MOTORHEAD
PLAY THE ACE CARD

MANIC SKULLCRACKERS Motorhead, release their new album 'Ace Of Spades' on October 29. Produced by Vic Maile at Jacksons Studio in Wickham, the album contains 12 tracks and the listing is Side One: 'Ace Of Spades', 'Love Me Like a Reptile', 'Jailbait', 'Dance', 'Bite the Bullet', 'The Chase is Better Than the Catch', 'The Hammer'. The title track will be released as a single on the same day and will also be available in a picture bag. The B side is 'Dirty Love', not included on the album.

Two Irish dates have been added to Motorhead's forthcoming tour and these are; Belfast Ulster Hall December 2. Dublin Fiesta 3. Tickets for the tour are now on sale from box offices and usual agencies. After the tour Motorhead will be playing dates in Europe and America.

SPECIALS
TOP CND RALLY

THE SPECIALS are among many groups who will play at the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament Rally on October 26. They will be playing at Trafalgar Square, London, along with The Pop Group, and Mickey Dread. After the protest march has arrived at Hyde Park, where they assemble at 11am. Concerns are being organised from all over the country, and anyone wishing a ticket should phone CND on 01 242 0382 for details of coaches leaving from their area.

BAAT LENGTH


FIRE ALBUM AND TOUR


BOB SIEGER

SEGER PLAYS ONE

BOB SEGER will be playing one British date at Wembley Arena on November 28. This will be Seger's first British appearance since 1977, and in the opening gig on 18 date European tour. Tickets priced £3.50 and £5 are available from Mac Productions, PO Box 132, London W14. Don't forget to enclose SAE and a 40p booking fee must be added to the cost of each ticket. Seger's backing band will be Drew Abbott guitar, Mike Brown drums and percussion.

ROD ADDS THREE

ROD STEWART has added three more dates at the Wembley Arena on December 6, 7 and 8.

People who have already applied for tickets for the first three concerts will be sent tickets for either December 1, 2 or 3, or the 6, 7 and 8 dates. There are no B tickets for any of the six performances but people still wanting tickets (£8 and £12) for the 6, 7 and 8 can still apply, enclosing an SAE to Cloud Music, PO Box 40, London W1R 4LQ.

Cloud Records of Hoddesdon have asked us to point out that they have nothing to do with Cloud Music, and would Rold Stewart fans stop pestering them with ticket enquiries.

ALL THE WAY TO KILIMANJARO

TEARDROP EXPLODES, currently erupting in the charts with 'When I Dream' release their first album next week. 'Kilimanjaro' released on October 10, includes an alternative version of the current single. The album features tracks with both Mike Finkle and his recent replacement Alan Gill on guitar.


NOW IT'S THE ILLUMINATED WALL

FIRST THERE was the wall — now comes the illuminated wall.

Aiming to outdo even Pink Floyd, the Yellow Magic Orchestra will be tugging a gigantic illuminated wall around with them when they tour. The wall is 35 feet high and 93 feet wide and is made up of 118 illuminated panels. The panel are computer controlled and will flash on and off with the music and other wonderful things.

As if this wasn't enough, the band will also be dressing up in Chairman Mao masks and costumes when they tour — although the reasons for this aren't known.


FAMOUSadies: have set two new venues for their current Circus Tour. Swindon Central Rooms October 14, Midlands Country Club 15.

CLASSIX NOUVEAX: continue to tour around the country, the following dates. London Lyceum Oct 13, York Maltings 14, Manchester Polytechnic 15, Canterbury Kentish College 17, Kingston Polytechnic 16, Northumbria Polytechnic 18, Loughborough University 20, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 22, Brighton University 24, London School of Economics 25, Scarborough Polytechnic 26.

LOADED DICE: have lined up the following dates for October. London Rock Garden October 14, London 101 Club 15.


THIN ICE: have just brought out a single '3 in 1' and have announced some dates to coincide. Chichester Upper Room October 11, Bramall Parkside Social Club 18, Chelmsford St Michael's School 25, Mars Picadilly Hotel November 2, St Hyde Lowry's Club 21.


THE AMBER SQUAD: the Amber Squad: have announced their first tour, the departure of Dusty Miller, support Geno Washington at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School on October 10. A new single will be out shortly.

LEVI DEXTER AND THE Riff CHORDS: who have just released their new album for the past two months return to the UK to promote their first release in this country 'I'm Done' and '21 Days In Jail'. Dates arranged so far are University of London October 11, London South Bank Polytechnic 13, London.

CARNegie Theatre 16, Hertford Castle Hall 21.

DANGEROUS GIRLS: Nottingham Boat Club October 14, Bradford College Queen's Hall 17, Derby Adelita Centre 18, Oxford Scamps 22, Chesterfield Essex University 23, Reading Target Club 25, Gosport John Peel 29, Hertford Rotter's Club 29, Shifnal Star Hotel November 5, Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel 6, Keele University 7, Manchester Polytechnic 8. Their new single 'Man In The Glass' is now available.

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LEEDS BASED band Music For Pleasure (pictured above) release their first single 'The Human Factor' this week.

CHELSEA release a compilation album 'Alternative Hits' shortly. The 12 track album which will be released on October 19 includes their most recent single 'No Escape'.

THE DALEKS release a three track EP on the Envisagioned label this week. The EP features 'Man Of The World', 'Rejected' and 'This Life'. It's available from a number of independent record shops.

VOYAGER who now have Dominic Teller on bass, release their new single, 'Act Of Love' this week.

PKV RECORDS have recently signed Chris Winter and his first single will be 'Oost Ba Be A Kick' released this week.

ROBERT RENTAL releases 'Double Heart', his first single for Mute Records this week.

BACKSEAT ROMEO release their single 'Zero Ambition' on the Future Earth label this week.

MODERN MAN the five piece band who supported Ultravox on their last tour, release their second single 'Body Music' on October 24.

MAM RECORDS have signed Steve Kent and his first single for the label, 'London', will be available on October 10.

THE PLANETS, who will be supporting the Clash on the cities on their forthcoming tour release their new album 'Spot' on October 10.

THE SUNS features their current single 'Don't Look Down'.

GIGIZ, a commercial pop band 'with a social conscience' from Edinburgh, release their debut single 'So Let It Down' on Wall Track Records on November 1. They also have dates at Edinburgh Eric Browns October 17, Dalkeith Lothian Arms 21, Edinburgh Moon 25, Prestonpans Town Hall 31.

SHEENA EASTON will be making a headlining appearance at the London Palladium on November 17. The show will be recorded and televised the following week.

MANSFIELD BASED rockers, Limelight, will be supporting Saxon on their forthcoming 30 date UK tour.

FAD GADGET, B Movie, Naked Lunch and Last Dance are all featured in Steve's Halloween Party at the Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel on October 31. Tickets are £2 in advance or £2.50 on the door.

STIFF SINGLE

THE SON OF STIFF 12" single — commemorating the five acts taking part in The Son Of Stiff tour will be out this week.

The single features a track by each of the five bands on the tour and will sell for £1.15 or less. A further date has been added to the tour: Colwyn Bay Pier Dixieland Show Bar, October 13. The Belfast Ulster Hall show has been changed from October 16th to October 14th.

Any Trouble currently on the Son Of Stiff tour release their 'Where Are All The Nice Girls' album as a cassette this week. The cassette contains two extra songs: 'No Idea' and 'Growing Up'.

Joe King Carrasco, the most eccentric act on the Stiff tour, has signed a lucrative advertising deal with Cueri Tequila. They will be involved in a number of advertising campaigns to promote the brand, including posters and t-shirts.

GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY

GIRLSCHOOL PLAY their biggest ever British tour during November and December. Dates are: Bristol Tiffanys November 12, Ashton University 14, Surrey University 15, Cardiff Top Rank 15, Leamington Royal Spa Centre 17, Lincoln Drill Hall 15, Lancaster Romeo and Julietts 19, West Ruton Pavilion 21, Nottingham Forum Leisure Centre 22, Dunstable Queensway Hall 23, Bradford St Georges Hall 25, Sheffield Top Rank 29, Carlisle Market Hall 27, Manchester Free Trade Hall 28, Lancaster University, Rother Cup Bowl 30, Edinburgh Tiffanys December 1, Derby Assembly Rooms 1, Hanley Victoria Hall 4, Newcastle City Hall 5, London Lyceum 6. Girlschool will also be releasing their new single 'Yeah Right (You Can Do That)' at the end of October. The single will be available in full colour picture bag and was produced by Vic Maile. Girlschool will also shortly be recording their new album for release in February.

MORE PALMER

ROBERT PALMER has added a date to his London appearances and will be appearing at the Rainbow on November 11. Tickets for Palmer's shows at the Dominion Theatre apparently sold out in 10 hours.

KOOL'S SHORT

KOOL AND THE GANG who release a new album and single this month will play a short series of gigs in November.

Dates are: Brighton Dome November 3, Leicester De Montfort Top Rank 5, Manchester Apollo 6, Edinburgh House 7, London Royal Albert Hall 9.

Their new album 'Celebrate' will be out on October 27. An album 'Celebration on October 17.' This will be the first new album from the band since their highly acclaimed 'Ladies Night' album.

AND SLITS

THE SLITS play a short series of dates this month supported mainly by Tegary, a Leicester reggae band. The dates are: Birmingham Central Ballroom October 19, Liverpool Brandy 21, Leicester Polytechnic 27, Loughborough University 18, Bristol Romeo and Julietts 21, Manchester University 22.

The Slits release their new single 'Animal Space' on October 18 and they'll be releasing a new album at the beginning of next year.

DOLL IN STUDIO

DOLL BY DOLL who recently signed to Magnet Records, will be going into the studios shortly to work on a new album. The group have postponed their American tour to early 1981 although they will be playing selected dates in Europe in November and December.

ONE OFF ONE ON

BAD MANNERS have cancelled their gig at Liverpool Brandy on October 15 and they'll be playing at the Polytechnic on October 23. The gig will be presented by Mr. Bad Man via the Broadcasting Board.

LYDON SENT DOWN

PUBLICAPE image singer and former Sex Pistol John Lydon was found guilty of assaulting two men outside a Dublin pub and sentenced to three months in jail.

He was arrested over the weekend and spent the weekend in jail after an application for bail was refused. He has now been released on £750 bail pending appeal. It is understood that Lydon was in Dublin helping to promote his brother's band the 4 E's 26.

CATS LP AND SINGLE

ENDING much speculation, the Stray Cats have announced that they've signed to Aritsta.

The band will be releasing a single as soon as possible followed by an album. They're currently deciding on a producer.

The Stray Cats will be playing Woolwich Tramshed on October 23.

WATCH THE POSTERS

SOME RECORD shops are taking the posters out of the first 200,000 copies of the Police's current single and selling them for upwards of 50 pence.

As this practice is illegal and unfair, A&M Records would like to hear from anyone that knows of a shop doing this. Their number is 01-736 3311.

JUDAS PRIEST GET A WRIT

FORMER JUDAS PRIEST producer Dennis Mackay has issued a writ against the band.

The high court writ alleges non-payment of royalties and non-presentation of royalty statements on the 'Stained Class' album Mackay produced in 1977. The case will be heard on November 5.

PARKER EXTRA

GRAHAM PARKER plays an extra date at the Hammersmith Palais on October 12. Support band will be the Marvelettes.

CAPTAIN CALLS

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART has now confirmed dates for his tour in Britain.

Owen

A CORONER's court has recorded a verdict of accidental death for Ruts' singer Malcolm Owen who was found dead in his parents' bungalow in July.

Tests showed that Owen died after a heroin overdose.

Bonham

JOHN BONHAM, drummer with Led Zeppelin, who died last week, had led a life due to kidney failure. It revealed he had consumed equivalent of 40 measure in 12 hours which was an almost repeated drinking bout.
### Chart Albums

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amongst wads of blood and it seems the poor lad's old age is on hold for a while, luckily it won't interfere with his liquid diet.

INFAMOUS one man band Johnny G has taken the world of Americans because of the difficulties of being a one man band. The other band was fractured falling from a steep ladder while getting his man's war medals out of the loft. A single handed American tour was thus single handedly cancelled.

SEEN AT: Michael Schenker's Hammersmith Odeon gig were various representatives of U2, Girl, Wild Horses, Samson, Grand Prix and Dr Feelgood, as well as Jeff Beck and the remarkable Lemmy.

CHARISMA RECORDS totally believe in their name by flooding record shops with Chinese batteries, sissy sauce, prawn crackers and noodles in an attempt to draw your attention to Monochrome's 'Like Chinese'. The tour are treating the prestigious and large Hollywood Bowl to their 'Live At Drury Lane' show. The new album has the splendid title of 'The Contractual Obligation Album'.

ESOTERIC CULT bands The Undertones have a Derry intellectual called Keiran Laughlin given to all as 'Titch' with the drums for their European tour because Billy Brough has killed himself trying to think 'Bike'.

TMA's record plugs or at least your transistor batteries as the new record was last heard written by the Commodores' Lionel Ritchie is 'Sunny'. The reaction equivalent to the release of a new Beatles album in America, is disdainfully expected here.

THE TOURISTS were kept waiting for six hours when a video mobile unit they had booked was commandeered by their Majesty, (oopp's) sorry, the Right Honourable Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, for some business or other presumably for the week. The video unit however eventually turn up and as a result The Tourists now brandish 'Don't Blame Me I Didn't Vote Tory' buttons as a result. Welcome to the 80s.

JENNY DARREN, who has held a secret to her heart ever since she was born.

MOEST STWAN Copeland reads his magnificent contribution to last week's Police Gazette, with the special Record Mirror pull-out, he has given us an unrepeatable prose that he can't wait to get home to read it and shows a disgraceful disregard for safety by sweeping his helmet for his last week's issue.

The Undertones have a four late November. Early December. 'I'm going on holiday, I suggest you do'.

JIMMY PURSEY was another visitor to the office where the told us about his new album which he claims has got, "All of the Shambles out of my system but the next album will be better".

In town was Honey Bane, ex-RAE's guitarist, who has taken under his wing his production win.

WENDY WU, the Photos' famous lead singer had her electric oven catch fire while cooking a chicken. Two fire engines and three Panda's managed to make the affair somewhat more important than it actually was. The chicken emerged perfectly done according to a spokesperson but it awaits an invite to bear Ms Wu's culinary skills.

Joe 'Kid' Carrasco was nearly arrested for treason at The Marquee, opposite the residence of the Queen. It seems the main man was attempting to use the horseguards for a promotion film, having first obtained permission through the correct channels. A mounted policeman handed him Joe to the extent that his cape and shirt were ripped. The policeman had been so annoyed that he called Carrasco a 'disgrace to the Queen, the horseguards and this country', and restored film to his own authority. The policeman will not feature in the promotional film.

ELTON JOHN had a police escort for his Central Park gig which drew nearly half a million Yankee punters.

It consisted of eight cars and vans, an honour bestowed only visiting Heads Of State and Ronnie Biggs of this world. It seems that his manager is making news because of a vo-ice - now with MCA Records - ended with the man taking the gold and platinum discs belonging to a meal ticket. Elton off the wall, no coincidence that Mr Reid felt the yachtsman's after the cracking numerous ribs. Elton was taken to hospital for a sum of £2,600 for the Royal Mail and is now recovering in red and black and has a matching head and spec.

SANFORD, guitar star of the jolly TV star, 'Allan Tomko' to you at Ricardo Jones, a new hit in the habit of grabbing your hopes on stage for their minutes of fame.

THE REAL boys in blue have been having a busy time among the goings-on. So far, a young woman, George, performs a 'psychotic' dance to the Stoppa

AUDY SUMMERS shows great misjudgement in opting for the South American hole-in-the-wall "SKULL" from his South American hole-in-the-wall. He gave the first time that the fan hit the shi - He can be so eloquent.

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STING is discovered having FALSE Mirrors, who he's been under the office ledger is forced to listen to his own album while the staff go by him a shirt.

ELTON JOHN recently received a Sheffield in New York's WNEU station with some concerns about Judie Tzuke. He started off by saying that Judie Tzuke got the biggest in the world. I don't think that's how I would put it. But time will tell. Judie Tzuke. He also proposed that she should put her 'Tit on the cover of an album' to help promote it and suggested that eventually 'she is off America should throw her off the OETI. The only one could I wouldn't know because she's ship-shape.'
Three postmen had just delivered my fan mail for the day.

A group of slender but determined blondes were trying to get into my bedroom. (Fortunately the door was locked.)

Suddenly I heard a voice.

As the grey light of day crept up over the rooftops, it found me in my very favourite place.

Bed.

I was idling the morning away with one of my favourite fantasies, while half listening to Radio One. Suddenly the strains of heavy metal gave way to the voice of Dave Lee Travis.

Now, I've not got anything (much) against DLT.

But when you've just been offered the lead in a new punk movie, it's a bit much to have DLT remind you that you're really an unemployed teenager with a pimple problem.

I almost switched off.

Fortunately, I was too tired to reach out for the off button. 'Cos what DLT was on about was this "Action Special" booklet, all about how we school-leavers—girls as well as blokes—could get our first job.

Like how to write letters to bosses, how to pass for human at interviews and lots of useful stuff like that.

Say no more squire. I immediately cancelled lunch with my press agent and sent off for my booklet.

A mere three weeks later yours truly is earning £15,000 a week as the new drummer for Britain's number one rock group. Thanks to DLT's "Action Special" booklet!

A note from his mother.

"Actually he got a job as a plumber's mate and he loves it. Well, he's earning a lot more than he got on the dole..."
THIN LIZZY's new single 'Killer On The Loose' is a piece of rubbish that should never have seen the light of day. It's not even original rubbish. Other bands have used the Jack The Ripper theme - Wild Horses and Judas Priest to name but two - with a similar lack of imagination. Phil Lynott - a singer for whom I had some admiration - must have hit an all time lyrical low to produce a song like this. There is nothing clever about Jack The Ripper and there is nothing romantic about a rapist. The sooner the macho myth of the rapist as some kind of super man is abolished, the better. A rapist commits his crime because he has problems, not because he's incredibly virile. Anyone who has to force a woman into sexual intercourse is some woman who (a) doesn't care about having feelings reciprocated (b) is violent and uses his strength against someone weaker and (c) is incapable of having a normal relationship with a woman. Jack The Ripper was also a murderer. What's so romantic or admirable about that?

'I'll be standing in the shadows of love' sings Phil Lynott. Rape has nothing to do with love. It has everything to do with abuse, and incompetence as a human being. "...I'm confessing I'm a mad sexual rapist" rates pretty low even as a fantasy. And to promote the image of a rapist as a suitable hero is irresponsible, cynical and downright bloody contemptible.

ROSALIND RUSSELL
The NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE OUT NOW "TRIUMPH" Featuring the single 'Lovely One'
GULLIBLES TRAVELS MEETS BURNING OPTIMISM 80

JOHN SHEARLAW MEETS AUSTRALIA

ANDY PARTRIDGE: “did you ever have an ill jumper?”

Too many people have got too much to lose, and inevitably we’re the last in the food chain. I’ve been married for over two years, Migrating with the West (as everyone can remember started in Barcelona and is likely to end in Los Angeles in November, isn’t one of the man’s best days but they’re into the party the night before – except the party on the last day of the tour. It’s everywhere.

What is standard issue: steak and eggs followed by Rikkies and I don’t care who knows it.” But it’s also the same thing three times, at least once sounding like a small boy who won’t play games and has got a note to say why but he’s lost it.

I don’t want to tour any more. And if that doesn’t happen, and the band start to sound for not one of us is going to look a bit silly. But I’ve thought about it and I’ve decided to face the world as well being pointless for the group at the moment, and it’s an experience.

Partridge is capable of a hundred voices, and this could be his natural one. Moreover, his voice can take on a “goafter” accent that way between Bristol and the West Country burning in a fractious, descriptive, evocative, highly-charged way. His voice is true, it’s emphatic. It’s exactly what’s needed.

Partridge's voice is the focus of the entire piece, with his words and thoughts being central to the narrative. The text describes the experiences and emotions of the band as they tour, with particular focus on the challenges and pressures of the music industry. The language is vivid and descriptive, capturing the energy and intensity of the band's experiences.

An example of the text: "It’s wonderful playing in Australia, it’s a different country, there’s a different way of life, there’s a different way of thinking. It’s a different way of looking at things. It’s a different way of doing things. It’s a different way of feeling things. It’s a different way of experiencing things. It’s a different way of knowing things. It’s a different way of learning things. It’s a different way of thinking things. It’s a different way of feeling things. It’s a different way of experiencing things. It’s a different way of knowing things.

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ANDY PARTRIDGE

and succinctly, to put his finger on things as quickly as anyone. Hearing that 'Black Sea' had dropped a place in the charts, his only comment was: 'It's time to get out the bloody stack - heeled boots, there's nothing else left.'

Chambers: "About as labourer - like as any of us," says Partridge. "He doesn't play drums, he hits them" is more pragmatic than politely resigned. An almost reformed boozier with more drinking mates that the rest of the group together, he still manages, loudly

vocal accomplishment, goes on for hours, with Jonathan's Signatures Tunes and Characters in American TV Adverts. Somehow this takes place the next few weeks, and perhaps another tour.

Pardon, says Colm Moulding: "I didn't hear you ever play the 'Making Plans For Nigel' on Crackajack? Peter Glatze and the Stump were an elemend of our hit. Maybe that was the summit of our career.

"Ah!" Partridge interrupts with a schoolboy leer. "That's the noise on Crackajack when they dropped the price on the tour."

Dave Gregory makes it.

"And what were the names of the presence in, in order for the last 15 years?"

Somebody else names them.

"Or play the game as in, Terry Partridge? We can't be all that bad. We were No.1 in New Zealand last year, and I think you'll be number 150 in New Zealand anyway, you sell 800 albums and if it's like you're the bloody Police or something."

"And the other one?" You can't help but think about making an album in New Zealand and you go straight in.

An hour later Andy Partridge is standing outside outside outside a maller wiserly waiting to be given a room number for another night of the warden sentence. 'Tour manager could do the job, I think you'll be number 150 in New Zealand anyway, you sell 800 albums and it's like you're the bloody Police or something.

"There's no bank balance, is there?"

"I'm not sure what you're bringing, but I think it's a good idea."

"I think it should have been brought in."

"Drums And Wire's" that well, "You should have done it," he says. But it's rarely if ever evident. Instead he's externally optimistic about just writing more and more, and the point when there will be no option but to sit down and listen. And if you can't write the songs and the plastic are all there, and we've got more albums to do. But it's not. Not trekking all around the world with one roadie and a brain like a piece of cabbage. It's not going to make me look like Slim thing I've got for the next nine years, so what the bloody hell are we doing out moving away from loud music altogether, right away from 'Black Sea' which was just clarifying the last one. I'm just going to go and run to the lake, and see if there is a way to do it.

Australia (for the second time) New Zealand, Canada, Texas, Denmark, Boston, Crackajack. 'Blazing Stereowaves Meel Big Jugs' and Spain all twinkle and disappear in the small eyes behind the glasses. Without even asking Andy Partridge and the rest of the group are 'tour managed' away.

"There's no way that Andy Partridge won't be successful," Terry Chambers offers as a conclusion. "In fact there's no way we all won't make it like thing I've got for the next nine years, so what the bloody hell are we doing out moving away from loud music altogether, right away from 'Black Sea' which was just clarifying the last one. I'm just going to go and run to the lake, and see if there is a way to do it."
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SINGLE OF THE WEEK (Perhaps) THE FLYING LIZARDS 'Love or Up' (Virgin) Classic! Minimalism for fools who don’t take too much notice of Curtis Mayfield on a micro-chip, even! Electronics cover of Curtis’s finest hit delivered by that languid woman whose voice here counteracts true inner soul with inspired boredom. Cunningham and co. cut it all in, much more than that you need know. Loved it! Classic!

SURPRISE OF THE WEEK (Perhaps) SLADE 'Alive At Reading' (Ep) (Cheesecake) Ah, how soon we forgot. Recorded at this year’s Reading mega-bore and rollicking fun in a kind of casual way until Used to be played on Air! I don’t know ah the memories

Remember how British’s educationists tore out their locks in fury and frustration as Slade manoeuvred a scurvy dead end. Noddy and the boys were at one time, the greatest threat to the future of this country since the doodlebug. Shame that the plug track. ‘When I’m Dancing’ I Ain’t Fighting’ although being Slade’s manifesto for life, is also a shameless GBQ job on ‘Let’s Spend The Night Together’ (RCA). Here you get a medley and ‘Born To Be Wild’ on which the Siddies make not only Steppenwolf but all your macho strutting hipster metallic salesmen sound like... ohh. The Eagles with double medications in their tea and here supports on the podium table. Familiar tunes. Love you, David when I air and iron my old silk scarf.

THE FAB, THE DRAB AND THE INDIFFERENT PALMISTRY ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: ‘The Puppet’ (Korda) Surly bleeders the bloody rock. Another down in the forest with overcosy on sleeve and a single (Veulv) by virtue of the band’s current cool quotient. Streetwise and sounding as if the glad that guitar harmonies are back back but no.. there’s a place opening for rock soul analysts like the Burners. Not methinks a truly strong singles contender and this might have their day. Another card to be lived with and tend rancos will be in this winter.

STATUS QUO: What You’re Preparing To Leave Me (For) (Korda) Long ago and again and again Again Stumbling and bumping into ends of the earth everywhere. Unknown. Here they stride forcefully into the lumpy of the new psychoclass, fusing the end result with the drum machinations and keyboard consciousness that came as a result of their recent spells of courting with the Human League and Barry Manilow Nearly eh nearly had you? and not to those of this parish with butt tickling locks, you won’t be forsaken. This goes, Tal wat ddi tada, Tal wat ddi tada, Tal wat ddi tada, et bogie chorus. No, if there exists such a beast as a band with no pat or future, only a curling logo in the thighs of a nation then Quo bite the biscuit. Above criticism, perhaps.

THE PLASTIMACS: ‘Monkey Suit’ (Stiff) Shit.

THE MONDOGOS: ‘Who’s Gonna Tell Mary’ (real) (This is more like in high kicking pop. Loaded with hooks in all directions. Fresh. Bright. Irish in origin and a chart bopple it there’s any justice and all that stuff

DAVID CUNNINGHAM: a flying lounge lizard.

JIM CAPALDI: ‘The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys’ (Carrasco) An oldie and in certain circles – the ones that pass exotic roll-ups round, one expects – a revered classic. But now going out your former heroes seems a little sad and for some reflect one’s current compositional abilities in a very basic and dull way. To our younger reader Jim was in a band called Traffic from whose back catalogue this is culled. Mmm, nice, as Bob Harris used to say.

THE TOURISTS: ‘Don’t Say I Told You So’ (Virgin) a melding past critical vote with such a title. Not to put it quite so portly but on this tour. New label, the same formula. Rolling. Mere and beefy backbone with those sublime Lennox vocals. Middle section employs echoed grunts which may be the way of things to come.

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80: ‘Central Park’ (A&M) Spizz. god bless his rotting future could be hunched top stay. years to come. The music doesn’t help though. The yelping pup does his chores over, what I believe is termed ‘interesting’ band manoeuvres and doings and that could be lump or heavy metal in origin. Not a single really. One wishes that Spizz was on the cover ‘Of My Guy’ and that he did covers of Martin-Cuillin numbers. There’s no idea here.


GRAND Prix: ‘Thinking Of You’ (RCA) This is all too much. Grand Prix sound like they must be Canadian and let’s be honest, these dreary colonials really ever cut it. Who, one wonders, and in what lar

Rung corners of who knows where, are the people that exist on a day to day basis, live for the release of records by bands that sound like rock-marked Argens? There’s probably a large market for this My/Kansas/insipid rubbish in Eire. If there is, one feels sure that RCA (Triumph et al) have the market cornered.

JOE JACKSON: ‘Mad At You’ (A&M) Play the game. Joe it’s Crissakes.

Jackson continues to pose (palms in pockets, thumbs cocked outside) and leer menacingly at cameras. The shirt collar is turned up but unfortunately the hair that any self-respecting frontman should sweep back romantically is sadly, erring. This sleeve should denter numerous browsers if only through the dazzling shine that emanates from the man’s proceeding forehead. If Joe’s relaxed enough to realise he ain’t the Adonis that tries so hard on his sleeves then perhaps he’d be even ‘sharper’. Sadly this single is decidedly undistinguished and looks set to go the way of ‘The Hardest They Go’ in NOWheresville. Furious great bass and guitar sound for sure, but a rolling rant that goes nowhere through the last bit of莫过于 and that is going to press. It’s one of the few singles that actually makes people feel sad. You know what I mean. A live report next week.

GEN K: ‘Dancing With Myself’ (Chrysalis) Prodigals returning must be the generation and this could be worth worth, hush, your veneration. Ido and James now have American management. That alone was worth it. If you’ll excuse me, the kiss (the kiss) of death. This is mostly, not big and fromcious, all in all a healthy return of a pop single.

JAPAN: ‘Gentleman Take Polaroids’ (Virgin) These dryish January chappies are just so hot dang solid gone shitting. Their lumps of lumps with normal desires must want in their mouths. Or something. Still sound as if they whacked off down over Brian Ferry posters during.

puberty. Awful title and mellifluous nondescript Rospo rip off. Also elsewhere Eno’s school of modern bland-out music that is so dull and nondescript. One can’t ignore the fact the damn stuff takes hold. Side B is ‘The Experience Of Swimming’ Side C is ‘The Widin Of A Room’ and Side D ‘The Burnin Bridges’ All truly purged and tasteful and as somehow we’d, ideal stuff for shampoo adverts. Shampoo ads. Pretty boys and all that fine stuff that much that Toyota-driving Samurai eat in bath houses? Confused? You will be. Puberty, incidentally is a very difficult time. Especially when con-the title.


THE MONOCHROME SET: ‘Apocalypse’ (DisDish) What is this? Do Dindisc have some share of a nuclear armageddon? Are they marketing Brainwah? First OMDT come out with an electronic version of their track about Enola Gay, the plane which hit the doo-dooh on Hirohito. Now TMS slip in with ‘Apocalypse’, a love ballad on life as we might not know it for much longer Musically it’s as you would expect.

ZOOT MONEY: ‘Your Feet Too Big’ (Magic Moon) Resurrects a past gem in consonant typeface fashion. Not bad but not a patch on the original.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: ‘Son Of Stiff’ Tour EP 1980 (Stiff) Joe King ‘Wild Wild West’ not so wild. All over Sam The Sham and The Pharaohs. Four with a nod to two to Wooly Bully and it’s a weeeely four with a nod to two to Wooly Bully. ‘Turning Up The Heat’ to confuse the relative base to see how bad Jack’s jacket is. ‘Looking Back’ is a four with a nod to two to Wooly Bully.

The Equators is the hottest thing I’ve heard. Can’t imagine though, the sound is too white for a revolution. Tempos T HUD shivers with a demo ‘borrowed’ from Poly-dont it’s tape cupboard. Do Diddley (Again). Dirty looks are just magic and that is that. All this and something fishy going on around a sound. Value from the label that brought you The Plastics.

What am I saying?

Reviewed by RONNIE GURR

TOUR DATES

Cockfosters Trent Park
Middlesex Polytechnic Oct. 2
Braintree College of Further Education Oct. 3
Reading University Oct. 4
Wakefield Unity Hall Oct. 7
Manchester Rafters Oct. 9
Durham University Oct. 10
Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic Oct. 11

The Swimmer

The Passions

New Single
JULIAN COPE is first seen in a coffee-shop, laughing and happy, in a way. He's just had another reminiscence with Factory keyboardist Dave Ball, but it doesn't show: Ball is co-founder of Liverpool's Zoo Records, ex-co-manager of The Teardrop Explodes, and now member and irritant. He enters when he mopes and refuses to take part in our photosession - he switches off and I become suspicious.

Julian Cope moans and laughs by turns, but usually ends up laughing. He wears green khaki army clothes and moves about a lot. Our host, he looks healthy and happy, but don't ask me what he means. He writes all The Teardrop Explodes' songs and enjoys talking about them; he moves about the coffee-shop and locks the door, then unlocks it and jumps outside.

I LEFT The Teardrop Explodes with Julian Cope's crystal pop vision, a young man with a telescope in my brain. He makes me up and makes me feel talkative. He makes me want to find out what's about. He makes me want to warn him about the danger signs, the walls closing softly in on The Teardrop Explodes, the dark patches up ahead they might not see.

As early as this in our conversation, doubts are sprouting to mind, ideas that I can't make fit with my mirror-image of The Teardrop Explodes (as pure, clear, good) boys making good music working forward and onwards. He's talking about Rough Trade.

'I've got to a really anti-Rough Trade stage, I think, because it's become really stupid. The idea of going out and producing your album as badly as possible; as much as I adore The Fall, they should be out recording real albums with glossy sleeves. That's great! There would be real irony in that.

And recording 'Drag n' for £300 and making it as poorly recorded as possible is what people expect from The Fall! Playing the Marquee with their backs to the audience is exactly what you'd expect from them, in what case they should do the opposite.

'And I can never understand Tony Wilson with Factory, putting out all these bands who sound like Joy Division. You get coppers and you get more like this harasser and less melodic, it's more important, which is silly, the important bands are the ones who're doing what they do well. It could be Michael Jackson or Cabaret Voltaire, who I don't like, though I do realise they're good. Whereas all these heavy metal bands are just CRAP because they're doing what they're doing badly.

The coppers things, especially, makes Boxes get all the unbracketable groups being bracketed, say, to The Teardrop Explode and The Bunnyman.

'Well, I can understand that, and there are elements of acid involved, but... It's a very sad thing. I've never been, and very incidentally. I nevertheless locked my boat, I mean, if he believes it necessary for drugs to be involved with music at all. Totally unnecessary. It's just a completely personal thing - I mean, we had one run in with Julian when I was gonna write some

I believe it, I mean, I write the songs and some of them are very personal, but extremely simple, like dreams - 'I'm Dream' - that's nothing to do with the psychedelic thing. Which is all stupid, don't I mean, I listen to The Doors and Love a lot, but not as much as I listen to Scott Walker and Bee Gees and Faust and

The Dave Ball episode earlier, where he stormed off, it made me wonder if there were tensions among you. 'I always think of him as a little furry animal. Uhmm, in this band there is this fighting that goes on between us. Which is great 'cause it always win.

I still feel so odd, all these blurry scary monsters just under the surface, blurring my vision. I must've thought those people were clear and happy and openhearted and braving with a vision that's unaided, unblurred.

Julian makes me laughe with his crystal pop vision and his breathless string of conversational aside and observations. I conclude that he is the Teardrop Explodes, and he's one of those who should worry. As he dives into his vast collection of records and introduces me to the wonders of Scott Walker and Joe Jackson. The Postman, I ask him whether the working title of the album 'Everybody Wants To Shag The Teardrop Explodes' was a joke. 'No! His face lights up. 'I really wanted to call it, if only to freak out the intense rocknroll brigade. We were gonna call it 'Bleep Refrigerator Point' that I thought would've been nice and cold. But 'Everybody Wants To Shag The Teardrop Explodes' would've been so great! Because we're the least sexual band in the world. After that, 'Kilimajaro' is a comedian. 'It's like a compilation album.'

CHRIS WESTWOOD sees THE TEARDROP

EXPLODES through the acid test.

ANDY PHILIPS pops pics.
Paul Humphries and Stuart Adamson both 20. They come from the outskirts of Liverpool, together with the nucleus of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark. With a name like that and the fact they are (wrongly) associated with cold electronic industrial music in the same vein as the accordion emulator Gary Numan, you might have formed the preconception they'd be cool, intellectual twats with not a lot to say for themselves. You'll also be very wrong.

Andy McClusky is loquacious to a fault — what a joy it is to find someone who talks as much as I do. He's tall, thin, has a shock of curly hair which he has managed to train into a semblance of order only — I suspect — by keeping it short. It is planned, I remind me of the type of character you'd find in a Bertie Wooster sketch. Well, maybe not, he's not dropy enough. But from that era.

Paul Humphries is just slightly younger. Tall, fair, he is the quiet part of the pair. He smiles a lot, nods in agreement with what Andy is saying, cutting his opinion from time to time. He is silent not because he has nothing to say, but it would be pointless to reiterate those opinions. It's apparent he's an equal part of the duo, the calming force I require.

The three of us are partaking in some genteel afternoon tea at a suitably quaint hotel. Pots of refreshing hot brew, neat little sandwiches, all very traditional save for Paul's whisky and ginger. Yet far from talking about croquet on the lawn, suddenly we're talking about drugs; probably because all the other groups which recently sprang up in the Liverpool area are heavily into the psychedelia of acid. Paul and Andy haven't shared this experience, and I ask them why.

Andy: "Probably because we live on the outskirts, so we're not really part of the Liverpool scene. We've led what you could call sheltered lives, and we didn't really come into contact with drugs at all.

"The Liverpool drug thing has grown out of the beach club, you go home and you trip out. We still live at home — so we've never been in that position.

Andy spent a year doing a broadcasting course at art college, which would have brought him into contact with the necessary substances which had so far evaded him. Didn't he find that tempting? He shook his head. "I know this sounds superior, but I took one look at psychedelic pills: I didn't feel it was better than that. They looked so stupid and I didn't need it. I just didn't appeal to me.

What about this sheltered upbringing — was it the result of social position?

Paul: "No, not really. We came from a really quiet area called Moss (as in priced Malles). We used to be poor when Andy and I used to come home, sh up in my next electricity bill is coming from, and you put on a record about the cost of living — it'd be so depressing."

Andy puts a lot of research into the subject matter of his lyrics, although they get stripped down to the bare minimum to fit in with the melodies. Take the new single for example:

**Enola Gay**

Mother proud of little boy today
Aha, this kiss you gives me.
It's never going to fade away.
It shouldn't ever have to end this way.

Aha, Enola Gay

It shouldn't fade in our dreams away.
Pretty innocuous, huh? Until you're told the Enola Gay was the name the pilot, gave his plane and his mother; and that plane dropped the atom bomb code name little boy on Hiroshima.

"It puts a new light on things, doesn't it. You think it's another love song until you realise what the Enola Gay was. I like that, the double meaning, the two levels. But a way to remember your mum by?

The subject matter for the song arose when Andy was researching a totally different concern, but, having read about the Enola Gay, had to write something about it. It transpires that both Paul and Andy are interested in the two world wars, and it's a good idea.

"No, nothing like that," Paul assures me. "We're more interested in the mechanics of the machines. When you see the guns or the weapons, you realise how lucky they were. The planes were just held together by bolts — most things were just failing to bits.

We're now simply finishing our album — we always try to visit some museum or other and this morning we went to the war museum in Kensington and the exhibits there were incredible.

"That's what's so good about touring. We love it. Not the going on stage but getting to visit different places. We're real tourists — we love it."

Talk turns to the new album:

"Organisation" which I heard earlier in the afternoon. I'm not going to attempt to review it just after its release, but it's far more subtle than their debut release. There's also a free EP included in the first so many copies, Lindesay's idea. Didn't Paul and Andy feel annoyed that the company wanted to include such an album? It seems like the company thinks the record wouldn't sell without the use of such a record.

"Yes, in a way it did," Andy admits. "A while ago we would have refused outright but when you told them you were trying to sell records... So we did it our way. Dench wanted new material but we gave them our existing early live performance. It's a nice people who have a little idea of what we've done in the past, but we have some early material, I mean I really love to own some early material.

"Organisation" comes out at the end of October, six months after their debut release:

"We've had to complete it," Andy tells me. "We spent three months writing and recording if you lose perspective when you work on something for that long, you think it's better than the first. We grew very fond of the00 and".

"I'm particularly fond of the song on that..."
So you thought Orchestral Manoeuvres In the Dark's single 'Enola Gay' was a love song. DANIELA SOAVE finds out the real meaning.

"We're getting really primitive," Andy says by dint of explanation, seeing my puzzled look. "Buzees and wails drifting on, going back to our earlier days. That's what we aimed for in 'Organisation'. The first album was a bit sophisticated for us, but we've accepted that we haven't completely learned how to control our medium."

He sighs again. "We really didn't have time to do all we wanted for it. When you consider that we'd been working on songs for over two years before we recorded the first album and the second one has come out in less than half that time, you can see what I'm talking about. I like adding layers to songs, changing bits, having time to work on them."

"We're going to give it all up and write a book, aren't we Paul?"

"Are they really that unhappy?"

"Yes, I've confidence we'll keep going for a while yet, but not for long. Now it's a business, whereas before it was fun. You had time to do things, now it's product. You just have to keep reminding yourself of the good things it's given you."

"We've built our own studio, with the advantage we got, we've travelled pretty extensively. America was great. But I was so jet-lagged when we arrived with what the journey and the fact we'd been working non-stop prior to that, I was like a zombie. The last thing I wanted to do was appear like a dazed rock and roll, and that's what happened. We didn't see much of the place at all.

Now if we hadn't had to play gigs we would have been fine. "Gigs are just a big embarrassment to me," Paul says. "I'm on the wrong side of the stage if I were in the audience I'd be all right, but I hate playing gigs. The thought of people paying money to see us... I'm terrified so everything breaks down, which is what inevitably happens. Playing with machines is even worse because if you get out of sync you can never regain it. So we're adding two other musicians for the forthcoming tour, which means teaching them the music."

"Everything else about touring is great," Andy says. "The travelling, staying in hotels, sightseeing, we love it all. We were in the Alps and it was like being inside your geography book at school, seeing glaciers and things. I enjoy that. Paul and I go out and explore while the others lie in bed."

"So will they stick together if Orchestral Manoeuvres cease?"

"Well, we've managed to stick together for quite a while so it's more than possible. We work well together. Paul calms me down. I had a particularly bad summer because I've suffered bad asthma and eczema, and I've been staying in while Paul's been off with a new woman. We've probably drifted apart but he puts up with me when no one else would, and it works. We have a very different sense of music. If we sit down to write together we both want to take the music off in different directions. Neither of us wins and the music is abandoned, whereas if we work separately until one of us has a definite idea, then we can add together and we end up with interesting combinations."

W

"Why didn't they record all the new album in their own studio?"

"We wanted to try working with another producer and engineer," Paul explains. "You lose perspective producing yourself, and this has given us a more professional sound."

"Though in a way it's taken away from the Orchestral Manoeuvrishness of it all," Andy interrupts, "because you're placing it in the hands of other people."

"You know, we're guaranteed to go bankrupt by January next year," Paul concludes. "If we hadn't recorded it all in the Gramophone Suite (the name they gave to their studio) we'd have had another £15,000 in our pockets, but now, unless we sign up for more albums we'll go broke, even if the album sells as well as the last - which won't."

"At least we'll still have our own studio," Andy remarks. "We have quite an investment there. It's just as well we both live at home because we don't have any money in our pockets."
From Birmingham
THE EQUATORS

From Manchester
ANY TROUBLE

From Staten Island
DIRTY LOOKS

From Austin Texas
JOE 'KING' CARRASCO
AND THE CROWNS

From God knows where
TENPOLE TUDOR
THE RIVER'S RISEN

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: 'The River' (CBS 4823)

By Rosalind Russell

I HADN'T REALISED I was thirty until I tasted this album. Four sides of guide magic, the current running strong and true throughout. There's no holding anywhere and the only possible criticism is that on a couple of tracks the production gets a little out of control, but music.

Springsteen's style depends on a well built up and very well contained, by the end, the whole thing is intact and I'm satisfied.

'The Ties That Bind' owes something to the Jackie De Shannon School of the wirey, but it's a track that builds very well and never shows its age (by Springsteen standards), the story line is simple, striking and well within reach of anybody's experience.

'Sherry Darling' is a party going on in the background as a restless, incompatible ball of energy. It's overlaid with Springsteen's(?) harmonica.

'Springsteen' is Intact, his credibility is intact.

York sound, with the singles bar piano and steady sax establishing the rhythm.

'Oult In The Street' and 'Brother over the Counter' is one of the few that loses control, just missing the hook, but when you're completing with excellence.

'Thats The Way' is brilliant, a rowdy Stones type song supported by a cast of overdubs. His lyrics show a neat line in clever thinking: 'Sometimes I splt a little soul awhile,' hitting the room. I know that's a great line, but it's not the only one. It's often a gorilla in his private life for all I know, though I'd do it.

'The River' gets away from the city and closer to the Coast, but as close enough to catch anything. It has a hard clear cutting edge, a little bit like Graham Parker's 'Hotel Covered Bed.' It's a perfect, beautiful song. It's easy to pick out threads of other ideas in his songs, but the overall design is distinctly Springsteen.

Side three:

'I Wanna Marry You' brings Springsteen back again to his preoccupation with the mind numbing trap of everyday life, but avoids getting too pedestrian a job. It must be great to have talent to invent cliches instead of using them.

'Point Blank' starts like Steely Dan, 'Yank Don't Look That Number' with similar bass and piano, but the song develops its own character within the typical Springsteen story line. He scores every time, because the stories he tells all have a ring of truth, they're not some fancy born out of unlikely fevers. The anger comes out of getting, not out of a need for target practice. Well, that's how it seems anyway. He may be a gorilla in his private life for all I know, though I'd do it.

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Side three:

'Cadillac Ranch' is another Dave Edmunds type song, though Bruce is tracing the real Yankee line and Edmunds is a clever Brit impersonator. But the twist in the tail and there usually is one, this rock 'n' roll end on a sustained organ note (Roy Britten plays keyboards and organ), giving it an extra lift.

'I'm A Rocker' has neat lyrics that more than make up for a weakness in the chorus. 'So you tell for some who was tall, dark and handsome...' He's had a good run on the song and he's told it in for ransom.' Sober bloody poetry, and quite funny too. I wouldn't say Springsteen was the last of the old school, but he does have a sense of humour to show he's not only a sidewalk philosopher.

Colin Newman: 'A-Z' (Beggars Banquet Bega 20)

By Mark Perry

Colin Newman is Wire's singer. He probably represents their sound more than any other aspect of their ever changing style. He was terrific on 'Pink Flag' and absolutely magnificent on 'Chairs Missing,' a real modern voice without the robot trappings of so many of his contemporaries. The four Wire albums give us the best of a group of very different bands.

After these Wire seemed to lose their direction and looked lost for a while. They've obviously got a lot of music in them because no sooner had Wire been rest at we were given Wire by Lewis and Gilbert. An interesting project but lacking in emotion and guts. Too concerned and too self conscious as their art.

Now comes this fine solo album by Newman, very welcome in this climate of Wire soundtracks. His voice is better than ever, twisting and shaping words in his own strange way. A true singer with unusual emotion in his voice to make everything he does sound special. A modern voice of unmatched intensity.

There are the obvious sounding songs like 'Order For Order' and 'For A Dollar' and 'Chairs Missing,' a real modern voice without the robot trappings of so many of his contemporaries. The four Wire albums give us the best of a group of very different bands.

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It's also good to see vocalist Paul Young, the band's chief lyricist, being able to vary the content of his lyrics, and providing a contrast to the usual love-gone-right and love-gone-wrong fodder with such songs as 'Digital Daydream Blues' and 'Keeping It From The Troops'. The venture is produced again by Eric Stewart, who does a sterling job, next time, the band tell me, they'll be doing it themselves, and perhaps we'll hear that change of direction. At the moment it isn't necessary. +++++

HAWKWIND: 'Levitation' (Bronze BRON 530)
By Malcolm Dome
WHEN 'first' received a copy of 'Levitation', Bronze informed me that this was the best Hawkwind album EVER. Now, knowing the tendency or record companies to slightly exaggerate, naturally remained rather unimpressed. However, on this occasion, the hyperbole isn't very far off the mark for, whilst it's too early for this to get any 'best of all time' accolade, it is none the less a vast improvement on the four albums recorded with Charras and indisputable proof that they are far from being outdated hippies. The great thing about 'Levitation' is that it heralds a return to the Hawkwind style of the early 70s and not before time! Since '76 this outfit has become very accessible, very eccentric and far too safe, the upshot being that the intensity and

SAD CAFE: 'Sad Cafe' (RCA SADLP 4)
By Paul Sexton
WHEN a band wants to pull itself together, or reaffirm itself, what it does is put out an eponymous album, as much as to say, 'We were just messin' about before, this is what we're really like.' 'Sad Cafe' don't really need any reaffirmation — after all it was only a year ago that they first manned the charts, while four singles have been there and their 'Facades' album has sold in sufficient quantities to confirm that there is an audience out there. So, it turns out, 'Sad Cafe' is not a detour, but more of the same. Which is fine: as the band is still relatively young, all six full-timers in the band write, together or alone, and there's so much diversity in their music, that I'll take quite a while before I come to the bottom of that particular well. The album doesn't feature any ballads in the form of 'Every Day Hurts', and probably for that reason, it's not a hit in that bag. But 'La Di Da' is already making an impression, and it's indicative of the midpace, happy and ambience the band specialises in. 'Locomotion' sounds by the title and the lyrics like a sob story, but there's some defiance in the tune, and even more in 'No Favours-No Way'. 'What Am I Goin' On?' has that same mix of melancholy and madness, and is augmented by the saxophone of the splendid Lenni Zaksen.

SAD CAFE: more of the same.

imagination which characterised 'Space Ritual' and 'Warrior On The Edge Of Time' has become somewhat blunted. So it's a pleasure to have once more an album that uses blistering sci-fi imagery as an angry searchlight focusing on alternative thought, leaving the fall and their ilk still in their cots. With Ginger Baker slotting in almost as if it were second nature the band have come up with a creative set of nine numbers, ranging from the pacificist ballad of 'Who's Gonna Win The War' to the apocalyptic wilderness of 'Motorway City', with a haunting juxtaposition of delicate Spanish guitar from Huw Lloyd-Langton, and atmospherically desolate synthesizers which engulf the JG Ballardsque 'Dust Of Time' quite possibly the most evocative piece of mood music to emerge this year. But part of Hawkwind's strength has always been an ability to intersperse the serious stuff with more lighthearted, whimsical instrumentals and here 'Space Chase' and 'World Of Tiers' is the bill admired.

FIST: 'Turn The Hell On' (MCA MCF 3082)
By Malcolm Dome
"A FIST of fury, with a coal-foil dirt sound that bristles with debiel laden excitement" is how I recently described this band's music, "remember? Well might Brian Johnson scream, because 'Turn The Hell On' makes a mockery of such smug adversarial cliches. Sure, superficially everything points to FIST being the round peg in a round hole I'd expected, the album itself, front cover illustration, bouncing a Christopher Foss inspired intergalactic fighter craft, 'Name, Rank And Serial Number', plus 'You'll Never Get Me Up', present and other tracks possess such enticing handles as 'Hole In The Wall Gang', 'Collision Course' and 'Axeman'. But listening to this album soon proves that there are square edges to this peg and music comes not with a rush of thunder but rather a steady build of Wilkinson-style duelling guitars doused in Jack Daniels and left to smoulder in the noonday sun, in short a UK equivalent of Lynyrd Skynyrd and pretty damn hot. Instrumentally, these boys sound as if they were born fighters, from "Kevin Satchfield's vocals are no longer "feuedin'" for the Fed cause. Keith Satchfield's vocals are no longer "feuedin'" for the Fed cause, he's a rich man and in a different league."
WE ALWAYS SAID IT WOULD HAPPEN

ABSOLUTELY MADNESS

THE NEW ALBUM FROM MADNESS OUT NOW ON STIFF RECORDS SEZ 29
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SUPERTRAMP: ‘PARIS’
(A&M ALM 6702)
By Paul Sexton
IT WO'T BE easy in this review to
strike the balance I want. On the
one hand Supertramp are massively
successful and popular (group
opinion) and on the other, they're
you're too safe, sure and cocky by half
(individual opinion). Which boils
down to this observation, facile but
none-the-less true: if you like
Supertramp, you'll like this. ‘Paris’ is a
double live album recorded at the
city's Pavilion, in London as last November, when
their tour was swinging and 
Breakfast In America' was heading
through the roof. This album comes
later this year after that one, and it's
plainly designed to soothe fans'
impulse at the lack of any new
studio material. Instead, it's the story
of a decade of hard labour
and, vocal and arrangement-wise, like
the wonderful Please, singer. But how
does this album compare with the
songs which they have in their
restaurant. The answer is: it's
not. There are no pathos, and precious
little romance. Leaves you
catching at odd moments of
'songs' like 'Hide In Your
Self', and the whole of 'The
Two Of Us' (significantly the album's
shortest track). Still, the Pavilion
patrons proved it all, even if they
were clapping out of time on
of numbers; like for the
fans, you can't knock it, and it's
a sad curiosity of where they
stand today. Perhaps I'll feel better
tomorrow. +++

DISCOUNT OLDIES
THE RESIDENTS
COMMERCIAL ALBUM (RAILWAYS)
By Richard Newsom
THE RESIDENTS' 'The
COMMERCIAL Album' (Railways)
is their fourth, and the first
released in Britain (excluding
the original album, 'In The
Vastation On Vinyl') and I predict it will make
the band a house name, along with the likes of
For readers new to the Residents, the
band have been recording
for several years, with
the title track yielding my favourite
verse: 'You know where
there ain't no devils, there's a
John Wayne'.
If you have a real love of music
then 'Heart Attack And Vine' will
be a delight. It is refreshing that
he has yet to be discovered
by the masses.
This is most conventional musical
offering. The band's
voice is at its best on the
long version of 'Shy' and
the title track. If you
haven't already, you
ought to know that
the Residents' been
making a name for
themselves as one of the
most obscure bands
ever to come out of the
world of punk rock.
On 'Heart Attack And Vine' you'll
find the Residents are
far from the same,
that much is clear.

AL STEWART: ‘24 Carrots’
(RCA PL 25306)
By Mike Nichols
ONE IMAGINES Al Stewart near the
glimmering glare of an oil lamp,
pouring over old books and manuscripts, scholarising for
songs like 'The Year of The Gun' and 'Merrion's Day'.
There are only one or two
interludes, only by a stiff breeze rattling the panes of his attic
window and blowing his battered sash window in to the
recently vanished door.
As it happens, he's got a right
flappily high phone in the
ing of a new song in Bel Air 'but
if you think that the records
have changed for the better, yes,
trends may come and fads may go but the
that Al Stewart goes on
long way. This isn't the
production, this could be the fill up 'Past, Present And Future',
one of his best. The sound of the early seventies, the
and if you were to
Al Stewart's success.
Al Stewart's success
the only one that
'soon after the report',

THE SUPERTRAMP boys soak up a few rays.

A couple of mysterious unlimited songs.
One opens with ‘Easter Woman', a tragic tale of
wayward love complete with a very favourite
track, 'Perfect Love', which is a
lyric that's likely to come out
this year. Another, a song
marvelous snappy tune
with a lot of staccato
and should be released as a single, is a
delicately
love song (I think) with an
incredibly catchy melody. Fans of
Lene Lovich will be fascinated to learn
that she was once a Residents
number called 'I Don't Know'
also included on the single.
'The Long Time' is a brass
band playing a wacky tune with a very
odd way of singing along to it.
Dancing mutant children sing
happily, and are accompanied by
vocal loops like a lory guitar
on ‘Give It To Someone Else'.
Merrion's Day' is a tale of a
strange find of a dead friend with
a smile in her hair, purged by a
Caribbean showband who play
it with the Residents.
It is a very successful
album of infectious and
soul-defying songs. All the
family can sing along to it.
Well, this is the most
accessible album yet, but do
be alarmed, lovers of the
bizarre, it is, in time honoured Residents
tradition, very chilling.

The burning question remains,
who are the Residents anyway? They are,
the late, great' the Beatles, or the Beatles, perhaps
earlier. Klaxons, who knows what
the Residents will release next. The
music there is to be heard on this
album. It will never make
it to the beat of your
happiness. ++++

TOM WAITS: ‘Heartattack
And Vine’ (Asylum K5252)
By Philip Hall
RIGHT now, everyone, I'm sure you've all heard of Tom Waits but know
little about him. This album is
yet more proofs that Mr Waits is a
reliable talent. He's never been
the biggest seller in the world but if you want
a break from your predictable rock 'n' roll then
these are the 10 best
tracks.
Waits plays spirited American
music which is closer to jazz
and the blues than to rock and roll.
On 'Heart Attack And Vine' he
seems to have left his
recently down a notch but for
this album a very special, one of a
kind, entertainer. ++++

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ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN

THE SUPERTRAMP boys soak up a few rays.

T-REX: ‘The Unobtainable T Rex' (EMI)
By Amanda Nichols
FROM THE title of this new EMI
release you might imagine it to be
all you wanted to be. I complete your R
T-REX vinyl collection but, no. It doesn't
simply contain B sides throughout the years '72 to '77, plus
one of the lesser known
songs 'Celebrating Summer' EMI's
reasons for releasing it are,
I suspect, to fathom out the market
for T-REX records and according
to my sales they devote some of
their resources to those songs
which are unprofitable. If Tony
Visconti and Pye can do it with 'The
Children Of Narnia suite' on
'The Marc' double album, then why can't
EMI, with the wealth of those tracks which
they must have in their
possession?

Anyway on to the music. The
tracks of this box set are worn well over
the years, 'Jetgirl Love' to 'Life Is An Elevator'.
It's a song for your every mood.
For the man the music is pretty
simple. Listen to 'Midnight', guys, a
driver beat with Elton's 'Who
Do You Wanna Dance' has an
elusive quality about it as it slips
and slides.
As a compilation album it stands
as a fair testament to a man whose
inspired many. Maybe for some
will this influence an interest
in T-REX and chart it must.
How can I review an album of
tracks so well known, songs
which mean much to me, gays,
to me a teenage dream? All I can say is
that this album is an
indispensable ABC for the boys of our
age, a nostalgic reminder to the
beat of your happiness. ++++

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TELF. 021-234 5119

SUPERTRAMP: ‘PARIS’
(A&M ALM 6702)
JOE JACKSON: Beat Crazy (A&M AHML 6437)

by Danielle Soave

WHEN OLD Joe first came to the nation, looking like a younger version of his father, he was already a legend in his own right. His first album, 'The Velvet Underground', had sold more than a million copies worldwide, and his follow-up, 'The Snake', had reached the top of the charts in both the US and the UK.

But when he moved to the UK, things didn't go as smoothly. His second album, 'The Boy Who Never Made Love to Women', was a critical flop, and his subsequent releases, 'The Biggie' and 'The Cat', were met with muted response.

So when Joe returned with 'Beat Crazy', many were wondering if he had finally found his footing. The album was released in 1983, and it was a huge success, reaching number three in the UK charts and number ten in the US. It was a breakthrough for Joe, and it marked the beginning of a new chapter in his career.

The album is a mix of rock, punk, and new wave, and it features some of Joe's best-known songs, including 'I'm the One', 'The Boy Who Never Made Love to Women', and 'The Biggie'. The album's title track, 'Beat Crazy', became a hit single and remains one of Joe's most popular songs.

Joe's innovation and willingness to try new things are evident throughout the album, and it cemented his place as one of the most influential and innovative musicians of his generation. 'Beat Crazy' is a testament to Joe's talent and creativity, and it remains a classic album today.
RETURN OF AN INVISIBLE GIRL

SHE'S SITTINGquietly across the other side of the office as I arrive and Robert is perched on the window-sill, looking lively and enthusiastic.

These two men have taken things back to the world and linked arms with Invisible Girls Martin Hannett and Steve Hopkins to the possibilities, with the inception of their own Illusive label; are endless. There's a lot of bad in the past and a lot of good round the corner; the acquisition of the material to the 'Pauline Murray & the Invisible Girls' album, which opens up a few fresh loopholes away from the Penetration, towards it?

It's pop, dub, soul, all a forward facing sound that brings out the best in Martin (ex Division Magazine) Darunj Column John Cooper Clarke (Hannett, and shows us how open the music is when we're natural with it, when we don't force

Pauline Murray sits quietly beside him in a navy caftan, she makes a hopeful interview because it's been hard, because the music she's with The Invisible Girls has spoken fast.

'It's just a new start, and it's got to be viewed with caution,' she asserts, against the clanging of cups and gunfire, 'but we're still expecting people to come and stand for Penetration songs. It's been made clear all down the line - that people shouldn't come if that's what they want.

Robert: 'We saw Peter Gabriel nine months ago and they were still shouting for Genesis stuff. Pauline: 'Someone asked me in an interview if I thought the new wave had made people more open-minded; and I said No! Don't tell me people are more open-minded; there may be open-minded people who picked up on the Pisto in the first place, but so many others are thesly anything new, they can't take it until someone tells them it's good.

Amidst all the bad, there's good, and the good can go on of two ways: concentration and dedication and clarity and care are essential, and these things lie behind the best rock and pop. Something big is in the air, I feel it's just starting.

Pauline: "I feel it's just starting, I feel that we're going to find our way even more. It is just like starting all over again, what sort of things are you looking for? Just different things, you know, I can't really tell because we don't plan. I think we're still expecting people to come and stand for Penetration songs. It's been made clear all down the line - that people shouldn't come if that's what they want.

Robert: 'We saw Peter Gabriel nine months ago and they were still shouting for Genesis stuff. Pauline: 'Someone asked me in an interview if I thought the new wave had made people more open-minded; and I said No! Don't tell me people are more open-minded; there may be open-minded people who picked up on the Pisto in the first place, but so many others are thesly anything new, they can't take it until someone tells them it's good.

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HIGHEST WIRE

If Live Wire have got to act out a pantomime to sell records it's not before time says MIKE NICHOLLS as he travels to Canada to see them.

promotional push from its record company.

"The previous day we had been in Toronto where every other record shop seemed to blast a Live wire window display. All the local radio stations and local newspapers were chasing interviews and a couple of gigs, notably the one at the El Mocambo, were taped for a broadcast.”

Unfortunately, the one I saw in some dead and redneck bar on the wrong side of town. Speciallyuslim and with an appealing sound system. It was a disaster. Or "one for the memory banks" as Mike Edwards remarked, laughing it off as a temporary hiccup.

To all intents and purposes, Live Wire is Mike's band. As well as writing all the material, he sings, plays guitar and is the focal point of their stage act. Apart from the record company's showcase gigs, they were mainly playing bars where most groups stick to a Typically rigid bar band repertoire.

"But in The BBQ, Tom Petty and REO Speedwagon, uma..." he said, disinterestingly, "was it a case of having to divide all our material over two sets? I can't wait till we're playing one again. I'll be like a child again."

A youthful 26-year-old Mike is no newcomer to the business. Several years ago he was with a band that was signed to Polydor but like most groups, had trouble with the other guitarists. The other guitarist in Live Wire is Simon Boswell, better known as a former member of Advertising and an upcoming producer around London. In fact, he got the job with Live Wire after producing their last "No Night" album. Mike thinks very highly of Simon, finding it pleasingly surprising that a musician as accomplished as him should be so ready to interpret his own ideas:

"He's wonderful, Simon doesn't play the role of The Lead Guitarist because he realises there's no need to have to prove himself. My ideas are developed without being changed which is almost unheard of."

A case in point is the haunting local work on "Cats" and "Every Swiss Cottage" the band's recent single which notably got nowhere. Lyrical, it's quite descriptive, referring to Kafka's "The Castle" but based on an everyday experience tolerated by Mike:

"One day last summer I got a bus up to Swiss Cottage and went swimming. On the way I broke down and the conductor wouldn't let me get on another because I'd lost my ticket. Then at the baths it was told no soap was allowed in the shower. Again nobody bothered why, hence the "Castle"...

Eye-witnesses and the local press was aware of this..."

Oddly, Mike's voice is always heard unabashedly. The fact that the music business is a very competitive business is no excuse for the lack of understanding and the number of people who are always trying to get out of the business.

"We've got to do something or we're just going to end up like another undervalued band. It's not the same as having no soap in the shower. Again nobody bothered why, hence the "Castle"...

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You don't stand a chance if you go down in Chinatown.

THIN LIZZY

CHINATOWN

The new album includes their hit singles 'Chinatown' and 'Killer On The Loose.'
I REALLY like Sting. I could put my teeth into his neck, slowly, firmly. I know his blood, to mingle with my own. It would be ecstasy!!! A beautiful feeling.

A Vampire in Cheshire.

You dirty little husky. Anyway, you’re too late–Sting retired from the Mailman page in disgust, and I can’t say I blame him.

FRUSTRATED SCHOLAR. DEAR STING, I’m not a letter from one of those “frustrated scholar” types who plies you up on the wall, and sits looking at it for hours day dreaming. And writing. “I love Sting” Mission’s the front of her history book. No. As a matter of fact, this seems to be a matter of fact, subtle, young lady, who does not hear herself of over much in the world and who realises sympathy remarks and least sympathy grows, all the time. Nowhere. In a nutshell all I really want to say to you is... W-O-W! What legitimate!!

From two happy Police fans. Not only have I seen Sting’s bare legs I’ve touched them too.

COULDN’T RESIST.

DEAR STING. Hearing that you were going to be the Mailman for a week on the World Record Mirror, I couldn’t resist writing to congratulate you on your brilliant new single which really deserves to be No 1. I’ve also written to ask how RM have the nerve to ask The Police to produce the paper this week after such an indifferent review of “Don’t Stand” “Already bloated image”. The Police image is no bigger than their popularity. And as for the bit about re-releasing, well the Police are in such demand that re-releasing a single is the only way to satisfy the public and anyway the sign of a good record is one which gets higher in the charts second time of release! About the only decent thing “he” said was that it would reach No 1. “Anyway” “He” is Paul Shenton who thoroughly deserves a kick up the back-side. Please see that this is delivered, and keep up the good work.

Kim.

But he right was, wasn’t he?

FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

DEAR STING. It’s a foregone conclusion that a group, band or artist, in the music world in particular that doesn’t need the media as a crutch for their careers, will come in for some considerable flack. As you’re probably read in all the music papers the critics don’t agree with you, and this kind of a good song. Not knowing what anyone else’s tastes are could seem they haven’t any why do “they” fawn on yesterday’s single? I mean did it that “they” are more than jealous of your new appeal and be sure that this is flagged to death with the commentary of Police’s “Don’t Stand So Close To Me” It’s to be sure that these critics aren’t so dull and never experience anyone else’s. If “they” could see the world through your eyes. However, “Don’t” is No 1 throughout Europe. Can it be so bad?

Yours in appreciation. Tina Burton.

* Willis. I mean, I had Weetabix instead of Cereal breakfast this morning just to change the routine.

DOO DAY.

I HENRIETTA Dunbatta, Do wonder, ray, pond why a certain bandos de blood chicks call out and put their names for their albums (which getta de betta and beta) I hasten to add! Not that I mind this wierdos habbita. But whenever you tells de tella behinds de counta the name of the record you wish to buy. He look at you with eyes that getta pay so then fetch you another record asks “what’s the hit to much to ask that these vitalis de titles be printed in English as well?”

The cause answer to Chaucer. PS. Just to wish Sting a very Happy Boppid and many happy returns of the day.

PS Who the hell is Nabakov?

* Da boogga atia

A BEAST WITH ROOTS.

DEAR STING. You beast! I don’t care if you are a Libra you still were and made X films when I’m only 13 and can only get in on AA with difficulty. Now after getting that off my chest I think you’re a great musician, handsome and sexy— why the hell do you make it so difficult to get to your gigs? Both myself and my best friend Sandy have been trying to get to one of your gigs and can’t (sob!) Oh, well it doesn’t make us think that you are any less lovely.

Lots of love. Debbie xxxx

PS Happy Birthday for Thursday—my birthday the following Monday and it would be great to think that you actually read my letter.

PS What hair dye do you use by the way and do the others use the same? And if you ever need someone to lean on you know where I am.

Use cherry black boot polish on the roots to make it look dyed.

ANOTHER ONE.

DEAR STING. Stewart and Andy congrats on the success of “Don’t Stand So” and for getting into the production of RM I am a Police fan, and collect the official magazine, and I am also a fan club member, so there! That’s all for now, but I hope that there will be be another single out soon. Very best wishes to you all.

Anon.

* Give me her address and I’ll take advantage.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

DEAR STING. Happy happy birthday to you Happy birthday to you Happy birthday to you. Lots of love and kisses on your 21st birthday.

From two ardent admirers.

PS After all this time of wondering who is mailman we finally discovered it’s Sting!

* Was, you may.

SOUTH AFRICA

DEAR STING. There’s a couple of things I want to know. The first is do you intend to do a gig in South Africa? That because I’m going over there again next year, I’m not thinking of only me, but there are loads and loads of people there who would love to see a great group as you. I mean, if you can play in the Bombay and India you must be able to play in SA. Please think about it. Oh when we all do a British tour the following year do you think you can do Coventry even though it’s a dump. If you manage to get us there, thanks for reading it.

Oh I nearly forgot, HAPPY BIRTHDAY for Oct 2.

Clive from Alexia a.

RETIRED.

Who THE hell cares if Led Zeppelin never play again? They were hardly knocking themselves out for their fans in the UK anyway, were they? That band was a dinosaur, and should have packed it in five years ago. I’d refigure paying out good money to go into their pockets, having found out how much they were earning when they could hardly be bothered doing tours. All these bands—the Stones included—ought to retire now.

RM Fan, Sheffield.
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES

NEW ALBUM
THE LABEL

K 58201 WEA
TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS

The last couple of years have seen something of a boom in the Antipodean arts. First the film industry, aided by strong government backing, moved away from the crude Foosters-swilling humour of the Barry McKenzie epics and began to pursue a more thoughtful and sensitive path, and, today, the musical arts would seem to be developing in similar fashion.

Radio stations now ensure that new home-bred talent gets its fair share of airplay, good young producers - something Australia and New Zealand have traditionally lacked - are starting to come through, and Australasian bands are currently denting the national charts more consistently than ever before.

In this respect, the impact of Split Enz has been particularly marked. Being one of the first of their members are from New Zealand to break through both at home and abroad, they've probably done most to prove that Rolf Harris' invite us to lie down a certain indigenous marsupial isn't the be all and end all of Australian entertainment.

Indeed, the band's latest album 'True Colours' is their biggest seller to date by far, vying on quadruple platinum in Australia, where they're now based, and 'I Got You' the concurrent 45 has sold more copies than any other single by any local band. Elsewhere, too, the fame of the Enz are multiplying fast. In America, for instance, they've been getting plenty of FM airplay and with luck should soon cross over into the Top 40 AM market and in this country a Top Of The Pops appearance and successful tour has sent the single hurting towards the upper reaches of the chart.

Success, however, has been far from overnight. The Enz have existed in some form or another since 72 but in terms of both line-up and image the band of today bears little resemblance to its earlier models.

My first exposure to them, I recall, was via an old TV news programme where a supposedly light-fingered presenter was struggling but ultimately succeeding in conducting an interview with a bizarre-looking individual sporting a greasepaint sneaked face and a parakeet style coiffure. This was Tim Finn, the Enz's lead vocalist, whose eye- popping appearance and general silliness convinced the world of a Dunkirk-like fiasco. Only Easton Andrews' quaking before the mighty Kiss and Bill Grundy trying to cut out the Pistols spring to mind as more ill-fated and thus enjoyable encounters.

Today, however, the Enz are a new band with only Tim remaining from the original line-up. Ace ivory-tinder Ed Berridge dropped in home rhythm section Nigel Griggs and Malcolm Green, bass and drums respectively, in 77, and Tim's brother Nick came in at the same time. Previously, he'd been employed as a hospital orderly in Auckland but when founder member Phil Judd developed cancer, he gladly agreed to swell the ranks. Not that he could play the guitar mind you.

But for seven days, recalls Neil painfully, 'really appalling, but don't think I was included in the mix so I don't think anyone heard me. But it was the best way to learn; I probably wouldn't have played guitar otherwise.'

And image-wise too the band have changed, or rather progressed, since those outrageous days of old. Their initial startling collective front has gradually toned itself down so that today they sport nothing more outlandish than semi-luminous suits and a modicum of make-up. They still place a high emphasis on visual impact, mind, they like to look individual and stand out from the crowd, but the effectiveness of the show now hangs squarely on the merits of the music rather than the angular nature of the haircuts.

'Yeah, we've been looking that way for the past three years, explains Neil. 'We were just so frustrated by what we saw and what we heard. It was an interesting time in the music than anything else, there was so much more involved in the music than anything else. The image was pursued pretty much for its own sake.'

Really, though, it was inevitable that the visual appearance would finally revert back to something approaching the norm because with the shaved heads and Max Factor eyebrows the Enz were just about extremes as it could get. Any farther and their subtle, surreal qualities could easily have been lost. Plasmas style grossness and debauchery, rather than undermining their murky depths, however, the bizarre outer shell slowly began to crack and the band were revealing the band as they really were, in their true colours you might say.

'We want still to look different and entertain visually,' says Neil. 'But it's a lot more spontaneous these days. It's not just planned theatrics, we jump around a fair bit and communicate with the audience a lot more directly than we used to.'

This doesn't mean, however, that the Enz image has lost all its potency for Neil, arch practical and quite possibly the world's finest spoons player, goes to great pains to make the band visually as well as aurally appealing. Indeed, his press officer informs me that prior to the recent Doncaster gig he created the band in a line and proceeded to suit up and down, pulling the final touches to their hair. Now the question, we could all agree, is looking far more comfortably.

But today's not just the band's visuals that are changed for the gradual streamlining of the image has gone hand in hand with some considerable musical development. The Enz sound still retains its unmistakable quirky charm but located now on a cleaner, more overtly commercial level.

It's what can best be described as pure, modern pop, an ideal soundtrack for the eighties, fuelled primarily by the nimble digits of Eddie Rayner. Sometimes he carves out the melody, sometimes he simply bathes the songs in a wash of synthesised sound but either way it's a genuine tonic for the kids and indeed, its' largely his talents, coupled naturally with the songwriting skills of Neil and Tim, that makes 'True Colours' such a scribe'sopération. It's the Enz most powerful, strongest and most adventurous album to date.

'Oh sure, its streets ahead of the others in lots of ways,' agrees Neil. 'I mean, musically, we've always had the songs, the melodies, we've always been there, but what we've been working with a producer who's been able to bring out the best in the band.'

The producer in question, of course, is 21-year-old whiz-kid Dave Tickle who, after brief but successful stint engineering for Blondie and The Knack, has helped the Enz to focus their multifarious ideas and achieve the full uncluttered sound you hear today, and knowing how and why they cleaned up the sound recently,' continues Neil. "Cleaned out the soft这么 to speak, but we'll probably get back to textures a bit more eventually. The second reason, to keep hold of the central thread and not have some ideas happening at once. That was something the old band wouldn't do..."

And sales clearly show that the Split Enz of today is a much more commercial proposition than the Split Enz of old, so was there a conscious effort to make 'True Colours' as accessible and mainstream as possible?

'No, not really,' replies Neil, 'we've always wanted to be commercial, it's just that now we've got the right combination to get that across on record. We just write as we write and I don't think we did anything that wasn't true to ourselves.'

Whatever the reason, though, there's no denying that 'Colours' has caught the imagination of many and with the follow-up already in the can (a good 'un, I'm assured) and the security of a two album deal with A&M you'd always like to see being covered very comfortably.

In their long, highly complex history, however, there's been more than enough down to balance out this recent up. '78 was particularly lean period for them. They had no management or record deal, had just parted company with Chrysalis and whilst collectively they assumed a brave face, individually they often felt like packing it in, doubting not the quality of the music but their ability to sell it.

Despite this general malaise, however, the year was actually a crucial one for the band's career. True, they didn't manage to play live but they did record '12 Sun Red' later to become their first National Top 10, and it sold a lot of much of the time writing, rehearsing and recording, but which cemented them musically and laid the foundations for 'True Colours'. And those foundations are currently proving very well laid.

In terms of their upcoming album for the band to embark on an American tour in the middle of this month, Neil remarks: "We'll probably be playing over there this month and look forward to it, a bit more, I've enjoyed some playing in Britain," concludes Neil, "because the crowds are so much more lively up there. If you're good there it matters, if you're bad there it matters even more."

But for the Enz have had no trouble at all.
OUT ON MY OWN

I'VE JUST completed a four-year apprenticeship in the Police Force during which I gained a National Certificate in electrical engineering. Now I'm interested in setting up my own business as a domestic electrician. It's possible to test the market and see whether there is enough interest in the type of services that I would be offering.

Mike, Cornwall

- What are you waiting for? If you can supply a service which is constantly in demand, you can sell your skills. If you don't have the qualifications, you can train or retrain, and then go into business for yourself, you will be able to earn a comfortable living and enjoy the freedom that is associated with self-employment.

Use local papers, post offices, word of mouth to advertise. A professional image can be created with printed headed paper, menus and cards to promote your service. And if you're not already on the telephone, you need to be. If you're not all that confident, then you will naturally communicate your confidence as being a potential customer for your services.

- There's nothing to stop you from putting your training, enthusiasm and experience to good use for yourself, rather than as an employee. You'll reap the benefits of your own work. But also remember that you're not the only one with the vision of becoming self-employed. Smaller firms can provide a better introduction into the world of self-employment than the nearest Income Tax office. But first you must have the finance to back yourself.

Self-employment offers a large degree of freedom, working where you like and when you like, with the added bonus of being your own boss. But also, you will have to learn to take on all aspects of your business, including bookkeeping, financial planning, and marketing. It is a very demanding career, but you will gain in confidence and experience. And you will be able to take your business wherever you go.

- There's no reason why you can't work from home, but you must be prepared to work long hours. You will need to set aside a room for your office, and you will need to be able to work in a quiet environment. You will also need to set aside a budget for a computer, printer, and other equipment.

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Each month, Boots selects one of the highest albums in the charts and sells it at one of the lowest prices around.

We call it 'Album of the Month' and until October 25th, you can buy the latest live double album and tape from Supertramp at a huge £2 off the recommended retail price.

Available at this special offer price until October 25th, from Boots Record Departments subject to stock availability.

for the Special Touch
To the Moondogs success isn't a dirty word. By next year they hope Police will be supporting them

Our A pop group and mingle with the stars, Jackie Hamilton, Gerry McCardless, and Austin Barrett are all budding popstars. Their band, The Moondogs, is already opening a few doors, giving them a glimpse of the fashionable good life and a chance to play spot the famous face.

I caught up with this hard working Londonderry band at Thames TV's studios in Teddington, where they were laying down tracks for their appearance on White Light.

When the recording finished it was at last mingle with the stars time. I managed to get the three energetic members of the band signed to one of the rare quiet corners of the Thames TV bar. The record button on my cassette player was poised but Jackie, Gerry and Austin's minds were on other matters.

With Jim 'Nick Nick' Davidson standing at the bar talking to one of the band's mates, Eric Sykes plus fat cigar hovering in and out, and Bob Todd, Franscoise Pascalie and all of the midday Rainbow crew enjoying a quiet drink, the Moondogs conversation went starry eyed. They exchanged quips among themselves in their fast and fruity Ulster accents, leaving me trying unsuccessfully to understand what they were saying.

Once the novelty of being surrounded by these famous TV faces had worn off, the likeable lads quietened down and promised that they'd speak slowly to me so that I'd be able to follow their youthful words of wisdom.

It's a really obvious thing for people to compare us to the Undertones," states 18 year old bassist Jackie. "But if you listen to our songs carefully, I think you'd have to be real ignorant to compare us."

Our songs probably sound more like the Buzzcocks or the Ramones 'cos at the start we were doing covers by them," points out Gerry. "But I don't think our new songs sound like anybody, the harmonies may still be Beatlesque but we definitely have our sound now."

The three Moondogs first got together two years ago, round about the time the Undertones signed to Sire. Gerry, who was a labourer, and Austin who worked in a box factory, used to meet up at 'Tones gigs in Derry. When Jackie left school The Moondogs started as a serious venture.

"When I finished school I was under a lot of pressure from everybody to try and get an ordinary job," says Jackie, the band's fast talking extrovert. "Everyone thought the band would only last for a couple of years. Where we come from the only sort of bands are country'n western ones and they play the club circuit then break up after a while. Us and the Undertones were the only two bands that had been signed up from Derry and our Mums and Dads didn't understand that the sort of bands we were in was like a career for life."

The Moondogs are signed to Real Records and they are currently in the middle of a tour with their label stablemates, The Pretenders. "After we finish playing with The Pretenders we're planning to do a youth club tour 'cos that's the sort of age group we want to appeal to. Teenagers really get into you, and they don't care what other people think," says Jackie.

Like their teenage audiences Jackie, Gerry and Austin don't give a monkey's about keeping up any sort of image. They all wear scruffy jumpers and jeans, and their down to earth clothes reflect their personalities. "We wear what we're wearing now when we go on stage. If you dress up you're kind of making yourself better than the people you're playing to," says Jackie.

"We'd really like all the 13 or 14 year old girls screaming after us," continues Jackie, rather self-consciously. "We want to be sort of like the Bay City Rollers, with everybody enjoying our music and asking for our autographs, 'cos it's a good fun for everyone."

The band don't hesitate to cite the Rollers, Gary Glitter, Sweet, Slade and David Essex as their old heroes while their modern favourites are The Jam, The Boys and The Ramones. It's refreshing to meet a band who are totally natural and not concerned with putting up any kind of shallow front for the sake of the journalist.

Moondogs songs are equally refreshing. They are based on traditional pop melodies laced with a healthy dose of adolescent vigour.

"Most of our songs are written from personal experience. Like I wrote 'Babysnatcher' 'cos my girlfriend's 16 and when I started going out with her that's what people called me," says Gerry the quietly spoken guitarist.

What's the song 'Roddy's Gang' about? "Well, I used to be in a gang when I was about 11 and the leader was Brian Roddy. We'd run around robbing orchards, playing pig, it was good but then Roddy started going out with a girl and the gang just broke up," explains Gerry.

Most of their songs are about day to day teenage experiences, with no mention of the problems that us mainlanders are constantly reading about.

"The rest of Britain is now getting the sort of unemployment that Derry had 12 years ago, which is why the troubles started over there. But we don't want to start talking about that now, because we just get fed up of people always asking us about the problems once they realise that we are from Northern Ireland."

-- Mr. McCardless, 14 year old guitarist

All of the Undertones songs probably sound more like anybody, the harmonies may still be Beatlesque but we definitely have our sound now.

The Moondogs are all quietly confident that success is not too far away. They've laid down some steady foundations with their eager approach to touring, and the release of the excellent 'Who's Gonna Tell Mary' should establish the band's name in the charts.

"Next year we hope that the Police will be supporting us at the Lipstick Festival," concludes Jackie, before he trundled off to make his daily phone call to his girlfriend in Derry.

To The Moondogs success is not a dirty word. They all want hit singles, and the chance to play abroad. It seems certain that the honest commercial quality of the Moondogs songs is what their success is built on.
WATCH OUT FOR RECORD MIRROR NEXT WEEK. WE'RE GIVING AWAY A SPECIAL, LIMITED EDITION RECORD MIRROR T-SHIRT FREE!

SEE NEXT WEEK'S RECORD MIRROR FOR FULL DETAILS.
BLACK SLATE

Amigo

W&M by Black Slate. Copyright: Wise Owl Music

Amigo, Amigo
Amigo, oh
Amigo, oh
Amigo, oh, oh
Amigo 'migo 'migo, oh
Jah na go, na go mishad you, no
Shoop shoop wah ooh wah
Just have faith, he will guide you all
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Jah na go, na go mishad you, no
Shoop shoop wah ooh wah
Just have faith, he will guide you all
By:
Jean ROUGE/ZAGORA

SUPERFOUR

Incredible
Delightful
Unforgettable

OTTAWAN
D.I.S.C.O.

Words & Music By:
Daniel Vangarde & Jean Kluger

FROM THE ALBUM "GOING DEAF FOR A LIVING" UAG 30295
ISSUED IN SPECIAL PICTURE SLEEVE

ON TOUR
10TH OCT ST DAVID'S UNIVERSITY, LAMPETER WALES
11TH OCT PORTER HOUSE, TELFORD

Copyright: 1978 by EDI-
TIONS BLEU BLANC
ROUGIS/FRANCA

BLANCA/FRA

ON TOUR
10TH OCT ST DAVID'S UNIVERSITY, LAMPETER WALES
11TH OCT PORTER HOUSE, TELFORD

Copyright: 1978 by EDI-
THURSDAY

OCTOBER 9

EDINBURGH, The Playhouse.

DURHAM, The Fighting Cocks, Moseley

BIRMINGHAM, Metro, New Cross

LONDON, University

CONDON, Royal

LONDON, Lyceum.

GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms

THURSDAY

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DEAD KENNdYS/UK DECAY
Manchester Polytechnic
By Mike Nicholls
A Gig to make you count your blessings every other night of your life. This kind of reverence should have been put out of its misery years but like the incurable disease it is, the mutant strain of '77 survivors, still striving its creeping virulence of disastrous hair and shoddily strung Crass logos. These kids made the Music Machine look like the Monday Club. That such a celebration of non-stardom should take place in a seat of learning is horrid. Worse is that it should be at the one which succeeded in adding a bit of creativity that has evolved into such quality aspects of the present as John McGeoch's guitar-work and Peter Saville's sleeve designs.

The misery was protracted by a delay caused by UK Decay's singer knocking himself senseless against a steel door. He was none of the lucky ones. The rest of us had to tolerate a dire succession of quaint chain saw guitar riffs interrupted only by brief outbursts of pointless punk yammering. If the support band's excuse was the traditional one of getting yammering, chainsaw stuff, it was not believable, at least not by the lucky ones. The traditional one of getting yammering, chainsaw stuff, it was not believable, at least not by the people who were there. The crowd stood up immediately. They seemed to be bewailing for their lives. The band made all the right moves, though at one point Chrissie thumped the drumsticks into the air and said 'aren't we moving around as much as we should?'

Chrissie is very much her own person stage - although the visual balance in the Pretenders' light show is very precise, with Rosemary, Scott and Farrow always given plenty of room to manoeuvre. Whether it was Chrissie's apparent degradation that caused them to stand on a chair and suck at their fingers, or the fact that they simply wasn't moving around as much as they should be taken in by it all.

So what did the Pretenders get out of the gig? Well, it did provide a break in for some new numbers, of which all tour were announced ('Adultery' could be one). Plus another from its ailed part of the Ray Davies song list. Some of the arrangements were shoddily and the craft of previous efforts and on the odd occasion that they did tape, they sounded totally tram-tied.

Tonight though, there were songs like 'Lost in the Sun' which raised a smile, but not much more.

Stop Your Sobbing, such an intense cover version, it can't be failed. After being shushed off the cover of the album, 'You Don't Know Me', it came back round to sympathize there was nothing more to play.

**PINK MILITARY**

The Lyceum
By Jessamy Catkin
THERE must be someone who finds it intensely amusing (and profitable) to pack as many people as is physically possible into the Lyceum. Unlimited ticket sales. Consequently Sunday night was like being cremated alive - but with less novelty.

Impossible to move. The usual triangular hair cut crew was there, also a lot of people as is physically possible into the Lyceum. Unlimited ticket sales. Consequently Sunday night was like being cremated alive - but with less novelty.

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THE SKIDS
Glasgow Apollo
By Billy Sloan

The recent change in personnel and attitude has done wondrous things for The Skids. Drummer Mike Bailey, although still a bit rough around the edges, has enjoyed being with a band that plays with much more individuality and flair than his predecessor. The band has added to the quality of their sound, ensuring a rich, punchy rhythm while retaining their characteristic edge.

This gig was held in the wrong place, the venue itself prohibitive to the mood. Dance music in dance halls. Secondly, maybe it was because of a collective flat mood, a lot of the all important anemic vocals were cruelly flat. Most irritating of all was a light show which made the perfect cliche, as the band played mostly in the shadows.

What the Skids do now live is large, uninterrupted chunks of hard-driven rock. Six numbers segued together, delivered rapid-fire, effective music to grab the audience by the throat and hold them to ransom for future choirs. This works only when the level of excitement is maintained. One strop in the pack stands out like hell.

Circus Games, with its searing wall of raw guitar power, is furthered by Webley's distorted bass which has the effect of a tube train passing beneath the building. The hook, without the kids' voices, is a positive let-down. The vocals are crude and bawled. 'Yankee Dollar' is also marred, this time by Adamson's forced keyboards slabs on the sparse intro. Its contribution merely delays the impact, and only when he turns to his chug-a-bom-B R & B riff that binds this number, does the song explode.

'O One Skin', 'Out Of Town', 'Dulce Et Decorum Est', 'Hurry On Boys'. 'We're So Happy To Be With You' and the as yet undiscovered gem on the new album 'Woman In Winter' mirror the collective Skids appeal.

Screaming metallic guitar, rumbling power bass, regimental ears, metallic vocal choruses - all purpose battle hymns as the band slip back into the frame so the problems will iron themselves out and the enjoyment level soar. Modern James Last style anemic Celine melodies single rhythms for dance meetings.

Yeah that's it - Jobby does look as the band strum northern soul. Keep smiling.

BAD MANNERS
Bath University
By Fred Sugden

If DEMIS ROUSSOS had been born 20 years later, in North London, he would have called himself Fatly Buster Bloodveedle and looked like this overweight, bald, in a white boiler suit, running on the spot, and doing the way that I thought you didn't possibly.

Fatty dominates Bad Manners with a physical charisma which is obviously coveted and yet successful, when he's not stage, focusing the entire output of the other musicians. They are in every shadow, sound with substance.

Look elsewhere for hidden depth and subtlety. Manners are the Motorhead of the 80's sound, and they like it that way. Wanna hear a ska version of 'Monsters of the Magnificent Seven' from 'Caledonia'? Coming right up, try it for size. My own interest is bordered on the cynical for a while, but in the end I had to concede that all they're doing is having a good time the best way they know how.

If other people get off on it as well that's a bonus, and who am I to kind fault in it? You pays your money, I suppose. Bad Manners might be rude boys, but there's no sense given or taken.

FINGERPRINT
Paisley Bungalow
By Billy Sloan

I LOOKED up the pop charts and saw Kelly Marie, Sheena Easton and Otis Williams revisited and a rare slice of single mediocrity by The Jam.

I don't see Fingerprint in the pop charts, and those who are good, enough just what have O'Neill and Co. got to do?

CLIFF: one of the good guys

WHO'S NO HERO, THEN?

CLIFF RICHARD
Apollo Theatre, London
By Mike Nicols

YOU GET a nice class of punter at a Cliff gig. He's there for you on the way out, don't gob at you for taking notes or to get you to complain when you're barging your way to your seat half-way through the show.

Cliff deserves this kind of audience cos he's one of the good guys. Might be knocking 60 on the door but he's got the figure of a ballet dancer and shakes it to good effect. A little bit hackedey, vaguely fey, maybe, but that's him and you ain't gonna change him.

Nice line in threads, too. Glitter shirt, shiny pants and a little silver bomber that made an entrance to match his own. And the lights? Champion, just like they were on the last tour. Choreography, the sound balance and the nine piece band.

Whatever you think of the boy, what he stands for, his talent or his sexuality, you've got to admit he's a professional which is a Manners and he's sold out the best of London's

new rock theatres for weeks on end.

The best bit for my money was 'I'm No Hero' where they performed behind a chiffon screen which bounced off all footage of bull-fighters, hot air balloonists and the like. Actual heroes, yee see. Then for 'Devil Woman' we had the artist as silhouette, throwing classic Cliff shapes from behind something or other.

Of course, at times things got a bit silly. Every time he mentioned the title of the new album the fans cheered. Just like Crackerjack, I thought. Then there was a song about Jesus called 'He's The Rock That Doesn't Roll', which is quite clever.

Towards the end lots of girls rushed forward and some (hopeful?) boys and he got given many boxes of chocolates and other nice things.

As I'm writing this I'm in the Venue watching the Yachts. They're from Liverpool and very good but I bet they'll never be as big as Cliff. He only gave us one encore and that was the great 'We Don't Talk Any More'. The perfect end to a lovely night out. Pity I missed the first half.

RORY GALLAGHER
Aylesbury Friars
By Phang

Rory Gallagher is one of those performers who 'flies with the greatest of ease' through every phase in musical evolution. Last Wednesday he was playing to the people who had followed him for years, as well as new fans, most of whom must have left totally drained physically and emotionally.

The crowd responded ecstatically to Rory's older numbers which included 'Moonchild', 'Brute Force And Ignorance' and 'Shadowplay'. He later had everyone up and rocking, in the aisles.

His set has always been pretty lengthy, and tonight was no exception - he had almost an irritating habit of drawing out the end of each song. The only break he had was to wipe the sweat off his face - 'Back in a minute, I'm off to take some of the cosmic stuff!' - wonder what he meant by that?

The length of each encore felt like half the set all over again. 'Bullfrog Blues' rock 'n' roll blues, Rory's face screwed up so tightly determined to squeeze out as much energy as possible, and then a second encore.

The crowd wanted more Rory, and they've got to get it, because he sure as hell ain't finished yet.

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THE RAMONES

Hammersmith Odeon, London
By Simon Ludgate
THE MOST accurate description of their technique I can think of is this; watching the Ramones is like witnessing four people collectively hugging for a shot.

Two hours' worth of show is super-condensed into 41 minutes, or so my Carriettimemachine reliably informed me. It was interesting to note that the two trusty old clocks have been removed from Hammersmith's grubby walls. Is this a ploy to defuse punters who get a bit boisterous when they realise they have just paid five quid for a scant three quarters of an hour's entertainment?

That said, something in the region of 20 songs per hour delivered with relentless power separates the men from the boys. As ever, Joey and Tommy allowed no respite from the moment they broke the stage until the final curtain.

It was "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten" (just proving they can count on more than one hand) and straight into 'Sniff Some glue', 'Sheena', etc., etc., etc. 'Chinese Rock' from the 'Rocket To Russia' album was upon us before you could say 'tourniquet' or 'spoon'.

This gig was supposed to have taken place a couple of months ago but was postponed due to Joey's attack of poorly throat-itis, and it ran as smooth as a gallon of Castrol GTX. No power cuts, pops and whines like the last attempt at the Electric Ballroom.

Joey is saged against the mikes, jeans in the requisite letters, pasty, wasted. Tommy scratches the dirt with his axe and takes the occasional bound into space.

There is no real beginning, middle or end to a Ramones gig; just solid energy which feeds on its audience, leaving them drained as a vampire's victim.

Although there wasn't an empty seat in the house, reaction seemed to be running at about 75 percent full power. Only one kid lied stage, careered around and swallowed the crowd.

Garbas were heoned and big-hos were answered by a "Let's go!" but you were still left with a nagging feeling that this was a band who've seen better days, who've done it all one too many times and who can never find an unoccupied bog.

THE RAMONES; that'll do for me, Tommy.

PAUL SIMON
San Francisco Civic Auditorium
By Mark Cooper
THIS is the second date of Paul Simon's first tour in an age. Simon's melancholy and song style is particularly American shared by anyone from Seger to Jackson Browne and lying at the heart of country music. He plays poor white boy blues, 'the music of those brought upon the American dream who've seen dreams that most folk never catch their star'. After all these years, his craziness is strictly ironic, strictly in character. His America's most bourgeois, most professional and most academic songwriter.

He is accompanied by all the super musicians on the new album, a four-man brass section and, to cap off the set, the Jesse Dixon singers, who, along with the appearance of Joan Baez to join a gospel version of "Amazing Grace", provide the rousing finale that Simon is prepared to admit he's never make on his own. This is not sterile musicianship but professionalism united with feeling. Simon is content to play rhythm electric in the company of his peers and make the occasional dry aside to the audience.

Finally, after an ecstatic reception, he comes back alone and indulges the audience with 'Sounds Of Silence' and 'Mrs Robinson'. The first now sounds utterly dated but the second, given the approaching election, sounded the old liberal folk note of concern for America. Like the man says, "when you've got to choose, all you do is lose."

SAD CAFE
Meerjull, Amsterdam
By Paul Sexton
SAD CAFE's first ever gig outside Britain, surrounded by all the ballyhoo of a massive press launch which meant that around a third of the people who were at the Amsterdam venue were there on a freebie. Still, it was time to sound out the European audience, and although the Meerjull was less than ideal - it held about 700 and was as charmless as a TV studio - and although the band hadn't played together for several months, there was room for low - key satisfaction.

This was the last stand of the 'Facade' line-up before they look around Britain earlier in the year. So only the songs from the new album were included, most notably 'What Am I Gonna Do?' and the single 'La Da Da'. It was the earlier material, particularly the hits from 'Facade', that the old Dutches recognised and enjoyed the most. The reception was never much more than restrained, but 'Every Day Hurts', 'La Da Da' and 'Strange Little Girl' were greeted with polite enthusiasm. It was nice, too, to hear "Hungry Eyes" and 'Black Rose' again fast. His first album.

Paul Young was in customary form; Jackson would have been proud on the last numbers, with his style of likeable pop (the admits it, it's alright. On 'My Oh My' in particular he really could be a certain Stone, but he has his own identity as well, heading a band that gets surprisingly well, considering the long lay off. It was a one-off for the band too, in fact it is reported that just like we did. Lead guitarist Ian Wilson was on good form, and saxist Lenni Zaksen really should be allowed to strip out a bit more, because his instrument, is one of the focal points of the band, and we'd rather have a full - time member or not. Certainly this wasn't the "outstanding" success that the RCA MD was bound to call it, but it was a sound start, and there's room for expansion off our own shores.

THE SOUND
The Moonlight Club, London
By Gill Pringle
OPENING their set with a tense melodic version of 'Unwritten Law', and The Sound were already to make sense, well so I thought... That's why they're supporting Echo And The Bunnymen. Another imitation.

The conviction wasn't wholly there, however. 'Unwritten Law' wasn't quite the same, and The Sound's version of 'Strange Little Girl' was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The next number, 'No Free Ride', was a major disappointment, but the rhythm and tension kept everyone on their toes. The last second, Iggy's 'TV Eye' and Lou Reed's 'White Light',3 sniffled easily into the set.

The Sound are a four-piece consisting of Adrian Borland (guitar) Graham Green bassist), Graham Green (guitar) and Benita Graham Green (vocalist). The band has been playing together for about two years, and the results are beginning to show.

The Bunnymen and Teardrop have opened up the way, the Sound should find no reason to fail.
CHAS & DRAIS

IMPORTS

WILSON FELDERS: "Here's The Wild One" US RCA MCA 4144. Although R&B hit bound, it's got the ring of a pop record. A 45 with a lot of potential. Cool stuff.


Somehow I think I've been all along that Jade Star was the one who murdered the old man. She was eight when she said her mutation was the worst of all—and the two security guards were no match for her bloodlust!

ON MY GOD!

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