fusion (June 1), File St. Andrew's University (2) and Newcastle City Hall (3).

THE ONLY ONES have announced just over half of their UK tour dates, but there are still another 14 to come — these are expected in a week or two, and will bring the schedule up to a total of 30 gigs. The tour ties in with the April 11 release by CBS of the band's new album 'Baby's Got A Gun', and dates confirmed so far are:

Newcastle Mayfair (April 17), Dundee Technical College (18), Glasgow Queen Margaret College (19), File St. Andrew's University (20), Edinburgh Tiffany's (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (25), Leicester University (26), Leeds University (28), Liverpool University (30), Manchester University (May 3), Reading University (6), London Camden Electric Ballroom (9 and 10), Bristol Locarno (12), Cardiff Top Rank (13) and Wakefield Unity Hall (16).

POLICE

Newcastle benefits

THE POLICE play two charity shows (6.15 and 9.15pm) at Newcastle City Hall on Monday, April 28, in aid of the Northumberland Association of Boys Clubs. Rumours of the concert had spread like wildfire in the area, and by last weekend the box-office had received over 10,000 postal bookings — purely on the strength of local speculation. As a result, it's stressed that no more applications can be accepted.

This is part of the band's policy (reported last week) to play occasional selected concerts this year — which, for tax reasons, will all be charity events. Nothing is yet planned for the London area but, if a worthy cause appeals to them after they return from their world tour on April 17, they could slot something in at any time.

-opening new outdoor site?

THE NEW TOWN of Milton Keynes in Buckinghamshire looks set to blossom this summer as a major centre for open-air rock events. NME understands that The Police, Pink Floyd and The Eagles are among top-line acts under negotiation for concerts there.

The site is the Milton Keynes Bowl, an old quarry which has been reclaimed into a crescent-shaped arena NME first reported plans to stage concerts there as long ago as June of last year — and it was then hoped to present the first show last September, but it subsequently proved that there was insufficient time to organise it.

The first event at the bowl is now scheduled for Saturday, July 26, and it's believed that The Police will headline it. Although no official confirmation could be obtained, promoter Jack Barrie told NME: "All I can say is that we are proposing to present an award-winning act at the bowl on July 26." And The Police's spokesman agreed that the band's previously-reported plans for a summer festival involved "a new venue".

The local development corporation is also understood to be planning a second show there this summer — possibly on Saturday, August 16 — though this is likely to be staged by a different promoter. According to sources in the area, it seems that either Pink Floyd or The Eagles are favourite to headline on that occasion.

The bowl will be capable of accommodating between 30,000 and 35,000 people — though in succeeding years, it's hoped to increase that amount substantially.

READING: GOOD NEWS — AND NOT SO GOOD

THE READING FESTIVAL — to be staged as usual for three days over the August Bank Holiday period (22-24) — will be the biggest and most important to date, promoter Jack Barrie revealed this week. That's because it's the 20th birthday of the annual festival presented by the Marquee Club and the NUF (though it hasn't always been at Reading), and the organisers plan to celebrate that landmark in a big way.

There are, however, still fears that this year's festival could be the last at Reading. There were noise objections from local residents a year ago, but these appeared to have been alleviated, when the 1979 event passed off without complaint, and the Marquee is at present negotiating a further three-year extension of its agreement with the council. But at a Reading Leisure Committee meeting last week, some members proved to be against the extension — "ten years is enough" was one comment — leaving the festival's future in abeyance for the time being.

BEACH BOYS TO TOP KNEBWORTH EVENT?

THE BEACH BOYS are now believed to be favourites to top the bill at this year's Knebworth concert — which, for the first time, is being promoted by Capital Radio. The station would not confirm officially that the group have been signed, saying that a statement can be expected shortly — but off-the-cuff indications are that NME has hit the nail on the head. The event is set for Saturday, August 30, and it's believed that prior to this — possibly as much as two months before, at the outset of their European tour — The Beach Boys will play a couple of London concerts.

STOP PRESS: Genesis shows off

GENESIS were forced to cancel the first two dates in their UK tour this week — at Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Bournemouth (Wednesday) — as Phil Collins is suffering from laryngitis. It's not yet known if they will be re-set, but ticket-holders are advised to hold on to their tickets for the time being. At press-time, the band's three shows at London Hammersmith Odeon (this Thursday, Friday and Saturday) were still in the balance.

DUKE WIN (The originator of the sound system)

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Styx: two shows

THE BRITISH visit by top American band Styx, plans for which were revealed by *NME* seven weeks ago, has now been confirmed by promoters Straight Music — though it's now confined to just two London concerts. They are at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday and Sunday, June 21 and 22 — tickets available now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. The band's new single 'Boat On The River' has just been released by A&M, as the follow-up to their recent hit 'Babe' — and there are plans to re-package and reissue some of their earlier albums at bargain prices, to tie in with their visit.

NEW AC/DC VOCALIST

AC/DC have now found a replacement for their lead singer Bon Scott, who died tragically in London last month. They are now back home in Australia, where they've been searching for a suitable vocalist. And our correspondent in Sydney reports that they have now signed up Alan Frier, who comes from the small town of Elizabeth, and has been working with an obscure band called Fat Lip. They are now in rehearsals with the new man, but have not yet formulated future plans. See Angus Young interview, page 12.

BETTE ONE-OFF, MORE HOLLY

Pistols film — at last!

THE SEX PISTOLS film *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* is at last close to public screening. Now that it's been bought by Virgin Records from the Official Receiver, following the bankruptcy of the band's ex-manager and his company, Virgin Films will be distributing it — and they've brought in Bev Pieman from EMI Films to secure circuit screenings. The movie is currently being viewed by the censors, who have indicated that it will be given an X-certificate after a few cuts are made. So it looks as though the picture will be in the cinemas within two or three months.

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS have added more dates to their 'Right To Be Italian' tour — at Port Talbot Troubadour (tonight, Thursday), Dudley J.B.'s (Friday), London Herne Hill Half Moon (April 4), Plymouth Fiesta (8), Totnes Civic Hall (9), Barnstaple Chequers (10), Stroud Marshall Rooms (11), Torquay Pelican (13), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (14) and High Wycombe Nags Head (16 and 23). But their Scottish gigs, originally planned for the end of this month, are now being re-arranged for late April.

THE ROCHEs, the highly acclaimed sister act from New York (Suzzy, Terre and Maggie Roche), make their UK debut with an appearance in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on May 27 and two shows at London Victoria The Venue on June 4. They also play Dublin Olympia on May 25.

MAGAZINE have issued a statement concerning the publication of their alleged tour dates last week — not in *NME*. These unconfirmed gigs were released by Bauhaus, who were being considered as the support act, though they probably haven't helped their chances in the process! Magazine say their full tour schedule will be announced shortly — meanwhile, take any published gigs with a pinch of salt.

BETTE BRIGHT, who made her chart debut last week with her single 'Hello I Am Your Heart', plays a major London date at Victoria The Venue on Friday, April 18 (tickets £3) — and she is now being lined up for a series of provincial gigs. Meanwhile, the show by Jimmy Lydon's 4 Be 2 at The Venue is brought forward one day to Sunday, April 13.



MAIDEN VOYAGE

IRON MAIDEN, who've just completed a UK trek as guests of Judo Priest, have now been set for their own headlining tour — an extensive itinerary taking in 36 dates. They play: Lincoln Drill Hall (May 15), Newcastle Mayfair (16), Ayr Pavilion (18), Aberdeen Music Hall (19), Carlisle Market Hall (20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), Wetherham Grand Pavilion (22), Cambridge Corn Exchange (23), Ouse Valley Quayside Hall (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (27), Wetherhampton Civic Hall (28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Swindon Brunel Rooms (30), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (31), Bristol Locarno (June 1), Malmesbury Winter Gardens (2), Portsmouth Locarno (3), Cardiff Top Rank (4), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Sheffield Top Rank (8), Liverpool Royal Court (9), Sunderland Mecca (11), Glasgow Apollo (13), Middlesbrough Town Hall (14), Wakefield Unity Hall (16), Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Cheltenham Central Hall (18), Guildford Civic Hall (19), Bracknell Sports Centre (21), Brighton Top Rank (22), Derby Assembly Rooms (25), Manchester Apollo (26), Bath Pavilion (27), Oxford New Theatre (28) and Swansea Grandpaw Hall (29).

The tour, which follows the April 11 release by EMI of the LP 'Iron Maiden', will climax in a major London date — still to be finalised. Praying Mantle support throughout.

OFF THE RECORD

Kate: new single

KATE BUSH has a new single issued by EMI on April 3, a 5½-minute track called 'Breathing', with a special label and peacock in a picture bag — it's taken from her third album, now being finished for late May release. The B-side is 'The Empty Bullring', not on the LP.

Due to heavy advance orders for the new Genesis album 'Duke', Charisma has extended its special price offer of £4.99. This was originally intended to cover the first 125,000 copies, but orders for the LP (due out this weekend) already exceed 180,000, and these will all be honoured at the special price before it reverts to the regular £5.49. The same applies to orders for cassettes, which will all be met at £5.15 instead of the usual £5.85. 'Duke' has already gone Gold, and is nearing Platinum.

Energy Records is a new label, licensed to Polygram and specialising in new-wave. First release this weekend is a four-track EP, selling at normal singles price, titled 'Room To Move' — featuring tracks by Irish bands The Outcasts, Shock Treatment, The Vipers and Big Self.

Latest Island compilation is 'Catch This Beat', due out in mid-April. It's a 16-track set documenting the rise of Jamaican rock-steady from 1966 to 1968, and it features such acts as The Ethiopians, Jackie Mittoo, Slim Smith, The Soul Vendors and Ken Boothe.

Michael Zager has signed to EMI, who release his single 'Time Heals Every Wound' — featuring Denise Williams on vocals — on April 3, followed by his album 'Zager' in May. Under the same deal, Clay Houston also comes to EMI, who have scheduled her single 'Break It To Me Gently' (this weekend) and LP 'Step Aside For A Lady' (April 11).

R&B band Nine Below Zero will be recording a live album at their gig tomorrow (Friday) at London Canning Town Bridge House. They'll be using the Stiff mobile, and the LP will be issued by A&M in late spring.

American R&B artists Troyce Key and J. J. Malone make their recording debut as a duo, when the Red Lightnin' label issues their album 'I Got A New Car' on April 25.



Joan Jett signs major solo deal

JOAN JETT, former leader of The Runaways, has signed a long-term solo deal with Arista. Her debut album for the label, with her name as its title, is released in Britain and Europe in May — and it's preceded on April 18 by a single culled from the LP, 'Make Believe'. Joan has just formed a new backing band in Los Angeles called The Blackhearts, and she has plans for British dates a little later in the year.

Martin Atkins, the drummer from Public Image Ltd., has a single out this weekend under the name of Brian Brain. Titled 'They've Got Me In A Sot', it's on Sire Records, distributed by Spartan. Atkins handles the vocals and plays all the instruments — from a synthesiser to a screwdriver striking metal!

Riot, the American heavy metal band who — as reported last week — are to tour here next month with Sammy Hagar, will have their latest album 'Nirita' issued by Capitol to coincide with their visit.

Frank Sinatra's first newly recorded album for six years is issued by WEA on April 11. It's a triple set titled ' Trilogy: Past, Present And Future', with one record devoted to each section of the title. It costs £10.

Former Procol Harum star Gary Brooker, who'll be playing with Eric Clapton on his spring UK tour, has a solo single titled 'Leave The Candle' issued by Chrysalis this weekend — and Clapton is one of the backing musicians, along with Gallagher & Lyle, Henry Spinetti and Dave Matthe. Brooker is now working on a solo album.

The Chords' third single 'Something's Missing' / 'This Is What They Want' is released by Polydor on April 3. The band have now completed work on an album called 'So Far Away', and it's due out in May.

Steve Hackett has a new single called 'The Show' issued by Charisma this weekend, with a limited edition of 10,000 special colour sleeves. He's currently working on an album for June release.

Rocket Records announce the debut single by new band The Electric Eels on their own Slippary Discs label. Titled 'Don't Wanna Go To Moscow', it's out this weekend in a picture sleeve.

Spindogenseabounds have signed with Deram (now part of the Polygram Organisation), and will have their first single out next month — providing their name will fit on the label!

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Sabbath back on the circuit

BLACK SABBATH have now been confirmed for 18 British concerts in mid-spring, which constitute their first UK tour for more than two years, and the first with their new line-up featuring ex-Rainbow vocalist Ronnie James Dio. The outing follows the April 11 release by Vertigo of their new album 'Heaven And Hell', and the dates are:

Portsmouth Guildhall (April 29 and 30), Bristol Colston Hall (May 2), Poole Wessex Hall (3), Brighton Centre (4), London Hammersmith Odeon (7 and 8), Glasgow

Apollo (14 and 15), Edinburgh Odeon (16), Newcastle City Hall (18 and 19), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (20), Manchester Apollo (22 and 23), Birmingham Odeon (24 and 25) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (26) — after which they leave for Europe.

Tickets are priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 at all venues — except Poole and Deeside (all tickets £4) and Leicester (£4.50 and £3.50). They are on sale now at the respective venues, except at Newcastle and Birmingham where it's postal application only to the box-offices. Promoters are Straight Music, who have still to name the support act.



RONNIE JAMES DIO

BRAND X PLUS BRUFORD IN PACKAGE



BRUFORD

BRAND X and BRUFORD set out next month on a double-header tour, which includes no less than four appearances at London Victoria The Venue — on April 28, May 5, 12 and 19. Other confirmed dates are Birmingham Aston University (April 25), Guildford Civic Hall (May 1), Bath University (2), Bangor University (3), Manchester Polytechnic (4), Hatfield Polytechnic (6), Swansea University (7), Sheffield Polytechnic (9), Bradford University (10), York Derwent College (11), Leicester University (13), Liverpool University (15), Hull University (16), Leeds University (17), Portsmouth Locarno (20), Oxford Polytechnic (23) and St. Albans City Hall (24). Further dates are being finalised, including one in Lincoln on April 26.

The Brand X line-up for this outing comprises Mike Clarke (drums), Peter Robinson and Robin Lumley (keyboards), John Goodall (guitar) and Percy Jones

(bass). Phil Collins is obviously not taking part, because of his commitments on the Genesis tour, but he and bassist John Giblin augment the tour personnel on the new Brand X album 'Do They Hurt' released by Chrysalis on April 18. Bruford has a new LP 'Gradually Going Tornado' currently on release, but EG Records will issue a three-track EP by the band — called 'Hell's Bells' — to coincide with the tour.

The Bruford line-up is Bill Bruford (drums), Jeff Berlin (bass and vocals), Dave Stewart (keyboards) and John Clark (guitar).

WILD HORSES AT A GALLOP

WILD HORSES are setting out on a long tour, which will mark their last UK dates — apart from a possible festival appearance — until the end of the year, owing to overseas commitments. Their debut LP 'White Horses — The First Album' is issued by EMI on April 11, and a single extracted from it 'Face Down' is out this week. With more gigs still to be set, those confirmed so far are:

Fife St. Andrews University (April 12), Glasgow Tiffany's (13), Edinburgh Tiffany's (14), Aberdeen Fusion (15), Ayr Pavilion (16), Glenrothes Lomond Centre (17), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (18), Manchester Polytechnic (19), Redcar Coatham Bowl (20), Northampton The Paddock (24), Cambridge Corn Exchange (26), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (28), Leeds University (30), Newcastle Polytechnic (May 2), Sheffield University (3), Bristol Locarno (4), Cardiff University (6), Durham University (8), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (9), Lincoln College (10) and London Strand Lycium (11).

MOONLIGHT HIT BY PARTIAL ECLIPSE

LONDON is losing one of its top pub-rock venues — but fortunately only for the time being. It's the Moonlight Club in West Hampstead, which closes on April 20 for complete redecoration and refurbishment. This will result in a permanent and enlarged stage, a new artists' dressing room, the installation of a bank of spotlights and a house PA system, the laying of a new floor — and the provision of new toilets. Despite these improvements, the owners say that the standard admission charge will — for the most part — remain at £1.

Factory Records of Manchester are presenting a three-night season at the Moonlight next week. Confirmed bands are Section 25, Crawling Chaos and John Dowie (April 2); A Certain Ratio, Kevin Hewick and Blurt (3); and Durutti Column, X-O-Dus and Royal Family (4). On one or two nights, Joy Division are likely to guest.

WHO TO ROCK THE GARDEN?

THE WHO are planning to play a concert later in the year at London's Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, according to Peter Townshend. And if the project materialises, it will be the first time a rock show has been staged there. It would be a charity event, with the object of raising money for the Opera House Appeal Fund, which needs to raise £9 million for major restorations. Consequently, the venue's administrators are well disposed to the idea, which is looking promising.

Blues Band, Skatalites, Girl on the road



Blues revivalists The Blues Band are (from left to right) DAVE KELLY, TOM McGuinness, PAUL JONES, GARY FLETCHER and HUGHIE FLINT.

THE BLUES BAND have postponed a European tour to concentrate on British gigs, now that their 'Official Bootleg Album' is riding high. They have a lengthy date sheet — including Ewell Technical College (this Friday), London Putney Hall Moon (March 30 and 31), London Woolwich Tramshed (April 3), London Marquee (4 and 18), Farnborough Technical College (7), Yeovil Johnson Hall (8), London Deptford Albany (16), London Canning Town Bridge House (20), Cardiff Top Rank (22), Bristol Grenary (23), Swansea University (24), Nottingham University (25), Leicester Polytechnic (26), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal with George Melly (28), Glamorgan Polytechnic (30), Camerston Trinity College (May 1), Aberllynny Metro (2), Norwich Crownwells (8), Durham University (9), Glasgow Strathclyde University (10), Fife St. Andrews University (11), Edinburgh Tiffany's (12), London Strand Kings College (15), Exeter Routes (16), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (17), Bath Pavilion (18), Reading University (20), Jersey (21-23), Guildford Surrey University (24), Nottingham Polytechnic (25), London Camden Music Machine (30), Oxford University May Ball (31), Dudley Hitley Hall (June 1) and Cambridge University May Ball (10).

THE SKATALITES — the original British band, and not the Jamaican group of similar name — have re-formed with three original members and are setting out on an extensive tour, promoted by Barry Collings. Gigs confirmed so far

are Milton Mowbray Painted Lady (this Friday), Chatham Central Hall (March 31), London Camden Electric Ballroom (April 4), Stroud Leisure Centre (5), Hastings Pier Pavilion (7), Huseston 77 Club (9), Glasgow Technical College (16), Striding University (17), London Edmontons Pickets Lock (19), Sheffield Limul Club (23), Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel (26), Leeds Cosmo's (May 2), London College of Printing (8), Torquay 400 Club (10), Birmingham College of Food (15), London Twickenham St. Mary's College (16), Bristol Turntable (17), Retford Porterhouse (21), Sunderland Fusion (23), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (24) and Birmingham Thursday's Club (26). More dates are being set.

GIRL, who've been guesting with Pat Travers in his UK concert series, are now lined up for an extensive tour in their own right — headlining at London Marquee (April 6-8), Port Talbot Troubadour (10), Malvern Winter Gardens (11), St. Albans City Hall (12), Leeds Floride Green (13), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (18), Retford Porterhouse (19), Cheltenham Town Hall (20), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (24), Sheffield Top Rank (26), Nottingham Boat Club (26), Bristol Locarno (28), Cardiff Top Rank (29), High Wycombe Town Hall (30), Newcastle Mayfair (May 2), Bradford University (3), Exeter Routes (7), Swansea Circle (8), Graveland Woodville Hall (12), Manchester Polytechnic (13), Glasgow Technical College (14), Aberdeen University (16), Dundee University (17), Fife St. Andrews University (18), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (20), Wakefield Unity Hall (22), Abertillery Metropole Theatre (23), Folkestone Less Cliff Hall (24), Riggmanworth Civic Hall (27), Dunstable Queensway Hall (30), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (31) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (June 1).

NEW LIVERPOOL BLOW

LIVERPOOL suffered a further blow this week, following the closure of the popular Eric's venue, with the news that its main concert hall — the Empire Theatre — is to shut for three months. The owners will be spending about £300,000 to bring it up to the council's fire and safety standards — but there's some consolation in that they're hoping to lease the smaller Royal Court Theatre for rock purposes, while the improvements are taking place. The last show at the Empire before the builders move in will be by Whitesnake on June 1 — which is an addition to their UK tour schedule.

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The suspect devices of Stiff Little Fingers

I USED to see quite a lot of Jake Burns and his band Stiff Little Fingers when they started out on the road to success back in the autumn of 1977.

At that time the Fingers played a slapdash set of K-Tel punk cover versions and dressed in a rather pathetic hybrid of old and new wave styles: long hair and safety pins, flares and chains.

You'd see them at venues hired from private licensees like the Glenmachon Hotel in Hollywood and the Trident Bar in Bangor.

Along with a steadily proliferating pack of punk-inspired people, SLF were creating the first vibrant alternative to Ulster's staid conformity of the previous eight years.

Bounds and barriers didn't matter in the new twilight world, as a generation worked with and experienced rock and roll for the first time. As frightened outsiders often gave 'punk rockers' a hiding for 'being different', they tended to be a pretty unified bunch. Most importantly, a whole load of people began to have a whole load of fun and that was something to treasure.

It's easy to view those days with nostalgia — and sentimentality doesn't come into it, Bub.

SUBMERGED in the flurry of excitement, Dave McCullough (now of Sounds) and I started a fanzine. Its name — *Alternative Ulster* — was as good a way as any to label the combined musical, cultural and social 'alternatives' offered by Ulster punk. Burns used it for a song which Terri Hooley of Good Vibrations was going to press as a flexi-disc to be given free with one issue of *Alternative Ulster* as the debut release from SLF.

Looking back, I'm glad the idea fell through — though the basic premise that Jake Burns' *Alternative Ulster* was playing in a rock band and mine was writing about rock bands is almost touching.

SLF won a small place in my heart as a new wave showband. There were no discos where you could hear records by the Pistols or The Clash so Jake, Henry, Ali and Brian (Falcon, their former drummer) filled the bill. 'Y' wanna hear 'God Save The Queen', 'White Riot', 'Anarchy In The UK' or 'Complete Control'? Then a Fingers gig gave note-perfect covers of those songs by groups we never thought we'd see.

But if they were to continue, the Fingers had to become something more than just a compensation for the deprived young Irish music fans and their own musical background (which as a group switching from Deep Purple era covers to Pistol era covers they patently were). They sought guidance; unto them guidance was given.

Goaded into seeing the group by a series of letters from Jake, Colin McClelland and Gordon Ogilvie — both journalists for scummy newspapers, the *Sunday News* and the *Daily Express* respectively — developed a friendship with the band. That McClelland and Ogilvie should become the group's managerial team with Gordon also contributing lyrics to the group's songs was the logical course for their

friendship to take; it suited all concerned.

Naturally the liaison looked a little odd, naturally allegations about possible string pulling by Ogilvie were made, naturally these were denied. The group have always said that in all decisions regarding management and compositions they have the power of veto. That may be so. Still, it's impossible to ascertain the personal influence Ogilvie has over Jake, with whom he shares a flat, or how easily led the group are: maybe they don't really know the truth themselves. Let's just say that since the day I sat in a bollock-freeing church hall and watched as Gordon instructed Jake how to phrase his vocals on 'Johnny Was', I'll always have my doubts.

THE PROCESS used to bring today's SLF into being was slow, deceptive and cunning. Gradually their set became infiltrated by their own compositions, but right up until their last gig in Belfast before leaving to join Island Records (a deal which was subsequently aborted by Chris Blackwell who, returning from a holiday in Jamaica, declared himself unimpressed by his A&R department's latest catch and dumped them) these were buried in a morass of Clash, Pistols and Damned. This disorientating slapstick made it hard to put the new 'politicised' Stiffs in serious perspective.

They moved away to record their album and live in London, having signed their self-financed Rigid Digits label to Rough Trade, and in doing so came sharply into focus. The reels began to roll and right from the first few frames it was obvious — this was a *horrid* movie.

It was OK once — 'Suspect Device' — but twice was dodgy — 'Alternative Ulster'. By the time the album came along, the pattern was firmly set.

Proud pallbearers at their own funeral, the group shouldered a coffin called 'Inflammable Material': an LP of boring songs which were damagingly repetitive and sensationistically packaged. How curious it was to hear tales of a nation going absolute bananas because four guys climbed onstage and kept saying 'We don't want any more' over and over again. Honestly, you people can't see the sham-rock for the clover.

Making their mark on British live audiences by bagging a plum support spot on the TRB tour during 1978, SLF had the London record company directors drooling over their cheque books. A hot angry punk band from Ulster was too good to miss, and Chrysalis drooled the most decisively. When their Rough Trade LP leapt to 14th slot on the charts, that was the clincher; they signed in the second half of 1979.

Right now SLF have just released their second album 'Nobody's Heroes', which is being promoted by a two-month national tour. They'll not be playing Belfast on this one, but they came home at Christmas and predictably played to a full house. That's pretty much the form with Stiffs these days, solid hardcore punk favourites.

Last night the group played in Bracknell, and settling down in the coach, which is now making its way to Bournemouth, I'm sitting face to face with their vocalist, guitarist and chief spokesperson Jake Burns. Times have certainly changed. We're surrounded by evidence of that — the luxury in which the group travel, the hotels they can stay in and the lives they now lead. (On tour Jake and Ali like to finish the gig with a drink which sometimes doesn't end until six o'clock the following morning.)

Onstage the group have a shiny professionalism, using pretentious fanfares to herald their arrival, a slick light show and an

expensive sound system. SLF have made it, whatever 'it' is.

OBVIOUSLY abrasion isn't usually part and parcel of all this merriment, so it's refreshing that Jake should welcome the invitation to talk about his group with an avowed dissenter. I've never really been on anything but friendly terms with Jake, which is why now as we look back on SLF of the past two years it feels odd that our discussion should be so businesslike.

Trying to argue with Jake Burns is a perplexing business. He's much too polite, modest and accommodating to ever explode into a furious barrage of abuse. At one point during our conversation he confesses that 'the only thing I can't stand is being called frigg'n friendly', and that's fundamental to the problem: Burns is friendly, but in Stiff Little Fingers he tries to be something he isn't. He's fighting a battle against himself.

A shy, small, scrawny 22-year-old, his puppylike face veers towards gawkiness. Thick-lensed aviator specs perch on the bridge of his nose, and a grey trilby threatens to overshadow his insignificant frame as it sits on a crop of short light brown hair. He obviously hasn't shaved for a few days as his jawline and chin are covered with bumfluff.

A flashy leather jacket has replaced the old, hideously overrated garment which he used to plaster with ridiculously sized badges and tour stickers. The new jacket is unzipped to reveal a T-shirt advertising the loathsome UK Subs in a variety of nauseous hues; a thick studded belt is worn over the T-shirt, hanging loose around his waist.

He speaks in a low, unassuming voice. Living in England has taken the harshness out of his accent and given his timbre a slight affectation. He likes to think for a short time before answering my questions, considering and weighing them up as he rolls his fingers across the contours of his face.

RIGHT. To work. There were obviously dangers in starting a punk rock band in Belfast: singing about Belfast — dangers both physically and in terms of credibility — so how did you deal with it, Jake?

'We had to avoid sensationalising what was happening over there and I think to a certain extent we did.'

'It was a decision right from the start to just write about what we saw and what happened to us. We'd written 'State Of Emergency' and 'Breakout', they were the only two songs we'd written when we met Gordon (Ogilvie, manager and lyricist). To be honest with you I thought 'State Of Emergency' was all we could write about Northern Ireland. We didn't want to go over the top basically because we didn't want to be accused of cashing in and exploiting what was happening over there. What happened to make us change our minds and decide to write songs like 'Suspect Device' and 'Wasted Life' was that Gordon said to us, 'What else are you going to write about?' and we said, 'Y'know, what's happening to us, like Henry's on the dale etcetera.'

'He said, "Well that's been done a thousand times before. Why don't you write about your lives in Belfast as opposed to what could be anyone's life anywhere?"'

'We thought, if we approach it from that angle then it's OK. Just as long as we write about our lives and nothing else, which we did.'

'So it wasn't really a natural decision?'

'Well, it was obvious — and maybe because it was so obvious we needed someone to tell us. It sounds strange, but that's how it struck me once it had been pointed out to us: "Shit, he's right —

Gavin Martin first came to NME's attention when he launched a fanzine called 'Alternative Ulster'. The fanzine also got noticed by Jake Burns and Stiff Little Fingers. They copped the title for their best known single, and headed for gullible London carrying the cares of Northern Ireland in their guitar cases. While the English media acclaimed them, the folks back home just felt exploited. Earlier this month, with their new single and album pogoing up the charts, SLF began a British tour. We sent Gavin along to make their ride a little rougher...

Pictures by Kevin Cummins



THE GRILLING BEGINS... and the triumphant Digits complete the aptitude test in record time, though just failing to get the beer can into its allocated space



MEANWHILE... Jim finds inspiration in a moving news story concerning the nude model, three retired naval chefs, and The Wives Who Wait in Anguish...



we can't offend anybody if we only write about what's happening to us. The only people we can offend is ourselves."

Did it ever feel lonely?

"No, because I never really was that happy with Good Vibrations and the whole clique that things was setting up. The big thing in Belfast was to not like Stiff Little Fingers, but we still managed to pull bigger crowds than virtually anyone else. Basically it was just a question of believing in yourself."

You got ecstatic press coverage when you came to London.

"That's basically because people misunderstood what we were doing. They thought we were exploiting the situation. They thought this is great, a little radical rock band from Belfast who'll scream and shout for six months and then get themselves killed. It's all great rock writing, isn't it?"

Not at all. Did you think they were just looking for a stream of vitriol to match the LP?

"Oh yeah. I knew the quotes they were looking for and to an extent I gave them some of them. I was always careful to make sure they had to be taken in the way I intended them and not open to different interpretations. Not so much for our safety but our families' and Henry's welfare, as they were still living there. That would be making money out of people's misery."

However, Burns had no hesitation in informing *Melody Maker* of threats made to another Ulster band in SLF's first interview.

"I said no more, no less than I intended. There was really obvious stupid things that everyone knew anyway. But because I said them it made it sound like we were playing up to that dream they were hoping for, which we weren't. We never wanted to be like that. We knew we had a lot more to offer. *'Inflammable Material'* is

always referred to as the Ulster album and out of 13 songs, six are about Northern Ireland.

"People cheerfully ignore the other things — 'Breakout' was written about my job, I was fed up working in an office, it could apply anywhere. Everyone goes on 'Suspect Device' and 'State Of Emergency' and they don't look any further. 'Here We Are In Nowhere' could be written about anywhere — it's just about being fed up with where you are."

"No More of That" isn't written about Northern Ireland, it's written about people telling you what to do, but the immediate assumption everyone makes is it's about people getting killed on the streets of Belfast."

His observations lack credence. Sure, these songs are just what he suggests — an Urban Teenage Lifestyle colouring book. But in the context of the album they lock in tight with the specifically N. Irish theme of the other songs. Anyway, why moan about it now — wouldn't it have been better to explain this earlier?

"Maybe so, maybe so. Maybe we would have been, but at the time no one gave us a chance to. Even if we had it probably wouldn't have been printed because it didn't make good copy at the time. Now of course it does: everyone can look back and say there's more to SLF than that."

Doesn't your heart bleed for misunderstood and creative musicians like Jake Burns? Wise up, mucker. The music press — this branch anyway — isn't geared solely to what's 'hot' or 'sensational', it's also a channel for conversation and explanation and I don't think you once stooped to use it as such. Naturally you had absolutely no intention of matching your mucky marketing (more about that later) with a very trendy image which would sell lots of records, make you extremely popular and stinking rich?

"No, I wasn't using it at all. You've got to remember I didn't do a thing. They did it all for me."

Mmmmm, that was convenient.

ONSTAGE Jake studies well on his Strummer and trims off the more demented edges. He stands to the left, allowing the tallest and most handsome member of the group, All 'Poser' McMordie, the middle of the stage to move around in.

On the right-hand side there seems to be a man digging up roads, a navy tanked up on dexies. But you can ditch that idea right away because what we have here is a non-smoking, non-drinking and non-sweating rhythm guitar player called Henry Cluney (as much an oddity in his neighbourhood — where rumour has it he used to be a Sunday School teacher — as he is in the world of rock music).

Henry is the only member of the group who still lives in Belfast. He hates London and goes there only when he has to. The rest of the time he stays in Belfast where he can see his girlfriend, hang out in his local record shop and take the odd trip to the glamour of inept local radio interviews. So what motivates him?

"I have all that sort of stuff everybody has inside them," he admits, "but I don't drink or swear and I'm not violent so the only thing I can do is take it out on my guitar. It doesn't hurt anyone. It might hurt me but it doesn't harm anyone else."

The awkward chubby figure chopping and slashing at his guitar once stopped in mid-chord to see he'd put his fist through a low level ceiling in an unintentional fit of excitement. He regularly celebrates digits and is already running short of plectrums although he had over 100 when the tour began three days ago.

The group's smallest and youngest member

Left: Jake Burns in the title sequence from 'Suppose They Gave a Free Concert And Nobody Came'. Jake: "So where are all the mods at?" (Note in the distance, Jacques Cousteau setting off to fulfil his gig as Radio Caroline's mid-day to three DJ...)

is their most recent recruit — drummer Jim Reitley. Originally from Belfast, he was working with his uncle in Sheffield "cleaning windys" when he saw the group were advertising for a new drummer. He phoned up to tell them: "I'm your new drummer!" When they met him and he played 'Closed Groove' exactly as it appeared on 'Inflammable Material', where the drums had been overdubbed, no one argued. Brian Fallow, the guy who Jim replaced, turned up to see the group in Bracknell at the start of this tour. 'Wait And See' — the story of his departure from SLF — was played for him.

ON BOARD the group's stylish tour coach, replete with video, coffee machine, beds and toilet, it's quiet and relaxed with the odd outbreak of ribbing. Burns usually has the upper hand by dint of his dry, sly wit. Most of the time, though, he buries himself in books: Tolkien's *Lord Of The Rings* and a slim volume by Dylan Thomas.

But not now. Jake Burns and I are talking about Jake Burns: the one in Stiff Little Fingers and the one outside SLF. That means talking about rock realities, rock fantasies and the 'black leather jacket theory'.

John Burns left school after 'A' levels with enough grades to scrape into the local polytech, which he left after only four months. After spending five months on the dole he got a job as an accounts clerk; he was only there for two weeks when Stiff Little Fingers formed.

He's already told me his songs were written from personal experience. That is the sum of Jake Burns' experience: four months as a student, five on the dole, a fortnight in an office.

Yet the language of SLF ("Blow up in their face!", "Everytime I've kicked it out the door!", etc.) is vicious and vivid, an arty, blood-spattered portrait. They're shouting from the point of view of rock performers, not human beings in Belfast.

"Well, it depends, because I was totally and utterly powerless against what was going on around me. I mean people keep saying 'Do you think you've changed anything?' — well you know yourself there's no way you can ever change it, it's much too big. It wasn't so much vicious as frustrated. I was really angry that there I was and I thought I knew what I wanted to do and I knew so many other people could have done so much more if it hadn't been for the atmosphere in the country at that time."

But what about representing your human reaction to the situation in Belfast?

"The human reaction in Belfast was to bottle it up. In that sense the band gave me an outlet. In that sense it was protective."

Stiff Little Fingers is more theatre company than rock band, the leather jacket their costume. As Jake is fond of explaining: "When I'm onstage 80% of me is the leather jacket. Offstage 80% of me is Jake Burns. Talking in between songs it's me."

That's how personal, honest and human the songs are. Burns feels the need to change 80% of his character before he sings them.

"It was the product of eight years of standing back and taking it. In that space you have a lot of time to think about what you want to say. Not only were we trying to say it in a way which would mean something to people in Belfast, but we were trying to say it in a way which would mean something to people over here. To that extent you have to use, if you like, journalistic language."

Hey Jake, I don't think your songs are written from personal experience.

"Well I wrote them all from a personal angle."

What about 'Wasted Life'? I heard you distorted the facts surrounding the guy's death — that he wasn't part of an 'organisation' when he was killed.

"Maybe I heard it wrong. Maybe I was totally wrong. But either way the guy died and either way lots of people died that way. If it was wrong then I apologise to everyone for causing distress but that was the way I heard it at the time. Now, I'd rather go on evidence I heard at the time than evidence I heard two years later but if I was wrong then I apologise to everyone concerned. But it doesn't make the song any less valid. But I apologise sincerely if I was wrong, because I knew the family well and I knew the guy very well."

"You must remember I wrote the song two years after the event. I had a lot of time to sit back and think about the waste of a friend."

Still, it is bound to infuriate those who worked to get his name cleared.

"Well, the minute you start to deal with specific incidents where you weren't there you're open to all sorts of criticism. The song was written about the way I felt, it's not a damnation of anybody or anything. Well, it is a damnation of things — but not anybody in particular."

So how 'personal' is a song written two years after an event at which the writer wasn't even present? Probably, in the circumstances, intensely personal — but you wouldn't know that from listening to 'Wasted Life'. There's no hint of personal emotion, no link to the nervous system: Burns' rage is totally flat, desensitised by the one-dimensional musical backdrop.

Indignation and disgust at police brutality towards a friend suffers a similar fate, packaged into a song called 'Law And Order' and loaded with slick but sticky slogans and brazen banner-waving.

■ Continues over



THE GRILLING GOES ON... Jake: "To sold track for a moment, Gavin, don't you think dis plans is Royn?"

AN APRES-GRILL SNOOZE... "Sure it's not much of an in-flight album..."

JAKE GRILLED

From previous page

The only time they leave their *Daily Mirror* headline vocabulary — catch phrases which roll off the tongue with knee-trembling anticipation like 'Sus-Sus-Suspect Device' and 'Ba-Bar-Bar-Barbed Wire Love' — and deal with one thing all this actually affects, they dismiss it as if it were a throwaway triviality.

Love is somehow not a part of their world, where easily digested images flash past like so much rubble, timing devices, barricades and British Army landrovers on *News At Ten*. The tidily trenchant terrain of SLF could no more bear the unsettlement of real passion than it could approach something as crucial, something as simple, as 'boy meets girl.' Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures' says more about Northern Ireland than 'Inflammable Material.' Dammit, 'The Undertones' says more about Northern Ireland than 'Inflammable Material.'

"We go over the top in that we shout too loud when we shouldn't," Jake admits. "There's a lot of screaming in the songs which sometimes don't deserve it — they get elevated above their station. Like 'Barbed Wire Love' — I definitely should have sang as opposed to growl that. So many people have taken it the wrong way. It's supposed to be a pistake of us, and a lot of people have come up to me and said it's the sickest thing they've ever heard in their lives or 'I can't meet someone like that?' and I said no, it's a joke."

Jake's fond of jokes that I find funny, as in peculiar. The last time I met him before this interview he'd gone onstage in Belfast and told the audience the group were just back from England where they'd been telling "lotsa little lies about you all".

So SLF's much vaunted battlefront love song is a pistake. Don't you think love is important, Jake?

"The thing is, I hadn't fallen in love at the time. The song was intended as a pistake of us. When the Island thing fell through Colin McElduff (SLF's then co-manager) got absolutely pissed and decided that the only way we could get a recording contract was to write love songs. We thought, 'fawck swf.'"

This is Jake Burns speaking. Y'know Jake? 'Nobody's Hero'. No bloody wonder.

SO YOU were pushed into this unenviable position of being the voice of Belfast's youth, the definitive late '70s Ulster rock band, blab blab blab, by forces beyond your control. Meng on Jake, what about the part played by the band themselves in all this? How do you justify promoting your first single by packaging it in a demo tape designed to resemble an incendiary device?

"I think that was justified by that time," he replies. "because it was one of the little things Jake Burns had wanted to do as a person for some time. I mean we didn't just send them to record companies, we sent them to all the Fleet Street news agencies, just to make them open their eyes a bit."

"For so long the troubles in Belfast had been reported — first it was stone riots, petrol bombs, then it was bombing, then it was shooting. Then it was five people killed, then something ridiculous like 12 or 24 people killed. Things like letter bombs were ignored."

There's a silly old me thinking it was one of the most terrifying methods of causing carnage. "They were black and white. There was no way they could have been mistaken for incendiaries."

But you all know what these thick Englishmen are like...

"One record company had to actually ring us back to get another one sent because they'd thrown theirs in a bucket of water!"

Christ, he sounds almost boastful. It's a sick way of shocking people into effect — like wearing Nazi insignia. In 'Wasted Life' Burns calls indiscriminate bombers "fascists", but he had no qualms about using what was, in effect, one of their weapons to promote his group.

"I didn't see it like that."

I wonder how the poor buggers who had to open the parcels saw it.

INTRIGUED by what seem to be very odd promotional tactics for a group who weren't trying to exploit the situation, but felt quite at ease going across town to pose in some rubble for the cover of their debut single, and using pictures of local kids and soldiers on future releases, I continue to talk about packaging.

"Punk is dead but we're still dying" bleated the label on 'Alternative Ulster'. The mother of the kid who was being used to sell the single with his picture on the cover, without his or her permission, wasn't too keen on such flagrant exploitation.

"It's the paradox thing," Jake tells me. "If you're writing about something like that what do you put on the cover? Flowers growing in the wood? We put a soldier with a kid pissing himself laughing on the cover which seemed to sum the whole bloody thing up. There's still a chance for people to grow up and create their own alternative. But the minute that came out it was totally taken misinterpreted. The kid's mother thought he was going to be killed."

They used to say it was unwise to make a film with children or animals; it's outright stupidity to construct a single cover from soldiers and children. Can't you see the mother's point, Jake?

"Course I can, but what's the first thing she did? She gets the kid to stand holding the cover. He looked nothing like what he did on the cover, which was taken several years earlier. Then she splashes it all over Northern Ireland's only Sunday newspaper."

Even so, if I had children I wouldn't let any politicians kiss them, in the same way I'm damn sure I wouldn't want SLF using them to sell their records.

"It was a spur of the moment picture that happened in Northern Ireland. So why set up a posey photograph? I don't think what we done was wrong in the first place. I don't think we used him at all."

HOW WOULD you feel if you lived in Belfast and your kid was out playing around and some modern 'social artist' type photographer snapped a picture of the child with a soldier in a sniper position and then three years later a rock and roll group unearthed the unpleasant memento and plastered the picture on the cover of one of their records? It's that sort of inviolate superiority and self-importance which spills over into their new 'Nobody's Heroes' album. They always said they'd only write about what was happening around them, but at least a third of the LP is about what happens inside the group as a unit. Jake seems a little unsure about this.

"I don't know, I really don't. 'Wait And See' is obviously a personal song and mmm, no, I think all the others are fairly across the board. 'Wait And See' is obviously a bit boastful and a bit braggish. But, and it, people did tell us that we weren't going to get anywhere, people did tell us that we were useless and hopeless and that we should give up. It's not sort of ha ha ha — we did it! It's more sort of up yours Sam, we were right and you were wrong."

From office clerk nonentity to much sought after chic city spokesperson for the life he left behind — he's naturally been affected, who wouldn't be? But with predictable overstatement, they hammer the same point out three times until there's nothing left at all. Hear them bawl about us and our problems ('Nobody's Hero'), us and our success ('No Change'), us and our drummer ('Wait And See'). It's hard to think of a more infuriating practice: rock groups singing about themselves as if they were locked in some sort of mysteriously impenetrable bubble.

We talk more about the new album. Jake?

"It means more to me because it was a lot harder to do, an awful lot harder to do. There was a lot of effort went into it. We were determined to make a record that would stand up in ten years' time as a good record."

"We went out of our way to make it sound important to a lot of people. Now that's going to



The first picture of Stiff Little Fingers, sent out with the 'Suspect Device' package. The caption read: "Stiff Little Fingers amid the 'peace line' wasteland between the Catholic Falls and Protestant Shankill Roads — (L to R) Jake, Henry, Brian and Alf (sic)." —

sound strange. What I mean is, the lyrics I wrote, although fiercely personal — a lot more so than 'Inflammable Material' — were written in such a way that people who listen to them, if they come from a similar sort of background, would be able to identify with them. So that in ten years' time the soundtrack for some kid's adolescence is quite easily going to be 'Nobody's Heroes' and that's what we were aiming for."

A lot of people think manager/lyricist Gordon Ogilvie wrote the words, but...

"He gets indiscriminately slagged off for lyrics he didn't write. The *Melody Maker* said 'At The Edge' was the only real lyric on the album because Gordon hadn't written it. That was to slag off things like 'Wait And See' and 'Nobody's Hero', saying they were obviously written by a 30-year-old man who didn't have any idea what the kids in the group were singing about. That's bollox, I wrote those lyrics. Gordon probably changed two lines, but he has to get a full credit because the band don't individually take credit for what they've written."

Ogilvie has been the subject of much debate, but he's never been interviewed. As he was on tour with the band, I took an opportunity to have a chat with him, which served the dual purpose of pleasing Jake and giving me something to do during the soundcheck.

Gordon is bland and uncontroversial. He admits that his job on the *Daily Express* has made him very rich. He claims to take no money out of SLF. If you find it annoying that so many people buy his songs, just be thankful that they're not all copying his haircut.

The most interesting thing Gordon said to me was after our inconsequential exchange: "I find it really insulting to the integrity of Jake, Alf, Henry and Jim when people accuse them of being marionettes."

That's interesting, because our polite chat hadn't even raised the topic of puppeteering. Don't look over your other shoulder, Gordon, there might be a three-eyed monster with a cudgel following you!

SO JAKE Burns sees 'Nobody's Heroes' as a great misunderstood masterpiece, a sort of early '80s equivalent to 'Forever Changes'.

I find it strange he should want to cover a Specials song ('I Doen't Make It Alright') as he's had nothing but bad words for 2-Tone everywhere from Radio One's *Roundtable* to *Sounds*.

"Hmmm, yes, well it's not exactly a cover version. It's more than a bit different to theirs. It was exactly the opposite to admiration. We thought, Jesus that's a good song, they've fucken wasted that. So we went out and decided to show everyone how it should be done, but because The Specials are everyone's pet band we suffered for it. But again, I think given time that track will stand up easily enough on its own."

Personally, I'm not standing around waiting for me dentures and wheelchair. This particular 'teenager' has had quite enough stereotyped teenidream rock and role play. On 'Nobody's Heroes', stripped of their Outer City Curfew Blues, SLF can only create a picture of adolescence that rock music has been painting over for nigh on 25 years.

It's an unbelievably dreary world without one iota of the verve and agility that true documenters of teenage trauma must have — silver tongued bards like Brian Wilson, John O'Neil and Pete Shelley. The whole deal reeks and hisses like a punctured, septic sheep's bladder, it's oh so old and creaky — a sterile emasculation of adolescence.

The Top 20 single, a botchy cliched song called 'At The Edge', is just another snotty

perspective on the generation gap, very much "my ma and da don't have a fucken clue" type of thing. Did the song not make your parents angry, Jake?

"I don't know, I haven't talked to them about it yet. When they get the album and read the words they'll probably be a bit annoyed. But I think they're marvellous. The time the Island thing fell through they were wonderful. My dad even offered to mortgage the house so we'd have enough money to go on. The song's not bitter, they just didn't understand what I was trying to do at the time. It's about the generation gap, which has been written about a million times before, but I'm sure some people could find a bloody N. Ireland twist in it if they wanted."

Here we are again! The black leather jacket and the 80% factor proving that their main functions are disfunctions. Burns is playing with discarded images — "written about a million times before" — and he can only give his give his audience the cloak and avaggar, the dull heroics of a mouldy, outmoded kind of rock performer. Jake justifies it with some vain notion of 'commitment'.

"They're people who've paid money to come and see you, who pay your wages every week, and we've got certain commitments to them. The black leather jacket is a commitment to them in so much as I would stand up there larger than they are and shout for them. We're committed to jump about, to put on a show."

I think I've heard that all before. It's time to think about a far more important commitment. Commitment to a respect both for yourself and your audience, Jake. What you're doing isn't rock'n'roll, it's kindergarten.

Stiff Little Fingers cater for a considerable market with their cheap comic-strip punky politico prancing and their complacent, retrogressive music — they're sure to be a big hit with all those people who buy Sid Vicious and Sham 69 records. In fact it's quite easy to see where they take their place — in the apres-punk party cockpit along with The UK Subs, The Ruts and the rest.

If rock and roll is a mental hospital, this is the wing for the terminally insane. In the ward next door you can see Def Leppard, Iron Maiden and Girl (Girrr?) struggling in their straitjackets. If it weren't for the peculiarities of tribalism they'd all be one big happy family enjoying that very special kind of feeling generated by aural assaults, headaches and ear bleeds.

Listening to the dull monochromatic thud of Stiff Little Fingers and their London counterparts, it's not hard to see what they spent their youth listening to.

Even the lyrics on the new album show the hallmarks of mispent youth. "You were part of everything and everything was part of you" ('Wait And See') is blatant reheated hippy trash, the sort of thing John Lennon fingered when he sang "I am you and you are me and we are all together". Do we need embarrassing pontifications like "But no-one is a nobody/Everybody is someone" ('Nobody's Hero') — oh yeah well, like really meaningful. Additionally, 'Tin Soldier' sounds like aspiring fourth form war poetry that fell out of the school magazine.

Heating the forced, pseudo-savage snarl of the Burns larynx it's no surprise to learn he once played a dog in his school play.



ALL OF WHICH is a shame, because away from all this messy pretence, this silly shadow boxing and those unbearable yappy vocals, Jake is a considerable, sensitive and level-headed person. Outside of SLF, I have a lot of time for him. Inside, he comes over as another would-be teen messiah, a political prophet and an angry young bore.

Onstage he just gets careless, carried away with his M.C. spots. "If you see anyone spitting just put your fist in their face, OK?" That seems a strange thing to say for a man who calls himself a wimp and admits to being shy with it. Why try to be as arrogant as Bob Geldof when you're really as reticent as Pete Shelley? As he chats with fans after gigs, his interest is much too keen to be considered anything but genuine. In fact when the kids begin to talk about their mates and the accompanying social camaraderie, a feeling of envy is detectable. Do you miss Belfast, Jake?

"Yes, very much so, very much so indeed. I miss my mates. It was like being part of two things over there: we had the band and we had all our friends."

"Having friends over here is totally different. Friends over here are people you phone up every two weeks, people you meet in a pub every two weeks. Back there it was a bunch of mates you went out with every night and got pissed with. I suppose it's a totally different lifestyle now."

Continues page 51

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12	7	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF	42	47	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.35	4.35	1.00	OFF
13	24	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	4.29	70¢	OFF	43	33	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF
14	10	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF	44	44	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.95	3.95	1.00	OFF
15	13	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF	45	38	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.45	6.45	52.00	OFF
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19	18	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.29	4.04	1.25	OFF	49	51	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.90	3.75	1.25	OFF
20	28	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF	50	53	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF
21	34	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.89	3.74	1.25	OFF	51	42	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.95	3.95	1.00	OFF
22	18	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.89	3.74	1.25	OFF	52	41	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF
23	23	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.89	3.49*	1.50	OFF	53	48	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.00	3.99	1.01	OFF
24	17	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.89	3.74	1.25	OFF	54	55	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.50	2.75*	70¢	OFF
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26	23	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF	56	42	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.29	4.04	1.25	OFF
27	18	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	6.29	4.49	80¢	OFF	57	42	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.29	4.04	1.25	OFF
28	15	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	4.99	3.74	1.25	OFF	58	82	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.00	3.99	1.01	OFF
29	22	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	6.35	4.35	1.00	OFF	59	58	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.20	4.04*	1.25	OFF
30	26	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	3.99	3.19	80¢	OFF	60	84	THE POLICE - MESSAGES OF SCIENCE	5.00	3.19*	80¢	OFF

[illegible]

Comp Results: Win studio time with Nick Lowe —

The Winners!



Clockwise from bottom left: Johnny Solo, Steve Marshall, Steve Jessop, Ian (Ruff) McWalter, Mr C. K. Brown. Pic: Bill Marsden.

Introducing —

Johnny Solo And The Snapshots.

IT SEEMS that around Hull, Johnny Solo & The Snapshots were the very last people to learn that they'd scooped NME's *Learn Nick Lowe For The Week-End To Produce Your Single* competition.

Having ferreted his way through close on 2,000 cassettes, Nick Lowe was so enthusiastic by the quality of The Snapshots' entry ('On The Rebound') that during a Radio One interview, Basher couldn't contain himself and broadcast an appeal for the group to contact him pronto. It took a friend to relay the message.

Formed last summer, The Snapshots current line-up (Johnny Solo, vocals; Mr. C. K. Brown, guitar; Steve Marshall, keyboards; Ian McWalter, bass and Steve Jessop on drums) was assembled just weeks before recording their winning entry.

Says Solo, who co-wrote 'On The Rebound' with guitarist Brown, "We had a definite optimistic feel about the song we submitted."

Their faith wasn't misplaced, the mental and physical wreck that answers (after some delay) to the name of Nick Lowe, had this to say.

"It was a complete fuckin' nightmare. Horrendous. I shall never do anything like this again. The two

or three people that were remotely any good were so head and shoulders above everything else as to make it like Chinese water torture looking for them. Now I know why A&R men never even listen to the tapes they've been sent!"

For the time being, Johnny Solo & The Snapshots will continue to gig on a semi-pro basis around the North-East. Claims Solo, an illustrative artist who, in his own words, draws bits of muck for an archaeological firm, "We have yet to play London, because if you haven't got a record out, then nobody wants to know." Adding, "The reason why we didn't record and distribute our own record was because, if we had that kind of money, we'd have bought a van instead!"

Hopefully, this state of affairs will be reversed. As soon as he has fully recovered from his ordeal, Nick Lowe will be taking Johnny Solo & The Snapshots into the studio, to produce that all-important debut single.

Nick Lowe is now 97 and ageing fast!

ROY CARR

Thrills

Thrills!

500 GOOD REASONS TO KEEP ERIC'S OPEN



Above: Police ask the crowd to disperse after march. Right: The march dominates Liverpool city centre. Both pix: Derek Massay.

...but 500 isn't enough!

THE SECOND march to protest against the closure of Liverpool club Eric's took place last Saturday but despite prior predictions only some 500 marchers turned up.

The police were less than co-operative, changing the route of the march and insisting it took place in total silence. This condition was dutifully complied with, as it was common knowledge that a boy who had shouted the obscenity 'Freedom' on the previous week's march had received a heavy punch in his ear for his trouble.

A meeting in the car park opposite the club, optimistically supposed to act as a forum for ideas on how to keep the club open consisted of little more than a member of the bar staff leading a chant of: "What do we want? ERIC'S!" and with an air of barely-disguised despondency the marchers went on their way under a police escort of two motorcycles, two cars, and an estimated 50 uniformed officers, the majority of whom were carrying 3 ft truncheons.

Despite Eric's membership of 7000, the fact that only 500 actually turned up demonstrated that there are still a great many parasites who loved their music so much they stayed away. (Liverpool were playing at home though — Ed.) 500 is not enough.

Public opinion however has been surprisingly sympathetic to Eric's. The local evening paper, the *Liverpool Echo*, received 'floods' of letters, protesting about the excessive number of police officers used for the raid on the club and for last week's march and the

fact that the closure of the club, with its widely acknowledged non-violent atmosphere leaves local youth with nowhere to go.

Even local MP David Alton has tabled a Commons motion, implicitly critical of the police, to promote discussion on keeping the club open.

This does, of course, place the police in an embarrassing position, apparently lacking any real support for their actions, but this is not the place for any wild optimism.

For anyone in the North-West who claims to enjoy music, certain facts must be faced.

Eric's — at least in the form in which it rose to fame — is irrevocably doomed.

At the moment there is no suitable alternative venue in the North-West of England — and that includes Manchester.

Bands and audiences have a moral responsibility to

■ continues over

Hugh Cornwell pays for horseplay

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD degenerate Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers lost his appeal against drug charges brought last year for possession of cannabis, cocaine and heroin and was jailed last week for a period of two months.

Small quantities of the one soft and two hard drugs were found in Cornwell's suitcase when he and promoter Paul Lothesby were stopped in a routine police roadblock after the final concert of The Stranglers last UK tour.

Judge Macneil, who quashed the appeal, said he thought a prison

sentence would serve as an example to other pop stars and to The Stranglers' fans. Cornwell paid this stiff penalty despite having no previous criminal record.

Upon hearing the verdict, Stranglers' manager Ian Grant was quick to predict all sorts of catastrophe. "This decision will cost us £200,000 and to be honest I can see it being the demise of the group," he told waiting newsmen.

The group's plans to tour Italy, India and Australia will now have to be delayed, along with work on their new album, some of which has already been completed. However

two shows at the Rainbow will go ahead without Cornwell, and with 'various contemporaries' taking his place. "We don't know exactly what will happen," said drummer Jet Black on Friday, "but something will."

An all night gig at the Scala cinema involving the first British showing of a film about the prophecies of Nostradamus, a 14th century astrologer whom many believe foretold of the current apocalyptic age though not, unfortunately, of the inadvisability of carrying drugs down a Hammer Smith Street on a certain

night last year, has also been scrapped.

Cornwell's counsel revealed in court that his client had used heroin for the first time during an Australian tour last year, and was not a 'drug addict' but was constantly having rugs pressed upon him by generous fans, which he used only "very sporadically" and "on a casual basis".

Hugh Cornwell is an honour graduate in bio-chemistry.

PAUL RAMBALI



Cornwell practises his escape techniques.

Nuke News



OPPPOSITION to nuclear power might well provide a focus for protest groups over the next decade and the government might make more rapid progress towards its objective by a low profile approach, which avoids putting the Government in a position of confrontation with the protesters.

This statement from the minutes of a meeting of the Cabinet's main Economic Strategy committee, which were leaked to *Time Out*, anticipates the likely reaction to the Government's £30-60 million plan to treble our nuclear capacity by ordering thirty new nuclear reactors by the year 2000.

Even more controversial is the decision to build the first PWR reactor in Britain — the notorious Harrisburg model — at Sizewell in Suffolk, and this has provoked a furious row in government circles. No less a figure than Sir Alan Cottrell, chief scientific advisor to the government, sent a personal letter to Thatcher listing three major objections to PWRs — namely, their habit of leaking radioactive coolant,

Harrisburg Anniversary

developing cracks in the pressure circuit and the problems of maintenance and repair.

These decisions have had the effect of galvanising the embryonic nuclear protest movement in this country, uniting previously divided factions and, for the first time, bringing the whole issue down to a local level where fierce and bitter protest is expected, particularly in Devon and Cornwall, the proposed site of five new stations.

In the last three months, the nuclear industry has come under attack from a wide variety of directions.

It was recently revealed that there have been two leaks at the Windscale plant which have been unchecked for eight and twenty years respectively, and British Nuclear Fuels (BNFL) are still unsure how to cope with them.

Further dangerous cracks have been discovered in two of the ageing Magnox reactors and the trade magazine *Nuclear Engineering International* recently wrote: 'By the end of the century, most of the 26 Magnox reactors now in operation at 11 sites and all the UKAEA reactors in Great Britain will probably have been withdrawn from service and shut down. To dismantle and remove them completely will present a major waste disposal task.'

Then there's the contentious issue of nuclear waste dumping. Twenty-one sites around the country have been earmarked for test drilling to see whether they're geologically suitable and already in Scotland and Wales, there's been

strong local opposition.

Greenpeace recently took out their boat *Rainbow Warrior* in an attempt to prevent the first consignment of nuclear waste from Japan being brought into Britain for treatment.

There has been increasing concern also about the transport of waste by rail through heavily populated areas. Waste from Dungeness, for instance, passes through Earl's Court on its way to Windscale. Despite assurances from the nuclear industry that there is no chance of an accident, British Rail has issued its employees with a safety manual — just in case — and are now reported to be considering guarding the consignments with armed police.

These are just some of the reasons why, on March 29, people from all over the country will be marching in protest against the pro-nuclear lobby. As Dafydd Thomas MP recently expressed it: "If the political system cannot guarantee the rights of people to protect their own environment, then we have no alternative but to protect those rights ourselves."

DICK TRACY

MARCH FOR A NON-NUCLEAR FUTURE. Assemble Speaker's Corner 12 noon. March to Trafalgar Square for 2.30pm. The Ivory Brothers, the Short Wave Band and Steve Hilleage will be playing in Trafalgar Square, and Friends Of The Earth are asking for other musicians, entertainers and buskers to come along too.



Angus Young. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Bon Scott death

AC/DC speak out at last

EVEN by the inglorious standards of rock and roll, Bon Scott's death was a sad and unglamorous one. For the rest of AC/DC, the sudden loss of their singer meant a period of confusion, which they now seem to have resolved with the appointment of new singer, Alan Frier (see *News* pages).

Speaking last week though, guitarist Angus Young had this to say about the late vocalist's demise — ascribed to acute alcoholic poisoning.

"There was a lot of bad feeling for that, because people were trying to say 'Oh the guy was a no-good, he drunk his way to death', which is really a lie. The actual thing, what the coroner said was 'death by misadventure', which can happen to anyone. The position that he was in, he choked on his vomit, asphyxiation, and then that poisoned his lungs, the alcohol. It's a common thing.

"We were with him a long time, and he was never an alcoholic, who needed a drink. His parents got the worst of it, 'cos they were led to believe what was heard on the radio, that he died of alcohol or whatever

else they invented — some were saying drugs and things like that. The guy was not a drug user.

"It was just misadventure, because he was in happy spirits. As a band we were working on a new album and he was really raring to go. It was just an unfortunate thing — more so because this next album would have been his crowning glory. He would have been at his peak."

Of the band's reaction to news of the death, Young says: "It was very hard to believe... I think it fully sank in after his funeral in Australia. After that we said we'd better get straight back to work otherwise we'll go down in a fit of depression and may never do anything again."

New vocalist Frier notwithstanding, isn't it likely we'll be seeing a more restrained outfit for Scott's absence?

"Nah, I don't think so. It was always really hard to get us to tone down anything. We always seemed to go off like a Concorde. It'll be a bit strange at first, but we'll still be us. I had a feeling he'd say that."

PAUL DU NOYER

Thuis!

More Eric's

■ From previous page

each other and upcoming generations of music fans to see that a music scene continues to thrive.

That isn't going to be easy.

Even so, there's another march planned for this Saturday (29th) at 2.00 pm in Mathew Street, outside

Eric's and if you don't turn up this time that's on your own conscience — if you've got one.

KEVIN FITZGERALD

Thuis!

Yamaha introduce the first 1,500 bhp-powered motorcycles.

Between April 4 and April 19 Yamaha and British Rail literally bring you the first-ever train-powered motorcycle show.

On board the Yamaha Railshow will be the 1980 range of bikes spearheaded by the stunning new liquid-cooled, Monoshock RD350 and RD250, the all-new four cylinder, shaft-drive XJ650, the XS850, the single cylinder SR250 and its Monoshock variant the XT250, and several US Custom models. Plus the beautiful little Passola, Yamaha's commuter/shopping scooterette.

As well as the bikes there will be film shows, a competition to win an RD200, and the chance to ride one of several Passolas.

DATES AND VENUES FOR THE YAMAHA 1980 RAILSHOW:

GLASGOW (Central) April 4-6 (incl) MANCHESTER (Piccadilly) April 7-9 (incl)
BIRMINGHAM (Moor Street) April 10-13 (incl)
BRISTOL (Temple Meads) April 14-16 (incl) LONDON (Marylebone) April 17-19 (incl)

YAMAHA 1980 RAILSHOW



Jacob Miller. Pic: Pennie Smith



Obituary. Jacob Miller: 1955-1980

Reggae star's car crash death

REGGAE star Jacob Miller died in Kingston, Jamaica on March 23, 1980, the victim of a car crash in which two children also died, one of them Jacob's own.

Reports are still confused but it seems that Jacob was refused admission at one hospital because of a go slow and died on the way to another.

He was 25.

As the front man and vocalist with Inner Circle, and with a sizeable part in the reggae movie *Rockers*, Jacob Miller had in the last 18 months of his life begun to achieve the kind of success he strove for. He began his musical career in the mid '70s, cutting sides for several Kingston producers, and finding success with titles like 'Tenement Yard', 'Tired Fe Lick Weed In A Bush' and 'All Night Til Daylight', catchy expositions of popular current themes that introduced his powerful vocals and distinctive stuttering style. Unlike the overwhelming majority of reggae artists, who hail from the ghettos of West Kingston or from simple rural parishes, Jacob Miller came from a middle class home, though he was accepted as a 'roots' artist in Jamaica.

'Killer' Miller himself always hungered for international acceptance, and following the fragmentation of the group's original line-up, he joined the Lewis brothers under the Inner Circle banner, determined to establish a disc and road band that could conquer the rock market. The group secured a contract with American Capitol and made forays onto US soil, but their first album 'Reggae Thing' was an erratic affair, a collection of the early hits and eclectic band compositions with no real clout, 'Ghetto On Fire' being a notable exception.

'Ready For The World', the second album, was worse, a hopeless compromise with lightweight US soul styles. The Capitol contract was mutually terminated, but Jacob continued to release solo records at home, and his best album 'Killer' dates from this time.

In 1979 Inner Circle signed to Island and achieved their greatest success with 'Everything Is Great', a straight disco number, though the accompanying album didn't live up to the optimism of its title.

The group were at their best on stage, where Miller's forceful, zany personality and effortless vocal power contributed a strong presence. It is ironic to think of him at the 1978 Kingston Peace Concert skipping round onstage while embracing rival ghetto gunmen Claudie Massop and Bucky Marshall; a twist of fate now sees all three dead, two within the last week. Physically, Miller was daunting, a deceptively mobile heavyweight whose act and songs often exploited the rude and sensual appetite suggested by his excess pounds.

He was at heart a showman, and the part in *Rockers* — as himself — suited Jacob perfectly. He spent an increasing amount of time in New York and America — a country he much preferred to Britain, which he thought old-fashioned and repressed — trying to build his career. He never seemed to fully live up to his formidable vocal talents.

Though he could be ferocious, Jacob Miller was an expansive man. He had a ready and often clownish humour, and a sharp and shrewd wit to match. His hold on life seemed far too strong for him to make his exit at such an early age.

NEIL SPENCER

Jamaica: Return of the gun

KINGSTON. Six months before Jamaica goes to the polls, partisan warfare involving the rival political factions of Prime Minister Michael Manley's People's National Party and the opposition Jamaican Labour Party led by former music business notary Mr Edward Seaga has brought terror to western Kingston's corporate area, and has led to the evacuation of hundreds of people from their homes during the past few weeks.

The violence, which dates from the rude bwoy copasetic election of 1967 and has already precipitated two State of Emergency declarations as well as the burning down of Trench Town in 1976, comes two years after the much publicised Peace Treaty and reggae fervour at the National Stadium.

Now the treaty's two leading spokesmen are dead, both victims of the guns that are such a prominent feature of this recurrent dissension. Claudie Massop, a

leading figure in the JLP youth community, was killed in a police ambush in Kingston last year. Aston 'Bucky Marshall' Thompson, in New York exile, was shot dead in Brooklyn two weeks ago after a dance hall dispute.

Following Bucky Marshall's death, the Majesty Gardens / Hunte Bay district was the scene of violent recriminations, during which at least two houses were destroyed by fire bombs and more than 500 people forced to flee their homes when they were attacked, they said, by 'PNP thugs'.

This apparently followed a declaration by a prominent PNP politician, not identified, saying that 'all Labourites must go from the area'.

In the words of Horace Andy, describing the previous State of Emergency four years ago: 'Policemen drop their arms and watch everyone a fight, a serious thing.' A serious thing.

RANKING OF THE PAST

Lowry



"I like this lot. They manage to suggest that they're a grave threat to the establishment order and that anarchy is just around the corner while saying absolutely nothing to disturb the status quo."



MY FAVOURITE unrecorded song of all time is the single refrain of a haunting lay I hear given expression one New Year's Eve a decade back while waiting by the east fountain in Victory Square for the bells of St Martin-in-the-Field to chime the royal parish hour.

There is abroad this night a holiday spirit, predominantly one of Caledonian aspect, and being a mild sort of evening for the season, a great body of citizenry convene in the locality to exchange mutual demonstration of frolic and some goodwill.

Circumspect in the revellers' midst, among them but not of them, stands a vanguard of the Metropolitan Pandamerie, regarding the festive multitude with unusually benign humour.

Obviously, their presence here tonight is as vigil against any milieu potentially inimical to the public peace; actually, however, they are to a man anticipant upon the favours their way forthcoming from the distaff contingent of the celebrants, it being the immemorial ambition of even the most prudent of maidens to kiss a policeman in Victory Square on New Year's Eve.

Shortly before midnight, the abrupt turning of many heads in the crowd signals the arrival on the scene of some two dozen or so youthful Spartans, flanking the public throng by negotiation of the north steps. Lately unleashed from that enclosure of Fulham Road designated the Shed, this juvenile corps advances on the Square with all the relentlessness of a Mr Bobby Tambling, the truculence of a Mr Peter Osgood, the parsimony of a Mr Eddie Macreadie, and the haircut of a Mr Ron Harris (Capt.); and assembling at the Charles I monument, proceeds to enliven that equestrian monarch with a pithy contribution towards the annual festivities, giving lusty voice to an original rendition of the celebrated 'Stamford Bridge Is Falling Down' melody, thus:

"Harry Roberts is our friend, is our friend, is our friend/Harry Roberts is our friend, he kills coppers..."

The immediate effect of this impromptu entertainment upon the majority of the onlooking crowd is clearly etched in the aghast mien of its collective countenance. Mr Harry Roberts at this time taking his place alongside Mr Emile Savundra and Monsieur Daniel Cohn-Bendit as one of the most reviled men in England.

As for the attendant constabulary, innocent victims of the unwarranted lampoon, not a sign of perturbation disturbs this detachment's stoic repose, certainly no revenge does it exact on the gleeful satirists, a circumstance in considerable array of what befalls the unfortunate Mr Roberts when he is finally run to ground.

IT SO happens that this Chelsea chorus proves to be the swan song of the skinheads, who subsequently vanish back into the obscurity from whence they originally emerge, the movement reaching its peak the previous summer, when the libertarian forces of London Street Commune keep at bay a vengeful horde of cherry reds laying siege to their Piccadilly scropolis by the

combined deterrent of lighted incense sticks and the Radha Krsna Temple's recording of 'Govinda' (Apple). In constant service on the Commune's primitive dassetto.

As a sub-sect, the skinheads are descendants of suits, a philistine branch of the mod fraternity who first surfaced on the London club circuit around 1965, at the same time as an increasing number of modernist youth are beginning to dabble in what O. Henry describes as the "illusory" land of Bohemia, the twin evils of Art and pasta.

The current skinhead resurgence is similarly of philistine tendency and a direct consequence of post punk betrayal. At its inception, the nascent punk vortex is a fascist anti-movement of disaffection, an expression of nationalistic pride that finds natural sympathy with lumpen youth led on a surfeit of thwarted idealism from a latitudinarian teaching profession and the similarly inclined media.

It is the media of course which succeeds in subverting the punk cause, this plus the liberal music establishment, and certain of the movement's "spokesmen" like Mr John Lydon and Mr Joseph Mellors proving to be at odds with the prevalent mood of their contemporaries, but influencing a great number of them nevertheless. In fact, I would date the aforesaid betrayal from the time of Mr Malcolm McLaren's press statement disassociating The Sex Pistols from the NF, and Johnny Rotten's sequel embrace of black cultural symbols, in particular reggae and large hats.

Those punks who resist the seductive polemics of Lydon, The Clash, RAR, NME and others, find solace in the dedication of the swastika-wearing Sid Vicious, and temporary refuge in Sham 69, where the neo-skinhead movement first rears its closely cropped cranium.

The 2-Tone mode introduces the topical crisis for disenfranchised skins, and brings up to the dichotomy of 'the Lane'.

Of a Sunday morning, all aspects of modern skinhead sophistication congregate in the East End's most renowned cozier haunt. The northern sector of the market, around Club Row and Brick Lane is the stomping ground of its right wing arm, with all manner of becombed youth sporting their NF and British Movement buttons, not to mention the canvassing activities of the Front itself in the vicinity of Charlie's Cafe; while the southern theatre, taking in Middlesex Street, Houndsditch and the Gold Mart, Petticoat Lane proper, plus the Last Resort fashion emporium, hosts their 2-Tone brethren, the latter often accompanied by youth of mixed parentage.

Meanwhile, Mr Harry Roberts has been usurped in the affections of the skinhead community by a new anthem transmuted from the terraces of Tottenham Hotspur FC, home of Spurs Against Racism, or the yids' team as it is also known.

This is the Battle Hymn of the Fascismo Republic:

"Blair Peach's body lies a moulding in its grave, and the National Front go marching on/Glory, glory Adolf Hitler, and the National Front go marching on..."

They are trampling down the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

The Citizen is a new regular column in NME, written by — The Citizen.

Chris Sievey demonstrates levitation, just one of many talents. Pic: Philip Mason.

The Virgin Book Of Reject Slips



IF YOU can imagine a person with enough audacity to produce a book called the *Virgin Book Of Reject Slips* then may we introduce Chris Sievey.

He's the owner, managing director, A and R man, publicist, recording engineer, distribution manager and sole artist on his own Rezz label. Together with his band, The Freshies, he's been turning out consistently good, fresh material from his Manchester hideaway since the end of the '70s with nary a nod of recognition from any major record company let alone Virgin.

Aside from his just published Virgin slips he's planning another collection culled from all the other labels that he's written too. Among his other escapades were 'The Freshies For TV Week', when he stormed the portals of local broadcasting companies with a plan for appearing on every show going (they didn't get on one), a 'Let It Be' style rooftop session in the centre of Manchester that resulted in a total failure to get arrested, and the handing out of slips at a Factory gig that promised free drinks from Factory label fuhrer Tony Wilson (it took about three hours before the bar staff caught on). Chris also designs and prints his own record

covers and makes animated movies to go with his tunes, as well as videos and posters.

And he's so active in sending "please could you play for my brother Bill" style postcards to local radio stations that he once received a phone call from the I.B.A. asking him to cool it while they worked out which ones were his.

The only drawback to his nonstop schemes seems to be that about all he's succeeded in doing is whipping up a huge blazing inferno of indifference, except in his home town, where a sleazy following has built up around the 'Freshies'.

A new single called 'Yellow Spot' is scheduled for release in May. Of course it's on the Rezz label. Chris is worth checking out for his old material alone (four records and three cassettes so far) because he represents one of the growing band of individualists who are determined to create and maintain their own music despite all the negative reaction they receive. Contemporary rock music needs people like this.

C. P. LEE

Thrills!



The Mi Amigo in happier times

Caroline: not sunk yet

Radio Caroline's Spanish and Dutch backers were quick to declare themselves unsunk by the misfortune that befell the *Mi Amigo* in the early hours of Thursday last.

Broadcasting, it is claimed, will begin again shortly, probably in a new vessel, the funds for which will be provided, in part, by undecided American backers.

A possible source, according to Nigel Letko, one of the four DJ/crowman rescued from the scuppered 60-year-old coaster, is an advertiser who had time booked to broadcast religious programmes.

The fate of Letko and colleagues - Timothy Lewis, Nigel Tibbles and

Dutchman Ton Lathouwer - is in the hands of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

With the report of Sheerness police in his files, the DPP must now decide whether to prosecute under the Marine Broadcasting (Offences) Act, a piece of legislation introduced by the Wilson Government in 1967 to defend the BBC radio monopoly.

It has frequently been used to harass the first and last of the pirates, most recently at Southend Magistrates Court where a man was fined £150 for taking letters and newspapers to the isolated crew.

The *Mi Amigo* roamed far and wide in its efforts to dodge the repercussions of this and comparable European legislation. It was from a mooring 20 miles off Frinton, Essex, that her final troubles began.

Lashed by gales, she snapped her moorings and began drifting towards the treacherous stretch of the Thames estuary known as the Black Deep. It was here, on a sandbank, that the ship was overwhelmed.

The operation to get the crew off took 12 hours and, according to the coxswain of the Sheerness lifeboat, "was the hairiest rescue I have ever done".

At the height of her popularity, Caroline was said to have reached an audience of five million.

ANDREW TYLER

Thrills!

The Lone Groover



Album
Frustration Paradise

The
Carpettes
New Single

Johnny won't hurt you



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A brilliant new
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Billy Joel
Glass Houses
Produced by Phil Ramone
CBS 86108





Page 16 — New Musical Express 29th March, 1980

Does the world need another singer-songwriter?

THERE'S something very positive about Willie Nile. It's one of the first things that you notice. It shows in the way that he handles himself, in the way that he talks about his career and it also shows on his debut album.

I guess that you have to have a good deal of confidence if you're standing in line as the new contender in the Dylan, Van Morrison, Bruce Springsteen line of singer songwriters. Too many earnest young men have been

lauded in the media as the new Dylan or the next future-of-rock-&-roll, only to crash into a litter of unsold albums and discarded press kits.

There is a resilience to Nile that makes you think that he has a better chance of staying the course; a tough quality that makes you think that maybe he can survive as a singer songwriter in the era of The Clash; a quality that comes out in his music.

Not for Willie Nile the fey approach of an Elliott Murphy or a Steve Forbert. Nile seems quite aware that it's a kick-ass world where you have to hustle if it's not going to be your ass that gets the kicking.

His first album has a cutting edge to it that has been lacking in an awful lot of this kind of stuff of late. Folk rock? They don't have a name for it anymore. It's the same edge that can be found on 'Please Crawl Out Your Window' or 'Positively Fourth Street

By
MICK
FARREN

And does the world really need another guitar poser? Pic: Waring Abbott.



Recordings

Those oh so witty, oh so inventive Flying Liz-z-z-z-z-zards

I OCCUPIED the time I spent interviewing David Cunningham by nibbling the skin behind my bottom lip and perfecting the art of gently snoozing with a mildly concerned expression playing above my open eyes. Most interviews these days are conducted this way. Miles away outside my little warm doze a low Irish voice rumbled on about the drastic occurrences that have brought The Flying Lizards into a position whereby they can introduce the euphonium to *TOTP*, make incompetence 'intriguing', and generally be precious in a way only art school and rock experiments can achieve.

I completed the assignment, transcribed the tape onto paper, set down and looked at it. When I came round it was morning...

And so, as a public service, I am going to spare you the dour labour of having to sift through another patently overblown popstar's life story and reasons for living and simply tell you what I think of The Flying Lizards, followed by choice selections from our chat so we can all have a jolly good laugh.

Firstly, The Flying Lizards are an informal bunch of unexciting musicians who've realised their limitations and have decided to see how long the public's good nature will tolerate a string of songs whose sole selling point is their wheedling and charm, a bit like the superior Spike Jones Band of another era.

But unlike Spike, Mr Cunningham doesn't entirely see the joke. During our pow-wow, he compared the way he works to the *i-Ching*, a whole bunch of painters whose names I can only guess at phonetically, Thomas Tallis, Mark Perry, and even gave the frank clock-stopper that "For me, The Flying Lizards is about going into the studio — or not going into the studio — as the case may be."

Let me tell you I was shocked and

humbled by the wisdom inherent in that one quote. And Thomas Tallis? Well he, I learnt, was a fourteenth century composer who worked mainly with bell tones. (The Rowdies in The Stalks: "Oh that crazy campanologist, eh?")

Meanwhile Cunningham's soft lingo — coupled with deep pauses during which my wristwatch seemed to thunder like a kettledrum — and the rural cosiness his house wallows in confronted me like a working model of Pink Floyd's last five albums. Occasionally his unremarkable patter reveals a viler side guaranteed to get the hairs on your back bristling with those "passe working class emotions, dear".

When I sought to see if he'd been very active during the punk explosion, he said (and here you might care to hold your breath):

"Oh well, I think I bought 'White Riot' somewhere along the line. Why? Oh well I thought it sounded very funny, so fast and everything, but I wasn't very interested in anything else."

Cunningham is a country boy, see. He admits to being unsympathetic to city life but enjoys his house in Clapham and that dinky little recording studio in Brixton. Later in the coma-session we were joined by the sparkling Viv Goldman, whose bubbling speed seems totally at odds with the band with which she has made her vinyl debut. (The effervescent journalist has contributed her newly discovered lyric-writing talent to the Lizards' dreary LP and deserves far better. But even she in turn falls foul of the intellectual left's patronising ways.

When I enquire as to why they need record in Brixton I hear a joint cry of "Well there's just something... do you know that you just can't

buy any 'white' records in Brixton? 'Specs', but otherwise you just can't buy white records!"

And they both grin confidently at the ethnic mind-blowingness of it all. I just imagine someone saying the same thing about Bermondsey only concerning black records and picture the uproar.

But then again this is 'funky' Brixton, that "frightening, daring" borough so beloved by those who don't actually live here. (Fact: There is a large Woolworths in Brixton where you may buy any bloody record you wish providing it is nationally popular. But then again, Woolworths is so dashed Babylon, what?). This took us onto a long, boring to-and-fro concerning those other slummers The Slits and their ilk, which I shall spare you in favour of Ian Penman's excellent

summation of them in his recent singles column.

On the whole though, Viv enlivened the affair a hundred fold and later she made it clear that she hadn't said one thing that she really wanted to. It was that sort of day. The Flying Lizards are that sort of group. One harmless drifter, by his own admission both selfish, uncaring and self-indulgent, having a ride on you and not properly understanding why everyone laughs at his bare-art cheek — he and his strolling theatre pretending to be doing something constructive, with DC never wanting to leave the art school, ever. It's far too important.

Still, David Cunningham won't worry too much. We can chuckle all we want. After all, we're paying for it. He'll go on, giving interviews, feeling important, dabbling, hanging more self-conscious

pictures on his wall, avoiding anything that might shake him and that sickening circle of public school peeps that currently ride rock's mumbo-jumbo, 'intelligent' fringe: a fringe we've all gotten too scared to throw bricks at because nobody wants to look like they've not 'moved on' — we're all so balanced and mature and everyone gets a fair shake in our world. Why, they've been right all along! Yes sires, The Pop Group sure know how to handle the NF. What an embarrassment that Lewisham was, eh?

But hey, there's still ace in our boots. Y'see David thinks we're laughing because we're too unsuited to comprehend the more illusory points of subversion. But you and I know that when our bitter, resigned, apathetic attitudes turn once again to anger, well... he, and the whole precious classroom will come tumbling down.

Pic: Anton Corbijn



Viv sits, David...s



The new single. Produced by Chris Thomas

RJ wea

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Newmarket Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Chester

Essex
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Essex
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Essex
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Essex

Gloucestershire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Gloucester
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Gloucester
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Gloucester

Leicestershire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Leicester
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Leicester
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Leicester

Lincolnshire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Lincoln
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Lincoln
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Lincoln

Northamptonshire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Northampton
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Northampton
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Northampton

Nottinghamshire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Nottingham
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Nottingham
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Nottingham

Shropshire
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Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Shropshire
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Shropshire

Staffordshire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Stafford
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Stafford
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Stafford

Suffolk
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Suffolk
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Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Suffolk

Sussex
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Sussex
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Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Sussex

Wiltshire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Wiltshire
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Wiltshire
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Wiltshire

Worcestershire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Worcester
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Worcester
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Worcester

Yorkshire
A.C.I., 100 King Street, Yorkshire
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Yorkshire
Clare Hi-Fi, 100 King Street, Yorkshire

THE hysteria of extreme capitalism and its charge materialism is easily equal to that of the wild-eyed Trot or the stone-faced Iman, and a million times more spiritually impoverished. It just whispers in your ear instead of shouting in your face, that's all.

The aversion of advertising dangles itself in one's face particularly around the Christmas to New Year period: after Christmas (food, drink, Everything), with the mince pies still sticking in the gullet, come Holidays (a Lifestyle). Things which should be naturally joyous and personal are whipped into sterile, thrill meringues of money-making: the plight of the large number of people living on this country's poverty-line at Christmas, as their children watch ad after ad touting the newest technological necessity-toy, their anguish is anyone's guess and apparently no one's concern.

Advertising: A Career Of Evil. The claim is that advertising makes a commodity cheaper by increasing sales. Numerous surveys have shown that T.V. advertising and its gargantuan prices raises the price of goods, presumably to pay the psychiatrists, sociologists, psychoanalysts and social anthropologists (a suitable bunch of misanthropists and apologists) that every successful ad agency keeps in its back room.

The deceit of delving: they knew you way back when you weren't yourself. An early '60s angle (revived for the selling of the Nutty and Yorkie bars, amongst others) countered hard facts about fat and tooth rot from chocolate bars with psychological findings that people associate chocolate with being a well-behaved child. The chocolate is thus sold to adults as something to put your feet up for, a goal in itself — it can't be BAD, it's a REWARD, because you have been GOOD and followed the Work Ethic to the letter. You DESERVE a bar of chocolate.

This successful exercise follows the age-old pattern by which items of female face and body cosmetics have been flogged, offering false and empty solutions to very real persecutions. The advert as agent of social control; hush hush, your husband (the brute) doesn't pay attention to you but your bubble bath will so PAMPER yourself — your boss pays you a pittance, so why don't you save it up and buy yourself a Nutty bar? You DESERVE it.

Advertising is not Informative: advertisers are willing to admit that there is no difference between brands of numerous items, but by appealing to fear, greed, social embarrassment, hypochondria — the emotions advertising plays on are always negative — any old identical rat can win the race.

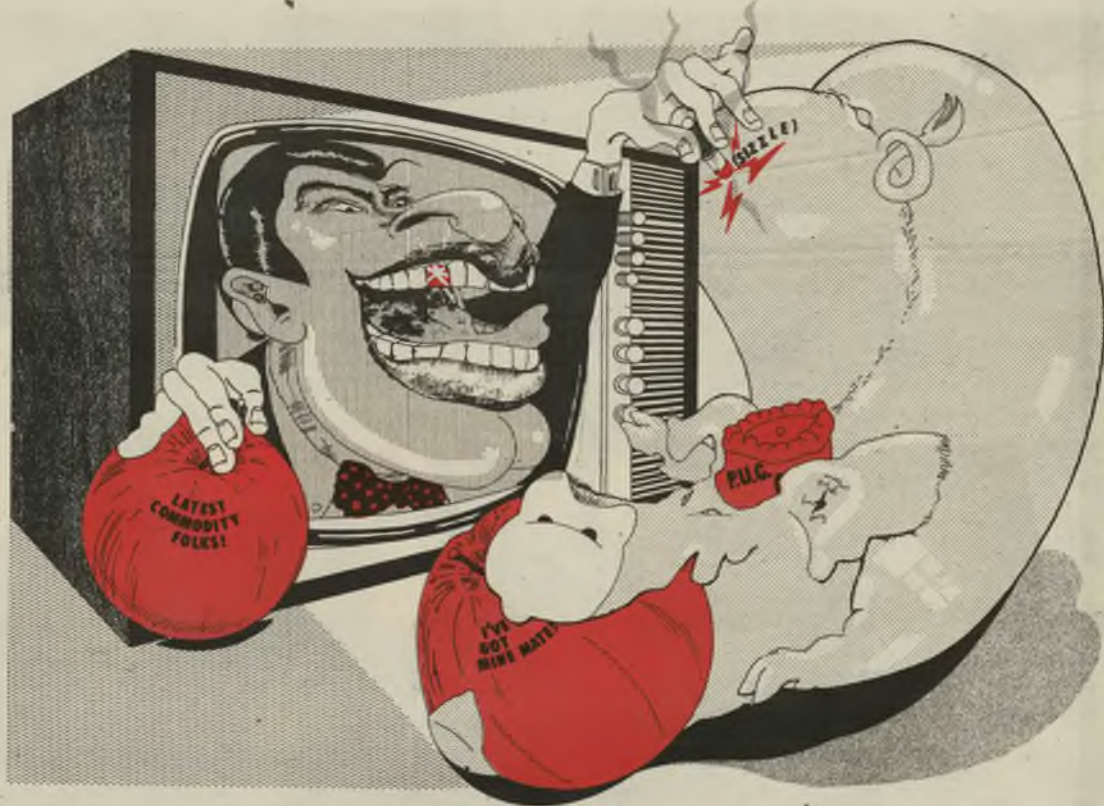
In matters of home medicine the "information" does more harm than good; the invention and advertisement of the laxative has coincided with the rise of colitis, a disease connected with excessive artificial purging of the body. Less harmfully, black glass has been used in place of wood in a furniture polish commercial to give a good gloss to the product; fresh liver has been eaten by an innocent puss in the pay of a pet food company while the name on the dish has boasted that this is a superior tinned cat food.

This deceit interferes not only with your ears, but with your life. Manufacturers know what "psychological obsolescence" is, they use the words a great deal. You may not know; but you probably know you've bought something which wears out quick, or some larger commodity that you have to dump when a part of it breaks down and they've stopped selling suitable spares. It is essential to greedy businessmen these days that products do not last "too" long; this is why you are pushed around.

ADVERTISERS have decided that no class is easier to push around than the skilled manual worker section, a division that has swelled massively in the past decade.

He is apt to be affluent and acquisitive, all haste and no taste when it comes to keeping up with the next-door enemies. David Ogilvy, President of a large advertising agency, has pointed out that since the skilled manual worker is the main chance "most copy is written below the average intelligence". Maybe YOU have parents these people warn you about?

The skilled manual worker is too



"He squats there like a sucking pig, so happy with the fancy apple in his mouth that he can't feel the revellers stubbing out cigarettes on his ass."



Stepford Lives

JULIE BURCHILL looks at the people the TV advertisers would like us to be.

easily conned by the trappings of sophistication; he squats there like a sucking pig, so happy with the fancy apple in his mouth that he can't feel the revellers stubbing out cigarettes on his ass. Mildly paranoid and mighty prim, today's adverts are sharpened to pierce his pocket and pride just so. He most desires to live the Stepford Life, to have the whitest whites, the blindest blonde, the most invisible roots.

Commercials aimed at men inevitably exploit fears about not being one hundred per cent British Steel, exploit the nagging doubt that man has a soft spot that will be used and abused by evil women and real men should it ever be discovered.

Adverts for aftershave ("Denim... for men who don't have to try too hard" and "Flint... man's first weapon... it gives men the edge") make out that putting on a bit of soot is every bit as butch as driving a tank, and only a cissy wouldn't wear it. The absurd Gareth "Hunk" Hunt, on the other hand, pretends that slopping up a cup of instant coffee is as sexy as doing everything in *The Perfumed Garden* in the time it takes a kettle to boil. And who can laugh innocently at the ugly old comedian who's become popular for pouring vermouth over Joan Collins, living out a million pathetic fantasies of soiling the Bitch, one way or another, for her sins.

Hordes of adverts still blamish magazines, billboards and tube stations cajoling men that they're so strong, they're so much in control of their bodies that they can sample any toxic treat and emerge with brawn and brain intact. Indeed, the advertising of tobacco and alcohol implies that they'll be even MORE heterosexual if they take these particular drugs — nothing succeeds like sex with a man who smokes and drinks!

Mind you, I'll drink anything and as much as you've got; but the sad fact is that cigarettes give men lung cancer and alcohol is used as an excuse by slightly less than half convicted murderers and rather more than half convicted rapists. If only the ads stopped telling men that they're a combination of King Kong, Casanova and Crippen for their own greedy sake, men might

be able to handle their drink more like women do, instead of using it as an excuse to act like pigs.

If the ad-men's dream man is a Rogue Male elephant, his ideal woman is a cow, a big-eyed, bovine bozo pushed from pillar to post from dawn to dusk, owed and



honoured to be of service. As a sly concession to feminism, today's housewives are presented as the slaves of children rather than men; letting them punch her with boxing gloves (a male child naturally) and worry her sick in the middle of the night complaining about the sub-standard washing of a nightdress (a delicate girl child, of course). Both commercials lie about the merits of cleaning fluids, cleaning fluids making up a good half of all things advertised, cleaning fluids being the main interest in life of any normal, healthy, happy woman.

In every dream home a mother's natural rapport with her children is ignored, considered nothing next to the ability to get the ratty hankies cleaner than the Pope's penis while smiling at their vile bullying ways. Children are not shown as small, messy humans but as Little Big Boys, despots keeping the skivvy in trim for when Big Daddy gets home.

The manner in which children are portrayed as calculating strangers who expect perfect domestic service every minute of the day must make many harassed women feel even more hostile to their offspring. As there is too much rape in this country to allow the ad-men to keep churning out the cave-man spiel, so there is too much child abuse to disregard the way the mother-child

relationship is estranged for the sake of a handful of soap flakes.

In Canada, advertisements showing women as "slave-housewives" have been banned; universally the liberated woman has become another selling angle. Wild girls toss anarchic curls on freewheeling bicycles and sell *Tramp* and *Rebel* perfume (my mum bought me some *Rebel* awhile ago — funny, when I was young my rebellion was the one thing she hated me for, yet now she finds it safe enough to buy the perfume of the vice), and you can buy *Rebel* and *Free Spirit* and *Gypsy* and *Triumph* (sounds like a Lynyrd Skynyrd memorial EP) bras which you can wash in your *Liberator* washing-machine. Cute, eh? Still, I'd rather be a rebellious cliché than any other kind.

In the '60s the Cockney accent was used to sell products as rosy, nourishing and robust. The '70s picked up on the Hovis North, the cloth cap as ring of confidence. But Cockney voices became associated with slyness and bigotry. Alf Garnett and the door-to-door bully relieving old ladies of their life savings, the eternal spiv. The North has become associated with ghost town steel strikes and deprivation, the victim of the Government's monetarist greed that no one wants to help or look at, as is the way with victims these days.

1979 saw for the first time a mess of products sold by the West Country accent — the West Country combining the quaintness of the North with the easy affluence of the Cockney — making the West the current picturesque pet of the media, a meal-ticket for everything from shampoo to pickle. It has at least one willing dupe to my knowledge: Tony Parsons has only to see something marked FARMHOUSE or PLOUGHMAN'S and he busts a gut grabbing it.

Radio advertising is altogether a more squalid, sketchy business; without the artifice of visual experts, the bare bones of the hard sell glint like Norman Bates knife. LBC's sell is an aural gladiator ring between bouts of phone-in purgatory, sordid and heartless, using all of the 16

minutes per hour that commercial stations are allowed for advertising: Capital, in keeping with their Help-Lines, social services and general good taste and grace, use only nine minutes.

Hearing the horribly stupid adverts for *Apocalypse Now* every hour for weeks awhile back on LBC was no joyride, coming between the selling of hairdryers and double glazing in authoritative American accents.

"Experience *Apocalypse Now* and you may never have to go to war" the sick advert had the nerve to proclaim. Anyone who wants to know what war is like should look at real life victims — God knows there are enough about — on news footage, not fictional aggressors in "award winning" Technicolour, not ooh and ahh at camera angles and "great acting" (a stupid, meaningless phrase). That's for unnatural, instinct-less voyeurs; that certain breed of "libertarian", "thinking" made who in times of war will be a whining pacifist, and in times of peace will make or admire films about war. "Pathetic" says it best, I think.

WE should stay awake and preying on the casual casualties advertising encourages; the defecation of the inanimate object — the pig-parts of the personality (hysterical aggression in man, numb passivity in women, never, ever suggesting that all people should be strong and kind) advertising pats on the back and brings to a head — the depths it plumbs, with its psychologist frogmen, to find the sore spot and poke at it till the protection money is given to the product — the money wiffully and destructively poured into a useless sea of lies in amounts so huge that they make even an enjoyable thing like money seem obscene; forty million pounds a year spent on advertising by the tobacco industry alone.

I loathe advertising for all the words that begin with an S and an L and describe it perfectly: slimy, slack, shy, slobbish, sleazy, slow, slothful.

The way to fight it is never to work for it, and laugh at it a lot.



INVASION OF THE CRAMP MONSTERS

The new terror menace to the world's teenage minds returns to plague our worried land. Communing with the rockabilly zombies: MAX BELL



THE NORMALLY mid-mannered offstage figure of Lux Interior twists and writhes his face in a rare show of angry emotion...

If looks could kill, Lux looks like he could spit a bucket of blood. All him and Poison Ivy Rorschach did was to walk into the buffet bar on York Station and within seconds the entire room is staring at them.

Lux is wearing his habitual black, undertakers coat, plastic trousers and a shiny top hat. Ivy trails him lovingly in gold lame pants and a pair of severe diamante spectacles. For some reason the combination has tickled the imagination of all the other occupants of the buffet. They gawp over cheese rolls, their mouths a perfect question mark. Some people titter and nudge. Some people are outraged and point accusingly, openly offended at Lux's appearance. Given the opportunity, they would like to exercise some physical violence on his large and harmless exterior.

It's exactly the same on a train heading for Edinburgh where The Cramps are to play for many of their most fevered and committed fans. Lux looms down the corridor in craspular silence, oblivious to the horror on the faces of all the mothers who hide their children from this nasty man. Eventually some oafs start to laugh out loud, seemingly unaware of their own intense anonymity. Lux echoes (their laughter back at them and the situation is suddenly ugly until Ivy hurries him towards the relative safety of a dining compartment.

After 15 years of being jeered at, Mr Interior is getting immune to the insults. "It isn't an act we suddenly thought of, to look like this. I've always been a freak. The first gig we ever played at CBGB's we were completely out of tune for 45 minutes and the club owner Hilly Kristal told us we sounded like a total joke."

Five years later a lot of people would probably endorse Kristal's opinion in spades. By much common consent The Cramps are inept musicians, actors, dumb Yanks. Another favourite line of reasoning goes like this: they're so bad they're good; they're the best worst band in the world, an amusing cult artefact that crawled out of a museum one day, like extras from *The Tomb Of Ligeia*. It's true that they don't like being in the sun too much (although they have to keep warm) but Ivy comes from Sacramento, California and not Providence, Rhode Island.

QUITE WHY they inspire this strange mixture of open hatred and patronising possessiveness is baffling to The Cramps. Although they admit that their appearance encourages a certain degree of suspended disbelief, they are very serious indeed about their ultimate ambitions.

Lux picks through a dead chicken and addresses the table. "When A&M in America sent out their guideline to the record stores they described us as a cult new wave band who'd just recorded an album in Nashville. That really insulted us. Apart from the fact that we made the record in Memphis, to be labelled as a cult group is so horrible, it implies an elitism that we don't want. I think The Cramps are a very commercial band. Once our biggest ambition was just to get on a stage, but now it's to aim for some kind of world domination."

Ivy qualifies the statement with shy assurance, calling forth the double rock 'n' roll spectres of blind faith and raw power. These two commodities were straining to breaking point long before The Cramps first came to England as a support band on the Police tour of '79. Night after night they fought long and hard against antipathy and collective blandness, and they didn't stand a chance.

This time The Cramps are headlining a more sensible tour of small halls, colleges and clubs in an effort to convince Great Britain of their undoubted magnificence. So let's state once and for all before we step into fiction that this group are not a contrived garage band with a

penchant for Charles Adams and The Munsters. On a good night The Cramps make time stand still; they are utterly convincing proof of the scrambled mechanisms that constitute classic rock 'n' roll. They live out Lux Interior's assertion that any great simple rock 'n' roll music mixes with any other — and anyone who can't appreciate The Cramps' vitality and surrender to the rhythm is missing the whole point that has fuelled the genre since Jerry Lee Lewis destroyed his first 68 and Little Richard dipped into his first make-up bag.

In New York The Cramps are not very popular with the cliques of art-conscious new music frauds. The American press would rather they disappeared for good. The nucleus of the group converged on New York City in late 1975. Lux and Ivy already had a blueprint based around an obsessive love affair with vintage rockabilly that stemmed from prolonged exposure to Cleveland's premier radio stations and the genius of Alan Freed's 'Moondog'. The pair spent years scouring through the bins of every record store from Akron to Tallahassee assimilating a collection of oddities that would fashion their addiction for gone vinyl.

"When I met Ivy in California I was a psychedelic guru. I was tripping out. LSD and plastic were my biggest influences, more so than music. I'd always liked these weird records with strange-sounding names and after I started to listen to rockabilly I couldn't listen to anything else. Joe Sasy (an eminent rockologist) said that it demands the most inexplicable leap of faith in any musical phenomenon. It's such a wild, emotional sound; it demands that you question your own life."

Lux looks down at his hand, a mangled confusion of purple bruises and open-sore cuts, the result of his nightly confrontation with this nation's club ceilings.

Apparently his lifestyle is not only a question, it's an answer. "If people say I look silly, well I don't feel it. When I'm trying to get gone I don't think of anything else except getting out of my mind. It's self-hypnosis, a different level of consciousness. I don't feel the pain until afterwards but when I smash my hand through a ceiling there's nothing, it's a trance."

Ivy whispers her consent. "An abstraction, a state of nothingness."

LUX IS disappointed when he can't reach that edge, even though it means he pays all his wages out in repairs to angry club owners. When the band played in Edinburgh he clambered to the top of a precarious amplifier stack and hurled himself head first into the crowd. This time the manager of the hall, The Astoria, joined him on the boards and attempted to pull the power but somehow Lux lended him off to the delight of all those of us straining against a thin line of disgruntled bouncers. Even so, Lux feels that recent events have stifled The Cramps' natural spontaneity. "When me and Ivy managed the band we were a lot crazier. Sometimes I feel just like this week's rock band. I want the audience to be surprised and shocked."

Interior likens their music to the equation between voodoo, religion and catatonic music

which inspired the afterbirth of '50s rock 'n' roll in the American South. "We've gone out of our way to deny any involvement in black magic, but we rely on voodoo in the same way that Sam the Sham and Creedence did. That's the real thing too. We don't meet in Haiti and hold mess rituals, but we believe in certain powers. We have candles on stage for atmosphere not effect and we use Schwabs Jinx-Removing sprays and John the Conqueror floorwax and — what's that perfume called, Ivy?"

"Uh... Atom Bomb? No, Tigress. It all works. You don't need to know anything about the occult to become powerful; you can feel it alone in a room."

Lux and Ivy are pretty kooky, but they're not deadpan stupid. The much-laboured and ultimately derogatory definition of their music as only a part of the trash aesthetic misses the point. For some of the current tour The Cramps have gone out with The Fall, labelmates on Miles Copeland's IRS/Faulty Products shebang. Due to a misunderstanding over double-headline status the initial dates are beset with bad feeling and tantrums. After the Edinburgh night The Fall's lead singer condescends to offer Lux the advice that "you shouldn't bother with all that Kiss theatrical shit. You don't need it", and the Fall's manager insists on taking Lux in front of a mirror in order to show him how "ridiculous I look, to humiliate me."

Obviously these slights are not just insulting and hurtful. "How can anyone tell me it's theatrical? I'm sorry that we used the stage. That's what a stage is for. I admit we're still in love with a nonsense life, that we're remnants from a time when we took acid and never came down, but I hate making sense all the time. I've had a million looks and a million names. In Sacramento I was Vip Vop, after the Leleays' song. It's on my driver's license."

We talk about The Cramps overdue debut album, 'Songs The Lord Taught Us', produced in Memphis, Tennessee by Alex Chilton. I wondered how they felt making a spiritual journey to the shrine of the musical form they have turned into a contemporary sound. "It had to be an inspiration for us. In the South rockabilly has overtones of fire and brimstone. It's a fusion of country, R&B and Holy Roller fundamentalism, the same way it was for Elvis. Those people drink strychnine and handle snakes and they also play Stratocasters; those are their rites. We're coming from another territory, that's all."

"But it isn't a joke and the album title wasn't a joke. Whichever Lord you believe in, we believe the Lord taught us those songs."

Are you religious in any more orthodox way? "Well, I don't want to go to heaven if there's no hell. I see lots of both and I want to live them both. We don't exclude anything, we believe in it all."

THIS ACCEPTANCE of diversity can be traced and enjoyed throughout a range of material that belies their detractors. Cramps noise is an embodiment of force fields like Chuck Pullens, Link Wray, Dick Dale, The Ventures, Surfari, Rivingtons and The Kingmen. The first song they ever un-learned was 'Quick Joey Small' and amongst the outtakes on 'Songs The Lord Taught Us' were an obscure version of 'Louie Louie' and a cover of Tommy James' 'Hanky Panky'.

"The covers have to be songs that we could have written. 'Rockin' Bones' is one we could have written and so is 'Goo Goo Muck'. I think the only people who can judge it have to be living a rock 'n' roll lifestyle, be sexual beings. With rock 'n' roll the search is over, it's the end of a landscape. You can't look at it like great art, it isn't a painting or a sculpture, it's outlaw music and it's hard to do it right. It has vaseline in it and naturally it offends."

Ivy Rorschach dreamed the name Cramps one night as she lay in a semi-comatose stupor peering over an old Kinks album. "I wanted a name that implied a gang, something warped, a problem..."

Lux interrupts. "At the time in America there were no good band names anymore. It was all

Lightning Spot or Aerofeather, things that meant nothing. Everyone was into this sexual denial, hippy sensibility. We were called a glitter band..." He cackles immodestly. "The best thing about our audiences is that they're a mixture of the terminally unhip and the terminally hip. So you'll get a guy in a suit and tie standing next to someone with a nail through his head." (Which one's 'hip'? — Ed)

To this end The Cramps like their shows to be events and not just interludes in a social calendar. They've played to larger crowds but their forte is a club, at least somewhere where they can be seen and heard. "We don't want to be huge in a Madison Square Garden sense but huge value-wise. We want to become unforgettable. Gene Vincent was never huge but in many ways he's the biggest. Actually Ricky Nelson was my first idol, Elvis was too strange..."

Ivy gazes at Lux with sultry admiration. "You looked like Ricky Nelson back then."

HALFWAY through writing this thing I decided it needed a definite burst of adrenalin. There's only one way to appreciate The Cramps — on a stage — and a week after my notes had been pulled into some kind of shape I was suffering from withdrawal symptoms. The band's important London date in the Electric Ballroom turned out to be a minor let down, predictably enough. They suffered from the most baffling sound problems and an audience who are still not ready to deliver themselves from all evil.

Because of this incoherence it was only really possible to enjoy The Cramps as spectacle and from that perspective it's obvious that even on a bad night they are the perfect rock'n'roll band with images as attractively ugly as all the great performers.

Lux Interior is a naturally brilliant white singer straight out of the Presley mould with a line in lunacy that elevates him to the pantheon of the true eccentrics. Like Joy Division's Ian Curtis, Lux is a potent, underrated vocalist and he's here now.

Some people will insist that the thing is dead, sunk in a sea of sadness, but pessimism from a position of isolation and inverted idealism can't explain the appeal of an animal as untamed as The Cramp monsters. Besides which, those reports have been greatly exaggerated — rock'n'roll in the graveyard is highly recommended.

One reason why the Cramps are as funny as they are serious is the fact that all of them are fans with fantasies fresh from over-exposure to the pleasures of the flesh and the 45.

By way of an interlude here are some of their favourite records.

Lux's Top Ten

- 1) 'It's A Gas' — Alfred E. Neumann
- 2) 'Mama Oow Mow Mow' — The Rivingtons
- 3) 'Balled Of Thunder Road' — Robert Mitchum
- 4) 'The First Single From Outer Space' (N.A.S.A. and the Sputniks)
- 5) 'Paralysed' — Legendary Stardust Cowboy
- 6) 'Yum Yum Yum' — Carol Connors
- 7) 'What Is A Fister?' — The Joker (aka Med Daddy)
- 8) 'Girl On Death Row' — Duane Eddy/Lee Hazlewood
- 9) 'Surfari' — Ward Darby and the Raves
- 10) 'Red Hot Mama' — Wayne Williams & the Sure Shots

Ivy's Top Ten

- 1) 'Funnel Of Love' — Wanda Jackson
- 2) 'Golden Boy' — Tommy Jim Beam & the Y'alls
- 3) 'Flamingo' — The Charades
- 4) 'Harlem Nocturne' — The Viscounts
- 5) 'Whistle Bait' — Collins Kids
- 6) 'She Set Me Free' — Charlie Feathers
- 7) 'Muleskinner Blues' — Dolly Parton
- 8) 'I Want Some Of That' — Kai Ray
- 9) 'You're Gonna Miss Me' — 13th Elevators
- 10) 'Barbecue' — Standells

THERE AREN'T too many Brian Epstein or Malcolm McLaren's around in the States." Bryan Gregory, one half of The Cramps' guitar front, sits in his room bemoaning the lateness of his group's

Continues page 53

Photography
ANTON CORBIJN

"I wanted a name that suggested something warped"

THE JAM



**THE JAM WOULD LIKE TO
THANK ALL THEIR FANS WHO
HAVE SUPPORTED THEM ON
TOUR & NOW HELPED THEM
GET THEIR FIRST NUMBER ONE**

**MANY THANKS
PAUL, BRUCE & RICK**

SINGLES

This week's muddle
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY



NO-ONE KNOWS WHAT THE RUDE GROWNUP KNOWS
(Single of the week 1)

PETE TOWNSHEND: Rough Boys (Atco). Synthesiser blazing, Britain's longest serving worthwhile rock person sets off on a 120 mph chase after his inheritors (the song is dedicated to his children and to the Pistols, who these days don't deserve it), simultaneously mocking and admiring them, himself and his own motives. Half tribute, half doubt, 'Rough Boys' is the curtain-raiser to Pete's forthcoming 'Empty Glass' album, and it's a fine record to shove to. It opens with ominous synth chords and even more ominous rhythm pulse before Townshend lurches through the door with the guitars and drums, and declares his intent to "bite and kiss" his quarry. The single does both: it's a long one, building to a hysterical pitch of horns, synths and understated, non-sexist guitar before Townshend shouts "I wanna see what I can FIND!" into the void and it all explodes. What differentiates Townshend from the early-'60s art school rockers of his (up) generation is that he's the only one (with the possible exception of the revitalised and re-awakened Ray Davies) who could sing that line and make it credible. A clenched-fist dance number with its tongue in its cheek and a brain in its head, which means that Townshend is still delivering what The Who started out peddling back in the days of 'I Can't Explain'. Bite and kiss it.

AND A GREAT BIG HAND FOR
(Single of the week 2)

FAD GADGET: Ricky's Hand (Mute). Sub-cultural undergraduates may recall The Barbarians' 'Moult', a '60s oddity that resurfaced on Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' chocolate-box many years ago. The song concerned Moult, who'd been The Barbarians' drummer until he lost his hand. The piece was touchingly narrated by Moult himself, and was—to my knowledge—utterly unique in the pop idiom until just this week, when another severed hand is pickled for posterity by another deft outsider with something up his sleeve. Sounding like The Human League suddenly summoned to produce a backing track for Otis Redding's 'I Can't Turn You Loose', 'Ricky's Hand' caroms remorselessly along a path narrower and faster than Townshend's. If you are not dancing to this when you've played the Atlantic set, you are not dancing.

LONG PORT BUZZ: Fun (Caterbury Pop). There is one particular area of the teen



OK Pete, you've rough and rude, now shave off that beard and get on to Y-Zers quick.

And the Pete goes on. . .

scene that is fraught with truly hideous pitfalls that are uniquely personal to it. Possibly the hardest type of pop 45 to make is one which is determinedly trivial with one hand while being deftly satirical with the other, one which teeters so close to the brink of featherheaded ineptitude that one cheers with relief when each and every musical trick attempted is triumphantly accomplished by (apparent) accident. Failed records in this genre are unendurable; successful ones are rare, but Long Port Buzz advances to Go with ridiculous ease, clowning their way

through a garage-pop ode to middle-class adolescent hedonism and timidity which raises the most spontaneous smile of the week. The record arrived without accompanying information of any kind, but try and find it before Long Port Buzz are forced to record something else. They may never be this charming again.

THE PRETENDERS: The Talk Of The Town (Real Records). If The Pretenders are assessed on the basis of their best work, they are an enormously impressive and appealing mainstream poprock cluster

fronted by '79's best new mass presence (bah on Sting and Numan, I say). Judged on the overall standard of their complete recorded works and their live show, they're a seriously flawed group with occasional flashes of genuine excellence. 'Brass In Pocket' was one of those flashes and it deserved every last kruggerand of its success, but 'Talk Of The Town' isn't; it's a muddled, over-produced piece that meanders where it ought to lope and slinks where it ought to stride, with Chrissie's voice mixed in such a way as to be both over-prominent and unclear.

A definite 'follow-up' in the sense that, if it had preceded 'Brass In Pocket' instead of followed it, its success would have been inconsiderable. No-one can give their best all the time, but if the next Pretenders' single isn't at least ten trillion times better, they'll have to run extremely fast to stay where they are.

BARBRA STREISAND: Kiss Me In The Rain (CBS). I used to worry that when I grew up I'd like Barbra Streisand. Thus far these fears have proved unfounded. (NB: it doesn't speed up and go into a disco bit at the end.)



ANGELIC UPSTARTS: We Gotta Get Out Of This Place (Warners). Rrrrooooo-rrrrr. There are songs for which men's voices were intended, but this one — introduced by Nina Simone, popularised by Eric Burdon & The Animals and lately covered by Bathal — is most definitely not one of them. Well-intended, almost poignant, but nevertheless dreadful.

STEEL PULSE: Don't Give In (Island). David Hinds' words raise a clenched fist, but Steel Pulse's music proffers a clammy palm. A far cry from the militant exhilaration of their best work, this finds them wrapped up in Dunlopillo and syndrums, sounding soft as a boiled lobster. If this compromise is successful, one hopes that they will revoke it as soon as said success arrives.

FABULOUS POODLES: Bionic Man (Blueprint). Records which are made to suit the convenience of disc jockeys get played a lot on the radio. Records that get played a lot on the radio have a curious habit of becoming hits. 'Bionic Man' is a (you should pardon the expression) driving novelty instrumental much in the style of The Ventures (a group entirely unknown to anybody under 30 who does not possess an archivist's fascination with 20-year-old trash in general and surf music in particular). It will be putty in DJ's hands! They can cut it to any length — you are unlikely to hear the full 3'52" — talk over it and it will cheerfully collaborate in its own mutilation. Is there a place for a record that so obviously knows its place?

THE UNDERTONES: My Perfect Cousin (Sire). Damien O'Neill replaces John O'Neill at the songwriting desk and weighs in with a jolly 'David Watts' type of thingy about teenage envy and the sort of wonderful person one loves to hate. A quotable in-joke verse: "His mother bought him a synthesiser/Got The Human League in the advise-her/Now he's making lots of noise/playing along with the art school boys." Not as good a tune as Undertone trekkies are accustomed to receiving, but they'll start sobbing as soon as they see they cover.

REXY: (Don't) Turn Me Away (Allen). A numbed, deadpan recitation of desolation and despair against the semi-mandatory synth backdrop from a person who wears so much make-up that she could be considered to be in disguise. The record is unpleasant in the highest sense of the word; not remotely nice but inextorable.

Continues over page

Memphis calling to the fawaway towns

ATLANTIC MASTERS (dance dance dance to the small print)

● **DOH COVAY:** See Saw; Mercy Mercy / **BAR-KEYS:** Last Night / **BAR-KEYS:** Soul Finger
● **OTIS REDDING:** I Can't Turn You Loose; Dock Of The Bay / **ARETHA FRANKLIN:** Respect; Think
● **PERCY SLEDGE:** When A Man Loves A Woman; Warm And Tender Love / **BEN E. KING:** Stand By Me; What Is Soul
● **DORIS TROY:** Watcha Gonna Do 'Bout It; Just One Look / **SHARON TANDY:** Hold On; Stay
● **JOE TEX:** Show Me; Hold On To What You Got / **OTIS REDDING & CARLA THOMAS:** Tramp; Ooh Ooh Ooh Carla

● **DRIFTERS:** Under The Boardwalk; At The Club / **SOUL BROTHERS SIX:** Some Kinds Wonderful
● **WILSON PICKET:** Land Of 1,000 Dances; In The Midnight Hour / **SAM & DAVE:** You Don't Know Like I Know; Soul Man
● **CARLA THOMAS:** Gee Whizz; S-A-B-Y/ARTHUR CONLEY: Sweet Soul Music; Family Street
● **SOLMON BURKE:** Everybody Needs Somebody To Love; If You Need Me / **RUFUS THOMAS:** Walking The Dog; Jump Back
● **BOOKER T & THE MGs:** Green Onions; Chinese Checkers / **KING CURTIS:** Memphis Soul Stew / **REX GARVIN & THE MIGHTY CRAVERS:** Sock It To 'Em, J.B. (All Atlantic).

And after the drought, the deluge. Ten black and silver EPs trickle into the shops like boiling mercury, 40 tracks filled with sharp, urgent horns, hoarse declamatory voices proclaiming the pains and joys of love and the dance, cool and deadily Hammond organs. Teacasters picked in casual earnest. The sound of teenage dancehalls, laughter and anger; sensuality and humour; music of black America inextricably linked by context and adoption to the stumbling odyssey of '60s kids in the UK. Sly and Jimi came out of this music and turned it into something else, then Miles Davis and Norman Whitfield got involved and it changed again and went away.

Most of the material from which these EPs were drawn has been deleted for years: no demand. Now it's back, dancing back to the rack through a door opened by *Quadrophonia* and 2-Tone, unlikely passports to the land of a thousand dances. Ramming this collection onto a turntable and setting the controls for the heart of MAXIMUM BASS AND DRUMS, it seems hardly credible that there was ever a time when you couldn't dip into the cauldron for a steaming bowl of the Memphis soul stew, when if you asked "What Is Soul?" someone answered "Joe Cocker", when the question

"Do you like soul music?" wouldn't meet with an immediate affirmative, when honour would not have been given to King Curtis, Booker T and Rex Garvin & The Mighty Cravers.

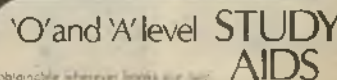
In a musical world bounded by cute, wheezy post-modernist graphics on one side and Cro-Magnon heavy metal on the other, this music stands as a touchstone, an encapsulation of just about everything to which pop aspires. This dance music doesn't lie, it doesn't tell you that dancing is either more or less important than it really is. The only doubt factor surrounding these records (and I'm not going to play favourites except to say that if you're collecting the set you can leave the Doris Troy/ Sharon Tandy item until last) is that it took a tad to bring it back and what lives by the fad can die by the fad — or, to put it another way, what's reissued because of a fad can be deleted because of another fad.

Right now, we're overridden by fads, each one struggling to the top of the heap long enough to shout "I'm the hippest! I'm what's happening!" before it gets clubbed across the back of the head and supplanted by something else. This is soul. This is Memphis calling to the faraway towns. Once again: do you like soul music? Let your yeah be yeah.



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Friday and Saturday Late Night Shows 11.45pm.

THE TONE SPEECHES: DO NOTHING ON YOUR OWN PART AND YOUR PART



Abdullahi Ahmed Aliyu

would both be seen as absurd for the same reason. Some women register their rejection of male posturing with scorn or disinterest, others by rushing to compare biceps. Amy aligns herself with the latter faction to such an extent she makes Girlschool look like The Raincoats.

BARB WATTS: Move On Down (Barb Watts). Wish I could be like Barb Watts. la-la-la-la-la-la-la. Barb Watts wishes he could be like Marc Bolan, la-la-la etc. He appears, ecstatically creaking his Stratocaster, on the label of a record company named after himself. This, presumably, renders his impudence more convincing. Wish him well: who are we to spoil his fun?

STARJETS: Shrialeo (Epke). Powerpop about robots is still powerpop, be the sleeve ever so cybernetic.

PAUL COLLINS' BEAT: Don't Wait Up For Me (CBS). Paul Collins' Beat are not the same as Ranking Roger's Beat. This particular ensemble are Acceptable New Wave from the States. This, of course, means they have a license to carry away large chunks of old Beatles songs (this one could be mistaken for 'You Won't See Me' if you heard it at a party, which you probably won't), and then come on wide-eyed and indignant if anybody attempts to point this out. May they be plagued with perpetual dandruff.

T. & THE UNKNOWN: My Generation (Carrere). Just what the world needs: a ska version of Townshend's 'My Generation' with lots of black and white checks and a dancing Rudie on the cover. My cup runneth over.

THE ECHO VALLEY BOYS: Wash Machine Boogie (Roller Coaster). The original version! proclaims the sleeve with pardonable pride. This is your basic 1967 rockabilly novelty, with a deadpan nasal country vocal and the archetypal off-hand guitar brilliance. A magnificent genre piece that more than deserves its misaise.

CHERRIE & MARIE CURRIE: Messin' With The Boys (Capitol). By their graphics ye shall know them. A musical crotch-shot for people who operate their stereos one-handed (this is not a slur on either Moulty or Ricky).

ANOREXIA: Rapist In The Park (Slim). In which a spectacularly useless punk group warn women to beware and not go out at night because of the presence of the title character. 'Time will not heal the scars/because when you're raped your life is marred', they howl triumphantly. The fact that the group all look about 15 somehow makes the record all the more depressing, simply because each generation brings with it the hope that this time around old vices have been discarded. Anorexia have demonstrated that they're as messed up as people twice and thrice their age, and the cretinous zeal with which they celebrate this fact is nauseating. If it's intended to be a Ramones-style bad-taste wind-up, then it fails doubly. People entirely devoid of subtlety should avoid irony: it doesn't suit them.

CRETONES: Real Love (Planet). The Cretones are Linda Ronstadt's idea of a punk group. Jerry Brown is Linda Ronstadt's ideal of a President Of The United States. If life was less hectic and demanding I would probably pass the time by worrying about Ms Ronstadt's terrible taste in just about everything.

ELECTRIC EELS: Don't Wanna Go To Moscow (Slippery). Oh, all right then — don't. Mind you, if they did go, they could take their Devo riff with them and teach it to all the Russian groups.

JOE ELY: Lookin' At The Big Hotel (MCA). To those untouched by Elymania, this simply sounds like ordinary country music speeded up a taste. This record is unhesitatingly recommended to anyone who would like country music if it wasn't so slow.

LAUREL AITKEN & THE TONITONE: Rudi Got Married (I-Spy). I-Spy's adoption of a celebrated skascraper evokes an updated version of Howlin' Wolf cropping up on the Stones label (all the cross-references are '80s this week: one hopes it's a passing phase). The record is clean, relaxed and stylish. One wishes Aitken some remuneration for his innovation: if the nation doesn't overdose on Rudie in the next few weeks, he's in with a chance.



They came...



They conked out

Woodstock

Directed by Michael Wadleigh, assisted by Martin Scorsese
Starring The Love Generation
(Warner Bros)

OK, NO cheap jokes at the expense of the love generation but, I mean, we bought their records, man, and this is how Warner Bros paid us back. They made us look like chumps, like 500,000 nitwits who didn't know mud from shit. Which ain't true, and even if it was true they needn't have been there in the first place except for their lust for the quick buck when we were coming from a position of, like, well it sounds paranoid or something, but what was really going down was really healthy. Number one, for the individual and then percolating outwards so that

society itself gets reviled up. It was called for, man. And we tried and this is how they paid us back. So screw Warner Bros.

OK. Zzzzz. 1980. These days we spend most of our time recanting. Hanging onto a job. Watching another generation rid the world of pestilence and hypocrisy tracked eagerly by film crews and glossy journalists who've already latched onto the self-repeating mode. It's a tape loop. Time a cruel joke etc.

How wonderful that youth is indefatigable and that the generation once, twice removed can become patronising as they move sluggishly to a position of intellectual exaltitude. The journey from belly to head. The word for the dead. What I mean is, if you think we looked laughable, stand by for a bout of embarrassed head-banging in about ten



...they saw

Andrew Tyler reassesses the re-release of Woodstock

years time. As a movie it's about an hour too long. A bum ache. Yet surprisingly refined give or take a split screen or two. Despite earlier quips to the contrary, the underlying bias is of zany, experimental youth confronting the ludicrous adult world. "Fifteen-year-old kids sleeping in a field high on pot", one stubby little observer notes over and over. "It should never have happened. Never have happened."

Or more succinctly: "A shitty mess." This the view of a local farmer whose field has been chewed up and the milk scared out of his cows.

The 'kids', though, weren't without their advocates. Notably local businessmen

The Woodstock phenomenon: When by-pass after Saturday's game (far left), the Bogner Burton contingent (left) and Arlo Guthrie waits his turn on stage (below)

and even a County police chief who declared their 'inner workings and demeanour' OK by him. "They were", he said, "good Americans."

What is most stunning of all is not the music, not the camera flashbacks, but the awesome, deep-rooted melancholia visible in the eyes of the revelers. The mouths smiled, the bodies jerked but this was an unhappy conglomeration. An act of cursed endurance.

"All these people" said one doped-out participant, "have come here looking for an answer. But there isn't one. People are very, very lost."

The great spectacle of Woodstock was the half a million strong. Not the blockbusting, chart-topping headlines.

If, today, this seems self-evident, it was a point lost on virtually every performer.

A few such as Hendrix and The Who were already equipped to reach the outlying acres. Joe Cocker was sufficiently brilliant. The rest simply dripped their stuff into the adjacent ten thousand. It was Sly Stone who finally comprehended the event's incredible dimensions. Not for him wistful bemusement. He got those half million yelling and jerking up double-headed peace signs until the atmosphere became dangerously Hittlerian.

Anthropologists are going to look at Woodstock and say this is how hippyism was. Just one more bewildered pop uprising. And they'll be cold-bloodedly right.

Oh yes. Sorry about your field Mr. Yasgur (deceased).

On The Box

Friday March 28
THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA: Not a cheap horror flick, more's the pity, but a terribly steamy 1964 adaptation of one of Tennessee Williams' high-slippers. Richard Burton's the randy defrocked priest having it off with Sue Lyon, Deborah Kerr and Ays Gardner down Mexico way. Director John Huston appears to have been fascinated by it all. (BBC 1)

Saturday March 29
THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE: More stiff upper lips than a boutful of Kenneth More as John Gregson pursues naughty-but-nice Nazi Peter Finch — commander of the Graf Spee — up a South American river. Directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger in 1957 with support from Anthony Quayle and the Lees Bernard and Christopher. (ITV London)

Sunday March 30
FUNNY LADY: Barbra Streisand's Fanny Brice chasing after James Cagney's Billy Rose in Harlan Ross' 1925 sequel to *Funny Girl*. Not so funny. (BBC 1)

Monday March 31
THE GLASS HOUSE: Not a patch on BBC's *Law And Order*, but still a gutsy 1973 Tom Grips TV movie with Vic Morrow, Alan Aids and Billy Dee Williams running the gauntlet in a Utah state prison. (ITV London)

SPY*48: Chronic 1974 attempt to pair off Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland in a hopelessly miscast *Let's Make a Man of Him* rip-off of a total waste of time and of director Irvin Kershner's ability. (BBC 1)

Wednesday April 2
DEADMAN'S CURVE: Unseen 1976 TV movie with Richard Hatch and Bruce Davidson as Jan and Dean, sub-Beach Boys purveyors of the surfing sound. Can't be much cop, surely? (BBC 1)

Monty Smith



Silver Dream Racer: When David Essex grins you might not be able to bear it

Dave grins and wins

Silver Dream Racer

Directed by David Wickes
Starring David Essex, Cristina Raines and Beau Bridges (Rank).

GARAGE storeman Nick Freeman lives for motorbikes, racing when he can. Despite the efforts of wisecracking black mechanic Cider Jones, his bike is a patched-up relic and success doesn't exactly follow him around.

Patronised by American ace Bruce McBride (Beau Bridges, looking somewhat heavy-jowled for a professional sportsman) after yet another failure, the futility of his obsession seems

confirmed when told that night of his brother's death — crushed by his machine.

But left behind is the prototype of a revolutionary, lightweight bike: the Silver Dream Racer of the title. Nick's fantasies are fired anew...

What follows is the storyline that has sustained so many American romances — no-hoper attains goal via love, luck and hard graft — but with a sharp twist at the end. And, through it all, David Essex just can't stop smiling: whether bawling, jogging, moaning or apologetically, the grins just keep on coming — each one the sort of ingratiating

rearrangement of the features that has you lending a fiver and regretting it for the rest of the day.

The race sequences are superb — I speak as someone who hates bloody bikes — and I'd like to see Clarke 'Cider' Peters in a good comedy. Ending's a bit of a stunner, too, but that's about it.

Six years after skipping his 'O' levels at 25 in *That'll Be The Day*, David Essex continues to resemble Tommy Steele indulging in a James Dean fantasy ("Take this job and shove it" etc.). If he wanted it any other way, presumably he'd avoid films like *Silver Dream Racer*.

Harry George



LENE LOVICH

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FOR THE last 25 years men have dominated and controlled rock music. Smug and self-satisfied with the exclusivity of their own professional company, they have been protected from female interlopers by the traditional outer guard of male record company executives and the, ahem, gentlemen of the press.

Until recently rock 'n' roll has been a male domain; ludicrously an unthreatened, pampered lions' den. But now women are forcefully asserting themselves, aggressively challenging the hitherto undisputed 'male supremacy' and demanding their share — to discover, not surprisingly, that they are just as capable and just as tough as men.

Not that there has ever been a shortage of women in music. The image of the coy, pretty but brainless sweet-girl vocalist is well known; a decorative visual in front of the real grafters. Yet there were few artists able, or inclined, to combine an instrumental talent with their singing until musicians like Joni Mitchell (not the first but undoubtedly one of the classic examples) emerged in the '60s. This new breed were also exceptional songwriters.

Invariably these women were part of the singer-songwriter movement; solo performers using acoustic instruments, with hairy and anonymous backup players, concerned with expanding the mind rather than the frontiers of rock 'n' roll. And it wasn't until the early to mid-'70s that a very different female musician burst into prominence: the electric girls.

Suzi Quatro and Patti Smith made it clear that they were part of a rock 'n' roll band; aggressively hammering their instruments; acting and dressing like the boys in their groups; implicitly denying all associations with femininity.

Joan Armatrading put more of a perspective on things by writing and singing about love and emotion, which had long been associated with female musicians anyway. But she made her stand as a woman and retained her individuality and integrity by refusing to be manipulated by a record company that wanted to soften her image and emphasise her sexuality.

She would not wear what she was told, nor say what was expected (from a woman) in interviews or onstage. Instead she wore casual clothes, often not very flattering on her hefty figure, and just went onstage and did her stuff with little in between-song patter. Her subsequent success proves that her appearance was of little consequence.

WITH THE emergence of punk three years ago, there was a sudden influx of women into rock; although many — Siouxsie Sioux, Poly Styrene, Pauline

WOMEN IN ROCK



All the girls come out to pose: top right, The Raincoats; above, Julie an Au Pairs roadie; right, The Mo-dettes.



Exploited for the last two decades as dumb but pretty decorations in rock, some girls now demand and deserve musical respect — but some girls don't.

Cute, Cute, Cutesy Goodbye

Report
DEANNE PEARSON



Pictures
MIKE LAYE

Penetration, Debbie Harry and Tanya Hyde — were vocalists and songwriters, not strictly musicians. But there were female musicians too: The Slits, Runaways, Gaye Advert and Lora Logic (then of X-Ray Spex), all with the unconventional appearance and style of playing already seen in Patti Smith.

Yet none of these women was denying their sex; quite the opposite in fact. They were brazenly exploiting it, to the extent of parody, so proving its irrelevance in rock.

The subtleties of plunging necklines with provocative exposures of cleavage and taunting split-to-the-thigh skirts were discarded by the likes of Siouxsie Sioux and Cherry Runaway. They chose not to wear skirts at all, revealing suspenders, corsets and tits for all the voyeurs, and so reduced sexuality to an almost perverted, pornographic level. Gaye Advert and Joan Jett chose the more masculine look of jeans, leathers and studded belts. The Slits seemed determined to dress as unfemininely as possible in jumble sale rubbish. And Poly Styrene, although she obviously loved bright colours and dressing-up, wore a brace on her teeth, obviously not caring about being considered unattractive.

Debbie Harry is one of the few to exploit the sexual potential of women's dress in her appearance and actions.

She was the most conventional woman of the punk period, and through her original blonde-slut image and her willingness to recount her groupie past, metaphorically whored publicity for her band. Ironically, out of all those mentioned, Blondie have had the greatest commercial success — thanks to Debbie. Of course they have also written some good, strong pop songs; but not that good.

SINCE THE decadence of punk has died down, even more women have been joining or forming bands. As John Peel recently enthused when he played The Bodysnatchers' debut single, nearly every other record you now hear is by an all-girl or part-girl band; bands such as Dolly Mixture, B52's, Pretenders, Passions, Raincoats, Delta 5 and Girlschool. So it appears to be a contradiction for bands such as The Passions, The Raincoats and The Au Pairs to sing about sexism and hear it said in some quarters that these are 'feminist' bands.

It seemed timely to talk to these and other present-day women in rock to discover how they felt about their position. Did they feel the market and the opportunities for women in rock had opened out? Was it easier for women? Or, as they are still outnumbered by men, is it an uphill struggle?

Reactions vary considerably — from Barbara Gogan vocalist/songwriter of The Passions — declaring that she really gets a buzz slugging off men from the stage; to the Mo-dettes view that being women has done nothing but help them in their career. And then there's Viv Albertine of The Slits, who admitted that she hasn't really thought about it and is only taking part in the discussion for free publicity.

The Passions, Raincoats and Au Pairs are interviewed together because they all have songs deriding sexism and they have all played gigs together, in particular Rock Against Sexism benefits.

WE MEET at Barbara Gogan's house. It is an unfamiliar situation, eleven girls all involved in the rock business, together in one room. Except Shirley — who works at Rough Trade and is a friend, adviser

Continues over

WOMEN IN ROCK

From previous page

the most important thing; which is why they know they're not being exploited. They are how they want to be — mini-skirts sometimes yes, but as Jane says she's not kidding herself she's a Debbie Harry.

"We're very identifiable with the majority of girls. They can relate to us, because we try and make ourselves look pretty and feminine. But how many girls want to look like The Slits. The Passions or The Raincoats? They're so straight and boring."

Although complimentary about their musical style and ability, Jane feels that their appearance is likely to alienate girls. "But take a band like The Dolly Mixtures," she adds. "They're well and truly exploited image-wise and they can't play well either. Now there's a band with problems."

WHEN ALL-GIRL heavy metal band Girlschool are asked about the problems they have come up against as women in rock and how they cope with them, bass guitarist Enid Williams inadvertently hits the nail right on the head with her opening sentence.

"The trouble is half the world are men..." she says, before breaking off in laughter and correcting it to "the fact is..."

But Girlschool didn't really see the problem until they formed a band, and particularly being in heavy metal (or heavy rock as they prefer to call it), they were slammed right up against what must be some of the most sexist people in rock. And the current chart single by Rainbow, 'All Night Long' is an example of those attitudes: "I don't know about your brain but you look alright... Your mouth is open but I don't want to hear you..."

"It's certainly much harder for people to accept girls in heavy rock bands, than say punk or mod," guitarist Kelly Johnson — the tallest, blondest Girl — cautiously agrees.

"Because," continues the loquacious, nonchalant rhythm guitarist, Kim McAuliffe, "it's such a contradiction to the lyrics and whole macho pose bit: men rule and are the masters of heavy rock and all that crap, and girls are just dumb chicks and sex objects."

"But if we had gone onstage dressed in feminine or sexy clothes we definitely wouldn't have got where we are now because the audience wouldn't have treated us seriously. But because we go on looking like

this..." she indicates her worn black jeans, plimsolls and leather jacket and tugs at her untidy hair "...they've got no option but to listen to the music — and then they know we're serious."

But don't heavy metal audiences expect a sort of unattainable demigod up there onstage? Guys with cocks bigger than they could ever hope for (with the aid of many a rolled-up handkerchief) and a macho ego ten times as big as their own? People they can worship. So isn't it inevitable that they should demand the same of the female counterparts who dare to clamber onstage? Shouldn't they be super sex symbols too?

Kim admits that they thought that would be a problem in the beginning.

"Like when we used to go to Led Zepplin gigs people just used to stand there and gawp at Robert Plant. But now people go out more just to have a good time and headbang because the so-called new wave HM bands aren't into the posy cock rock so much any more. The music is more important."

But the new wave HM lyrics are just as sexist aren't they? How do Girlschool counter this?

The irrepressible Kim jumps in again. "We do have some lyrics that are about sexism, such as 'Not For Sale' which is about the way women are exploited in advertising, like in selling cars. And another, 'Baby Doll' is about American beauty queens and the whole cattle market game. But those two are the only ones."

LIKE THE Passions, Raincoats and Au Pairs they consider it more positive to write about things in life that affect everybody, male and female. They see hard-core feminism as being very negative, the opposite end of the sex discrimination spectrum.

In their early days they had a guitarist called Deirdre Cartwright who helped them a lot when they were learning. Although not hard-core, she had strong feminist views, and so Girlschool played a few women-only gigs. "And I felt uneasy with it being all girls," Kelly confesses. "There was such a weird atmosphere with no men there; it really noticed." All four admit that they felt intimidated, frightened even, by this 'unnatural' set-up.

"There are a lot of men who do sympathise," Enid reasons. "But when they come across extreme feminism they feel threatened. They can accept that girls are equal if they show them that they're capable musicians. But if men are excluded from women's gigs, how are they to judge?"

For Girlschool it is very important that the men judge how good they are because in their

audiences (as opposed to other types of music), the men still have a strong hold over the women. And at first the band experienced pre-gig bickering and cat-calls (in the traditional gossip-house, the women's toilets, of course) in the vein of "Huh, tough girls, think they can be as good as our men". But recently more female fans are coming backstage and congratulating them, and asking for help and encouragement with bands themselves. Which is probably as much to do with their boyfriends' attitudes to Girlschool changing as seeing the girls for themselves.

And finally Kelly explains that they all feel much the same as The Passions do about sexism: they are aware of it, particularly in rock, and rather obviously, they are feminists. But again that is implicit in what they do — the fact they're up there onstage in a successful rock band. They don't feel they have to resort to vitriol.

"But people have to talk about it sometimes too," she stresses, "because it is there, you can't just ignore it. It should be brought to the surface and pointed out now and again to counter all that conditioning that most people aren't aware of — on television, women doing the washing-up and cooking while the men are out digging a hole in the road to earn the daily bread or being mechanically minded 'naturally', mending the car."

"If it's not pointed out then things will carry on as they are for a lot longer."

VIV ALBERTINE, the Slits' guitarist, admits that she thinks the whole idea of the interview — and I'm not sure she means just the subject matter — is rather passe. "I'm only doing it for the publicity and some good conversation," she states.

"There are more girls participating in all walks of life now, and it seems to me that the more you talk about something and put it into a box and start labelling it, the more you are actually slowing it down and isolating it. The more coverage and press it gets, the more it becomes a reality instead of just laughed off."

"If anyone says or implies that women are inferior, it doesn't hurt or bother me at all. I know I'm just dealing with a complete arsehole." And she says that she has come up against a lot of "arseholes" in the rock business — but no more than in any other walk of life.

But of course a woman can be just as much of an arsehole, and so Viv feels, "People, everybody, need to be better educated, starting in school."

"The one thing people need above all else is confidence in themselves as individuals. Everyone has something to give someone else

and their feelings can be expressed in so many ways — drawing, singing, playing an instrument. Therefore I feel it's very important to encourage children at school to do anything that comes naturally to them — even daydreaming, because great things often come from daydreaming."

And we launch into a long discussion about education, relevant but in an obscure way, before I manage to twist the conversation back to the subject Viv is trying hard to avoid.

Do the Slits feel that they are encouraging more women to go to gigs, play instruments and form bands?

"Not really, and I don't think that's necessary, because everybody chooses a different way in which to express themselves — and I think that has a lot to do with why fewer women are into rock music. It's a very aggressive and insecure — as The Mo-dettes said — means of expression."

"Like you and I, we probably feel the same way about lots of things, but you choose to express yourself through writing and I through music."

This may also be why fewer women go to see HM bands than any other. Viv believes that women are naturally attracted to a more rhythmic, lighter music because they're naturally more balanced and rhythmic than men. Their whole body, in fact, is geared to a monthly cycle — and so we launch into another relevant, but obscure discussion about body rhythms, until yet again I manage to twist the conversation back to the subject.

Isn't the aggression The Slits display onstage and in their music a way of asserting their position, getting themselves noticed and gaining a foothold in what was even more of a man's (rock) world when they started out three years ago?

"Not at all," Viv infuriatingly disagrees. "I don't think we or our music is particularly aggressive. We are who we are: we do what we do, we're individuals."

How important is it for The Slits that they are probably the first of the new generation of women to challenge the structure of rock and roll? After all, they have influenced other women to do the same — Gine of The Raincoats is an immediate example.

"But I just don't want to be considered more important than anyone else. It's like being bunged on a pedestal — and then you've lost your whole reason for doing it; it just gets buried."

"That's the whole thing about the media: all too often they take something and turn it into the opposite of what it was." She waves the air vaguely, implying that she means the

Continues page 51.

JOHN FOXX

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A L B U M S

KEVIN COYNE

Bursting Bubbles (Virgin)
 "THE HORROR, the horror." It's in the air nowadays, it seems, swirling darkly around the saccharine lies on the radio waves. From The Cramps' after-dark Hammer-flick gaudiness to The Pop Group's chest-beating diatribes on Kempuches, our own terrors assume the guise of the dead and deranged to slouch back and haunt us. We may hope that a little punkabilly or free-form funk will clear us of the dead, but I doubt it will be that easy.

Kevin Coyne can permit himself a wry grin at current fads, he's so long been an adept of that nightmare boogie. But where The Cramps exorcise fear with manic camp and The Pop Group induce guilt by accusation, Coyne invites the listener to sympathise with, to understand, the plight of his protagonists. Although this can be a chilling experience, more often it's a search for common ground, and Coyne has possibly become rock's foremost humanist.

He's less concerned with the exotic extremes of werewolf madness or mass starvation than with the everyday pain and peculiarities back here in blighted Blighty. No need to traverse distant continents to find his heart of darkness. It's the nuclear family, the fragmented consciousness.

In Kevin Coyne's world, horror begins at home.

Coyne's music has consistently explored the problems people have reaching each other and the traps they fall, or shut themselves, into on the way. This person-to-person level is his music's greatest strength and also its most severe limitation. It's not so hard to sympathise, after all, but to cut through to causes, to analyse the social relations that create the wines, the madmen, the lonely housewives, and find ways of changing them. . . . ah, now that is hard.

Not rock's function, you may say; but why be so proscriptive? There's a rich vein of humanist concern running through rock's history — it just needs to dig a little deeper, that's all. Kevin Coyne's boundary is that he's not (yet) prepared to go that far.

"Bursting Bubbles" is his most bleak and anguished album since the days of "Case History" and "Marjory Razorblade". Bleaker, perhaps, because except for one bitterly sardonic instance, there's no trace of his robustly absurd humour and not a single one of those mature and sensuous love songs.

Even so, it's an uneven record that begins and nearly ends indifferently. "The Only One" opens, a typical (ie formulaic) Coyne address to the lonely. Guitars, drums and sax — the only instruments throughout the album, no bass — concoct a sprightly acoustic R&B as Coyne consoles "you're not the only one to be alone". Well, I know that and, frankly, it doesn't help a bit.

This is Coyne at his least effective — the clichéd situations, the hackneyed



Mr Coyne pictured sitting in Lincoln Park's new stand, awaiting the kick-off of the game against Portsmouth. Pic: Pamela Smith.

Epoch Calypso Now!

humanist gestures that crop up again in "Day By Day", "Golden Days" and "A Little Piece Of Heaven". Given Coyne's thematic history, these tracks are exactly — and depressingly — what you'd expect when his energy lapses. A sort of maudlin, perfunctory finger-pointing — Gosh, isn't that sad? terrible? or shocking?

After "The Only One", and passing over "Children's Crusade" of which I can make no sense, we come to a five-song sequence that comprises the dark heart of "Bursting Bubbles". Again, the focus is on violence and frustration, madness and despair, but revealed here with all the sticky contingency and confusion of everyday life.

"No Melody" nags and broods, glowering violence snagged on a frantic guitar.

"Learn To Swim — Learn To Drown" is a bewildering collage of image and insight. Coyne mumbles the lines "I'm sliced

like a cucumber, cracked like an egg" but howls the rest in a song that walks the edge of desperation.

The intensity is recharged with "Mad Boy No. 2". The music chomps reggedly in the distance while the lyrics (de)claim the mad are turned into scapegoats for owning the craziness the sane disguise.

"You're just the human race," the boy screams out, in pity and contempt, and the first side ends in truly unsettling silence.

Cooler, but only a little calmer, side two opens with "Dark Dance Hall", stark, edgy rock'n'roll, and "Don't Know What To Do", a poignant account of dismay. Then, after the weaker tracks mentioned above, the album closes on dark, dark parody with "The Old Fashioned Love Song".

Here Coyne hams up a deliberately brassy serenade like the intellectuals' Gary Glitter he can sometimes be. Then, as the chorus launches

into "You're the mirror of my dreams", absolutely insane screaming breaks out in the background — funny, startling and very disconcerting. I guess it's a literal expose of the agony and terror Coyne sees stalking behind the cosy platitudes of common mythologies. A sudden flash-shot of that bizarre normality-zone where the insane and the insane are just a scream apart. Like, when was the last time you went home?

"Bursting Bubbles" is typical Kevin Coyne: that's its glory and its failing. I wish he'd just take that extra step. OK, we care; but what next? I think we need to temper this honest emotionalism with a little political sus; head as well as heart. Kevin Coyne pokes beneath the surface, breaks through the facade, but we have to get to the bottom of these things.

I dread to think what we'll find there.

Graham Lock

Burrowing Out Of L.A.

WARREN ZEVON

Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School (Asylum)

SO LET'S talk about Warren Zevon. It would seem a timely exercise, what with the US rock press virtually turning cartwheels to impress upon their readers the boundless magnitude of the gent's talents as a great American composer. Talk about hyperbole. Rolling Stone even likened this album's lyrical content to the work of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, while the music has drawn parallels to a young Igor Stravinsky!

Such hysteria can all too easily repel the cautious observer and has certainly fallen on deaf ears in Europe, where Zevon's name is usually greeted with a blasé smirk. If indeed it makes any impression at all. "Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School" should change that state of affairs.

This third album proves that Zevon is second only to Tom Waits as the finest composer working out of Los Angeles to have come of age in the mid-70s. But apart from the fact that both are partial to concocting elaborate yet concisely tough plot-lines in their songs, Waits and Zevon are poles apart in musical terms. While the roguish Waits uses a salty jazz-based idiom totally alien to the plushly textured "LA sound" as personified by The Eagles, Zevon makes considerable use of Messrs Frey, Henley, Walsh & Co., plus other prime exponents of LA glibness like Linda Ronstadt and J.D. Souther. Yet he manages to use these players to create a music that possesses a tension akin to East Coast corporates like Springsteen's fearsome E Street Band.

"Bad Luck Streak" quite calculatungly filches from the best current commercially accessible US rock styles — yet it always comes out sounding more than the sum of its parts. Never a man to trifle with anything but high stakes, on "Bad Luck Streak" he often juxtaposes tough rock with the complexities of classical music — as adventurous a project as any more ostentatious left-field venture.

Zevon's most impressive triumphs are a handful of pieces where a hard-nosed rock riff worthy of The Rolling Stones is embellished with all the subtleties of an arrangement closer in structure to Aaron Copeland than any rock luminary.

Certainly "Play All Night Long" achieves this synthesis to no mild effect.

A plodding rock and roll hoe-down based on a deceptively simple code (Neil Young used it for "Dance Dance Dance" and "Love Is A Rose"), the arrangement pits a stinging slide guitar against the ominously weighty texture of a lavish string section. Zevon's lyrics provide the essential cement with a gritty, warped depiction of hillbilly life full of references to incest, senility and myriad diseases that concludes: "There ain't much to country living/Sweet, piss, jazz and blood".

Similarly, "Jungle Work" uses a taut, incisive description of the mercenary's vocation to fire up a vehement link-up between powerchord-charged hard rock guitar and a grueling orchestral groundswell. The effect is one of sheer brute force — an aural assault that is both exhilarating and sinister and, like its subject matter, takes no prisoners.

These two songs provide "Streak" with its most immediate highpoints and, more to the point, the magnetism necessary to draw you into the record and discover its more subtle items.

Zevon evidently dislikes being boxed into one style and has sufficient scope to encompass virtually any idiom whilst never losing his identity. "Empty Handed Heart", for example, is an almost flinchingly open confession — a fiercely autobiographical *crê de cœur* addressed to his ex-wife that teeters on the edge of bathos. Yet Zevon holds his balance, struggling through a complex piano-dominated theme to the climax where Linda Ronstadt sings a descant against his deceptively simple counterpoint. Suddenly the song pulls away from its one-dimensional male viewpoint to grant the woman her side of the story and Ronstadt rises to the occasion superbly, playing out the estranged wife's role with an understated ring of despair that is as genuinely moving as it is ingeniously conceived.

The fact that Ronstadt gives easily her best-ever vocal performance on vinyl is no coincidence. Zevon's talent is such that he draws exceptional performances out of all those who work with him. Joe Walsh's guitar playing on "Jungle Work" reminds one, albeit belatedly, just what a magnificent hard rock player he can be. Similarly David Lindley's pristine slide guitar hasn't sounded so potent since his playing on Jackson Browne's second album seven years ago. Not to mention one Bruce Springsteen, whose donation of the title and first verse to "Jeannie Needs A Shooter" grants Zevon the chance to display the full measure of his talents as lyricist in an eerie denouement.

Although it's not an unblemished tour de force ("Bill Lee" and "Gonilla You're A Desperado" in particular fail to impress), "Bad Luck Streak" is a great album. It's not a record for idle browsers — you may well have to meet Zevon halfway to start with — but continued play-backs will deliver.

OK, the talking's over. Now listen.

Nick Kent

The Sound Of Sirens

URBAN VERBS

Urban Verbs (Warner Brothers)

BEFORE proceeding any further, it might be wise to frame Urban Verbs in the context of Talking Heads. If it isn't wise, it's nonetheless inevitable.

Urban Verbs comprise a graduate of the Rhode Island School Of Design on bass, a visual artist on synthesiser, a museum consultant on guitar, a drummer on drums, and are fronted by a performing poet named Roddy Frantz, brother of Chris, drummer with a certain group without whose lead Urban Verbs might not exist — or at least if they did, would find it hard to attract the attention of a go-ahead pace-setting label like Warner Brothers.

All of which would be of largely minor consequence save for Frantz's unmistakable leanings towards the subject matter, diction,

and mannerisms of David Byrne, not to mention the fact that the Verbs' bass player is a girl. Or that one of their songs focuses on someone called, mysteriously, Tina . . .

But it's unfair to nail Urban Verbs so squarely to that peg, even though they ask for it. Frantz owes as much to Mark Mothersbaugh as he does to Byrne, and his own background grants his words a steady and powerful conviction, while guitarist Robert Goldstein's music is as psychedelic as it is psychotic. A nice tense, glistening surface suffused with abstract noise and polished to a shine by Wire's producer Mike Thorne, as well as being packaged in a sleeve that could best be described as Designer Punk. Nice. If the extremely plain and derivative Martha and her Muffins can make it this far, then Urban Verbs can go a lot further.

■ Continues over



Verbs (l-r): Danny Frankel, Robin Rose, Robert Goldstein, Linda France, Roddy Frantz

Status Quo 12, Art nil

STATUS QUO

12 Gold Bars (Vertigo)

THERE'S no doubt that Status Quo are the Liverpool FC of rock'n'roll. They keep it simple and direct, are totally unadventurous, and have been extremely successful over an extraordinary period of time.

And if the majority of their output, the many album makeweights, have something of the plodding consistency of a Roger Hunt or Tommy Smith about them, occasionally they've pulled a Kenny Dalglish/Terry McDermott scorching out of the bag.

They're instinctive primitives — Quo are the band who made The Equals sound sophisticated in the late '60s — and as they've proved again and again, Messrs Rossi, Parfitt, Lancaster, Coghlan and (honorary member) Young suffer from no delusions. That's why their songs remain pub jukebox staples and why they survived the '70s so gracefully when all

Status Quo 12 GOLD BARS

about them went earnestly silly.

Also, unlike so many boogie-cum-HM outfits, Quo have never been smutty: they've maintained the deranged dignity of a Tommy Cooper without once resorting to Benny Hill-type cheap laughs.

If anyone tells me they've never liked anything by Status Quo then not only are they fibbing, but they obviously don't understand the essentially stupid appeal of this recreational activity we call rock'n'roll. 'Down, Down', for instance, the butt of so many

jokes, is still monumentally sustained riffing of a rare quality. Who could resist such inanity?

'12 Gold Bars' Well, eight golden goals certainly: 'Down, Down', 'Caroline', 'Again And Again', 'Mystery Song', 'Roll Over, Lay Down', 'Rain', 'Wild Side Of Life' and 'Whatever You Want'. There are also three mishits ('Paper Plane', 'Breaking The Rules' and 'Rockin' All Over The World', too thin a cover of a throat-clenching John Fogerty original) and one effort disallowed for being miles offside ('Living On An Island').

Anyway, for the minor chord declension in the last verse of 'Whatever You Want' — a touch of genius with a galvanising effect out of all proportion to its vinyl time — Status Quo deserve to be stuffed right up there with the greats (J. Lennon, B. Holly, Bernard Edwards and Nile Rogers, etc — not enough of them, whoever they are) ...

Monty Smith

CHAS & DAVE

One Fing'n Anuvver (EAM)

I'M GLAD I don't manage Chas & Dave. Thanks to 'Gercha' and the subsequent 'Don't Give A Monkey's' album, the grizzled charmers are firmly legged as latterday Lonnie Donegans, peddling brown ale novelty songs. Previously they merged mellow, witty rockers with perceptive, homespun ballads and no one took a blind bit of notice. What to do?

'One Fing'n Anuvver', originally released on Big Jim Sullivan's Retreat label in 1975 and for long a collector's item of sorts, reveals the duo as a true British answer to cerebrally active good ol' boys like The Amazing Rhythm Aces. The more vigorous stuff like 'Woorchal' (the prototype of 'Gercha') and 'I Am A Rocker' sounds stiff and demo-ish — unsurprisingly, as they weren't seeing much live action — but

songs like 'Ponders End Allotments Club' are unbeatable if you're in the mood.

The new sleeve chirlishly gives no credits: even at £3.45, EMI could afford to inform the world that it's Big Jim's picking that lights up 'Dry Party', for instance. Chas & Dave rock harder now, but what they get up to on the back porch is just as interesting. Check this one out and surprise yourself.

Harry George

GIORGIO MORODER/ BLONDIE

American Gigolo (Polydor)
PERSONALISING existing trends — as opposed to anticipating new ones — last year afforded the Stones, Rod Stewart and Blondie mega-platinum disco hits. Tastes change, and suddenly the dull vulcanised ring of retrogressive heavy metal is

again starting to appear in the most unlikely places.

Musical mechanic Giorgio Moroder may have dabbled to some effect with rudimentary rock on Donna Summer's 'Bad Girl' LP, but for the soundtrack of 'American Gigolo' he abandons any semblance of integrity by reprogramming his battery of dancing synths back to the dawn of the '70s to crassly simulate Richter Scale riff rock.

For 'Call Me', the movie's self-explanatory decadent theme, Debbie Harry supplies appropriate lyrics, but Moroder fails to pay her back in kind. All that he can manage to give Blondie is a repetitive guitar riff so clichéd it's not even worth the effort of trying to trace its origins.

In single form, 'Call Me' may have charted Stateside, but there's no way it'll reach the British album-buying public.

Roy Carr

From previous page

Far, however derivative, the Verbs are not quite plain. They surfaced in Washington DC playing the usual bohemian venues: lofts, basements, parks, and even a place called The Museum Of Temporary Art. They confess to basket ambitions of reflecting the rhythms of the city and the sounds of police cars and cabs. They write songs about things. "We have a vision of people coming to grips with things," says Robin Rose, synthesiser player.

To this end, Frantz often points at things ("See my feet..." he exclaims) and in a gruff, declaratory style conjures up the everyday interior monologue of a citizen relating in his own way to contemporary urban American society and the things that happen in it. The first song, for instance, is an ode to riding on the subway.

There's also a song about not being defeated by the mood of the times ('Angry Young Men'), a song about the Godfather's bodyguard ('Luce Brasi'), one love song ('The Only One Of You'), and three anti-love songs, wherein Frantz asks us to reconsider the stereotypical path of both true love and modern lust.

In the final song, to prove his distance from the US herd, he makes it abundantly clear that he does not like L.A., nor the lifestyle it represents. There's no direct British comparison but the way Frantz describes it the L.A. lifestyle seems to aspire to all the aesthetic and spiritual virtues of an Rem of Habitat furniture. The musical setting is (ironically) claustrophobic, punctuated by sirens and distant gunshots, and counted off like the rhythm of a bomb ticking away under what its advocates praise and Frantz disdains as 'The Good Life'.

There's an edge of frenzy running through the words and sufficient bite in the music to counter the temptation to dismiss the group for their more obvious tendencies. It's only realised on a handful of songs — 'Subways', 'Ring, Ring' and 'The Good Life', which is probably the most contemptuous thing an American has recorded about America in a long while.

It's also sexy and modern and oh-so-new wave. Correction: not that new... but calculatedly different.

Paul Rambali



From top: Buddy Guy, Deborah H, Alan Lancaster

BUDDY GUY

The Dollar Done Fell (JSP)

LAOIES and gentlemen: the first new Buddy Guy recordings in eight years, 58 minutes' worth of live blues from the Checkerboard Lounge on the Southside of Chicago, cut with a handpicked band including Buddy's brother Phil as one of the rhythm guitarists, produced by the artist himself.

Twenty years ago, Buddy Guy was the hottest bluesman. He'd made his name by cutting Otis Rush and Magic Sam in a guitar battle, turned a 1956 Little Brother Montgomery standard called 'First Time I Met The Blues' into a simultaneously grunting and exhilarating demonstration of transcendent pain, and looked set to give established figures like Muddy Waters and B. B. King a run for their money.

He then teamed up with harpist Junior Wells and played dazzling lead guitar on all of Wells' albums for Vanguard as well as making three under his own name. He and Wells toured with the Stones, started off the '70s with a team-up album for Atlantic produced by Eric Clapton with The J. Gells Band backing him up.

And then nothing. While the Chicago blues scene contracted in the face of rock on one side and soul on the other, Buddy Guy held out for another deal with a major record company, the kind of deal that befit his stature. Even while the Chicago indie Alligator started recording the local bluesmen and made Son Seals and the late Hound Dog Taylor into international names, Guy stood aloof, keeping out on the road with Junior, working for the comeback.

They came to England in '78 and blew it solidly in front of a house full of the most committed blues fans in the country, and now a new Buddy Guy album, at last...

Recorded in Guy's own club — surely his homeland of home turf — 'The Dollar Done Fell' should have been a custom-built setting for a demonstration of Guy's capabilities, an album to prove to the world that the blues lives and that Buddy Guy is its embodiment. Instead, it's a sprawling mess wherein Guy connects neither with his audience nor with his band. It's mixed with Guy's vocals and guitar nakedly prominent, leaving his accompanists and his audience as far from him as they seem to be from him. He seems lost in his own pain, so far away that he cannot even be bothered to express it coherently nor package it slickly.

Here, he belabours the funkified title track — reminiscent of some of the stuff Curtis Mayfield was doing ten years ago — for a full 16 minutes, mingling Hendrix guitar with what would have been a breath, streetwise

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monologue about economic decay and oppression if he hadn't continually lost the thread of what he was saying. There, he opens 'You Don't Know How I Feel' with the classic line 'You don't know how I feel, you don't understand / what it means to be a stranger in this unfriendly land' — derived from Bobby Bland's 'Lead Me On' — and starts to dig deep, but then he mutters, 'Some things it's better to keep to yourself', picks a chorus of unearthly, shattered stillness and ends the song.

Elsewhere, he plays like a man screaming in the wilderness, sings like a lost soul. When he and Junior played Hammersmith in '78, I'd waited 15 years to see Buddy Guy and then wished I hadn't. When this album came out, I'd waited nine years to hear a new Buddy Guy album, and now I wish I hadn't.

Charles Shear Murray

THE WHISPERS

The Whispers (Solar)
THE MANHATTANS
The Best Of (CBS Embassy)
YOU'LL KNOW it's Armageddon Time when you come across a disco sleeve that doesn't have either a Black Bank Manager Of The Year group photo or a Soul Sister On The Sleaz quivering at you.

Both these albums sport soft-focus executive charm covers, and The Whispers have got no excuse whatsoever. A single like 'And The Best Goes On', with its discreet use of synthesiser and tapestry-like arrangement by Leon Sylvers, should have heralded an end to filler and classic-butcher, but no, it's all here, along with a French-emoji dedication. They loot Otis Redding's 'My Girl', and leave only 'Out The Box' and 'The Best Etc' to unconvincingly suggest that Solar aren't really insulting you by releasing this.

Every two-bit egotistical soulful goon who ever donned a diamond ring and a kipper tie seems to be convinced he can write a Soul Ballad. Electric pianos are wheeled on by the ton load, and every attempt to sound sincere gets even more hysterical.

The Manhattan's 'Best Of' is a scream. It's like a black, flare-wearing version of one of those abysmal Cherry Red Mutant Hits LPs, complete with 'Soul Trains' and 'Love Songs', puppet sentiments for Whitey to swoon at. You can get the best of The Manhattan's for £1.10, a single called 'Kiss And Say Goodbye'.

The black record business is as low on integrity as the white one — neither one respects or acknowledges intelligent life on the other side of the record shop counter.

Kevin Fitzgerald

Music to sell scooters by

PURPLE HEARTS

Beat That! (Fiction)
ALONG WITH their labelmates The Chords, Romford's Purple Hearts formed one half of the two-pronged spearhead which heralded the birth of last year's mod movement in London clubs like the Moonlight and Wellington.

Now, no more than 12 months on, the same two bands still stand head and shoulders above the flotsam as the best things to come out of the whole shebang.

Both bands, through a mixture of circumstance and intent, have waited until now to play their trump cards.

The Chords released their best song earlier this year in the 'Maybe Tomorrow' single and now the Hearts have come of age with this, their debut album.

The Purple Hearts have always upheld the punkier end of modbeat and 'Beat That!', despite a few flaws, confirms them as one of the few mod bands to actually cut it on rock 'n' roll terms.

Of the nine originals on the album, all but one come from the pens of vocalist Rob Manton, cocky and engaging, and guitarist Simon Stebbing, a teen wonderkid with a perfect sense of musical dynamics.

Like The Undertones, they run the gamut of classic teen themes from the stupid marriage syndrome in 'Beat That!' to the archetypal mixed-up juvenile reject in 'Jimmy'. 'Frustration' and, best of all, 'Can't Stay Here'.

'Don't you feel like a

long-playing record every time you make a move? / Don't you feel like the needle's got stuck in the groove?' Maybe a bit too cute, but corny in the best tradition of the trash aesthetic.

Two of the better things on 'Beat That!' are the covers, Wilson Pickett's 'If You Need Me' and David Bowie's 'Can't Help Thinking 'Bout Me'.

The Pickett song is done as a plaintive, bluesy ballad even though Manton's occasionally flat voice hasn't quite the range to do it full justice, while the Bowie cover is an energetic ode to the remote days of David Jones and The Lower Third.

Most unusual track, however, is broody bassist Jeff Shadbolt's 'Slay It With Flowers', a dense dirge complete with near-indecipherable lyrics. But like about 50 percent of the Manton-Stebbing stuff, it lacks attack.

Part of the problem, surprisingly, lies in Chris Perry's production. Perry was the man behind all the early Jam singles and his tin-wall of sound technique is usually an impressive hallmark but the production on 'Beat That!' is murky and indistinct.

The Purple Hearts' sound is a potent pot-pourri of The Monkees, The Yardbirds, the Pistols and The Clash. It is almost great pop, and it would be a mighty shame if the Hearts fail to reach that plane in the future because of a lack of crispness in their own songwriting and a touch of the lurgies at the mixing desk.

Adrian Thrills

Sleeves to sell music by

10cc

Look Hear? (Mercury)

'LOOK Hear?' comes complete with some self-consciously 'intriguing' trappings. In large letters the cover and label ask 'Are you normal?' 'Are you done?' 'What does it all mean?'

In a word — nothing. The mysterious panache of the packing is entirely unrelated to the album's contents.

Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman's compositions are mainly wistful, flimsy love songs. 'I Took You Home', 'Lovers Anonymous', 'Strange Lover', 'I Hate To Eat Alone' and 'It Doesn't Matter At All' are soporifically pleasant, meticulously crafted and utterly spiritless.

And when the duo attempt to recreate the sly, knowing style that characterised the best of the old 10cc songs, they fall foul

of their own subject matter. 'L.A. Infestable' is a half-baked expose of Californian foibles that's as bland as the lifestyle it sets out to satirise.

And if I was a boast-person I'd be offended by Rick Fenn's 'Don't Send We Back' in which words like 'We know you don't want us but we've got no-one / Don't send we back, we've run out of water / We won't last the morning in the baking sun' are tacked onto the mediocre melody of an averagely pretty pop song — such limp, token gestures of social concern sound despicable in the context of the careful, creamy sound, and complacent expense of the entire album.

If one applies the group's own elitist criteria to their own album then 'Look Hear?' is resoundingly 'normal'.

Lynn Hanna



From top: Rob Manton, Deborah H, MI-SEX

MI-SEX

Computer Games (CBS)

YOU might well ask. Well... MI-SEX are a group from New Zealand (New Zealand? New haw haw! Let's get that over with before we go on) who have now moved to Australia, where they are said to be very big. MI-SEX are five persons, male, and the nearest they come to offering us a self-definition is to line up, automaton style and chant things such as 'We are robot mechanical white kids / Our glasses are four inches thick.'

As might be expected, MI-SEX tend to go in for modernistic, synthesised electro-pop: hard and shiny music, purposeful and efficient. It's full of contemporary bubble and squeak; sometimes it seeps clean and glides majestically, other times it's all twitch and hiccup. Also, they're wryly humorous.

That last fact's a very lucky one indeed, because otherwise MI-SEX would be the epitome of everything I could do without at the moment. Take the name, for instance — the human, the fleshy and sensual, coldly modified into the impersonal, a statement into a serial number. The whole I - am - a - machine business: fashionable and useless. Currently, the future's looking rather dated.

MI-SEX, fortunately, are too transparently shallow to get stuck any further up that particular creek than they can manage. Their stance is detached, their expression probably a smirk. They have the technology, the sound and hardware of what's assumed to be tomorrow's musk(ie) and yet their ambitions remain orthodox, their sensibility conventional. They would probably rather be a hip Chicory Tip than anything else.

The keyboarders (Murray Burns) swamp each song at every turn, irritatingly in places but spectacularly for the most part, especially through the title track (and hit single that never was) 'Computer Games'. Kevin Steton, the guitarist, plays a relatively subdued role in the proceedings, while the rhythm section of Don Martin (bass) and Richard Hodgkinson (drums) fastens down any illusions of grandeur with solid thump and boom. Vocalist Steve Gilpin is by no means an exceptional singer, but tends to perform his pieces with a kind of thespian intensity and emphasis (he puts on a good act).

As a debut album 'Computer Games' is, ah, interesting: more than adequate, less than sensational. Maybe the next time, however? Back to the lab, lads — oh, and a decent optician could help about the glasses too, I should think.

Paul Du Noyer

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The Whirlwind way of greasy living

WHIRLWIND Midnight Blue (Chiswick) WHIRLWIND cruised into the musical metropolis from the outer reaches of Acton Green at the tail end of '77, all donkey jackets and greasy quiffs. They announced their presence with an album on Chiswick, 'Blowin' Up A Storm', weighted heavily in favour of enthusiastic covers but coming across with a youthful sparkle well at odds with the tired necrophilic nostalgia that strangles the rock'n'roll revival circuit. Though the rockabilly revival had been something of an ongoing situation for the entire last decade, it was Whirlwind who first gave it any real credibility with the (punk) rock audience. The album chalked up healthy sales of over 7,000 despite minimal promotion and the band took the genre out on the road with The Clash, Elvis Costello and Ian Dury.

Things seemed set for a real move out of cult obscurity and onto bigger and better times. So what happened? Well, very little actually. The band switched drummers, recorded a neglected single 'Only Wish', and gigged around plenty but commercial success eluded

them. Then, at the end of last year, they landed the plum support slot on the Blondie tour, and finally recorded a second album.

'Midnight Blue' is Whirlwind's first venture under the guiding hands of producing and writing team Billy Holliday and Tommy Doherty and it showcases a vastly more mature band. Whirlwind have forsaken some of the abrasiveness of the first album for a fuller, heavier sound.

The title track, a countrified rocker in the vein of the recent 'Heaven Knows' single, also included here, rams home the change: this band is a far more rounded animal.

Partly this must be down to the change in drummers. While Phil Hardy handled the rockabilly with more authenticity, Gary Hassett's thumper style suits Whirlwind's shift away from the terrain of Johnny Burnette and Ray Campi to a sound lying closer to Rockpile.

As far as the material goes, there's a roughly equal proportion of originals and covers, the new songs penned for the most part either by vocalist Nigel Dixon and



Nigel Dixon rocks his billy. Pic: Welt Davidson.

guitarist Mike Lewis or the Doherty/Holliday team.

Best of the bunch are Dixon's melodramatic ballad 'Such A Fool', something akin to Bolen's 'Ballrooms Of Mars' in

rock sound, and as mutants go, this one isn't too revolting. They even dust off Elmore James's 'Dust My Broom' for another sweep of the astrodome, and it barges all obstacles out of the way with the finesse of a bulldozer. Delightfully gross.

A couple of their own songs, 'I'm Bad, I'm Nationwide' and 'A Fool for Your Stockings' have half-decent lyrics, but there's little evidence of any genuine good humour to match.

In general, for a blues-based band, Z Z Top are remarkably short on emotion. Maybe too much head-banging does the tear-ducts in.

Bob Edmunds

IMPORTS by Fred Delia

'BEACH BLVD' (Poshboy) features three American west coast acts playing with their delayed-in-the-post punk-by-numbers kits, those involved in this Rodney Bingenheimer-acclaimed extravaganza being — in order of ineptitude — The Crowd ('Huntingdon Beach's first surf-punk band'); Rick L Rik ('The pride of Covine High and an 18-year-old who sang lead with the now defunct F-Word and Negative Trend'); plus Simpletones ('The Village People of punk'), the last named accruing a few extra points for a song called 'California' that's so dumb you can actually forgive them for their sins. Elsewhere it's Rick L Rik pretending to be a synthesis of Morrison J. and Pop I, handing out such tracts as 'Mercenaries' — 'The heroes that die with blood running free/They die for General Motors, they die for ITT', while Simpletones and The Crowd engage in run-for-cover-thrashes bearing cutesy titles — 'Kirsty Q', 'Tiger Beat Twist', 'Suzy Is A Surf Rocker' — all of which should prove utterly forgettable to all except maybe one Jay Lansford who not only wrote, produced and played guitar for the Simpletones but also provided the bass parts and some guitar leads on the Rick L Rik sessions, thus establishing a reputation he may find hard to live down.

And so we gratefully move on to the more acceptable face of U.S. short-haired rock as exemplified by 'Cruising' (Lorimar), the soundtrack album to a street movie starring Al Pacino, directed by William Friedkin and featuring music by the meritorious Jack Nitzsche. Not that anything actually penned by Nitzsche appears on the album, though the one-time Sonny Bono side-kick is credited with producing all the cuts except 'Lump', a tremendously infectious slice of rap'n'funk that comes courtesy of an outfit known as Mutiny. Also around are songs and performances by Willy De Ville, The Cripples, John Hiatt, Madalynn Von Ritz, Germs and Rough Trade, De Ville impressing with a rugged yet soulful 'Heat Of The Moment', a zip-gun anthem that acts as the album's opener, and Rough Trade scoring with a rumbustious heading-for-a-rumble-in-a-clean-machine item called 'Shakedown'. This number probably achieves maximum impact when tied to screen activity, but the music generally stands on its own, making 'Cruising' an above-average offering of its type.

Before bowing out, a nod of appreciation in the direction of Swift Records, who are currently shipping in some marvelous cajon and zydeco to fill a gap only Sonet have ever seemed to be aware of. And certainly my most-played album of the week has been the totally enjoyable 'Boogie In Black And White' (Jini), on which Louisiana mainmen Rod Bernard and Clifton Chenier tackle 'My Babe', 'Kansas City', 'Shake Rattle And Roll' and other past blasters in totally unrehearsed fashion, Chenier providing the sort of squeeze-box rock that makes his position as Zydeco King unassailable. Even those who caught up with the well-named Rock'n' Dopsie on his recent tour here won't argue overmuch!

ZZ TOP

Deguello (Warner Bros)

DESPITE the current R&B revival, chances are that British fans won't be too impressed by a trio of heavy metal Texas cowboys, even if ZZ Top have got their blues licks good and hop-tied.

Top have been a big deal in the States for years. All three sport beards and ten-gallon hats, and their main selling-point is that they can fill even the biggest ice-hockey stadium with excessive amplification.

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CHARMAIN

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



B. B. KING, arguably the greatest of contemporary blues singer-guitarists, pays a welcome return to the UK next week — opening in Manchester on Wednesday. Other dates — including a couple in London — follow over the Easter period.

Thursday

Basilston Town Centre: Squire
Bath Moles: Kevin Brown Band
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: Andree Crouch & Disciples
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Titan
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Violent Collision
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Denizens
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Skydiver
Birmingham Odeon: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Than
Bletchley Compass Club: Spud & The Fabs
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: Needleline/Mobster
Bridlington The 3 B's: Spoonch
Brighton Alhambra: Woody & The Splinters / The Bright Tones
Bristol Crookers: The Interceptors
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Canterbury Alberly's Wine Bar: The City Blues Band
Cardiff Philharmonic: Zipper
Coventry City Centre Club: Flash Cats
Derby Blue Note: Landscape
Gravesend Red Lion: Force 10
Hanley The Place: Fire Brigade (for three days)
Harrow Tiffany's: Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich
High Wycombe Nags Head: Robert & The Remouille
Isle Of Skye Broadford Hall: Jim Willie / The Mafia
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: Strutz
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: The Rhythm Hawks
Leeds Peel Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
London Camden Dingwells: The Q-Tips
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Bad Manners / The Bodysnatchers / The Swinging Cats
London Camden Music Machine: Slousie & The Banishes
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Little Roosters
London Catford The Squire: The Flying Squirrels
London City Polytechnic: The Scoop
London Clapham 101 Club: Salsar Fits
London College Of Printing: Whitewind
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lonesome No More / Orgones
London East Hem Rushkin Arms: Deep Machine
London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Valentines
London Fulham Greyhound: Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanours/The Point
London Fulham The Cock: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Cimerone
London Hammersmith Odeon: Genesis
London Kennington The Cricketers: Southside
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Duet Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: 9 Below Zero
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Eddie Thompson (for a week, except Sunday)
London Marquee Club: Metro
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Spider
London New Cross Royal Albert: Mutiny
London Oxford St 100 Club: Pressure Shocks / Sunshine Steel Band

London Putney Half Moon: Rocket 88
London Putney White Lion: The Evidence
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Mississippi Youth
London Soho Pizza Express: Claude Williams / Diz Dingley Trio
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Johnny Carroll / Judy Lindsey / Dixie Phoenix
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The OK Band
London Thornton Heath Prince George: The Bunch
London Victoria The Venue: The Broughtons
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Leirus / A-Z
London Wimbledon Kings College: The Boyce Band
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
London W1 Maunberry's: Chicks
London WCI New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
Maidstone Royal Albion: Prodigal Son
Manchester Apollo Theatre: David Soul
Manchester Arct Club: The Pop Group
Manchester Band On The Wall: Head
Manchester Polytechnic: Wayne County
Manchester (Urmston) Princess Rooms: Maracabo / Fancy Dress
Middlebrough Madison's: Central Line (for three days)
Norwich Cromwells: Jimmy Lindsey & Resail
Norwich Manor House: Zorro
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffe
Oxford New Theatre: Sad Cafe
Oxford Guildhall: War / Blood Sweat & Tears
Sheffield Limk Club: Hazel O'Connor
Southampton Eastleigh Crown Inn: The Skavengers
Southampton Joiners Arms: Sly Scandal
Southend Scamps: Cruickston
Stafford Stryfield Hall: Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Give Langer & The Boxes
Stevenside The Swan: Motives
Swansea Dublin Arms: Andy Pandemonium
Taunton Celler Bar: The DS / Saboteur
Thornaby Conservative Club: The Tygers
Thornaby Yorkshire Dragon: Carl Green & The Scene
Thorne Regal Social Club: Rockability
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: John Coghlan's Diesel
Warrington Alladin's: Brian Leake Trio / Terry Smith

Friday

Abingdon College of Further Education: Split Screens
Barnsley Old Maypole: Flying Saucers
Baskin Double Six: Embury
Bath Moles: Alarm Clock
Bedford Horse & Groom: Force
Bicester Nowhere Club: Disco Students
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Dick Smith & The Sheep
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Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Save The Sheep
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Kilmeters
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Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: The Cruisers
Brighton Sussex Sports Centre: The Parrots/The Technicians/The Chels
Bristol Crookers: The Interceptors
Bristol Redhill Hall: Vice Squad/The Review/Red Alert
Bristol Turntable: The Rhythm Hawks
Burton 76 Club: Sledgehammer
Chatham Town Hall: Angewitch
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetwise
Croydon College: The Boyce Band
Edinburgh Odeon: Soft Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face
Edinburgh Upstairs at the Playhouse: Those French Girls/RKO
Fowell College of Technology: The Blues Band
Glenrothes Rothies Arms: The Sound
Goole Station Hotel: Shake Appeal
Gravesend Prince of Wales: The Speedy Buses
Gravesend Red Lion: Terry Lee
Harlow Technical College: The Revillos
Hendon The Nog Inn: The Artists
Isle of Skye Gathering Hall: Jim Willie/The Mafia
Knutsford Sir Frederick's Bar: Roaring Jelly
Leamington Spa Pavilion: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Give Langer & The Boxes
London Acton Kings Head: Paz
London Camden Dingwells: The Dance Band/The Neutrons
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Duke Vin/Jah Shaka/The Wide Boys
London Camden Music Machine: Slousie & The Banishes
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Central Polytechnic: John Cooper Clarke/Essential Logie/The Ivory Brothers
London Chiswick John Bull: Zorro
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Electrotunes/The Up-Beat
London Fulham Golden Lion: Filthy McNasty
London Fulham Greyhound: The Vibrators
London Hackney Chet's Palace: Juice On The Loose
London Hammersmith Odeon: Genesis
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Wipe-Out
London Holborn Princess Louise: The Scoop
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Soft Boys
London Kennington The Cricketers: The Maytays
London Kennington Royal College of Art: The Little Roosters/Charge
London Kennington The Nashville: The Troops
London Lambrook Grove The Elgin: Vincent Units/The Entire Cosmos
London Marquee Club: John Coghlan's Diesel
London New Cross Royal Albert: The Johnny
London Putney Half Moon: Long John Baldry
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Putney White Lion: Fabulous Reed Brothers/Back Street Operators
London Rainbow Theatre: War/Blood Sweet & Tears
London Soho Pizza Express: Benay Waters/Fred Hunt Trio
London Tottenham White Hart: Ram Bill
London Tottenham-Court Rd. YMCA: The Lambettes
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Black Volta
London Victoria The Venue: Laurel Ah-Nen/Spancer
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Q-Tips/The Rent Boys
London Westminster Bridge Rd. Towers: Freddie Fingers' Lee
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The O.K. Band
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Pat Travers Band
Manchester Factory Club: Merthe & The Mullins
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: The Shalakes
Midhurst Grange Centre: The D.S./Saboteur
Newark Palace Theatre: Paradox/Mayhem
Newcastle Kings Head: Monoconics
Norwich Manor House: Jone Band & The Sals
Nottingham Raleigh Sports Club: Strange Days
Paisley Bungalow Bar: Snapshots/The Prisoners
Penarth Pigeon Room: Pointless Exercises
Peterborough Winton Stadium: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers
Ponderosa Dynavox Arms: Jim Mageean & Johnny Collins
Poole Brewers Arms: The Marlin
Reading Monday Club: Wasted Youth / Chris/The Mescalies
Reford Portehouse: Slaughter
Salisbury Warehouse: Handoff's Vandals/The Majors
Scarborough Peashouse: Landscape
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: Tom Paxton
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Acme Attractions
Stroud Marshall Rooms: Emotion Pictures/Sideline
Stubbington Hammond Hall: The Supporters/Driving Sideways

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Still Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face



BILLY JOEL is one of the hottest box-office properties in the States right now — and judging by the ticket demand for his concerts at London Wembley (Sunday and Monday) and Deeside (Wednesday), much the same applies in this country!

Isle Of Skye Broadford Hall: Jim Willie / The Mafia
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: Strutz
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: The Rhythm Hawks
Leeds Peel Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
London Camden Dingwells: The Q-Tips
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Bad Manners / The Bodysnatchers / The Swinging Cats
London Camden Music Machine: Slousie & The Banishes
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Little Roosters
London Catford The Squire: The Flying Squirrels
London City Polytechnic: The Scoop
London Clapham 101 Club: Salsar Fits
London College Of Printing: Whitewind
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lonesome No More / Orgones
London East Hem Rushkin Arms: Deep Machine
London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Valentines
London Fulham Greyhound: Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanours/The Point
London Fulham The Cock: Trimmer & Jenkins
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: Cimerone
London Hammersmith Odeon: Genesis
London Kennington The Cricketers: Southside
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Duet Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: 9 Below Zero
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Eddie Thompson (for a week, except Sunday)
London Marquee Club: Metro
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Spider
London New Cross Royal Albert: Mutiny
London Oxford St 100 Club: Pressure Shocks / Sunshine Steel Band
Bath Golden Fleece: The Interceptors
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Dick Smith Band
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Altko Homs
Birmingham Bogans (lunchtime): Wicked Sister
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Rocoat
Birmingham (Handsworth) Farcroft Hotel: The Wide Boys/Lost World Troubadours
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
Birmingham Odeon: Pat Travers Band
Birmingham (Rainbow Hotel) Mean Street Dealers
Blackpool Jinks Bar: The Cheaters
Bradford Bridge House: Motley Crew
Bradford St George's Hall: David Soul
Brighton Alhambra: Disco Students/Midnight & The Lemonboys
Brighton The Northern: Lovelock
Bristol Dockland Settlement: Juan Footie/The Greys/The Viewers
Bristol HighLife Hotel: The Revlon
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Sad Cafe
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: Snapshots
Cardiff St. Helier Arms: Johnny Carroll/Judy Lindsey/Dixie Phoenix
Cheltenham Saracen Club: Flash Cats
Colchester Essex University: Angewitch
Coventry Red House: Hound Dog
Crewe Shawington Sports Centre: Small Change
Dorchester Clay Pigeon: The Switch
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers
Durham Castle Inn: Junco Partners
Edinburgh Eric Brown's Strutz
Edinburgh Reid Hall: Robin Williams
Edinburgh Upstairs at the Playhouse: Switch/Trax
Forres Mundul Court: Jim Willie/The Mafia
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Andree Crouch & The Disciples
Gosport John Peel: The Marlin School-girls
Gravesend Red Lion: Cracked Mirror
Hopwas The Chequers: Fleety
Hornchurch The Bull: Spider
Ilkley Kings Hall: Chainway
Ipworth Chapel St. Mary Village Hall: V.M.F.
Knaresborough The Mitre: Agony Column
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: Richard Dignee
Leeds Foxes Disco: The Ram Jam Band
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Llanwrthwl Manor St. Donat's Art Centre: George Mally & The Feetwarmers
London Camden Dingwells: Split River/The Step
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Girlschool/Witchfynde
London Canning Town Bridge House: Radical Sheila
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: Eclipse
London Chiswick John Bull: Sad Among Strangers
London Clapham 101 Club: The V.I.P.s
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Johnny/Mutiny
London Crystal Palace Hotel: Nine Below Zero
London Dalston Centrepress Basement (lunchtime): The Fighting Pigeons/Troubadours Poets and Musicians
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Dance Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Red Beane & Rice/Steve Hooker Band
London Fulham The Cock: Johnny G
London Hackney Adam & Eve: Yakyak
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends

London Hammersmith Odeon: Genesis
London Hayes Barnhill School: Telecut/Radiation/Foots/KM 195
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Q-Tips
London Kensington The Nashville: Margo Random & The Space Virgins
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Basille
London Marquee Club: Yempole Tudor
London Putney White Lion: Sammy Mitchell's Blues Band
London Rainbow Theatre: War/Blood Sweet & Tears
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Roy Bailey & Leon Rosselson
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Barnes-Roy Williams Quintet
London Stockwell The Plough: Southside
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham The Spurs: Embryo
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Black Volta
London Victoria The Venue: Squire/The Crooks
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: Ken McCarthy Trio
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Westminster Bridge Rd. Towers: The Jets
London W1 Portman Hotel: Dave Shepherd Quintet
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Juice On The Loose
Mansfield Midland Hotel: Raw Deal
Mentor Harborough Community College: Red Beane & Rice
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Freddie Fingers' Lee
Michealdore Community Centre: The D.S./Saboteur
Middlebrough Town Hall: Showaddyaddy
Northampton Nene College: Mystery Guests
Norwich The Wiffler: Motives
Nottingham Casanova: Nemen The Daman
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: Split Screens
Paisley Bungalow Bar: The Sound
Perth Linda's: Pete Symon Band
Reading Target Club: The 81 Band
Redcar Cosham Bowl: Tom Paxton
Reford Portehouse: UB40
Southampton Joiners Arms: The Slazens
Southampton St. Matthew's Hall (lunchtime): Lip Moves/Catch 22/Z-Care
Southport Young Socialists Annual Conference: The Flatbackers
St. Austell Band Club: Metro Glider
St. Austell New Cornish Arms: The Mechaniks
Swindon Oasis Centre: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Give Langer & The Boxes
Tenby De Valence: The Louts/Mental Mollie/The Spectra/The Spacemen /Dominic's Gang
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Poets

Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Showaddy-waddy
Aberdeen Copper Beech: Jim Willie / The Mafia

CONTINUES OVER



Birmingham (Shirley) Red Lion: The
Cock
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Richard Strange
Bishop King George's Hall: Tom
Paxton
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Rhine
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill
Scott & Ian Ellis
Burnley Bank Hall Club: Alan Hart
Bury The Derby Hall: Robin Williamson
Cheltenham Town Hall: Gilt School
Chiddingfold Six Belts: Disco Students
Chippingham Alexanders: The Rhythm
Hawks
Colchester Essex University: Karasu (con-
cert for Chile)
Colchester (Tolleshunt D'Arcy) Guinness
Court: Mothers
Croydon Crawdaddy: Squire / Johnny G
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Sad Cafe
Dunfermline Kinema: Slaughter
Edinburgh Harvey's: The Sound
Glasgow Apollo Centre: SHN Little Fin-
gers / Another Pretty Face
Glenrithers Rithers Arms: Snapshots
Gravesend Red Lion: English Rogues
Hull Arts Theatre: The Woodley Jets
Ipswich Royal William: Zorro
Jekidsale Grey Topper: Weapon Of Peace
Leeds Flords Green Hotel: Dredinger
Leeds Marquis of Granby: Spyder Blues
Band
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
Llanerth Major St. Donal's Arts Centre:
George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Acton White Hart: Radical Sheila
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Battersea Old Swan: Bloodshot
London Blinton George Canning: South-
side
London Camden Dingwells: Zoot Money
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Q-Tips
London Charing Cross Duke of Buck-
ingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Carpenters / The X-Dreamysts
London Finchley Torrington: Red Beans &
Rice
London Fulham Golden Lion: Super-
charge
London Fulham Greyhound: Irene &
Dorcas Chatter and Friends / The
Ravens
London Fulham The Cock: Aurs
London Harne Hill Half Moon: Rainbow
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Sad
Among Strangers
London Kensington The Nashville: Billy
Kieroff Band
London Lewisham Riverside Hall: Win-
ston Groovy / Norma White
London Marquee Club: The Passions /
Section 25
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Little
Brother Montgomery / Jan Mon-
gomery
London Putney Half Moon: The Blues
Band
London Rainbow Theatre: War / Blood
Sweet & Tears

London Soho Pizz Express: Lennie Faux
London Victoria The Venue: Rocket 88
London Wembley Arena: Billy Joel
London Woolwich Tramshed: Joke
Thackray
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime):
Cy Laurie-Eggy Lay Hot Quintet
Maldstone Royal Albion (lunchtime):
Mick Hurl & The Divers
Newcastle City Hall: Pat Travers Band
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Peterborough ABC Theatre: Roy Orbison
Reading Cherry's Bar: Stadium Dogs
Salisbury Rising Sun: The Switch
Southend Shimmers: Feet Eddie
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: Acker Bilk
Band
Wolverhampton Lafayette: UB40
Yeovil Johnson Hall: Elvis Costello & The
Attractions / Clive Langer & The Boxes

Monday

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: Slaughter
Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Gangsters
Birmingham Bogarts: Sessafres
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Scorched
Earth
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gentleman
Jim
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The
Tampara
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: Cryer
Boston Folk Club: Matthews Brothers
Brighton Alhambra: Midnight & The
Lemonboys/Dick Damage & The
Initiators
Chatham Central Hall: The Skatellites-
/Mobster
Croydon Crawdaddy: Nightlife
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Shewaddyweddy
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Pat Travers Band
Grangemouth International Hotel: Red
Letters
Hadden Bridge The Cinema: Robin Wil-
liamson
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
London Camden Dingwells: Margo Ran-
dom & The Space Virgins/The Teeth-
/The Orgones
London Camden Music Machine: John
Cooper Clarke/Killing Joke/Linnal
Thompson/Bawington Levy/Whirl-
wind/The Seas
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Tennis Shoes
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's
Whoopie Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Wasted
Youth
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Be-
tween Pictures
London Islington Hope & Anchor:
Golinski Brothers
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Numbers/The Soulboys
London Marquee Club: Portraits
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London N.W.1 Royal Exchange: Juice On
The Loose

WAR-BS&T

WAR (that's them on the left
above) and BLOOD SWEAT &
TEARS (right) combine forces
in one of the most intriguing
package tours for some
months. The double-header
opens in Portsmouth on
Thursday, then plays London
Rainbow (Friday, Saturday
and Sunday) and Glasgow
(Wednesday), with more
dates to follow.

GIG GUIDE —continued—

London Oxford St. 100 Club: Head/Kenny
Shaw Band
London Putney Half Moon: The Blues
Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Shaphere Bush: The Wheat-
sheaf
London W.1 Munkberry's: Lino's Last
Report
London W.14 The Kensington: The
Pencils
Luton Cesar's: Roy Orbison
Manchester Band On The Wall: The
Chesters
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall:
Karasu (concert for Chile)
Mansfield Civic Theatre: Flying Saucers
Newport The Iris: Andy Pandemonium
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalhir
Oxford New Theatre: Genesis
Preston Pear Tree: Snapshots
Reading Cherry's Bar: Motley Crew
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: The Room
St Austell New Cornish Rogues: Elvis Cas-
tello & The Attractions/Clive Langer &
The Boxes
St Helens Hares Finch: Dick Smith Band
Stoke Jollies: Portraits
Sutton Red Lion: The Bunch
Swansea Broadway Hall: Gerry Rafferty
Swansea Circles: Dr Mike & The Remie
Wigan Leo's Bar: J. G. Spoils Rock Band

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: Friction/Shapiro
Ash (Somerset) Bell Inn: George
Fame/Harry South/Don Walker
Bedford Kampston Youth Club: Spud &
The Fabs

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Night Out: Roy Orbison (for
three days)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Aikforce
Bournemouth The Woodman: The
Stevengers
Bradford College Vaults Bar: Trampus
Brockenhurst 6th Form College: The
Piranhas
Croydon Crawdaddy: The Boyce
Band/The Bunch
Edinburgh George Square Theatre:
Karasu (concert for Chile)
Fleet Fox & Hounds: Eddie Walker
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Shewad-
dyweddy
Glasgow The Waterfront: The Mis-
takes/Skewiff
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Genesis
Leeds Warehouse: Spyder Blues Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
After Dark
London Deptford Albany Empire: The
Q.T./Billy Boy Lemon/Will Gelson/Jo-
Ann Kelly
London Fulham Golden Lion: Night Pilot
London Hammermith Odeon: Sad Cafe
London Hornsey Kings Head: Main
Avenue Jazzband
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Margo
Random & The Space Virgins
London Kensington The Nashville: Whirl-
wind
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: The
Pencils
London Marquee Club: Hazel O'Conner
London Rainbow Theatre: Judas Priest/
Iron Maiden
London Soho Pizz Express: Benny
Waters Quartet
London Victoria The Venue: S Below Zero
London Wembley Hopline: Johnny Mars'
7th Sun
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Modern English/In Camera/Spea-
kmedic Carass
Norwich Cromwells: Squire
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: The D.S.
Redditch White Hart: Roaring Jelly
Salisbury Wherehouse: Little Johnny
Munk/Where's Snake?/Big Hoax
Sheffield The Blitz (at George IV): Vice-
Versa
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Narrow Feint-
/Bantu/Wheels/Early Bathes
Swindon Town Hall: Freddie Fingers' Lee
York The Barge Club: The Mood

Wednesday

Bath Moles: Danny Shepherd/Linda
Martell
Belfast White Hall: Gerry Rafferty
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: Dredinger/Last
Chickens
Birmingham Mercat Cross: M.S. Night-
work
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bournemouth Stateside Centre:
Slaughter

Brainfree Weavers: V.N.F.
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Tony Vincent
Trio
Charnock Richard Park Hall Centre: The
Differs
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Croydon The Star: The Blitz
Darlington New Imperial: Carl Green &
The Scene
Deeside Leisure Centre: Billy Joel
Exeter Routes: Nine Below Zero
Glasgow Apollo Centre: War/Blood
Sweet & Tears
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: Genesis
Guildford Wooden Bridge: Sleeping Dogs
High Wycombe Nags Head: Rainbow
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Sad Cafe
Liverpool The Masonic: Aylum
London Camden Dingwells: Mitch Ryder /
The Detroit Wheels
London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad
Among Strangers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: A
Certain Ratio
London Deptford Arms: Embryo
London Fulham Golden Lion: Broadway
Brats
London Fulham Greyhound: Margo Ran-
dom & The Space Virgins/The Lub-
ricators
London Hammermith Riverside Studios:
Michel Haumont
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free
Shot
London Marquee Club: Athletic Spizz 80
London Southall White Hart: Jonny Car-
roll/Judy Lindsey/Dixie Phoenix
London Rainbow Theatre: Whites-
nake/Saron
London Soho Pizz Express: Bill Skert
Quartet
London Southall Jingles: The V.I.P.s
London Southall White Hart: Jonny Car-
roll/Judy Lindsey/Dixie Phoenix
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Blood-
shot
London Victoria The Venue: Rockin' Dop-
ple & The Cajun Twisters
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Jay Division/Section 25/Crawling
Chaos/John Dowie
London Wembley Nelsons Club: Red
Beans & Rice
London Woolwich Tramshed: Spredthick
Maldon Jubilee Hall: Anorexia/Terminal
Burns/Warwork Dummies
Manchester Free Trade Hall: B. B. King
Newcastle The Coopers: Snapshots
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwalhir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Portsmouth City Arms: The Bunch
Southampton Joiners Arms: Cresswinds
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original
East Side Stompers
Stirling University: Karasu (concert for
Chile)
Sutton Central Library: Sweet Substitute
Swinton Duke of Wellington The Trend
Torquay The Pelican: The Artists
Wakefield Unny Hall: Gang Of Four/The
Au Pair
Weymouth Cellar Vind The Stevengers

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LIVE!

Tearjerkers Rudi Ruefrefx

Venue

IT'S not easy for the average these days — and why should it be? Those who achieve the sufficient competence and bravado to concoct and perform their own precious rock but are desperately incapable of achieving the insight and style necessary to lift it above the innocuous are manifold. This is one of the negative problems of a 'healthy' scene.

These days, when the rock thing is spread out so far and wide to the point when any definition has long been distinguished, when the trashy and contrived are well looked after, those gray and undaring punk-inspired practitioners, those anonymous hordes of

Boombtown Rats, and far more Bowie-saturated.

Rudi's more simplistic, cheekily buoyant punk-pop would appeal to the undemanding who not only see the point in both *Stiff Little Fingers* and the *Sweet of 'Funny Funny'* and 'Wig Wam Bam', but also in a pop music that suggests no depth, no implication; in fact nothing but a dubious self-pride that the group are actually functioning. You can't accuse Rudi of insincerity (and this is the point where cynicism born of tedium can not into unhelpful derision), but you can lament their seemingly incurable lack of wit or aggression. Presumably the horrors of the *Venus* stripped away whatever quirky freshness Rudi usually strike home with. Who can tell? I doubt it anyway.

For no obvious reason Tearjerkers, who don't even have a major label helping them along, came on last.

tourist board: a sense of lives measured out in pamphlets. Commercial teleologies aside, I believe I could be easily convinced that A Sense of Ireland is far from ideologically pure, or brilliant. Having trouble with its vision, in fact.

Any 'sense of' Ireland (more specifically, the North) we're going to possess is going to be prey to all manner of subtle and savage engineering — and Sol looks far from useful; the information by which a society formulates its identity is limited. Leave it at that. Leaving...

St. Patrick's night. Here we all are convincing or being convinced that the essence of a mythical Irishness goes on regardless of religious, political, social problems — be they specifically Northern or not. Troubly problematic.

A supper-club sense of things, stuck between idealised pasta and potentially more demanding futures. We

Nien on terms of their coming from Ireland; I don't know where in Ireland they come from, even. Leave it at that (So I did).

DC Nien play a song that is dedicated to or about the film *Fitz The Cat*, and also one dedicated to or formerly by Hawkwind. The critic wiggles his little finger vigorously in both of his ears. They look like post-Blind punks, but!

The night's phenomena blur, gloss, gab. Who was in DC Nien and who was in The Atrix? Who had the odd saxophonist? Who baked the cake? Both alices contained the same plain ingredients. Dull and viscous, antiseptic, anaemic to the point of self-effacement. In the Venue, the sound of silenced violence. It's the Venue!

The two rock groups, the one side: the sturdy, silent bassist; the jittery guitarist, the yapping guitar, the bend and the pout, the pinky-punky keyboards, the drums going drum drum drum drum d m d. No punctuation.

The Atrix are announced. The city compare keeps referring to them as "these boys... you've never seen anything like these boys!"

He reads out a telegram from another Irish band who wanted to attend the gig tonight but couldn't, having a previous engagement in America. The telegram, boomed the gifted compere, with the oily release of a squeezed blackhead, was signed, simply, "Bob." Whooooooeee! The lads, eh?



Psychedelic Furs A Certain Ratio Echo And The Bunnymen Teardrop Explodes Manicured Noise

Lyceum

HEY, LET'S go to the zoo! This could get monotonous, this sort of thing could even get to be like a 'pop festival'. Everyone suffers under the weight of The Event rather than receiving and doing something with the twitchings of each individual entertainer, each caged animal!

Still, one can try to rise above it, tick off the failures and virtues of the animals, not fail to notice that most of them are doing something that isn't obvious and ordinary. At least no horrible 'trend' will emerge out of this. At least the mainstream media would be confused by what was going on and couldn't charge in and happily displace the rebellion, criticism and initiative. This music will avoid being patronised, packaged, and will be allowed to develop.

I say 'will', but I'm not too sure. Is tonight a sign that they're being patronised, or simply that they're playing games? The penultimate Sunday in March may now become the



Roarie. Pic David Corio.

The Atrix singer is a rock'n'roll sign painter. He garbles quickly, jumps back, nods at other band boys, assertively, inanely. His obviousness, striched garrulousness, is reiterated in kind by the sounds of his fellows and his words — "I won't take no for an answer," being a good example thereof.

A totally unimaginative identity, a wholly predictable, polite peck on the cheek. The songs are smooth letters in

smooth envelopes, neither too brief nor exploratory. Where will it end?

Leaving the Venue, a burgered-up hippie accidentally or DEFINITELY NOT sent me flying with an appropriately placed boot. I wasn't so contextually numbed not to care, or to swear, but saw there was no point to jabbing two fingers in his dopey, piggy eyes.

What sense in blinding the blind?

Ian Penman

The bland leading the blindfolded

post-Clash/SLF/Rats hopefuls, are plain, rapidly vigorous and never likely to be much more. Neither extreme nor mainstream, they're all destined to stay on a murky horizon — unless by accident and novelty hook they burn into the charts and a more suitable oblivion.

There're millions of them. Most make independent singles so incandescently ordinary the listener silently screams with bored agony. Some get signed by beleaguered A&R wallies. They come from all over the country.

The *Sense Of Ireland* banner waves limply and not a little pitifully over an underwhelming celebration of Irish 'culture' — something that has run for weeks and weeks in every shed and puddle in London, so fragmented any positive purpose has long since dwindled. The rock bands now surfacing in Ireland are dutifully, plaintively bundled together. The groups ride in on their predecessors and get their publicity, and who can really argue with that? The music papers review this convenient package. It's monotonously pre-determined.

The first night drags in the wallflowers. So all three bands are Irish and one group makes explicit references to those troubles — not sure whether to be grumpy or cheerful — but musically and visually all these gray ones could be from anywhere. Faced with the stubbornly stale riffs, the unsponsored stage stunts, the familiar line-ups, the ritualistic rhythms, the straining for words to rhyme, the soft formality, the melodies so thin they drift away like smoke, a girl or boy in love with pop music would find it hard to defend their love to an unbeliever who had only sampled this.

This safe, two-steps-back punk-pop.

Ruefrefx opened up to a cold and empty Venue, never the nicest home from home (he repeats). I wish I'd taken my gloves. I couldn't force myself to clap to warm my hands up for any of their songs, or the songs to come. I've clapped for these riffs and these moves too many times before, and then reluctantly. To be lazily comparative, Ruefrefx are like a less flamboyant, less glibly manipulative

Maybe that's because of their blatantly commercial ambitions: ambitions which define their assured but limited pseudo-punk nature. They're consummately hollow, facelessly firm, and maybe all I can do is point out that a Tearjerkers LP would neither be eminently listenable, virtuously trashy nor crassly manipulative. It would be imperceptible.

I sensed nothing of Ireland, but of course I wasn't expecting to. But, thinking about Irish pop of the intensity and identity of SLF, Undertones and U2, I thought I might be slapped by some distinctive sounds. My hopes were dreamily high. Ordinarity, however authentically driven, whatever underprivileged point it comes from, is still boring and unimaginative. Ruefrefx, Rudi and Tearjerkers have formed their groups, they play their rock and think that is enough. It is the beginning not the end. These three groups — ultimately passive and innately conservative — don't look like they'll ever move forward.

This quarter of the *Sense Of Ireland* rock slab suggested nothing except the post-punk development has a bland layer that is as monotonous and as lifeless as that of the American West coast. What an ironic dichotomy.

Paul Morley

The Atrix DC Nien

Venue

A SENSE of the bland leading the blindfolded?

Howsoever you choose to see the *Sense of Ireland* cultural carnival, there's little doubt — from the dim essentialism of the handle on — things are dodgy, double dodgy. Double planned.

The structure of a venue will always condition, to some (uncertain extent, the space for a gig's breadth of meanings; this one — and the other Sol gigs dotted around London like plastic campaign flags — have had structures and meanings both flimsily organised around a central principle.

Where tenet meets till, I know not. Phoning around pre-gig, as journalists do, one of the many abortive numbers I was advised to try round the pre-recorded voice of the Irish

are to weld the twain with cultural UHU, stuck between the 'enjoyment' of regional differences and the discomfort it may cause (?). I never had any intention of reviewing The Atrix and DC



Two Prunes. Pic David Corio.



DC Nien. Pic Justin Thomas.

The uglies of the Lyceum contest: a Butler, a Teardrop, an Echo and A Certain... Pix Santo Basone



The first rock'n'roll beauty contest of the '80s

traditional time for John Curd and his Straight people to tell us what is young, pale and upcoming, to parade the chintziest young animals, to play their part in taming the fresh non-conformists. Springtime for radicals.

1979's Fall, SLF, Gang Of Four, Mekons, Human League have all struggled, qualitatively or quantitatively, since their showcase. The Fall, battered but resilient to the night, have remained untamed but dark and mysterious to far too many, whilst Stiff Little Fingers have reluctantly somersaulted into the mainstream and look a little gawky. All the groups are now confused. All of them hobble erratically between the rock business and resisting arms.

Is this the only way? As long as we the audience remain so passive and accepting and largely afraid of the unusual, it probably is.

There's no doubt that what those groups were part of — however heavenly the line-up looked — was an exhibition, a sort of sales campaign contrived to translate to the unsure what was new and 'promising'.

This year is much the same. All the groups are at that stage the music business so quaintly terms the 'make or break' time (a truly archaic rock notion). None of them were on their best behaviour as they trundled out on the conveyor belt, short of time; and there seemed to be little point in their coming together. Only a commercial value. Who's using who? We shall see.

Straight assembled another good-looking bill. But how could they not? There's a lot of convincing and adventurous new rock being made, even if there are those who want to make it harder to find. If Straight had slotted The Au Pairs or The Scars or The Flowers or... onto the bill I'd have opened by eyes wider and not have been so suspicious that this was merely a talent show. (New Faces, Andy Dunkley as host.) But there's safety in names, and we mustn't expect too much. Certainly not real risks.

These groups were representing that music, which is neither conventional nor conforms to obvious past or present styles, which is being eased into a warily observed corner, and is beginning to take on the enforced manner of an underground music.

This is harmful: people think it isn't entertainment, that it's not R'n'R, that it's a cult-stuff. This sort of exercise exploits the novelty of the groups involved, attempts to suck them into the mainstream and suck out all the goodness. This new rock music has to exist somewhere between the dingy underground sphere and the poisoning 'popular' base. This is not a hopeless ideal.

I keep thinking of Joy Division, The Fall... I keep thinking.

Despite all this, and taking each group within their own particular line of development, I was inevitably excited.

Given a choice between the entire Rolling Stones catalogue, the life and works of Paul McCartney and the first three

Stranglers albums, I'd choose A Certain Ratio anyway. (Incidentally, Charlie, I wonder what Joe thinks of you sticking The Clash in the middle of the road between Nazareth and Ratio?)

Let's not sit back. Do you still believe in R'n'R?

A Certain Ratio have what it takes to keep me up all night, make me argue with people, irritate me, stimulate me. Loving A Certain Ratio (and entertainers like them) is purely selfish. Some people call such discrimination 'taste'. I call it a matter of survival. I get my fun from extremes, which is why a night like this, for all its slickness and quickness and consequential lack of atmosphere, cheers me up more than it depresses me.

Eric Random filled this year's Mark Perry churning out the creaky introductory noise as the people roll in role, just like the Furs were this year's SLF, a 'safe draw'. I missed Eric due to the ineptitude of London Transport, but I note the ambiguity and absurdity of Eric's solo show elsewhere.

I also lost Manicured Noise, something that all but ruined the whole evening. But I saw them not long ago at Billy's and can't resist the opportunity to slot into this little space what I thought then. Noise's physical and contagious single 'Metronome' and the scintillating instrumental 'Moscow 1980' are both good examples of their nervy sound. Singer Steve Walsh feels persecuted, but he's not reduced to tears about it, nor is his will paralysed. It needs just one twist for them to be brilliant.

It's taken them some time to get where they are now. At one time a sprawling jazz rock mix, a fusion that emphasised the jab and conflict of jazz-tones. Noise are now a four-piece, have lost idiot poser Gavin, are signed to Charisma's Pre, play dance songs: hard, compelling, almost exotic, almost graceful, tinged with strangeness. Not for the bashful. But really just

Continues over



Atrix. Pic Justin Thomas.

Rory Gallagher

Lyceum

IT IS possible to revert. I've done it hundreds of times. If the atmosphere and the company are right an arcane riff from an ageing hippy can still send shivers up the spine and set the arms flailing wildly, albeit for less prolonged periods than of old.

So with a skinfull of black velvet and a mind emptied of any notions of objectivity, I staggered from the claustrophobia of the press box into the warm embrace of the crowd below. Frustration and disappointment awaited me.

Packed to the gills with raucous Irish and not so Irishpersons, the tattered grandeur of the Lyceum

reverberated to the chant of "Roars! Roars!" for a decade or so before the lights went down. Confronted with a sea of hands and fists, the object of affection greeted the crowd with a cheeky grin and a toss of flyaway locks, and began the ritual which has deteriorated over the years into empty ceremony.

Blues-based light metal provided the musical foundation, and backed by bass and drums he played the licks and made the moves that everyone had come to hear and see. I never could tell whether it was the audience or Gallagher himself who was pulling the strings.

Clothed in gringo denim, mirroring most of the audience, Gallagher posed, swivelled, jumped, did a

comic stagger across the stage and paused in the middle of solos to shake hands with the fans. Rory was one of the boys. Rory's timing was impeccable: lest we forget, he was the one with the real guitar.

He worked hard though; earned his money, switching to acoustic for some blues picking before returning to the axe that deafened with a whirlwind of sound, spilling notes like entrails from the abattoir of speakers.

Too stuffed to jump, the crowd contented itself with shouting and swaying, occasionally acknowledging a favourite song, like 'When I Was A Cowboy' and the solo slide rendition of '31st Street'. The irony of two titles, 'Follow Me' and 'I'm An Independent Man' went

unnoticed as they were greeted with equal idolatry. Even the prospect of Al Kooper who joined him for the second encore failed to arouse in me anything more than cursory interest.

Like a good demolition expert, once Rory Gallagher's got it down it stays down. It works therefore it is. But even reliable old Status Quo sound fresh enough now to recruit a new bunch of headbangers and I don't see too many young faces at the Lyceum.

Still it was St Patrick's Day during the Festival Of Ireland and was therefore special. So special that you couldn't wash your hands as the sinks were filled with vomit. Looked for one new value. But nothing came my way.

Neil Norman



Ruefex. Pic Peter Anderson.

U2 Berlin Virgin Prunes

Acklam Hall

ITS energy spent, its citizens content to lapse into style, to consume and give tacit consent, its insatiable media meanwhile ever needing fresh supplies, London looks to the faraway towns.

Places like Liverpool and Dublin — not yet like Manchester, Sheffield or Coventry which are clearly marked on the new provincial rock'n'roll map — will succeed those areas as sources of innocence, enthusiasm and occasional anger. The emotions that save music from a cynical, disenchanted death.

Geared to supply and supply, the rock machine thrashes further and further afield. There's very little it can't contain, nothing it won't finally obtain. But U2 is what it desperately needs: theirs is the upper hand. And there's the rub.

In a bare concrete shack beneath the Westway, to perhaps a couple of hundred eager bodies alerted to the band by previous visits and word of mouth, they spill a little of that precious vitality.

They're good tonight. Not yet totally sure and commanding, but committed and determined and eager to cut across — refreshingly eager to create a rapport and to communicate with the crowd more than merely to them. So eager they sometimes rush and stumble.

U2 are on the up; not yet set on the course, not yet set in their ways.

Now is the time to see them. Later, they could turn into heavy metal cabaret. They might lose their subtlety as they learn to use the effect. The strange slight-of-hand that allows them to be romantic and mannered in a very conventional way and at the same time menacing and not quite ordinary, might one day harden into a hollow, grandiose and massively successful style.

Bono, their singer and central force, knows all this. He has the strength of character to fight it too. And that strength compels attention. He throws himself into the role of the performer as though it were a vocation, and he understands the role surprisingly well. He exposes it, subverts it and impresses himself on an audience in a dozen different ways, drawing them in like a magnet. Whatever clichés the music sometimes employs, Bono makes a genuine, unique contact.

To U2 went the show, but the curtain was raised by The Virgin Prunes and finally collapsed on top of a gang of guileless youth club pop stars called Berlin.

The Virgin Prunes, who have apparently gained some notoriety in Dublin circles, were every bit as aggressively bizarre and ultimately ridiculous as their name. Maybe they deserve more than just the footnote they're going to get in the annals of stupidity.

Probably not.

Paul Rambell

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(massively, to some) disconcerting pop music.

Some peppy, unfamiliar rhythm work is set at the core of the music. Walsh's oddy stressed guitar is used for erratic push, and a saxophone powerfully probes and thunks with a freedom all of its own. But as mature and meticulously directed as this music is with Stephanie Nuttall's cooing, urgent drumming and Jodi's mazy, melodic bass, it all veers close enough — stately and estranged! — to Talking Heads to invite denision. Already it comes.

But nothing yet suggests that after two years Manicured Noise have finished evolving. This could easily be another step. I hope so. The control and precision of their out-of-focus swells; the cultivated thrill of the sax and rhythm combination; the obvious sensitivity of Walsh's songs, the self-possessed commitment of his delivery deserve more than narrow dismissal. The group are far more than wayward Talking Heads imitators. They may resemble the Heads in tartness, tension, and almost infuriatingly proper sobriety, but they could have as much to offer. It's a different language, a sharper resentment.

If in the next few months the change is as pronounced as the change has been over the last year, Manicured Noise will be out on their own. I don't know what they were like at the Lyceum, but I crawled in to the hall just in time to hear a healthy cheer. Teardrop Explodes were on before I could find a place to stand.

Teardrop Explodes are not halfway as bad-tempered as Manicured Noise. They sing agile and suave songs of subterfuge and irony. The songs are sleek and dense, exuding in some rare place that's between straight-forward hard rock assault and perky yacht-sea exuberance yet that escapes being commonplace. It's a movingly simplistic and encouragingly fresh sound, and it won't confuse anyone.

None of their songs travels in a straight line. None of their songs is what it seems. It's best not to relax when listening to Teardrop. If you do you'll miss the broken bits, the fleeting hooks, the constant climaxes, the sporty rhythms, the broken-hearted vocals. . . . Teardrop Explodes initially sound a lot less rich and subtle than they actually are.

Their three Zoo singles were scattered through the set: 'Bouncing Babies', 'Laughing Gas' and the very special 'Treasure'. These were highlights to celebrate.

But really Teardrop underlined what a dreadful paradox it is that they should be on a so-called left-of-centre rock bill when their music is so obviously how pop is meant to be after all this time and influence. Their music was never alarming or outrageous. It's the kind of intelligent, discriminating, versatile pop that is enigmatically eclectic and in 1980 should be in the best-seller lists more often than it is not. As it is, everyone locked into the position sees only intellectualism, rigidity, elitism, etc. Stupid!

Echo And The Bunnymen mingle a submission to romance with a suspicion of it. They sing of disturbed fantasies that are not always to be smiled at. Funny thing is, the last time I saw them play I couldn't help but laugh at them — they were so awkward, so meek. Singer Ian McCulloch sang over a soft, tremulous sound of guitar, bass and drum machine so like a less phobic Neil Young it was almost pathetic.

Now Echo And The Bunnymen are a 'proper' group, with a 'real' rhythm section, a lead guitarist, with McCulloch concentrating on singing and playing occasional rhythm guitar. And now I realise that when you have a voice that can do as much as Neil Young's, be as enchanting and depressed. It's perhaps best that you sing with pleasure and protest —

whereas if you have a voice like Rod Stewart's, it's undoubtedly best that you keep your mouth shut.

So this new Bunnymen group obviously sound a lot more tougher and more mobile than before. They sound like McCulloch has been locked away in a small room for five years with nothing but 'Forever Changes', 'Diamond Dogs', 'Tonight's The Night' 'Edie On Main Street' and his own feeble imagination and is trying to make a joke about it. Not unpleasant, not dazzling.

In introducing orthodox rhythm the Bunnymen have sacrificed the endearing quirkiness they had with their drum machine. Now they can come across as a little orthodox, a little dry. There needs to be more space in their songs. But, again, like Teardrop, it's the kind of restless, curious pop that should be loved properly and always — and McCulloch is an obvious pin-up.

But it isn't traditional, so it isn't what we want in our lives. No one seems to want A Certain Ratio in their lives, but they seem to be the kind of lads who thrive on hate. Where Ratio are concerned, it's pointless looking for a 'point'. They're just in love with the idea of being intense, arrogant and aggravating, and their music lives up to it, as that's OK. They made the best noise of the night: it was erratic, spontaneous, unlistenable, magnificent. It was easy to dislike because, despite Donald Johnson's unerringly aggressive and guiding drumming, it was always close to chaos. It churned things up.

Apart from Ratio, most of the night's music was about melody, rhythm and streamlined action. Ratio just threw noises up into the air and let it all land at random. It could sound awful: it could sound great. I liked it because it caused some confusion. Sometimes two trumpets were thrown into the mix for extra annoyance. The sound was a jumble of instruments working against and for each other, making the sound of their recent Factory tape seem mild. It was absorbing stuff.

A Certain Ratio mixed the direct and the elusive, the stable and the unstable, and there wasn't a gimmick or a smooth guitar chord in sight. It could be the sort of noise many of us thought The Pop Group were going to come up with: vulgar, naive, uncaring, shockingly appealing. They were the evening's hard edge. They made me shake. They bored me.

The Psychodetic Furs followed this abrasive anti-rock and inflated and malformed punk-funk, inevitably sounding even more smooth and spoilt than they usually do. They were the most banal group on the night, and most numbing, the most certain. It all sounded so self-satisfied I'd like to moan some more about the Furs, but really I'd be wasting our time. And anyway, I've got a plane to catch. I've got to be in Bombay in 15 hours.

There was no point in this night out at the Lyceum. It was a collection of groups with silly names. It was a beauty contest. A Certain Ratio won because they were the ugliest. They proved the virtue in variety. In slowness. In resistance. In not playing to the lowest demand.

Paul Morley

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Basement 5

Liverpool

AH, brothers and sisters don't you just love the way you can go to a nightclub, walk and look like a ghost, do The Nuclear Bomb (typically apocalyptic) and at the same time hear lots of fabulous reggae records? Every other toon a JA gem.

In Eric's there's an unwritten law that virtually every other record played over the PA should be a reggae record. This breaks up the steady flow of machman classics like Numan, Ultravox, Crass (the kibbutz that wears social commitment like a carnation) and clears the dancefloor every time. Reggae music is put on a revolving pedestal and is marvelled at, with all its ethnic charm and Jah warts.

Condescending patronisation is measured by the lengths to which you'll descend to disguise it.

When Basement 5 played here tonight, they did an encore simply because two people specifically asked them to. The rest of the audience were too busy impersonating an industrial landscape. This was their

debut gig — standing in for The Inmates — and their Sound of The Catacombs bass and drums played by Leo and 'T' respectively, showed up all the supposed goodtime dancebands like Blondie and The Clash for the Barbie Dolls that they now are.

The Last White Christmas' opens the set and deals with all the events of Yuletide '79, giving deserved beatings to the Ayatollah and famous frightened whippet the Shah of Iranaway. The vocals are neither a toast nor a croon, and throughout the hour-long (although you'd never notice it if you actually move), set DM's growled embellishments never descend into the marooned dullness of Trinity or Big Youth or any other wrung-out soapboxer you care to worship.

JR's guitar also thankfully gives the Dread Axe Hero Albatross chuggachugga sound a wide berth, often helping to keep the bass snarling and wobbling the soles of your cripes, and on 'Immigration' it's suitably sparse enough to make its dropout from the sound more noticeable. There's actually some restraint shown and

none of the songs skids and swerves to a halt in a wall of amped-up 'manicness', while at the same time there's no stoned philosophising and

self-piteous indulgence, DM dishing out the stick in order to get a few stillwarms back to humanity.

"You're useless," he states.



DM. Pic Paul Slattery.

it makes a change to see a band who'll acknowledge their own presence on a stage without inviting the audience up to the spotlight in the hideous Down At The Old Bull And Reichstag Sham 69 manner.

The songs are all extended to allow the bass and drums (yeah them again — damn

tedious, isn't it?) to 'solo' together. But there's no Bernard Manning clapalongs demanded; you don't have to shout "yeah" like an oaf every 30 seconds, and in 'Cartoon Violence' there's a Batman sequence to rival Selector's James Bond.

The lyrics also actually take some kind of moral stand.

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Ludus Eric Random Last Dance

Nashville

PINK Military pulled out of their two London dates to help Liverpool club Eric die boisterously (if not unhindered), leaving Final Solution to hastily clip together a new bill. As with most Solution bills, there's plenty of fun and games and unlovely noises. On a thin line between broken-hearted elitism and unrestrained (you could even say illicit) entertainment.

Before Ludus, the capricious cabaret was usefully erratic if not messily provocative. Final Solution pets Last Dance had the nerve to perform, even if without convincing verve.

It seems it's taken them 18 months to get to this point. This point: where three of the five musicians are blessed with a restrictive incompetence, one has the equally restrictive bearing and skill of someone who would be better suited in a maniacal jazz-based progressive rock group, and the half-confident girl leader has obviously long fancied the idea of forming an avant garde pop group. Unfortunately she is not yet

adept at corrupting her affection for ritualistic electronic muzak, speed rock and uneasy Bananex displacement into one legible, bracing bundle.

Hence L. Dance were not so much attractively non-conformist as cutely formless; tender more than wild; naughty more than nihilistic.

The group relied on tapes prepared the night before. It was difficult to distinguish what was live and what was dead.

The angelic upstart Eric Random (not The Tiller Boys, but — so youthful, so playful — certainly A Tiller Boy) bowed over grubby guitar improvising listlessly against the percussive and not so percussive noises of yet more prepared tapes. I wasn't sure whether he wanted to drive the audience mad, rejoice in a new form of soul music, be an alternative to the juke box or what.

Eric's piece this day was titled 'Call Me' and was — what else? — a carefree, lapsing, persevering distant relation to Frippertronics. Eric remains religiously small, mobile and intelligent and look where it's got him. 'Call Me' was morbidly comic, sometimes flippant, sometimes soporific.

"Boring," the hecklers shouted. "Exciting!"

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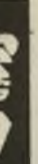
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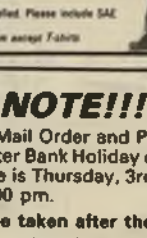
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No copy will be taken after then

Cheers, CHRIS

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ACROSS

- 1 Having fun with maths: is that one of the 'Unknown Pleasures'?
- 6 Stones' song of Bowie's (ex-spouse)
- 8 Art school combo re-formed in '79 (4,5)
- 10 Voice of Nazareth (3, 10)
- 11 Defunct techno-trio
- 12 In The ... : Wilson Pickett (8, 4)
- 14 & 19 Major minor label, also a leading independent distributor
- 15 Robin Scott's No 1 (3, 5)
- 16 & 24 R. Marvin soon (anag. 2 words)
- 17 Beat a record!
- 18 I'd loo lily (anag. 2 words)
- 19 See 14
- 23 Any relation to Dee?
- 24 See 15
- 25 See 2

DOWN

- 1 Special Special (5, 7)
- 2 & 25 Brummie soul band, figured on early 2-Tone bills (5, 8, 7)
- 3 Stones' classic
- 5 '60s r'n'r exhibitionist, called himself Lord
- 7 Aka Gadd and Raven
- 9 Suffered by Talking Heads (4, 2, 5)
- 13 & 4 Felt a title (anag. 2 words)
- 15 Lump on USA (anag. 2 words)
- 17 Aka Peter Noone
- 18 Ring Anita's
- 20 'All Right Now' was their biggest success
- 21 A sign of affection/A monument to bad taste
- 22 Mackay or Pandey?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- ACROSS:** 1 Pete Braggett; 5 CBS; 7 'Up The Junction'; 11 'Alabama Song'; 12 (Annie's) Song; 14 (Joe) Walsh; 15 Yoko Ono; 18 Esther (Phillips); 20 'Annie's (Song)'; 22 (Kid); 23 Wayne County; 25 Rod (Stewart); 29 Set; 30 'When You Are (Young)'; 31 Joe (Walsh); 32 Chris Spedding; 33 'No Woman No Cry'
- DOWN:** 1 Paula Yates; 2 'Echo Beach'; 3 Elton John; 4 Two (Tone); 6 Suggs; 8 James Brown; 9 (Graham) Nash; 10 'When You Are (Young)'; 13 (Two) Tone; 16 'Baby I Love You'; 17 (Tubeway) Army; 19 Third World; 21 Soul; 24 The Motors; 25 Ritchie (Blackmore); 26 Nelson; 27 Band; 28 John Lennon

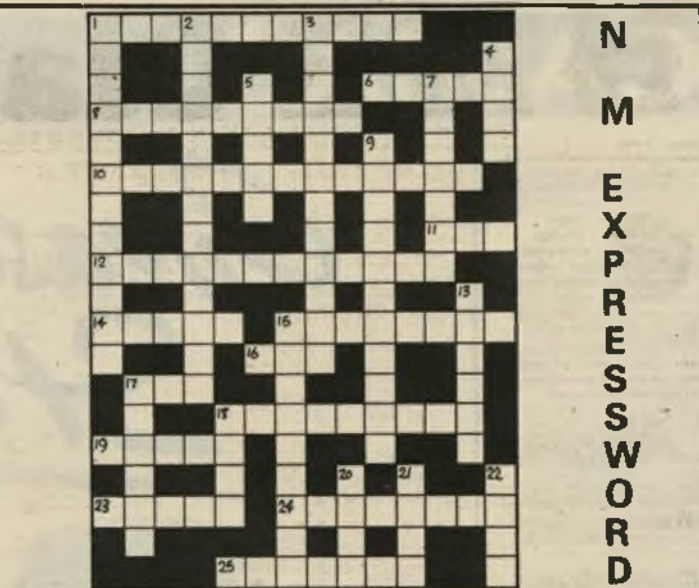
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**CRAMPS**

From page 21

discovery and the reactionary nature of Americans in general.

"There are so many dull people, you can see that everywhere, it's so apparent. Even down to the fact that Americans have no creative shoes like they do here, where shoes have style, they're sleek and sexy. In America they're all - 'Brien searches for the appropriate insult - 'hippies', he spits, 'it's so boring'."

Bryan Gregory and drummer Nick Knox, the other occupant of the room, are unknown factors in Cramps terms. Lux is the baggageman, the workman, the focal point and mouthpiece; Ivy is musical director, part-time manager, full-time skipper of an impossible team.

Bryan and Nick have a reputation for being psychotic and they probably are. An impromptu talk held in Bryan's room does nothing to dispel the notion that these two honchos are quite happy to keep a distance from any aspect of normality, that they are synched into the communal doctrine of image and madness which off-balls the hapless victims of brutal upbringing.

When Knox was a child his father lapped him into order and didn't care about the weals. Under their Cleveland home Pa indulged his love for ultimate deterrents in the form of a large and totally illegal arsenal, including a selection of police and sub-machine guns. Nick's first drum was a military model with a crank to keep the beat.

Knox is a terse, witty character with a nonchalant stare halfway between amused and bored. He keeps a tight rein on words. When Miles Copeland asked him why he spoke so little Knox told him he had water on the brain which froze in cold weather.

Knox guffaws loudly and then starts to nod off. I ask Bryan why it took so long for The Cramps to get signed in New York City. 'Songs The Lord Taught Us' could and should have been made three years ago and even now the American release is weeks behind ours. 'It made us struggle harder which could be a good thing... but after a time you wonder if maybe they don't understand. We're popular in New York but you wouldn't know it. I got real angry when bands were getting signed after three months and we'd been around for ages. That was so unfair, they got the rewards immediately.'

THE REASONS for this snubbing are obvious though. Even by New York standards, The Cramps are peculiar and to a record company their music is impenetrable. They are revivalist in a sense, but there's nowhere for a dull A&R man to plug in his new wave marketing index. They don't even have a goddamn bass player! It'll never catch on.

Gregory has plans. He wants to direct a black horror film *Is Roger Corman*. 'Lux is going to produce the next album but I'm more interested in films incorporating some aspect of the band. I've got phenomenal ideas but no bucks. I see that in the future...'

Bryan drifts into conjecture. Has he ever acted? "No, but I'm sure I could."

Knox: "I have."

Gregory: "But nothing major, no plays or anything."

Knox: "I nearly got arrested once for being drunk and disorderly in a restaurant while I was acting. I was amusing my small circle of friends. Nick trails off into an involved story about falling off chairs. 'The police in Cleveland don't bother with me. I look like a law-abiding citizen.'"

The last impressions I had about The Cramps before I stumbled off into the night are all totally unrelated.

One was Lux Interior's overview of modern urban living. 'I've always thought of the city not as a centre of civilisation but as a jungle and all the people who think they're so sophisticated are kidding themselves. The buildings don't make any difference; we're just the same as cavemen.'

The other was the cautionary tale of ageing rockabilly original Tex Rubinowitz who The Cramps played with in Memphis. Rubinowitz is a perfect example of that correlation between religion, narcissism and the mussy. Every night when he's touring Tex gets completely pickled, topped, bloated, picks up any woman who will and smashes anything that looks like it needs dismantling. After that he goes home to his Baptist mother and indulges a gargantuan guilt complex.

That kind of style money can never buy. The Cramps know all about style instinctively. How could they be bettered?

For what you are about to receive may the Lord make you truly gone.

Amen.

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The address: Monty's Bin, Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
London W.1.

THERE have been times in the past when I have been slightly disillusioned by NME but your article 'Kids TV Comes Of Age' (15.3.80) really took the proverbial bloody biscuit.

As you will have realised I come from Northern Ireland (that postmark is a dead give away). Now you must remember old N.I. This is the only part of the UK where you can be shot or blown up, or many other everyday things (they are to us) can happen to you for the mere reason of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

A few weeks back a sixth former from a neighbouring grammar school was burnt alive on a train which was carrying an IRA fire bomb; that's fact one.

Fact two: in Glasgow last Saturday the IRA crowd marched and the NF wanted to oppose them and did under another name, only to be arrested by the police.

Fact three: the NF aren't perfect — far from it — but on this occasion they were to be supported 100% and all you could do was pad your paper out with crap on *Blue Peter*, *Grange Hill* and the bloody (no pun intended) menstrual cycle.

But then you aren't under the permanent threat of Marxist terrorists organised on an international scale. And of all the cheek, "... putting in time at one of the state's fabulous educational centres." How witty and sarcastic — be thankful for 'comprehensives'. I go to a grammar school and it's like Colditz, Hell and endless *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* garnished with curdled shit.

D.K.J.L., Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland.
PS Don't lead me any crap on Nazis, I've seen *Holocaust* twice.

Absolutely no comment whatsoever. — M.S.

Baker's article on *Grange Hill*, although good, was a little late to be effective, coming at the end of the second (third?) series. Also, the series was in fact twice weekly not weekly (did he miss half the series and not notice huge gaps in the plot?)

This article and the earlier one concerning *TISWAS* reminded me just how slow you are to pick up on some things. I have liked: *Grange Hill* for two series; *TISWAS* for five years; Phillip K. Dick for four years and read *A Scanner Darkly* 18 months before you reviewed it; *Apocalypse Now* two months before you reviewed it (I saw it in France); Grover Washington Jr. for four years — sorry you haven't raved about him yet. Have you?
Hugh Jorgan, Coventry.
And won't, Jez, it must be great to have breakfast with you. — M.S.

I was disappointed to read Danny Baker's highly cynical view of kiddies' TV. Although I agree that patronising programmes like *Blue Peter* are pretty poor I feel come, *Maggie* for example, strike a reasonable balance.

As for *Grange Hill* — sorry, I just don't know what anyone sees in it. I don't feel it's representative of modern comprehensive life; the 'invented snobbery' of portraying a 'good guy' image for the hard lads and 'aloofness' for the brainy people (why are they always smartly dressed?), together with the highly moral girls, just isn't right. Wrong, Mr Baker, the Old School still lives at *Grange Hill*.

And if you'd been slogging your guts out at school all day would you want to come home and watch a programme about it?
David Maines, Farnham, Surrey
Frankly, yes. — NORMAN ST.

Greasy Kids' Stuff.

PHOTO BY KEVIN COHEN FOR NME (COURTESY OF TAIN CITY)



Another Bag that's not got a lot to do with anything in particular done by Mr Smith (words) and Mr Lowry (picture). BAFTA award for condescension to children, no trouble.

JOHN STEVAS (you remember me, I'm on your side even if my name's more like an address)

Whilst agreeing with the general tone of Danny Baker's 'Hollywood' article, I did think he went over the top a bit on the tragic element. The use of a melodramatic photo of Buster Keaton in a sanatorium, for instance, didn't make it clear that Buster wasn't there for 'mental' reasons but to dry out.

Of course Buster was a far superior comedian to Harry Langdon, and he surely deserves greater analysis, but that's the problem with a series that tries to cover such a wide subject. I wish there'd been an hour-long programme devoted to Buster, but still think Danny's being over-critical. It was great to see just five minutes of Buster on screen.

As for the pessimistic look at Buster's life, I don't think even he would've liked that. Sure Hollywood screwed up his career towards the end but he was never broke, just not always as rich as he had been. And the only problem he ever really had was one of drink.

I enjoy your TV and movie critiques but I sometimes think you take it all a little too seriously. Buster would turn in his grave.
Dan Butler, London NW1
Absolutely. But what with the limited space given to the column I thought I'd go for the darker side. After all, surely everyone knows how funny the man was. I, too, thought the photos didn't work. — D.B.

After watching *Arena* last night, I can't help feeling that

The Specials are a bunch of infantile twats and that Pauline Black is a stuck up old boot. Adrian Thrills seems like a nice bloke though.
Matthew Astrop, London N8.
He's been known to stand his round. — M.S.

Doesn't the kid who plays the lead in *The Further Adventures Of Oliver Twist* on TV look like Paul Cook?

John Connolly, New Barnet, Herts.
Anybody got anything to say about rock 'n' roll? — M.S.

At last the reason why John Lennon hasn't released a record recently: the notes on the 'Please Please Me' LP state, 'The tunesmith team Lennon and McCartney has already tucked away enough self-penned numbers to maintain a steady output of all-original singles from now (1963) to 1975!'

This is why he's released nothing original since 'Walls And Bridges' and explains the 'Rock 'n' Roll' album — he's got no more songs left.

Also, McCartney has attempted songs, eg 'Mull Of Kintyre'. He also has no songs left.
Dixon Fowell, Lenzie, Glasgow.
'Concert For Bangladesh' LP winner. — M.S.

Angus MacKinnon's review of Fripp's album was fair-minded and temperate — rare in NME these days — and the statement that 'rock frameworks' preclude the creation of 'radical' music is true enough, but surely Fripp, more than anyone, is aware of these restraints. And surely this awareness is at the heart

of his attempt to extend those frameworks so that they are capable of accommodating radical, innovative music.

He is, after all, closer to the jazz ethos and Fripp's goal seems to be to establish within the rock idiom the sort of relation between audience and musician already found in jazz. It's unfair to judge him by the very values he is striving to augment and redevelop.
Andrew Shelley, Huddersfield, Yorks.
Yeah, but can you dance to it?
— IAN MacDONALD (no relation to ... and Fripp)

Mr Angus MacKinnon, in your review of Robert Fripp's new platter you failed to perceive that 'God Save The Queen/Under Heavy Manners' is a precept rock album.
Lou, Glasgow.
Now look what you've done — he's resigned again. — M.S.

Did you notice how the chap in the Original Mirrors ad, alongside the Fripp piece appeared to be yawning?

Ian Tolleschul, somewhere in the Near Distance.

I think it's disgusting the way you big papers read our little fanzines and rip us off. In NME 22.3.80 you revealed to the world that some of the Q Tips used to be The Streetband. Well, we at *Mission Impossible* reported the very same fact along with a review and interview, at least three weeks before. If that ain't plagiarism Marina's a dolphin (Dance rating 9).
Troy Tempest, Mission Impossible, Somewhere in '83.
Will you settle out of court? — M.S.

I was really proud to hear that your journalist 'Ian Penman' has donated his entire fee for writing the *Singles* reviews to Amnesty International and Oxfam. How much easier to laugh at the stars, take all the money and get lost at the nearest Zen Reggae Eccentric English Dubwise party like so many other hacks. Thanks, 'Ian', for restoring my faith in integrity.
Ivan P Kalayev, Northampton
'Ten' doesn't know what you're talking about and has gone away to look up 'Integrity' in his Pocket Oxford. — IAN'S 'MUM'

I thought I'd write and say how much I enjoyed those heavy metal photos. Is it true they have cardboard drumkits as well? Do they carry cardboard guitars in cardboard guitar flight cases?

The other thing is, perhaps you could explain to whoever wrote the This Heat review (I've thrown that page away in disgust and can't remember the writer's name) that This Heat aren't / weren't ever in the musicians collective, and I think s/he has a somewhat nasty bigoted attitude to us, especially considering s/he knows fuck all about it.
Steve Beresford, Hackney.
I think that clarifies the position with regards to this one. — M.S.

Is it hip yet to say that I've always liked Black Sabbath? A Concerned Sid Vicious fan.

Whilst I am not normally in agreement with your rather controversial views on the current jazz scene, I thought Roy Carr's piece on our friends from across the Atlantic, The Knack, was

splendid as he gave them a right bollocking.

The Reverend Anthony Nazi-League, Whitstable, Kent.

Aye, our Roy's ruthless when he gets going but, funnily enough, I thought The Knack's Mr Fieger came over as a pretty good bloke. — M.S.

Re: Virgin Records ad and your reply. I laughed like a drain to see the good old 'honest' NME caught with its trousers down. It was a dose of your own medicine and it made up for discovering that your price had risen five pence without any warning. Rather an expensive little joke, wasn't it?
V. Gin (Mr), Age 12, Southampton, Hants.
I didn't think it was very funny, and I wrote it. But it didn't cost me anything. Virgin are about £500 down on the deal, but what do they care? — M.S.

As manufacturers of Durex diaphragms may we point out that the failure rate for this method of 17% quoted in NME (23.2.80) is very much out of date. A recent UK use-effectiveness study provided a figure of 2.4 failures (method and user combined) per 100 woman years. This was followed by the largest single centre American study, which yielded a figure of 2.1 failures, and when 'user' failures were eliminated a 'method' failure of 0.8 per 100 woman years.

Thus the diaphragm plus spermicide method of contraception used by well motivated women provides a very high level of use effectiveness with absolutely no long-term health risks.
R. Ross-Turner, LRC Products, London E4.

Terrific. Seeing as I'm on a promise this weekend do you think you could do me deal on some of this stuff? — M.S.

Dear Sir Abu Barker, no bona-fide Salon Drabster would question anyone's right to pretend to be a member of this non-aligned group. Your shabby epistle (*Gasbag* 15.3.80) exposes you as a follower of the Biffoist doctrines. I denounce you and challenge you to send me £30. *Wily Jack Raskatnikov, Peterborough.*

It's nice to know that such people as your good self are supporting the GPO in their hour of need. — M.S.

My first recollection of my hero was when *The Flying Doctor* used to be on TV, and he played the part of a violent escaped convict who hijacked the winged doc. Since then my favourite pastime has been playing 'Spot Michael Ripper'.

He's been a London cabbie, Transylvanian inn keeper, British Tommy, able seaman, BR porter, ticket collector, train driver, guard, M.C. (in *Worzel Gummidge*), chauffeur (in *Butterflies*), to name but a patty few.

This man is a legend. Monty, and to be mentioned by you is the supreme accolade: 'Power to your Hansome Cab (driver).
Bob, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

Thanks for mentioning me in your paper *Michael Ripper, Bray Studios.* This correspondence is now closed. — THORLEY WALTERS (out of work and jealous)

Your music paper is often pretentious, biased, sexist, condescending, malvoilent, derisive, facetious and sarcastic. Unfortunately, there are one or two things I don't like about it. Keep up the good work.
Mr David Walsh, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.

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