

AUGUST 18, 1979 20p

RATS DATES

HM SPECIAL

TOURS

# SOUNDS



*Chris Difford and Glen Tilbrook of Squeeze: Pic by Paul Slattery*

## LIFE BEHIND BARS

SQUEEZE IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT: CENTRE PAGES

# Police do their duty

THE POLICE, who top the first night of next weekend's Reading Festival, have lined up a British tour next month. The band are mixing their second album, which will be released by A&M in October. But they will have a new single called 'Message In A Bottle' out to coincide with the tour.

The band, whose album 'Outlandos D'Amour' and single 'Can't Stand Losing You' are in their respective Top Tens, start the tour at Derby Assembly Rooms on September 10 and then play Blackburn King George's Hall 11, Birmingham Odeon 13, Southampton Gaumont 14, Oxford New Theatre 15, Leicester De Montfort Hall 16, Swansea Top Rank 18, Cardiff Top Rank 19. Additional dates will be announced shortly.

Ticket prices are being pegged everywhere to £2.00 in advance (£2.50 on the door) at the band's insistence. The exception is Birmingham Odeon which has a top price of £2.60. Support on the tour will be Wazmonariz.

Following the British dates, The Police will be playing a mammoth tour of America which will take them up to Christmas.



LIZZY's Phil Lynott

## Lizzy pull out of Reading

THIN LIZZY have pulled out of their Reading Festival date on August 25. Their appearance there has been in some doubt since they fired guitarist Gary Moore during their recent American tour. He was temporarily replaced by Midge Ure, but the band were only playing a 45-minute support slot on the tour and, without a permanent replacement or enough rehearsed material, they feel they cannot give a 100 per cent show for their British fans.

Lizzy apologise to their fans for this disappointment and the late decision to cancel but hope "that the fans will bear with them in these difficult circumstances beyond their control."

Phil Lynott said this week:

"We intend to make it up to all our fans with a killer tour next year and deliver the show in the way we want it to be seen."

Reading promoter Jack Barrle said: "At this late stage it will be difficult to find an act of equal stature that will have no commitments. However, we're making all necessary enquiries at the moment and we're more than hopeful that we'll be able to put something together in keeping with the value-for-money tradition of Reading."

After The Fire have also pulled out of the Reading Festival because they have to complete their album in time for its scheduled release next month.

## Heavy Metal lives

SAMSON, one of Britain's latest wave of young heavy metal bands, release their first album on Laser Records in October and follow it up with a British tour in November.

Dates so far confirmed are at Yeovilton Heron Club November 1, London City Polytechnic 2, Norwich Boogie House 3, Aberystwyth University 5, Salford University 6, Liverpool University 7, London Queen Mary College 9, London Chelsea College 10, Huddersfield Polytechnic 13, Newcastle University 16, York College Of Rippon And York 17, Leeds University 19, Portsmouth Polytechnic 22, Warwick University 23, Belfast Queens University 25, Edinburgh Moray House 28, Glasgow Strathclyde University 29, Stirling University 30, Canterbury Kent University December 4, Norwich East Anglia University 5, Swansea University 6, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 8.

BUDGIE have vehemently denied that they are disbanding. Tour manager Mick Owens told *Sounds* this week that the band were negotiating a new record deal and the tour dates are part of an extensive schedule "to get back in touch with the fans" after a lengthy American sojourn.

Dates so far confirmed are at London Music Machine August 16, Birmingham Barbarellas 17, Newcastle Mayfair September 7, Retford Porterhouse 8, West Runton Pavilion 14, Northampton Cricket Club 15, St Albans City Hall 22, Slough College 29.

WISHBONE ASH, who are in the studio working on their new album for release in the New Year, have a single released this weekend by MCA. It's their version of Chuck Berry's 'Come On'.

The band had planned to tour Britain this autumn but this has now been postponed until early next year.



THE POLICE

## Siouxsie tour

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES have now confirmed the dates for their British tour, first news of which was given in last week's issue. The tour, which is the first by the band for almost a year, is the first of four tours which the band are lining up in America, Australia and Japan.

After two warm-up gigs at Bournemouth Stateside Centre August 29 and Aylesbury Friars 30, the tour proper starts at Belfast Ulster Hall on September 5 and continues at Aberdeen Capitol 7, Glasgow Apollo 8, Dunfermline Kinema 9, Bradford St Georges Hall 12, Oxford New Theatre 14, Leicester De Montfort Hall 18, Birmingham Odeon 19, Manchester Apollo 21, Malvern Winter Gardens 22, Bristol Hippodrome 23, Cardiff Sophia Gardens 25, Taunton Odeon 27, Southampton Gaumont 28, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 29, Nottingham University October 1, Newcastle Polytechnic 3, Hull City Hall 8, Ipswich Gaumont 9, Brighton Conference Centre 10, Chelmsford Odeon 11, Lewisham Odeon 13, Hammersmith Odeon 15. More dates will be added shortly.

Siouxsie And The Banshees' new album, 'Join Hands', will be out early in September. They'll be supported by The Cure on all dates and a second act is being lined up for a number of the dates.

## Fifteen Nils

NILS LOFGREN, who appears at The Who's Wembley bash this Saturday, has lined up a British tour next month.

Lofgren, who recently released his new studio album 'Nils' on A&M, will be taking a four-piece band out with him for the 15-day tour. They are Tom Lofgren guitar, Wornell Jones bass, Tommy Thomas keyboards and Michael Zach drums.

The tour opens at Portsmouth Guildhall on September 3 and continues at Leicester De Montfort Hall 4, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 5, Oxford New Theatre 6, Sheffield City Hall 7, Manchester Apollo 10, Edinburgh Usher Hall 11, Glasgow Apollo 12, Liverpool Empire 13, London Rainbow Theatre 14, Bristol Colston Hall 16, Brighton Dome 17, Ipswich Gaumont 18, Newcastle City Hall 19, Birmingham Odeon 20.

Support band on the tour will be Live Wire, who are now recording their first album for release by A&M next month.

## Ramones dates

THE RAMONES have lined up a major British tour following their Reading Festival appearance on August 26.

The band, who last toured Britain a year ago, play Portsmouth Guildhall August 25, Reading Festival 26, Poole Arts Centre 28, Carlisle Music Hall September 1, Belfast Ulster Hall 3, Dublin Olympic Ballroom 4, Aylesbury Friars 8, Bristol

Locarno 9, Leicester De Montfort Hall 10, Blackburn St Georges Hall 12, Glasgow Apollo 13, Manchester Apollo 14, Liverpool Empire 15, Sheffield Top Rank 17, Birmingham Odeon 18, London Rainbow 19.

They release a single called 'Rock And Roll High School' on Sire this week. Plans are underway for the film of the same name to be screened in Britain soon.

## One for John Peel...

STIFF RECORDS unveil their youngest protege yet on August 24 when 11-year-old Angie releases a single called 'Peppermint Lump', written by Eel Pie productions writer James Asher and produced by Pete Townshend, who plays guitar and keyboards.

Angie is Angela Porter, whose TV and film appearances so far include *Wombling Free*, *Nationwide*, *The Crez*, *The Bass Player* and *The Rod Hull Show*.

THE HEADBOYS, "rumoured to be RSO's insurance against the disco backlash", release their first single called 'The Shape Of Things To Come' this week and follow up with their album called 'The Headboys' shortly.



ANGIE

## Heads and Squeeze on Edinburgh bill

THE TALKING HEADS are the special guests at the Edinburgh Festival 'Big Day Out' at Inglestone Royal Highland Showground on September 1. And Squeeze have been added to the bill as well.

The Talking Heads are flying in from America specially for the concert and there are no plans for them to play any other dates while they're here, although there's a possibility that they'll play a British tour later in the year.

Their new album, 'Fear Of Music', is released by Sire on August 24 (see review on page 32). It was co-produced by the band with Brian Eno and features guest appearances from Robert Fripp and Gene Wilder.

Squeeze take a break from recording their third album to play the festival. They have another single taken from their 'Cool For Cats' LP called 'Slap And Tickle' released by A&M on August 31.

The line-up for the 'Big Day Out' now reads: Van Morrison, Talking Heads, Squeeze, Steel Pulse, The Undertones and The Chieftains.

## RECORD NEWS

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY, who are currently rising in the American charts with their 'Strange Man Changed Man' single, have a new single released in Britain on Criminal Records next weekend before their Reading Festival appearance. It's their version of 'Lullaby Of Broadway' (I) and was produced by the Motors' Nick Garvey.

DR FEELGOOD have re-signed to Liberty-United Records and are now in the studio recording a new album. They've recently completed an American tour.

RENAISSANCE have just completed a two month American tour and are now rehearsing new material before going into the studio in November to record their next album.

The band may play one or two British gigs in October before undertaking a European tour, but they won't be playing a British tour until mid-January when the new album will be released by Warner Brothers.

RAINBOW release 'Since You've Been Gone' from their 'Down To Earth' album as a single on Polydor on August 31. The flip side is a previously unreleased track, 'Bad Girls'.

THE BLOOD SISTERS, who hail from Tottenham, have recorded a reggae version of Anita Ward's 'Ring My Bell', which was originally released by Sound City Records and has now been picked up by Ballistic Records.

LIBERTY-UNITED (formerly United Artists) launch a new golden oldies series called Silver Spotlight next month. The first batch of artists to have singles released are Eddie Cochran, Ricky Nelson, Fats Domino, Johnny Burnette and Bobby Vee. Other artists to be featured will include The Clovers, Amos Milburn, Dick And Dee Dee, Smiley Lewis, The Fleetwoods, Teddy Bears, Cher, The Falcons, Jan And Dean, The Ventures, The Crickets, Sandy Nelson and P J Proby.

ESSENTIAL LOGIC have completed work on their debut album at Foel Studios in Wales, which will be released at the beginning of October on their own Logic Records with distribution through Rough Trade.

The line-up for the album is Lora Logic sax and vocals, David Wright tenor sax, Rich Tea drums, Mark Turner bass, Ashley Buff guitar. Lora is also playing as a member of Red Crayola at present.

The band will be setting up dates to coincide with the album's release.



THE JAM

THE JAM have a new single released by Polydor next weekend. It's called 'When You're Young', written by Paul Weller and the B-side, 'Smithers-Jones', is by Bruce Foxton.

The band plan to start recording their next album this month for release in October and they are likely to play dates around Britain at the end of the year.

RY COODER has a single called 'Little Sister' rush-released by Warner Bros this weekend. It was originally a hit for Elvis Presley back in 1961. It's still hoped to bring Ry and his band over for a tour later in the year.

CHARISMA are the latest record company to come to terms with the prohibitive price of albums and have restructured their catalogue to try and bring the prices within the reach of fans' pockets.

Debut albums will be priced at £3.99 to encourage sales of new and unknown acts. The deluxe range of albums will be £4.99, but the majority of albums will be pegged at £4.65. A new £2.99 budget series will be launched later in the year and singles will be kept at 95p. These prices are well below those of Charisma's distributor Phonogram.

First album to benefit under the new scheme is the debut album from The Dazzlers called 'Feeling Free', which is released on October 12.

AMERICAN ECHOES' single 'Las Vegas', which was originally released on the Blueport label and received considerable airplay, has been picked up by Phonogram.

## TOUR NEWS/DATES

### THE SPECIALS

THE SPECIALS, John Cooper Clarke, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Selector play a benefit gig for One Parent Families at London's Hammersmith Palais on August 21. Tickets are £3.00.

### GENERATION X

GENERATION X, who are currently working on their third album, have a one-off gig at the Isle Of Man Douglas Palace Lido on August 19. Tickets are priced at £2.50 and details of ferries from Liverpool can be obtained from the Isle Of Man Steamship Packet Company, telephone (051) 236-3214.

### THE DAMNED

THE DAMNED and The Radiators have been added to the bill of the Derry Free Festival on August 25. The Damned also play Manchester Factory on August 28 supported by Nightmares In War, who've just signed to Eric's label.

### BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY headlines a gig at London's Electric Ballroom on August 24 before setting off on a lengthy American tour to follow-up the success of his single 'Girl Of My Dreams' out there. This gig replaces one originally scheduled for the Venue.

### BABY MONSTERS TOUR

STRAIGHT EIGHT, The Dazzlers and Roy Sundholm are joining forces for a 'Baby Monsters Tour' this month. The three bands have lined up gigs at Birmingham Barbarellas August 18, Scarborough Penthouse 24, Manchester Factory 25, West Runtun Pavilion 27, Camden Music Machine 29, Dudley JB's 31 and Retford Porterhouse September 1 with more dates to be confirmed. The Dazzlers release their first single on Charisma called 'No One Ever Knows' on August 24, which will be followed by their first album in October. Straight Eight had an album, 'No Noise From Here', released by Eel Pie Records earlier this month and Roy Sundholm has his first album, 'The Chinese Method', released by Ensign in September.

### SAXON

SAXON, who have just released their first album on Carrere, have confirmed a number of gigs, including their first London date, at Thornaby Club August 16, Sunderland Locarno 17, London Music Machine 20, Watch On Dume Montgomery Hall 24, Leeds Fforde Grene Hotel 26.

### THE YACHTS

THE YACHTS, who've just released 'Box 202' on Radar as their latest single, play their last London dates for some time at the Nashville on August 18 and 19.

### ROCKY HORROR SHOW

'THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW' goes out on tour for the rest of this year. It's at Leicester Haymarket Theatre until September 8 and then appears at Wolverhampton Grand Theatre September 11-15, Norwich Theatre Royal 17-22, Leeds Grand Theatre September 24-October 6, Newcastle Theatre Royal 8-13, Bristol Hippodrome 15-20, Birmingham Alexandra Theatre 22-27, Brighton Gardner Theatre October 29-November 3, York Theatre Royal 5-10, Oxford New Theatre 12-17, Lincoln Theatre Royal 19-24.

### SABRE JETS

SABREJETS, Roxoff, Eastside Torpedoes and Ray Stubbs will be appearing at a free concert at Darlington South Park Grandstand on the afternoon of August 26. The following day there's a free country music festival with American Echoes, The Gibsons and Trevor Reid.

### THE TRENDIES

THE TRENDIES have dates at Camden Music Machine August 22, Kensington Nashville September 24, Camden Brecknock 25, London Ronnie Scotts Upstairs October 9.

### THE TEENBEATS

THE TEENBEATS, who've just released a single called 'I Can't Control Myself' on Safari Records, play Camden Music Machine August 17, Waterloo Wellington 18, London Marquee 25, Basildon Double Six 31.

### THE E F BAND

THE E F BAND from Sweden return for British dates next month at Leeds Fforde Grene Hotel September 9, Bishops Stortford Triad 11, Scarborough Penthouse 13, Hornchurch The Bull 15, Brighton Alhambra 18, Halesowen Tiffany's 20, Birkenhead Gallery 21, Canning Town Bridge House 22, London Windsor Castle 29, Newbridge Memorial Hall 30.

### BOMBSHELL

BOMBSHELL have lined up gigs at Camden Music Machine August 16, Charing Cross Global Village 17, Harrow Road, Windsor Castle 24.

### NATIONAL HEALTH

NATIONAL HEALTH have lined up a date at Stroud Subscription Rooms on August 31.

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# Rats on the run

**THE BOOMTOWN RATS** have confirmed the dates for their autumn tour of Britain, which will coincide with the release of their third album. The group are now in Holland recording the album

with producer R J Lange, who worked on the first two albums. The album will include their Number One hit 'I Don't Like Mondays', but there's no title or release date set as yet.



VAN MORRISON

## Van album

VAN MORRISON, who headlines the Edinburgh Festival 'Big Day Out' at the Ingleston Royal Highland Showground on September 1, has signed to Mercury Records and releases a new album called 'Into The Music' on August 24.

The album has ten tracks — 'Bright Side Of The Road', 'Full Force Gale', 'Steppin' Out Queen', 'Troubadours', 'Rolling Hills', 'You Make Me Feel So Free', 'Angelou', 'And The Healing Has Begun', 'It's All In The Game', and 'You Know What They're Writing About'.

The Edinburgh date comes at the end of a series of European open-air dates and is his second spate of live activity within a few months after a lengthy lay-off.

## Angry Buzzcocks abandon park gig - but still tour

**BUZZCOCKS** have abandoned plans to play free in London's Hyde Park next Saturday August 18, but they have finalised a British tour in October following the release of their third album.

The Hyde Park concert has been cancelled mainly because of The Who's Wembley bash the same day and the lack of record company support that was needed to stage the gig.

The free gig would have cost some £20,000 to organise — over half of which would have been spent on police and security — and the Buzzcocks, Liberty-United (their record company) and Asgard (their agency) were unable to raise that kind of money without

additional help from other record companies, whose bands would also have appeared.

A statement from New Hormones, Buzzcocks' management, takes record companies to task for their "short-sightedness and small mindedness in the face of the apparent opposition set up by The Who show."

"The truism that 'nothing succeeds like success' is reduced to the formula that the paying audience is more important as it is more apparent. The conspicuous consumer always pays. The £8.50-a-head market heads the market (sic) in the most viable and valuable way. Of course, the business doesn't

The tour kicks off at Liverpool Empire on September 27 and 28 and then goes to Manchester Apollo 29-30, Newcastle City Hall October 2-3, Edinburgh Odeon 5, Dundee Caird Hall 6, Aberdeen Capitol 8-9, Glasgow Apollo 10-11, Preston Guildhall 14, Stoke Trentham Gardens 15, Leicester Granby Halls 16, Sheffield City Hall 17, Birmingham Odeon 19-20, Oxford New Theatre 23, London Hammersmith Odeon 25-27, Brighton Conference Centre 28, Cardiff Sofia Gardens 30-31.

Tickets are priced at £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 and £2.00 at all venues except Stoke, Leicester and Cardiff where they are all £3.00. They go on sale at Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Stoke, Oxford, London and Guildford on August 18, Dundee on August 25 and everywhere else on September 3. Postal bookings are now being taken at all venues.

### Awakeman

**RICK WAKEMAN** plays five concerts at London's Venue next week with his own band. He performs one show on August 20 and two on the 21st and 22nd.

Wakeman recently played a concert in Montreux and said this week: "It went so well that it gave us all the feeling that we wanted to do it again just for the sheer joy of playing. We felt that these small close-contact gigs would be the best way of expressing our enthusiasm."

want its afternoon tied up with looking after its little acts rather than jostling in the stadium with the stars. It's all grit on the millstone."

The band themselves were equally disappointed. Pete Shelley said: "We've been looking forward to this for so long and nothing we could say would help." Steve Diggle added succinctly: "It stinks."

This is the second time Buzzcocks have had to abandon plans to play for free in Hyde Park.

But the band have finalised the dates for their British tour in October. This follows the release of their third album called 'A Different Kind Of Tension' on September 14. There are 12 new songs on the album, none of which has so far been released.

The tour opens at Liverpool University on October 2 and continues at Leeds University 3, Newcastle City Hall 4, Glasgow Apollo 5, Edinburgh Odeon 6, Aberdeen Capitol 7, Dundee Caird Hall 8, Belfast Ulster Hall 10, Portrush Kellys 11, Cork City Hall 13, Sheffield Top Rank 21, Derby Assembly Rooms 22, Blackburn St Georges Hall 23, Birmingham Odeon 24, Bradford King Georges Hall 25, Manchester Apollo 27-28, Leicester De Montfort Hall 29, Oxford New Theatre 30, Guildford Civic Hall November 1, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 2, Cardiff Sophia Gardens 3, Bristol Colston Hall 4, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 5, West Runton Pavilion 7, London Rainbow 9-10.

Tickets will have a top ceiling of £2.50 at all venues except London, Manchester and Belfast.

## TOUR NEWS/DATES



THIEVES LIKE US

### THIEVES LIKE US

THIEVES LIKE US have dates until the end of this month at Bristol Crockers August 16-17, Salisbury Town Hall 18, Redhill Lakers Hotel 19, Basingstoke Magnums 24, Weymouth Cellar Vino 25, Bournemouth Pinecliff 26, Southampton Joiners Arms 28, London Windsor Castle 29.

### PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY have arranged a date at London's Marquee on August 23, the day before they appear at the Reading Festival. The group's first album will be released in September and a British tour is being lined up to promote the album through September and October.

### WRITZ

WRITZ have added two more dates to their tour at Camden Music Machine September 1 and Kensington Nashville 2.

### MATCHBOX

MATCHBOX have additional tour dates at Barkingside Old Maypole Club August 31, Norwich Legion Club September 21, Brighton Lewes Road Inn 28.

### TRIBESMAN

TRIBESMAN, who have just released their first album on the Label called 'Street Level', have increased their line-up to ten with the addition of Brother Birch on flute and saxophone and have gigs lined up at Kensington Nashville August 21, London Cubies 24, Camden Dingwalls 29, Covent Garden Rock Garden September 21, Worcester Turntable 22, Langley College 28, Watford Wallhall College October 6.

### IRON MAIDEN

IRON MAIDEN have dates at Birkenhead Gallery August 17, Tottenham Seven Sisters Club 18, Newbridge Memorial Hall 19, Camden Music Machine 20, Covent Garden Rock Garden 24, East Ham Ruskin Arms 25, Swansea Circles 30, Aberavon Nine Volts 31, Tonyandy Royal Naval Club September 1, East Ham Ruskin Arms 7, Fulham Greyhound 8.



ZORRO

### ZORRO

ZORRO wind up their current tour to promote their EP 'Arrods Don't Sell 'Em' with gigs at London Windsor Castle August 22 and Camden Music Machine 23 before going to play gigs in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

### THE JAGS

THE JAGS, whose 'Back Of My Hand' single is getting extensive airplay, have slotted in dates at Fulham Greyhound August 17 and London Marquee 18 before their Reading Festival appearance on August 24. They are recording a second single for Island next week and will be touring Britain at the end of September after European dates.

### ZOUNDS

ZOUNDS, The Mob, The Astronauts and The Survivors will be playing a free tour next month. Dates so far confirmed are at Leeds Ffordre Grene Hotel September 18, Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel 21, Bishops Stortford Triad 24, Norwich Boogie House 26. Anyone interested in promoting a free gig with the bands should ring Weird Tales at 01-888 4772.

### SQUIRE

SQUIRE have gigs lined up at Norwich Boogie House August 16, Islington Sugawm Club 17, Waterloo Wellington 18, Clapham 101 Club 19, Waterloo Wellington 25, Fulham Greyhound 28.

### WILKO JOHNSON

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS headline a charity gig in aid of kidney machines at Crawley Leisure Centre on August 18. They'll be supported by Rocky Island Boys, Mona and Little Jimmies.

### KIDDA BAND

THE KIDDA BAND, who's debut single 'Fighting My Way Back To You' is released on Carrere Records, have gigs at Newton Powys Newton Arms August 17, Cannock Troubadour 18, Stoke Trentham Gardens 24, Newton Powys FC 25, Coventry Dog And Trumpet 31.

### TRISPEN FAYRE

THE BUZZARDS, Carol Grimes, Sweet FA, Parking Lot, The Young Ones, The Mickey Finn Band, Anaconda, Brainiac 5, Lip Service and The Fans play the Trispen Fayre near Truro on August 25. It's in aid of charity.

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TOUR NEWS



**THE PRISONERS**

THE PRISONERS (above), a Huddersfield "skinhead/reggae" band, have gigs at Huddersfield Coachhouse August 18 and Brighouse Clifton Arms 22.

**STARJETS**

STARJETS have had to make changes to their itinerary and they now play Retford Porterhouse August 17, Halifax Good Mood Club 18, Sheffield Limit Club 23, Dudley JB's 24, West Runton Village Inn 25, Kensington Nashville 28, Birmingham Barbarellas 30, Nottingham Sandpiper 31.

**NEWS FLASH**

NEWS FLASH, a London band "playing modern R&B with a difference", have gigs at Kensington The Kensington August 16, Fulham Greyhound 19, Kensington The Kensington 23, Fulham Greyhound 26, Clapham 101 Club 27, Kensington The Kensington 30.

**THE NAME**

THE NAME, who are appearing at the *Maximum Speed* benefits at Acton's White Hart on August 16 and 23, have gigs of their own at Wakefield Unity Hall September 6 and York De Grey Rooms 28.

**BLACK GORILLA**

BLACK GORILLA, a soul/funk band, have dates at Gloucester Cinderford Rugby Club August 18, Edgbaston Gay Towers Ballroom 27, Leamington Crown Hotel 29.

**WITCHFYNDE**

WITCHFYNDE continue their 'Give 'Em Hell' tour at Stoke Green Star August 17, Bakewell Monsal Head 19, London Music Machine 20, Christchurch Jumpers Tavern 30, Northampton Romany September 1, Ipswich Royal William 7, Bury St Edmunds Griffin 8, Accrington Lakeland Lounge 30.

**MADNESS**

MADNESS play Islington Hope And Anchor August 20-21, London Lyceum (with Secret Affair) August 26.

**THE ACCELERATORS**

THE ACCELERATORS, The Geisha Girls, The Jetsons, Taboo, Stools, Ozones, Leaving Twentieth Century, The Proverbs and The Silver Duffie Coats appear at a one-day festival at Liverpool Windsor Street Playing Fields on August 18 in aid of children's activities.

**Dylan, Springsteen wax lyrical**

BOB DYLAN and Bruce Springsteen both have new studio albums released soon by CBS.

Dylan's album is called 'Slow Train Coming' and it comes out on August 31. It was recorded in Muscle Shoals Studios with producers Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett, who also plays keyboards on the album. The other musicians are Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler guitar and Pick Withers drums with Tim Drummond bass and the Muscle Shoals horns on some tracks.

Many of the song titles reflect Dylan's new religious enthusiasm. The track listing is: 'Gotta Serve Somebody', 'Precious Angel', 'I Believe In You', 'Slow Train Coming', 'Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking', 'Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others)', 'When You Gonna Wake Up', 'God Gave Names To All The Animals' and 'When He Returns'. A single, 'Precious Angel' will be released on the same day.

Dylan is spending the summer at his farm in Minnesota and plans to form a band in the autumn. He could start playing live dates early next year but it's too early yet to start speculating on when he'll be coming back to Britain.

Bruce Springsteen's new album is due for release in America in the first week of October, although some reports indicate it may be a week or two earlier. *Sounds* understands that the album, as yet untitled, includes 'Point Blank' and 'Independence Day', which have both been high points in his live act for some time. The single is likely to be a song called 'Sherry Darling'.

Springsteen will be undertaking a major American tour following the album's release, but there is still a chance that he may play European dates before that.

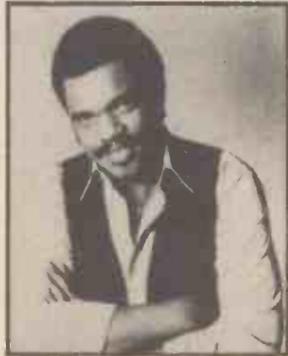
**Preston one-nighter**

BILLY PRESTON plays one night at London's Hammersmith Odeon on September 7 as part of a brief European tour.

He will be supported by his own six-piece band. Also on the bill is Philly soul crooner Billy Paul.

Preston recently signed to Motown Records and his first album for them, called 'Late At Night', will be released in the first week of September.

Tickets for the Hammersmith gig are on sale now priced from £4.25 to £2.75.



BILLY PRESTON

BILL NELSON's Red Noise will be releasing their second album next month. It's tentatively called 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam' and Bill plays all the instruments apart from saxophone (played by brother Ian) and some keyboards.

The band are lining up a British tour to follow the album's release and details will be announced shortly.

Nelson has also produced a single by The News, a band who've just signed to Arista.

THE RUTS are lining up a six-week British tour which will start in mid-September and run through to the end of October. They release the follow-up single to their 'Babylon's Burning' hit at the end of this month on Virgin called 'Was It Something That I Said'. The band's first album, 'The Crack' will be released in October.

IAN MATTHEWS releases his new single on August 31. Titled 'You Don't See Me', it's taken from his new album 'Siamese Friends', set for release on Rockburgh on September 14.

DANGEROUS GIRLS release a debut double A-side single on their own label. Titled 'Dangerous Girls/I Don't Want To Eat (With The Family)', the single will be available through Rough Trade and other alternative outlets for 85p.

SALLY OLDFIELD, sister of Mike, releases her second single, 'You Set My Gypsy Blood Free', on Bronze. The track is from her album, due for release in October.

ICE RECORDS have signed a licensing agreement with WEA and the first release is an Eddy Grant single called 'Walking On Sunshine' on August 17.

RECORD NEWS



REO SPEEDWAGON (above) have a new album released this week by Epic. It's called 'Nine Lives'.

WINGS release a new double A-sided single this week from their 'Back To The Egg' album. The songs are 'Getting Closer' and 'Baby's Request'.

There's still no announcement on whether the band will be returning to live gigs this autumn. It's known that they want to try playing smaller venues, as MacCartney did when he first formed Wings.

JESSE COLIN YOUNG, Country Joe McDonald, Arlo Guthrie, Richie Havens, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Joan Baez, Maria Muldaur and Tom Paxton are among the artists featured on a double album called 'Bread And Roses' which is released by Fantasy in October. It's the highlights of the Bread and Roses Festival last year in America. Bread And Roses is an organisation aimed at bringing free entertainment to people in hospitals, mental institutions and prisons.

FUNBOY FIVE's 'Life After Death' demo is being released shortly by Good Vibrations in a limited edition of 2,000.

HEADQUARTERS, a seven-piece band who play "music to move your body to" (H), have signed to Merseyside independent label Skeleton Records and will be releasing their first single in mid-September.

PRESSURE SHOCKS are spending this month recording their first album at Sin City Studios in Nottingham for release in October and have cancelled all live work for August.

THE CIGARETTES' single 'They're Back Again, Here They Come', has sold out of its original pressing and a repressing of 2,000 copies is now available through Dead Good Records of Lincoln.

UNION RECORDS have signed a distribution deal with Spartan and the first release under the new deal is 'Boogie All Night' by Bill Campbell.

SPECIAL RE-ISSUES

LURKERS  
SHADOW ★ FREAK SHOW BACK 1

tubeway army  
THAT'S TOO BAD ★ BOMBERS BACK 2

LURKERS  
PILLS ★ JUST THIRTEEN BACK 3

BEGGARS BACKFIRE



tubeway army  
THE FIRST ALBUM BEGA 4

also down in the park • do you need the service? beg 17



TOYAH

**Toyah counts sheep**

TOYAH has lined up a series of gigs to follow the release of her first 'alternative play' record on Safari this week.

Called 'Sheep Farming In Barnet', the record is a seven-inch disc containing six songs and runs for more than twenty minutes playing at 33 1/3 rpm. It costs £1.50.

She plays Sheffield Limit Club August 16, Camden Music Machine 17, Liverpool Eric's 23, Kensington Nashville 25, Manchester Factory September 6, Burton On Trent 76 Club 7, Nottingham Sandpiper 8, Jacksdales Grey Topper 9. More dates will be added shortly.

Toyah has also landed herself a part in the BBC TV play *Shoestring*, which will be screened later in the year and will feature her band as well.

**Leigh way**

BANDS for the Leigh Rock Festival over the Bank Holiday Weekend (August 25-27) at Plank Lane off Firs Lane have now been confirmed by the organisers.

Not Ice, The Units, Armagheddon, Gog, Visual Arts, Steroid Kiddies, Exodus, Supercharge, Karma Sutra, The Risk,

Cool Hand, Sister Ray, Joy Division, Echo And The Bunnymen, Teardrop Explodes, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, A Certain Ratio and The Distractions will all be appearing over the course of the festival.

Tickets are priced at £2.00 per day or £5.00 for the whole weekend.

**Pulse up with the lark**

STEEL PULSE will headline this year's 'Lark In The Park' at Birmingham Cannon Hall Arena on August 25. Also on the bill are The Specials, Ricky Cool And The Icebergs and The Denizens.

The open-air gig is organised by BRMB Radio and all proceeds will go to the Year Of The Child. Tickets are priced at £2.00.

A COMPILATION album of Liverpool bands called 'Street To Street' is released by Open Eye Records this weekend.

It features tracks from The Accelerators, Activity Minimal, Big In Japan, Dead Trout, Echo And The Bunnymen, Fun, The ID, Jacqui And Jeanette, Malchix, The Moderates, Modern Eon and Tontrix. It will cost 'about £3.00'.

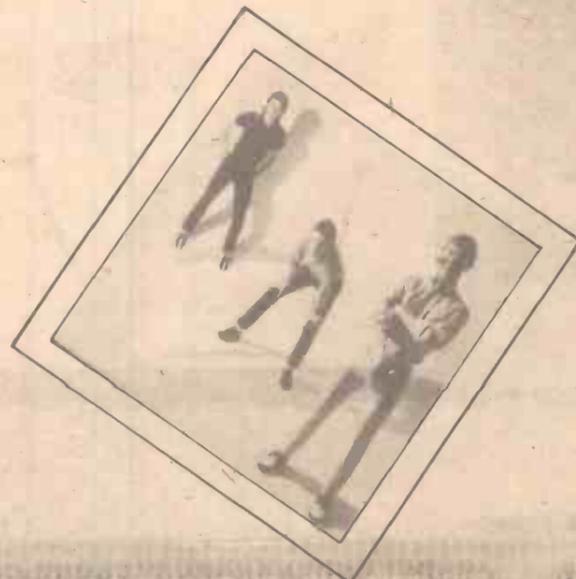
NURSE WITH WOUND's album is now available by post from John Fothergill at 7 Burlington House, Kings Road, Richmond, Surrey for £2.50. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to John Fothergill.

# *The Jam - When You're Young c/w Smithers-Jones*



***New Single Available Now***

**POSP 69**



# VINYL SCORE

## ALTERNATIVE CHART

### SINGLES

- 1 DIRTY WATER, Inmates, Soho
- 2 AL CAPONE, Prince Buster, Blue Beat
- 3 BLACK SLACKS, Joe Bennet, ABC
- 4 REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL PART 3, Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Stiff
- 5 LISA JANE, Davy Jones And The King Bees, Decca



- 6 IN A RUT, The Ruts, People Unite
- 7 SLEEP ROCK 'N' ROLL, Jets, Soho
- 8 ROCKIN' ON DOWN THE LINE, Gina And The Rockin' Rebels, Alligator
- 9 KID, Pretenders, Real
- 10 DON'T RING ME UP, Protex, Good Vibrations
- 11 GLC, Menace, Small Wonder
- 12 96 TEARS, ? And The Mysterians, London
- 13 NOBODY BUT ME, Human Being, Capitol
- 14 HOT TAMALES BABY, Clifton Chenier, Maison De Soul
- 15 EXPERT, prag VEC, Spec
- 16 GO CHAMPS GO, The Champs, RM
- 17 HOT ROD LINCOLN, Johnny Bond, Starday
- 18 NO BULLSHIT, Shag Nasty, Shagnasty Records
- 19 DON'T LET THE GREEN GRASS FOOL YOU, Wilson Pickett, Atlantic
- 20 DAMAGED GOODS, Gang Of Four, Fast EP

### ALBUMS

- 1 FUN HOUSE, Stooges, Elektra import
- 2 TERRY NOLAN/GLENN REEVES, MCA import
- 3 REMAINS, Spoonfed, Import
- 4 DAMNED The Damned, Stiff import
- 5 ACE STORY VOL 2, Various Artists, Ace
- 6 HONEYS, Ska Compilation, Melodisc
- 7 SOMETHING ELSE, Move, Polydor import
- 8 LIFE WITH THE LIONS, John And Yoko, Apple import
- 9 TIM BUCKLEY 1ST, Tim Buckley, Elektra import
- 10 JOE MEEK STORY, Compilation, Decca

Compiled by Vinyl Solution, 39 Hereford Road, London W2. Tel: 01-229 8010.

## SOUNDS PLAYLIST

**Geoff Barton**  
HIGH LEVEL CUT, UFO, Chrysalis, Japanese import  
SLEDGEHAMMER, Sledgehammer, Slammer  
FACE TO FACE, Trevor Rabin, tape

**Garry Bushell**  
TIME FOR ACTION, Secret Affair, I-Spy  
MADNESS/PRINCE BUSTER, Madness, 2 Tone  
TEENAGE WARNING, Angelic Upstarts, Warner Bros

**Hugh Fielder**  
THE JUKES, Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes, Mercury  
RUST NEVER SLEEPS, Neil Young, Reprise  
WELCOME TO THE CRUISE, Judy Tzuke, Rocket

**Eric Fuller**  
NORTH LONDON THING, Prince Hammer, Hit Run  
TOTTENHAM ROCK, U Brown, Front Line  
FOUR ACES SKANK, Jah Woosh, Trojan

**Alan Lewis**  
POINT OF VIEW, Matubi, MR  
ELECTRICITY, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Factory  
LOST IN MUSIC, Sister Sledge, Atlantic

**David Lewis (no relation)**  
BORN AGAIN, Randy Newman, advance tape  
B-52's, B-52's, Island  
QUADROPHENIA, The Who, Polydor

**Dave McCullough**  
CALIFORNIA UBER ALLES, Dead Kennedy's Alternative Tentacles  
TROUT MASK REPLICIA, Captain Beefheart, Reprise  
TOUCH, Lori And The Chameleons, Zoo

**Tony Mitchell**  
DRUM AND WIRES, XTC, Virgin  
MAKING PLANS FOR NIGEL, XTC, Virgin 45  
QUIT DREAMING AND GET ON THE BEAM, Red Noise, advance tape

**Sandy Robertson**  
OUT AFTER DARK, Roy Loney And The Phantom Movers, Solid Smoke  
FEAR OF MUSIC, Talking Heads, Sire  
FOOL AROUND, Rachel Sweet, Stiff-Columbia/American version

**Pete Silvertown**  
BORN TO BE WITH YOU, Dion, Phil Spector International 45  
ELECTRICITY, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Factor 45  
NASH RAMBLER ADVERT, track on 'Cruisin' 1964', Cleveland

## DISCO

### 12" SINGLES

- 1 FEEL THE REAL, David Bewdeth, IGM
- 2 DANCIN' AND PRANCIN'/JINGO, Candido, Salsoul
- 3 THE BREAK, Katmandu, TK
- 4 BODY RHYTHM, Hemlock, Warner Bros
- 5 HANDS DOWN, Dan Hartman, Blue Sky
- 6 TUMBLE HEAT, Michele Freeman, Polydor
- 7 I NEED SOMEONE, Ralph MacDonald, TK
- 8 STREET LIFE, Crusaders, MCA
- 9 WHEN YOU'RE NO 1, Gene Chandler, 20th Century
- 10 FOUND A CURE, Ashford And Simpson, Warner Bros
- 11 GROOVE ME, Fern Kinney, TK
- 12 OHH WHAT A LIFE, Gibson Brothers, Island
- 13 YOU GET ME HOT, Jimmy 'Bo' Horn, Sunshine Sound
- 14 YOU CAN DO IT, Al Hudson And Partners, MCA
- 15 LOVE WHEN I'M IN YOUR ARMS, Bobby Humphrey, Epic
- 16 GET UP AND BOOGIE, Freddie James, Warner Bros
- 17 CATCH ME, Pockets, Arc
- 18 GONE GONE GONE, Johnny Mathis, CBS
- 19 YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT, Me And You, Laser
- 20 ROCK ME, Frank Hooker And Positive People, Panorama

Compiled by Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, Soho, W1. Tel: 01-439 8231

## HEAVY METAL

- 1 1 WALK ALL OVER YOU, AC/DC, from 'Highway To Hell', Atlantic
- 2 2 STALLIONS OF THE HIGHWAY, Saxon, from 'Saxon', Carrere
- 3 4 AMERICAN GIRLS, Triumph, from 'Just A Game', RCA
- 4 5 CHEATIN' WOMAN, Molly Hatchet From 'Molly Hatchet' Epic
- 5 7 DAMAGE CASE, Motorhead, from 'Overkill', Bronze
- 6 3 B-B-B-B-BOOGIE, Skyhooks, from 'Guilty Until Proven Insane', UA
- 7 6 PARALYSED, Ted Nugent, from 'State Of Shock', Epic
- 8 10 SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, AC/DC, from 'Highway To Hell', Atlantic
- 9 8 BORN TO LOVE, Nazareth, from 'Star' 45 B-side, Mountain
- 10 12 LOVE DRIVE, Scorpions, from 'Love Drive', Harvest
- 11 11 HARD TIMES, Kiss from 'Dynasty', Casablanca
- 12 9 GETCHA ROCKS OFF, Def Leppard, from 'Def Leppard' EP, Bludgeon Riffola
- 13 15 DEATH ON TWO LEGS, Queen, from 'Live Killers', EMI
- 14 — ALL NIGHT LONG, Rainbow, from 'Down To Earth' Polydor
- 15 13 RENEGADE, Styx, from 'Renegade' 45, A&M

Compiled by Powerhouse Heavy Metal Roadshow Tel: 01-368 9852.

## ROCK 'N' ROLL

### SINGLES

- 1 12 ROCKABILLY GUY, Polecats, Nervous
- 2 5 SKINNY JIM, Eddie Cochran, Rockstar
- 3 1 GET YOUR BUTT OUT OF DIXIE, Mad Man Mark, Mr. C
- 4 21 GHOST TRAIN BOOGIE, Vernon And The Gl's, Billygoat
- 5 26 ROCK THE JOINT, Bill Haley, Rollercoaster
- 6 4 HOW LOW DO YOU FEEL, Ray Campi, Rollin' Rock
- 7 9 BURNING EYES, Hank Mizell, Charly
- 8 17 BORN TO BE A RAVER, Rockin' Johnny Austin, Nervous
- 9 29 DOWN ON THE FARM BOOGIE, Bill Chappell, Yucca
- 10 24 JUMP BABY JUMP, The Rock And Roll Apache, Marvel
- 11 — BLACK SLACKS, Matchbox, Magnet
- 12 8 ROCK AND ROLL DADDY-O, Shreveport Sam, Mr. C
- 13 22 GOT TO BE HEP, Johnny Boy And Sylvia, Mr. C
- 14 — BLACK LEATHER REBEL, Johnny Carroll And The Blue Caps, Rollercoaster
- 15 — GRANDMA ROCK AND ROLL, The Ramblin' Ramblers, Dee Jay Jamboree
- 16 — ROCK IT, Thumper Jones, Ace
- 17 — KEEP MY BIG WHEELS TURNIN', Johnny Key And The Kool Kats, Alligator
- 18 13 JITTERBOP BABY, Hal Harris, Ace
- 19 — THE ITCH, Carl Cherry, Dee Jay Jamboree
- 20 — WOODPECKER ROCK, Nat Couty And The Braves, Dee Jay Jamboree

### ALBUMS

- 1 CHUCK BERRY 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Chuck Berry, Hammer
- 2 ROCK THE JOINT, Bill Haley, Rollercoaster
- 3 G.I. BOP, Vernon And The Gl's, Billygoat
- 4 FATS DOMINO GOLDEN GREATS, Fats Domino, Hammer
- 5 ROCKABILLY PARTY, Various, Ace
- 6 WILD CAT SHAKEOUT, Ray Campi, Radar
- 7 KING-FEDERAL ROCKABILLYS, Various, Starday-King
- 8 DIXIE ROCKABILLYS, Various, Starday-King
- 9 SLEEPY LA BEEF AND FRIENDS, Various, Ace
- 10 ROCKABILLY REBELLION, Ray Campi, Rollin' Rock

Compiled by the Wild Wax Roadshow, Flat 4, Block 36, Dabshill Lane, Northolt, Middx.

## BRITISH SINGLES

- 1 1 I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS, Boomtown-Rats, Ensign
- 2 14 WE DON'T TALK ANYMORE, Cliff Richard, EMI
- 3 5 ANGEL EYES/VOULEZ VOUS, Abba, Epic
- 4 2 CAN'T STAND LOSING YOU, Police, A&M
- 5 3 WANTED, Dooleys, GTO



- 6 — REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL, Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Stiff
- 7 23 HERSHAM BOYS, Sham 69, Polydor
- 8 17 THE DIARY OF HORACE WIMP, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 9 4 GIRLS TALK, Dave Edmunds, Swansong
- 10 11 BORN TO BE ALIVE, Patrick Hernandez, Gem
- 11 10 BEAT THE CLOCK, Sparks, Virgin
- 12 8 MY SHARONA, Knack, Capitol
- 13 9 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp, A&M
- 14 26 AFTER THE LOVE HAS GONE, Earth Wind And Fire, CBS
- 15 12 GOOD TIMES, Chic, Atlantic
- 16 13 IF I HAD YOU, Korgis, Rialto
- 17 22 DUKE OF EARL, Darts, Magnet
- 18 27 STAY WITH ME TILL DAWN, Judie Tzuke, Rocket
- 19 7 ARE FRIENDS ELECTRIC, Tubeway Army, Beggars Banquet
- 20 6 SILLY GAMES, Janet Kay, Scope
- 21 15 BAD GIRLS, Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 22 18 LADY LYNDA, Beach Boys, Caribou
- 23 29 MORNING-DANCE, Spyro Gyra, Infinity
- 24 — GANGSTERS, Specials, 2 Tone
- 25 30 OOH WHAT A LIFE, Gibson Brothers, Island
- 26 16 C'MON EVERYBODY, Sex Pistols, Virgin
- 27 — BANG BANG, B A Robertson, Asylum
- 28 20 CHUCK E'S IN LOVE, Rickie Lee Jones, Atlantic
- 29 — SWEET LITTLE ROCK 'N' ROLLER, Showaddywaddy, Arista
- 30 — IS SHE REALLY GOING OUT WITH HIM?, Joe Jackson, A&M

Compiled by BMRB/Music Week

## U S A L B U M S

- 1 3 GET THE KNACK, The Knack, Capitol
- 2 1 BAD GIRLS, Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 3 2 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp, A&M
- 4 5 CANDY-O, Cars, Elektra
- 5 6 TEDDY, Teddy Pendergrass, PIR
- 6 7 I AM, Earth, Wind And Fire, Arc
- 7 8 DISCOVERY, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 8 4 CHEAP TRICK AT BUDOKAN, Cheap Trick, Epic
- 9 12 THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, The Who, MCA
- 10 10 BACK TO THE EGG, Wings, Columbia
- 11 11 COMMUNIQUE, Dire Straits, Warner Bros
- 12 13 BOMBS AWAY DREAM BABIES, John Stewart, RSO
- 13 15 MILLION MILE REFLECTIONS, Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
- 14 9 DYNASTY, Kiss, Casablanca
- 15 14 RICKIE LEE JONES, Rickie Lee Jones, Warner Bros
- 16 16 LIVE KILLERS, Queen, Elektra
- 17 17 DESOLATION ANGELS, Bad Company, Swan Song
- 18 30 LOW BUDGET, Kinks, Arista
- 19 19 SONGS OF LOVE, Anita Ward, Juana
- 20 22 MINGUS, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
- 21 23 RUST NEVER SLEEPS, Neil Young, Reprise
- 22 18 THE GAMBLER, Kenny Rogers, United Artists
- 23 25 THE BOSS, Diana Ross, Motown
- 24 — REALITY WHAT A CONCEPT, Robin Williams, Casablanca
- 25 27 THE MAIN EVENT, Soundtrack, Columbia
- 26 26 UNDERDOG, Atlanta Rhythm Section, Polydor
- 27 29 VOULEZ-VOUS, Abba, Atlantic
- 28 28 VAN HALEN II, Van Halen, Warner Bros
- 29 — STREET LIFE, Crusaders, MCA
- 30 — AN EVENING OF MAGIC, Chuck Mangione, A&M

Compiled by Billboard

TOP 75 ALBUMS

REGGAE

- 1 1 THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD, Various, Warner Brothers
- 2 2 DISCOVERY, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 3 3 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp, A&M
- 4 7 VOULEZ VOUS, Abba, Epic
- 5 8 I AM, Earth Wind And Fire, CBS
- 6 11 THE BEST OF THE DOOLEYS, GTO
- 7 4 REPLICAS, Tubeway Army, Beggars Banquet



- 8 - HIGHWAY TO HELL, AC/DC, Atlantic
- 9 9 OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR, Police, A&M
- 10 5 PARALLEL LINES, Blondie, Chrysalis
- 11 - DOWN TO EARTH, Rainbow, Polydor
- 12 6 SOME PRODUCT CARRI ON SEX PISTOLS, VIRGIN
- 13 10 LIVE KILLERS, Queen, EMI
- 14 22 MORNING DANCE, Spyro Gyro, Infinity
- 15 15 MANILOW MAGIC, Barry Manilow, Arista
- 16 25 EXPOSED, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 17 17 STREET LIFE, Crusaders, MCA
- 18 16 COMMUNIQUE, Dire Straits, Vertigo
- 19 20 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Beach Boys, Capitol
- 20 12 BRIDGES, John Williams, Lotus
- 21 13 NIGHT OWL, Gerry Rafferty, United Artists
- 22 40 WELCOME TO THE CRUISE, Judie Tzuke, Rocket
- 23 21 DO IT YOURSELF, Ian Dury, Stiff
- 24 43 20 ALL TIME GREATS, Roger Whittaker, Polydor
- 25 35 THE B-52s, Island
- 26 14 LODGER, David Bowie, RCA
- 27 18 RUST NEVER SLEEPS, Neil Young, Reprise
- 28 37 BAD GIRLS, Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 29 29 LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG, James Last, Polydor
- 30 26 THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER, Chrysalis
- 31 30 DIRE STRAITS, Vertigo
- 32 32 OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 33 33 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Epic
- 34 19 GO WEST, Village People, Mercury

- 35 - MIDNIGHT MAGIC, Commodores, Motown
- 36 67 BOP TILL YOU DROP, Ry Cooder, Warner
- 37 34 WAR OF THE WORLDS, Jeff Wayne, CBS
- 38 27 RICKIE LEE JONES, Warner Brothers
- 39 27 SKY, Ariola
- 40 53 MANIFESTO, Roxy Music, Polydor
- 41 23 BACK TO THE EGG, Wings, Parlophone
- 42 42 AT BUDOKAN, Bob Dylan, CBS
- 43 36 BLACK ROSE, Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 44 31 THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, The Who, Polydor
- 45 24 THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE, Sex Pistols, Virgin
- 46=47 SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN, Bee Gees, RSO
- 46=57 IN THE SKIES, Peter Green, Creole
- 48 39 REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY, Dave Edmunds, Swan Song
- 49 41 MINGUS, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
- 50 54 FATE FOR BREAKFAST, Art Garfunkel, CBS
- 51 65 THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE, CBS
- 52 - THE BOSS, Diana Ross, Motown
- 53 - MIRRORS, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS
- 54 - TEENAGE WARNING, Angelic Upstarts, Warner Brothers
- 55 46 NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS, Sex Pistols, Virgin
- 56 48 SONGBIRD, Ruby Winters, K-Tel
- 57 38 THE WORLD IS FULL OF MARRIED MEN, Original Soundtrack, Ronco
- 58 - RISQUE, Chic, Atlantic
- 59 49 RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Brothers
- 60 - LOOK SHARP, Joe Jackson, A&M
- 61 - EDDIE COCHRAN SINGLES ALBUM, United Artists
- 62 66 BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2, CBS
- 63 51 THE UNDERTONES, Sire
- 64 73 LIVE AND DANGEROUS, Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 65 64 CAVATINA, John Williams, Cube/Electric
- 66 56 PLASTIC LETTERS, Blondie, Chrysalis
- 67 59 TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS, Steel Pulse, Island
- 68 58 THE WARRIORS, Original Soundtrack, A&M
- 69 68 A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 70 - TONIC FOR THE TROOPS, Boomtown Rats, Ensign
- 71 71 TUBULAR BELLS, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 72 50 THE BILLIE JO SPEARS SINGLES ALBUM, United Artists
- 73 61 52nd STREET, Billy Joel, CBS
- 74 - GET THE KNACK, Knack, Capitol
- 75 55 NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS, Boney M, Atlantic

PRE-RELEASE SINGLES

- 1 NICE UP THE DANCE, Papa Michigan And General Smilie, Studio One
- 2 TUNE IN, Gregory Isaacs, African Museum
- 3 GOLDEN SEAL, Augustus Pablo, Message
- 4 SEX EDUCATIONAL CLASS, General Echo, Mandingo
- 5 HOMEWARD BOUND, Freddie McGregor, Studio One
- 6 AMBUSH, Bob Marley, Tuff Gong
- 7 WOOD FOR MY FIRE, Black Uhuro, DEB
- 8 CUP OF TEA, Dennis Brown, DEB
- 9 HYPOCRITE/NICE TIME, Bob Marley And The Wailers, Tuff Gong
- 10 CLEANLYNESS IS GODLYNESS, Silford Walker, South East Music

DISCO 12"

- 1 PRIDE AND AMBITION, Leroy Smart, Dub Vendor
- 2 LOVE AND UNITY, Te-Track, Rockers International
- 3 REALLY TOGETHER, Jackie Paris And Big Youth, Book Of Psalms
- 4 THREE MEALS A DAY, Dennis Brown, Joe Gibbs
- 5 THE BORDER, Gregory Isaacs, GG
- 6 OOH BABY BABY, Sonia, D-Roy
- 7 NATTY DREAD SHE WANT, Horace Andy/Tapper Zukie, Stars



- 8 GIVE ME JAH JAH, Sugar Minott/King Stitt, Studio One
- 9 ISLAND GIRL/IT'S LATE, In Crowd, Review
- 10 LOVE WON'T COME EASY, Heptones, Greensleeves

ALBUMS

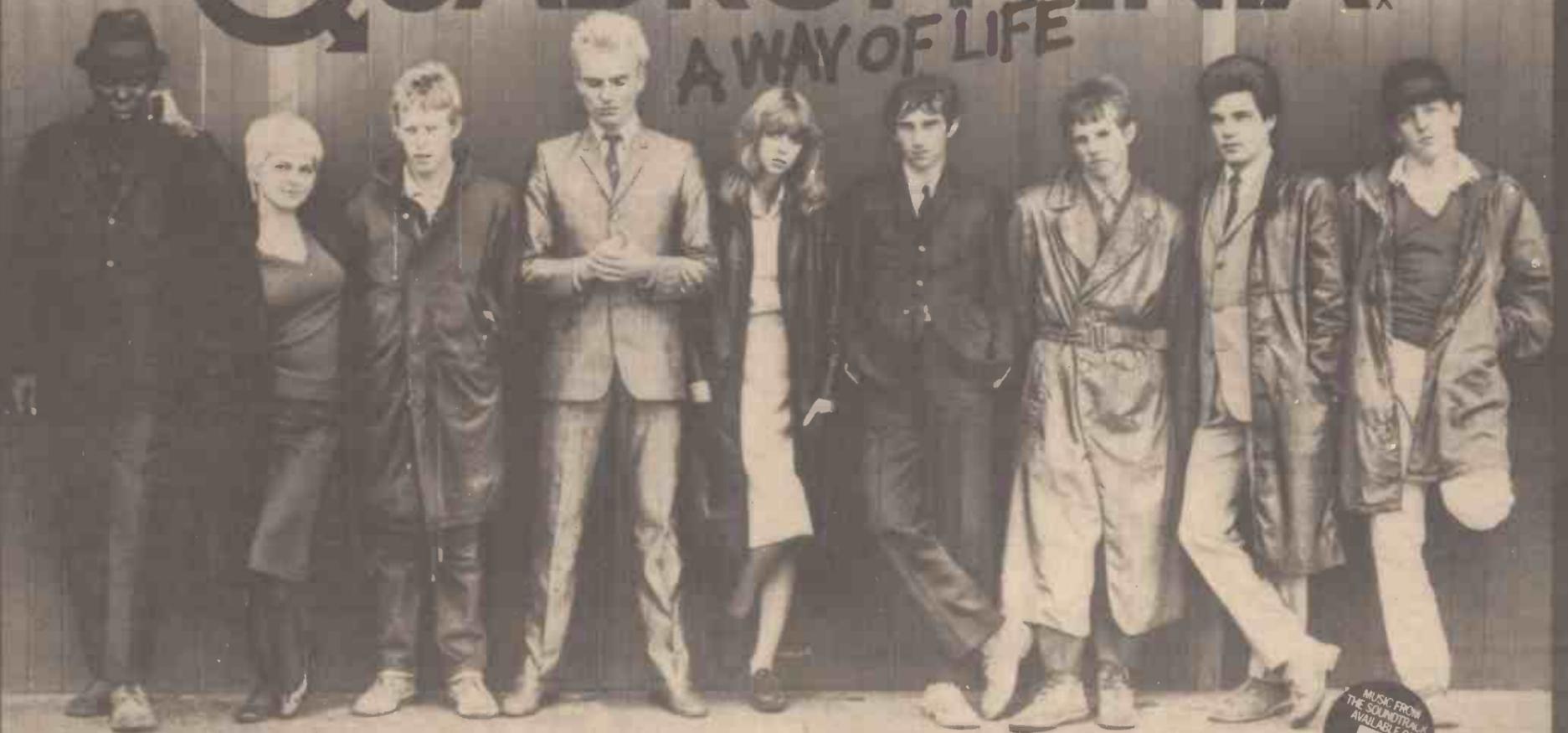
- 1 AFRICAN DUB CHAPTER FOUR, Joe Gibbs, Joe Gibbs
- 2 STUDIO ONE SHOWCASE VOL 2, Various Artists, Studio One
- 3 BORN TO LOVE YOU, Derrick Harriott, Crystal
- 4 SOON FORWARD, Gregory Isaacs, Front Line
- 5 KAMIKAZI DUB, Prince Jammy, Trojan
- 6 TREASURE DUB, Duke Reid Allstars, High Note
- 7 SKA AUTHENTIC, Skatalites, Studio One
- 8 LOVING MOODS, Al Campbell, Music Force
- 9 KOOL ROOTS, Earth And Stone, Cha Cha
- 10 REBEL MUSIC, Various Artists, Trojan

Compiled by Dub Vendor. Mail order c/o 18 St John's Avenue, Putney SW15. Clapham Junction open market, Saturdays 9-6. Tel: 785 9636.

Compiled by BMRB/Music Week

# QUADROPHENIA<sup>x</sup>

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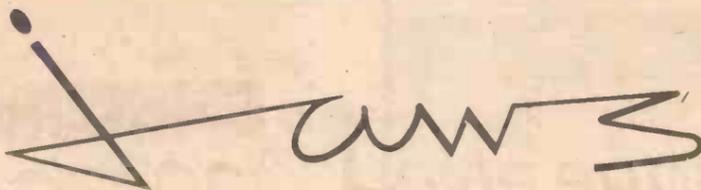
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# The sound of the building sites

**JIMMY LYDON** is 22 and an Arsenal fan, but we won't hold that against him. He's also sharp, witty, a bit of a street-fighter (lost his left eye in a one-against-many run-in with a black gang) and a good worki...

"Don't call me working class - I ain't worked for over 2 years." Shirking class? "Yeah that'll do." A good shirking class lad.

Jimmy's just decided to follow in his elder brother's musical footsteps (you DO remember his elder brother, doncha?) and he's recorded a single with Hurricane Records, a Pye subsidiary specialising in fifties 'n' r compilations. As Hurricane chief Des Dolan puts it, "Chuck Berry pays for our indulgences."

Under the unlikely band name of Four Be Two (notting to do with The Carpenters), Jimmy recruited Sid Vicious lookalike, 18 year old Youth, bassist (what else) with London band Killing Joke, and two mystery men Dreary O'Hoodlum (guitar) and Paddy O'Reilly (drums) to record the single 'One Of The Lads' b/w 'Oombaba' mixed by brother John.

The job done, Jimmy decided to tip off just one paper - us naturally - and so off I went to Hurricane's offices last Friday to hear the single.

Jimmy weren't giving much away: "It's like a mix between every record you've ever heard. It's disco-Paddy, that's where it all comes from, the big Irish crack, music from the building sites."

Des plays a tape: 'One Of The Lads' is like harsh mutated disco with a big booming bass line, disco drums, great Irish-trade banjo, and hard-to-decipher PiL-style lyrics. This is followed by a dub version which'll be the b-side on the 12 inch disco-mix of the single, and the 7" b-side a "Skids piss-take" called 'Oombaba' with the title repeated endlessly - as Jimmy says "it's shit but it's weird."

"So what dja reckon?" he asks. "Alright. Not brilliant but it's alright. Better than Public Image, and I loved that banjo. Truth is though, the only thing I'd compare it to is PiL."

Jimmy looks horrified. "I can understand you saying that about the dub, but PiL use tons of echo and treble. Play him it again, Des..."

"You can't categorise it," Youth had said, "It's weird. It's disco with something else. It sounds like a joke - that's the only similarity with Public Image."

Ain't you worried about having to work in John's shadow, Jimmy?

"You're joking! I know it'll sell just 'cos I'm his brother, but I like the colour of money, don't you? You just got to give the kids something for their money, and I think we do that."

'One Of The Lads' (Hammer HS 303) comes out on September 7, after which the band will record an album and hope to start playing live dates. If you like unique, 'interesting' sounds you're strongly advised to check them out. You won't be disappointed.

**GARRY BUSHELL**

**KNEBORTH KILLERS:** Jaws medical correspondent was concerned for the welfare of the New York Italian chapter of the Zep fan club backstage. Even their well-tailored suits couldn't hide the ugly swellings in their armpits. A virulent form of glandular fever perhaps?

Other less temperamental liggers included the ubiquitous Steve Jones, Mick Jones, Topper, Phil Collins, Lemmy, some Rats, Ray Jackson from Lindisfarne, Bruce Thomas of the Attractions and



Pic by Virginia Turbett

JIMMY LYDON and Sid Vicious clone Youth

**Pretenders** Chrissie Hynde and James Honeyman Scott.

**SUMMER HOLIDAY:** Messrs Pursey Cook and Jones seen plugging holiday haunts in Cornwall this week. Apparently recordings are going well, but they still ain't decided on a name... Meanwhile the British Responsible Society (honest!) have taken offence at the 'Some Product' Pistols elpee and are urging that the record be recalled and the sleeves destroyed on the grounds that it "makes Sid Vicious a cult figure." Where have they been for the last three years???

**BUCKS PAST:** Has anyone noticed the demise of the Young Bucks, formerly of Newcastle, who stormed the London circuit, got reviews from good to rave and couldn't seal a deal?

The fate of most of them is currently obscure but drummer Seb (Wang as was) joined mods Secret Affair as he already had the suit and the suedehead cut, while guitarist/singer Tony Wadsworth and sax-person Dave Winthrop have fallen into more elevated company. With a bass player called Paul Martinez they are working out as the Savoy's and are

surprised to find ex-TRB Charlie Morgan and Dire Strait/Dylan sideman Pick Withers aimably vying for the pleasure of helping out on drums.

**EMERGENCY WARD TEN:** We hear an unusual story from one of our contacts in the nursing world concerning that cuddly eccentric Genesis P. Orridge, he of short stature and throbbing gristle.

Seems the lad was so frustrated last Christmas he tried to top himself by the unusual method of swallowing 500 Steroid tablets. He was admitted to St Bartholomews where he was pumped clean. Apparently the little lad then went round attacking nurses and was swiftly discharged, though our informant tells us the steroids will affect him adversely for the rest of his life. We doubt you'll notice.

**SO FAREWELL:** Belt And Braces were just about to be honoured by a Jaws featurette when they rang up to say they'd split. One of the few bands to get close to combining politics, rock and good humour, they seem to have been undermined by their schizo existence as stars in Sweden where they made a couple of albums and played to festival crowds of up to 15,000 and total unknowns at home where

they'd count themselves lucky if a couple of bored boozers glanced up from their pints while they were on.

Singer Jeni and drummer Jim took up theatrical offers they couldn't refuse while eager 18-year-old bassman Simon Skinner is looking for a new band. Any offers?

**MO-DETTE NOT RAPED, MILLIONS REJOICE:** We'd like to point out to East End readers that the reasons the Mo-dettes didn't play the Bridge House last Saturday was because the drummer came off her motor bike and not, as a passing graffitist wrote on the outside poster, because one of them had been raped. Vigilante squads are asked to disband immediately and hand in their weapons to the constabulary.

**NICE TO BE A LUNATIC:** Young master Ian Dury acquitting himself rather well in the London Evening News last Friday we're pleased to say, with enjoyable quotes like: Are you a satirist?

"No. Satire is the last outpost of the bankrupt middle class public school wimp."

Are you a music hall masquerade?

"No. I object to being called the Roy Hudd of rock."

Are you ugly?

"No. Just around the corner and three doors down from handsome."

Our man was also featured in an entertaining BBC interview Friday evening we're told, tho' sad to say Jaws missed it as we'd packed our bags to catch the old dog at 'Ammersmiff where a rather incongruous looking Lemmy joined the Blockheads on stage. In the audience was one Elvis Costello, superstar of this parish who left five minutes before the end in case he got picked out as the evening's star audience blockhead...

**DAN, DAN THE TVPERSONALITY MAN:** We learn from our good friend Dan aka Nicholas Parsons of the wunnerful TV Personalities that he ain't joining the Swell Maps as a temporary bassist as reported by said silly fellows recently.

Instead he's re-releasing the TVP's first single '14th Floor'/'Oxford Street' and enthuses wildly about the Mod scene. "Nobody but the kids and one or two other people understand it," he says.

## Drugs and drugs and drugs and...



Pic by Simon Fowler/LFI

KEITH RICHARDS is innocent

**A STARTER** for ten. Who's the star referred to in the following extract from a newly published book?

I couldn't help wondering where all this blood was coming from, or resenting the decadence of debauched millionaires regaining their health, vampirelike from the fresh, clean blood of millionaires.

Bit easy really, wasn't it? Try another one. In whose stable is, to this day, hidden seven thousand dollars worth of diamorphine? (Answer - Ronnie Wood's place in Richmond).

These fascinating facts come to you courtesy of 'Up And Down With The Rolling Stones - The Inside Story' by Tony Sanchez (Morrow Quill, \$8.95) a biography of the Stones in general and Keith Richards in particular that is based on the premise that what people really want to read about pop stars these days is the drugs, the drugs and nothing but the drugs. When the English yellow press decides that violence sells papers and prints pictures of Carmen Galente's corpse leaking blood like a colander and Anita Pallenberg's bed sprayed with enough blood to keep Roman Polanski happy, maybe that premise is right.

You might remember reading extracts from this book in the Sunday Mirror or Playboy and being faintly surprised by the fact if not the content of the revelations but, believe me, you ain't seen nothing yet. This is little more than a catalogue of the drug habits of Keith, Brian Jones and anyone else who chanced by, all of it wrapped in a tissue of pretence that it's a moral tome and a serious investigation of jet set decadence imbued with a tone of superior morality.

It's nothing of the kind, of course. It's a nasty, slight (albeit weighty and compulsively readable) book. Mr. Sanchez was, it appears, a long-time employee of Mr Richards and he tries very hard to give the impression that he was somehow always separate from these disgusting goings-on around him. He never explains why he parted company with Richards, but this little masterpiece couldn't be revenge or sour grapes, could it?

If you've read Anthony Scaduto's 'Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer' you'll have a good idea of what to expect - the connecting narrative has been lifted in chunks the size of the Great Pyramid from Scaduto's book. So all that's left really is drugs, drugs and more drugs.

Oh, there is a bit of sex. For example, examine page 136. 'Keith had never been a particularly energetic lover and now he was so tired, so wrapped up in his music, that he and Anita seemed to make love as rarely as Mick and Marianne.'

Such heavy-handed bitchiness is the book's largest claim to wit - mostly it's written in the style of a poor suburban railway station paperback and the dialogue is so stilted it could get a job in a circus. In fact, it's so tacky, so obsessively sordid that you begin to doubt anything in it: Do you really wanna read sly innuendos that someone's death might not be unconnected with Keith and Anita, that Keith often treated his friends like they were worst enemies, that Keith turned a certain NME writer into a junkie? Unfortunately, a lot of people probably do. I finished the book.

**PETE SILVERTON**

# How to succeed by slagging off everyone else



Pic by Fin Costello

**THE JAGS: cheery paranoids**

"YOU SAID we were aesthetically plastic? Yeah, what did you mean by that?" The Jags' lead guitarist John Alder mulls over his pint and my credibility.

"The whole categorisation thing stinks, anyway. The classic example of self-destructive ranking was *Sailor*. After one album, they were finished, because all they could ever write about was sailors and prostitutes. It's going to be the same with bands like *The Human League* and *prag VEC*. They'll be washed up as soon as the rock press decides it's the end of their particular era. We're no novel idea."

These are early days for *The Jags*. In the first throes of their collective bid for superstardom, they're already getting old and wise, almost paranoiacally self-defensive. After a heavy week-end of fear and loathing in Scarborough Alder and Nick Watkinson (vocals, rhythm guitar, co-writer) are glad to play things low-key for a while.

The two Jags' mainmen have known each other since they were fifteen, but "The whole thing started to come together in Bournemouth when I met this nutter who could drum. He was keen on my songs, so we went up to London, met up with Steve (Prudence: bass) and got John down from Scarborough. Then we went to Wales, got our act together in a cottage during last summer, and came back to London. It was around this February we played the Rock Garden, and Chris Blackwell was there. He said 'sign 'em, or I'll blow up the world!'"

The Jags are aware that rock press credibility don't come easy these days. "We're in this business so we can earn enough money to get out of it", quips Watkinson (a joke). "The Top Twenty isn't necessarily the sole target, but insofar as it's a product of the fact that you've sold singles, it'll do for us. It's a real gas being there, being a popular band. In fact, the 'classy pop' tag we've been given is probably one reason why nobody seems desperate to like us. I mean, we're not a mod band, not a punk band. People will probably find it difficult to identify

with us."

The Jags' debut single 'Back Of My Hand' lends credence to the band's belief that they're not exactly pumping out ultra-vogue sounds right now though it works as a likely hit single — even despite the Elvis Costello rip-off allegations levelled at Watkinson's vocal.

"Look, man. I'm no cheap skate Elvis Costello. I've never tried to impersonate him. For a start, we're more humorous, more tongue-in-cheek than him. He's much more bitchy and venomous. Like a middle-aged child! In any case, that Costello style of vocal all came from the Brinsleys. Both Costello and Parker have just exaggerated and extended Nick Lowe's Brinsley vocal. And that's all I've done."

Trifling problems seem to have plagued *The Jags'* progress thus far. At the Retford Porterhouse gig of their first tour, they were introduced as 'Sassafras' and encored as the 'UK Subs', dumb mistakes courtesy of the untogether local promoter. Similarly, things went badly wrong when the band's original drummer flipped out at an A&R-attended gig, knocking Watkinson for six into the audience, simultaneously blowing his own chances of immortality. Maybe such problems on and off the road are guaranteed to induce a little cynicism. Alder directs his at bands which are 'fashionable' for its own sake, and those, like the UK Subs, whom they consider ideologically phoney.

"Man, we saw the UK Subs play the other week, and their singer, who must have been about thirty-five, said, 'Vis is a song abaht be-in on ver dole'. And it was pathetic, man. The kids didn't want to cheer that. I can't believe they did. We've been on the dole, and it's not something to write songs about."

Still, *The Jags* are confident about their own long-term prospects — they even chose the name because they reckoned it likely to transcend the annual sub-cult name fad. They could be in with a shout.

DES MOINES

## Life on the shelf

**SLIT UP A TREAT:** Consider the sorry fate of Essex Mod band the *Little Roosters*. After six months solid gigging all round London and the Home Counties the boys landed a major break as third on the bill for this month's March Of The Mods tour, and hence the chance of national recognition. So the working members of the band, Gary Eves

(keyboards) and John Hunt (bass) quit their jobs and the band cancelled a month's gigs only to be told less than a week before the tour that they'd been given the elbow in favour of *Back To Zero*.

And even then it was a journalist who told them, and not their co-headliners *Secret Affair* and the *Purple Hearts*, the people who'd taken the

fateful decision.

Despite the fact that they take their inspiration from a different rock period than most Mod bands (*Small Faces*, *Faces*, *Stones*), the *Roosters* have built up a reputation in the movement with solid hard work, debuting at the Bridge House in February and then progressing through all the major venues.

"That's what hurt most," drummer Graeme Potter sighs, "not being dropped but not even being told about it. We've lost everything. And *Secret Affair* are forever going on about Mod Unity. Huh. I'll tell you what," his bitterness exploding into anger, "Ian Page (of *Secret Affair*) has turned out to be the Maggie Thatcher of rock. He's acting like a Tory. When you're workers it's all stick together brothers, but when you're the mill-owner you shit on the workers. He makes me sick."

Understandably they're bitter, but the *Roosters* are workers and their answer now is to plunge back into the hard gigging that's got them where they are today. With a single 'Going Round' in the pipeline with a major company, it shouldn't take too long for them to overcome these present setbacks and prove themselves to be an important part of the Mod Renewal.

GARRY BUSHELL



**THE LITTLE ROOSTERS: a cruel snub**

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- ABERDEEN Other Record Shop
- INVERNESS Other Record Shop
- EDINBURGH Bruces, Odeon Cinema, Festival Fringe Box Office
- DUNDEE Bruces
- KIRKCALDY Bruces
- FALKIRK Bruces

*Jaws*

# HOLLYWOOD H I G H S BY SYLVIE SIMMONS

FOR THOSE whom the good lord spared from sipping sake through his shows at Madame Wong's music-café in Chinatown (Fripp and chips all round) the self-defined sane and upright urbane Englishman Robert Fripp, played a free concert in Tower Records in Hollywood. You don't get much for free these days, so no need to complain.

Unsuspecting Los Angelenos who had hoped to buy the new



Pic by Chuck Pullin

ROBERT FRIPP: defying the elements

Dolly Parton record or enter the Meatballs-eating contest (some promotion for a crass teen movie) found the Moss Bros-attired musician poised beneath posters advertising the above with a tape machine on either side and a guitar in the middle. He played 'Fripptronics', notably 'Exposure', and he played and played and . . .

The Freebie lasted more than an hour. Fripp stayed behind long enough to answer questions from a hot, perspiring crowd, who weren't allowed to escape until they had promised faithfully to buy at least one copy of his new album (one you get a wave, two a handshake, autographs are free, so he said).

And there was no way out; no-one to beg for assistance. I mean, a lightning bolt — no doubt sent from someone above who didn't like the notes in the 6 to 8 kilocycle range and didn't have Fripp's solution, tissue paper stuffed in the ears, tried and proven at Rockpile gigs he assures us, at hand — actually struck the record store in Massachusetts where he was doing a similar performance the other week; and though one of his tape recorders went kaput and the liquor store next door burnt to the ground, he still played on, and on and . . .

ALSO SERVING as a reference book on the current undertakings of other musicians, Fripp revealed that Eno has tentative plans for a new album in September and that he's trying to persuade reclusive Brian to join him on the road; that various reasons, all contradictory, have been given as to why the album he worked on with Daryl Hall hasn't been released (some say it's because it will ruin Daryl's clean-cut teenybop image; RCA says it's up to Daryl, but it's funny that they wouldn't give Hall permission to sing on 'Exposure'. Terre Roche with a little help from a bottle of Remy Martin and some Fritching techniques — ie. stretched by Fripp — had to fill in for him) and we should all walk down the road and have it out with the record company.

That John Lennon's raising his children rather than his voice, that Talking Heads' new album "is so good it makes the last one look like a crock of horseshit" and that Peter Gabriel's working on the screenplay to *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*.

THE LOS Angeles boys in blue found some pretext — we know not what — to raid yet another local punk gig. This time they closed up a concert at the Masque, beating several and charging one concert-goer with a felony (that's a serious charge) — assault — allegedly for chucking a lighted cigarette at a cop. Things are getting silly — if they weren't so serious.

But things are also looking up somewhat, with a couple of major punk/new wave "festivals" in the offing. And with the Ready-mades, Pere Ubu and Greg Kihn all headlining separate clubs on the same night this week, at least there's something to listen to. And Bomp — who have been co-sponsoring a quite silly Ban Disco campaign with LA's best radio station, KROQ — are releasing the Rotters' 'Sit On My Face Stevie Nicks', which Mick Fleetwood's lawyers previously had banned from the radio and from the racks of Tower Records.



Pic by Paul Slattery

SID IS GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: Pictured above, 19 year old Clapham punk Pat Marc who last week felt the need to have 'Sid Vicious, 1957-1979' cut into his hair at Alans of 120, Kings Road, Chelsea.

When asked why Mr Marc replied: "'Cos Sid was a good bloke, he was the only true punk and now the legend lives on in the back of my head." Indubitably.

## Skinhead moonstomp

SKINNED ALIVE: Friday 24 August sees the beginning of the first official 'Skinhead Night' in London. Organiser Neil Hester, a Catford skinhead, explained "Skins have been plagued with bad publicity, rightly or wrongly for the last two years and consequently promoters have been turned-off from the idea of a 'skinhead night' for fear of violence or damage. So skinheads into ska; blue-beat, motown etc have had no real chance to have their own music nights and are always getting turned away from gigs."

So Neil went round countless venues till he found one willing to put on a skinhead night — the Governor General — (previously the Northover) about ten minutes from Grove Park station in South London. This'll feature a DJ, a dance floor, and a bar, and, if it's successful will become a regular Friday event.

Says Neil, "Skinheads bringing their own records will be specially welcome."

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND: Things not going too well for Mr Alice Cooper and his get-away-from-it-all Indian art store in Arizona we hear.

Seems young Al — a middle aged golfer who spent vast periods of his life covered in mascara and sporting a revolting beer gut — took time off from his petit-bourgeois pastime to criticise disco music in an interview. Naturally this upset the young disco groovers, one of whom took the unprecedented step of hurling a fire-bomb through Al's window causing £100,000 worth of damage and destroying many original works of art.

CUT ACROSS SHORTY: Edward Cochran, the man who wrote 'C'mon Everybody', 'Something Else' and a host of lesser Sex Pistols faves is to be the subject of a new film 'Born To Rock' being shot in Hollywood by DJ 'Tedious' Tony Valence. 'Cept in the film Eddie doesn't die in the fatal 1960 car crash which took him up the three steps to heaven, he pulls through and the movie goes on to chart a fictional career.

That old ham Shakin' Stevens (yawn) is after the leading role but as far as we can gather Valence is open to better offers. We here at *Jaws* are shocked that no-one's had the sense to contact chubby Steve Jones. After all, the boy's never been known to turn down an offer.

WHO'S ARMY?: Warner Bros A&R man Dave Dee heard on

Radio 1 on Friday evening gleefully telling Kid Jerkin that he considered his greatest achievement recently had been his discovery of Gary Numan (see Gary Webb incidentally) and Tubeway Army. You could have heard the enraged cries of "WHAT?!" from Beggar's Banquet all the way down the Fulham Road, BB's chief Nick Austin and chums having spent fruitless months pushing and grooming the Army's success.

HOT STUFF: Eddie And The Hot Rods (you remember them) have signed a deal with EMI following their recent split from Island. A single is set for early October release.

WELCOME TO HER NIGHTMARE: Blondie, it seems, will not now be managed by Malcolm McLaren. The new manager in her life appears to be Alice Cooper's maestro Shep Gordon.

CARRY ON KAMPING: We feel it is our duty to instruct readers about the latest instalments of the diligent Kill All Merton Parkas campaign: an odd mock-record circulating the Mod scene consisting of the Merton Parka single sleeve rearranged to feature Beano characters, Rod Stewart and James Pursey under the logo 'Bay City Rollers'.

Inside the sleeve is a mocked up record with an A-side 'We Need Songs' by Showmodymody b/w 'Mods Don't Want To Hear Junk Like This (Poser, Poser, Poser, Poser)' by the Small Faeces. The single had a first pressing of a couple of hundred, all of which have now been snapped up by London Glory Boys . . .

NASHVILLE NUTTERS: Ten representatives of the tedious British Movement turned up to the Ruts Nashville gig last Sunday and proceeded to demonstrate their incredible ignorance by 'Sieg Heiling' and throwing Hitler salutes at all comers.

A naturally offended Malcolm Owen asked the prats to keep their illness to themselves, saying "You're into your scene we're into ours, a lot of people have come to hear the music." This brought loud applause but didn't shut 'em up so guitarist Paul Fox correctly stated that Hitler was a prat, thus incensing the pea-brains who hurled fags, etc at him and so started a brief fistfight twixt BM and Ruts fans with bouncer re-inforcements. The BM were ejected and the music proceeded unhindered.

# JOHN PEEL



## Peel in Quads delivery shock

YEARS AND years and years ago, when the John Peel Roadshow was young, gifted and hirsute, it used to visit Wolverhampton fairly regularly — I remember a gig at the Lafayette with Black Sabbath and Medicine Head in particular, because I attempted subsequently to sign Sabbaf, as they were to become, to my Dandelion label. Imagine if I had succeeded. I certainly wouldn't be sitting here talking with the likes of you. No, sirree! Rather would I be lying on my back alongside a sun-kissed pool in Hollywood, surrounded by naked and preening starlets of markedly pulchritudinous cast, with a mulatto dwarf at my shoulder shovelling cocaine into my single, cavernous nostril, a quivering, flared orifice leading without interruption straight to the back of my skull. But back to Wolverhampton and reality.

Whenever I visited said Wolverhampton in days of yore I tended to encounter a cove named Jim Simpson who promoted blues gigs in some noisome cellar in the vicinity, and this same Simpson went on to form Big Bear Records and, one feels pretty certain, Tapas. It has since been a matter of some embarrassment to me that despite my admiration for young Jim, I have never knowingly played a Big Bear record or tape on the radio.

Thus it was that last week I felt the usual frisson of botheration when yet another small packet of Big Bear releases fell through the letter-box onto the North Italian walnut and marquetry commode we keep the coal in here at Peel Acres. But happily, on this occasion everything was what I am told you youngsters call 'hunky-dory', because one of the singles was — still is — by the Quads, and is what record reviewers characterise as a 'double-sided humdinger, a 22-carat wow'.

The 'A' side is 'There Must Be Thousands', but a show of hands over the rice krispies at dawn this morning showed a slight preference for the reverse, 'You've Gotta Jive'. If this week's singles reviewer has failed to mention this marvellous release, he can prepare to hear the tapping of a blind beggar's stick at twilight and to feel the pressing of the fateful Black Spot into his shaking hand, and the rest of us can stand by our beds and await a single, echoing, nightmarish cry in the night.

SEVERAL WEEKS ago I set the staff to sorting out the many demonstration tapes which have been delivered to Walters and myself over the past year and a half, having first gathered them together from the various corners of my far-flung empire into which they had been far-flung. Once the tapes had been placed in a number of attractive and symmetrical mounds, I counted them, and found to my considerable alarm that there were 491 of the blamed things awaiting my attention.

Since then I have devoted virtually all of my leisure time to the Peel Acres 491, as they have become known to concerned, young activists in the community, have listened to 211, and have 345 left. Mathematically minded readers will point out at this juncture that 345 and 211 do not add up to 491 but rather to 556. This apparent discrepancy is explained by the fact that 65 more tapes have arrived in the intervening period. (This is all very, very boring, I know, but it fills up the space.) A fair number of the 211 have been passed on to Walters for his consideration for Radio 1 sessions, and, as of last Friday, at least two of the bands have been booked.

NOW, NOT only is the quantity of these tapes a problem but also the quality. Three or four years ago we got maybe five demonstration tapes each month and these were almost invariably frightful. Generally speaking they were submitted by folksy persons given to writing lyrics about dragonflies and their own glaring personality defects, who accompanied their feeble bleatings on imperfectly tuned acoustic guitars. Sincere, honest, caring, awful, and easy to cope with. But now we get six, seven, eight cassettes every working day, and a quite extraordinarily high percentage of these — perhaps even 50% — are really rather good, with maybe ten percent being excellent.

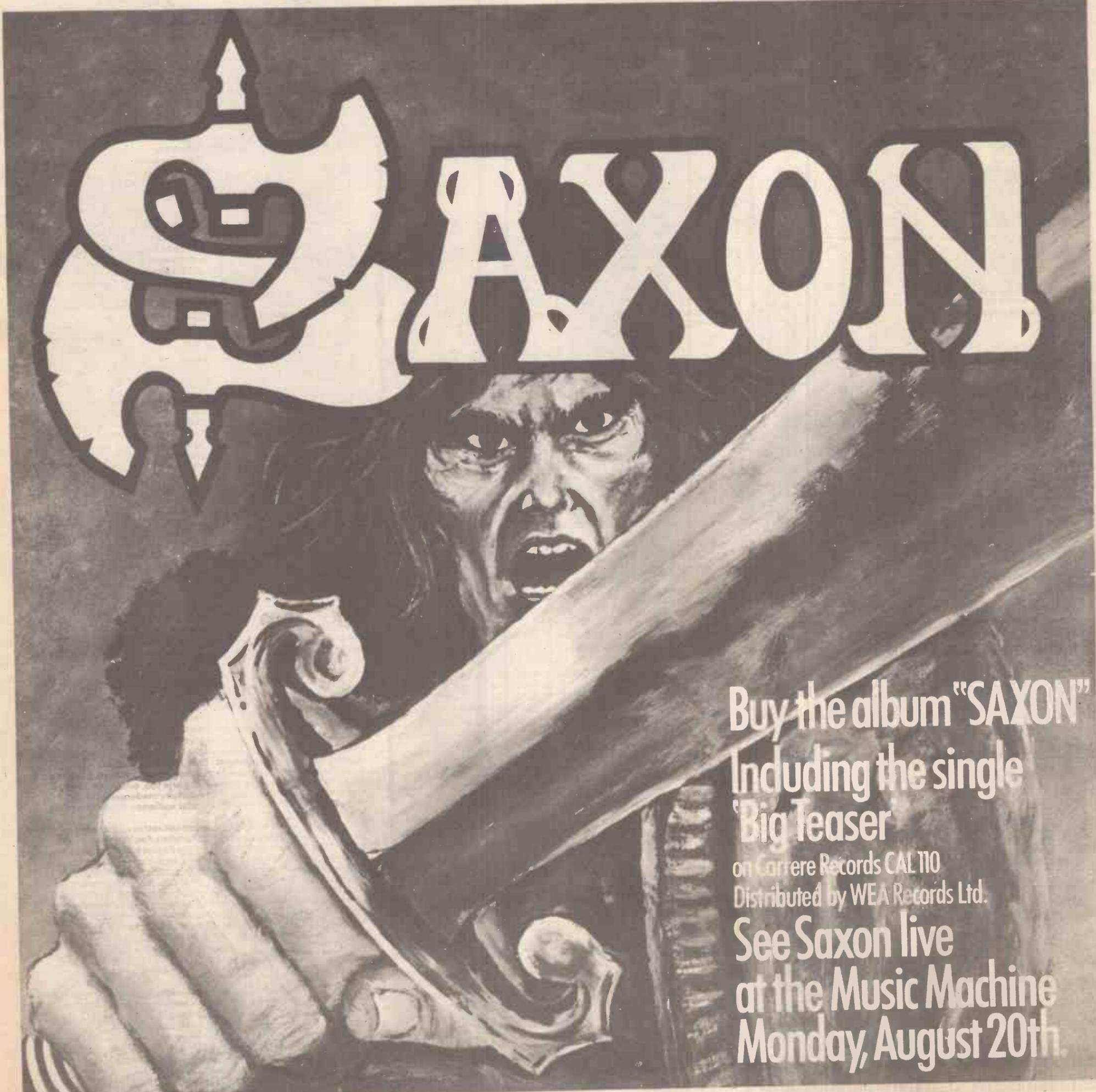
Obviously there is no way that we can book all of the bands involved, so each band we do book becomes virtually a token for a great many more we cannot. This, I can see, is small consolation for those musicians who remain unheard, but it is a fact of life. A profoundly depressing one too, when you have to sit down and scribble dozens of woefully inadequate notes to people who do in fact merit the wider audience you cannot give them.

The other morning I listened to ten cassettes as I cruised at fossil fuel conserving speeds into London. Each tape had something to recommend it too — the Proles from Houghton-le-Spring, for example, have a number about gigging with Siouxsie which captures the agonies of the support band beautifully. Then Exeter's Living Daylights write muscular little pop songs and render them with cunning and beguiling vocal harmonies. The Vets come from Hornsey and are the equal of any of the current crop of sparse, angular bands selling armloads of singles out of Rough Trade and Small Wonder. The others, Embryo, Liberty Bodice (Glasgow), God's Gift (Manchester), the Denizens (Birmingham — and with a recommended single in 'People Of The Night' to their credit already), the Eyelids (Sale), formerly the Zipps (Rushden), and, from Birmingham, the Winners.

The last of these had sent us a tape with about eight songs on it, and, although their work didn't seem strong enough to draw it to John Walters' notice, there was enough going on, particularly in terms of attack, to merit further attention. Then the tape was a few months old anyway, so there's no way of telling how good the Winners are now. Bands come on so quickly these days, don't they? Well, in fact there is a way of assessing how good the Winners are now. As you know there's a successful disco group of the same name, so the Birmingham Winners have had to change their name. They're now called the Quads.



# SAXON STEEL



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# MIND YOUR LANGUAGE

DAVE McCULLOUGH DISCOVERS TOURS AND

FINDS LIFE IN POINTLESS POOLE



**T**HE FLAT economy of the name Tours tells you a lot about the band. They are a wonderful new breed of pop group: four people who, on current form, will be reeling in the hit singles before very long, who refuse you easy image access, who chose the name Tours because they didn't want a title that you could readily relate to a certain set of r'n'r sounds. Instead, they ask you to go one step beneath the name Tours (it could so easily have been 'Gigs' or 'Monitors' or 'Stage') and see the people in the band and, most important of all, *The Songs*:

Let us settle this aspect, the basic and in many ways the most vital aspect of all, first. Tours, constituting Richard Mazda on lead guitar and vocals, Ronnie

Mayor on rhythm guitar and vocals, bassist Steve Jeff and drummer Mark Spiers, are, together with perhaps the Undertones, Protex, Korgis, Bunnymen and Racey, one of the best pop bands in the country at this moment. The songs, the playing, the recorded material, are of an exceptional nature.

In Tours' case the first indication of quality came in the form of their enigmatic debut single, the stunning 'Language School'/'Foreign Girls' on their own 'Tours' label. It's not often a record is so thoroughly good that it leaves you in no doubt as to the excellence of the band behind it, but this was such an occasion.

Soaring through the sort of production that made records like 'Anarchy' and 'In The City' landmarks of the r'n'r beat, the brace of Tours songs swoop, bend and fire through superb hooks and melodic twists, the music constantly chased, raced and complemented by classically frantic, clipped and witty bouncing words, the songs played with the sort of muscular, full-throttle gusto that makes the twin, three minute towers of music

sweaty, frightening and stimulating experiences.

Predictably, the critics to pick up on the single were Peel and ourselves, Big Al Lewis himself stashing no fewer than three copies of the 45 away in his padlocked bottom drawer and myself, cursing the gods, having lost my own copy and thus being unable to carry out my intention of deeming the thing Single Of The Week. *NME*, as I recall, sarcastically dismissed the record on the pretext that the band came from *Poole in Dorset* (hysterical laughter). They said that (hó ho etc.) Tours must be wet!?

Unabashed by this piercing wit, I travelled down to Poole recently with faithful old Slattery to see Tours live and on their own patch. Much record company jostling and murmurings had already surrounded the band, Richard Mazda assured me on the phone. No less a personage (it says here) than Simon Draper of Virgin had travelled to see them incognito at their local pub gig. Chris Parry's Fiction label and assorted other had also made tentative offers to the band which they'd turned down.

"We're not going to rush into things. We know what

we're doing . . ." Richard kept emphasising over the phone as each day more and more of an industry 'buzz' was spread about Tours. Still they hung back from signing where others would have been long before swept noisily into a contract. This guarded cynic, who's seen so many bands rushed dizzily into duff, cul de sac contracts, was curious about Tours when he arrived on the Dorset coast that Friday evening.

**P**OOLE IS to rock and roll what Rochdale is to League Football. It's pretty grim. Two mods (God help us) sit in the pub trying to convince me that Tours are a mod band. "Even we get *Sounds* down here, even we've heard of *Sounds* down here," they assure me. Band manager Danny, a big amiable character, shuffles into the adjoining hall, tonight's gig. A Sire press-officer lurks in the corner and squirms visibly in the tiny, antiquated, olde worlde environment. His task is that of A Presence; he almost certainly won't talk to the band all evening, he's merely there to shiftily represent his company's constant, purring interest in Tours.

The two gigs that evening couldn't have done anything but set the cheque-book dancing in his breast pocket. Tours gave a small, local audience the proverbial works. Playing first a set of older band material and the last remaining group cover, Del Shannon's 'Runaway', they revealed a classiness and panache unheard-of from anything but the best, most established, signed-up bands.

And then they did it all over again half an hour later that same evening, this time concentrating on the band's current set, building the night's entertainment up into a chronological, energetic rock and roll climax that was breathtaking, unforgettable.

Songs like 'My Dream', 'Tourist Information', 'Jimmy's Younger Brother' and, slotted into the set unostentatiously, the wonderful 'Language School' and 'Foreign Girls', ripped the sleepy Two Brewers with furious, fiery, ingenious, r'n'r feeling and verve.

Richard Mazda, small, hair-cropped, bouncing and

PIC: PAUL SLATTERY

CONTINUES PAGE 24

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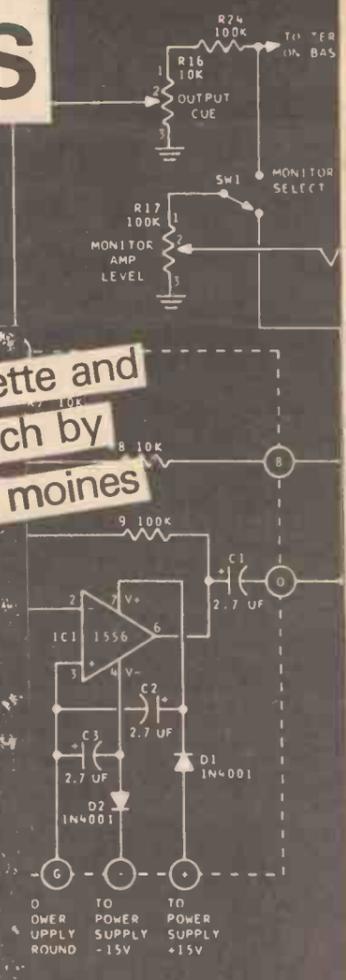
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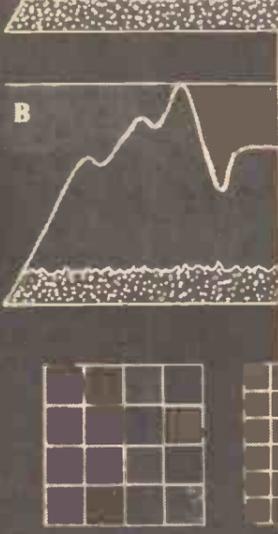
# orchestral manoeuvres in the dark



cassette and torch by des moines



← saturation level of tape  
← signal  
← residual noise level  
← saturation level



**O**RCHESTRAL Manoeuvres in The Dark? That was the most stupid name we could think of. It was an old song I wrote, and it featured three radios and war noises recorded off the telly. That was the kind of thing I was doing when I was sixteen. I think we got a little more commercial since then . . .

Relaxing in a northern beer garden, self-confessed intellectualiser Andy

McCluskey (OM's bass/vocals) adopts the semi-recumbent posture perhaps to be expected of a man whose debut single has just sold out its initial pressing with ease, and just used as a *Granada Reports* soundtrack to boot. His back pages and current *joie de vivre* look set to be in for a lengthy airing.

"You know, the punters at the Factory are dancing playing imaginary keyboards now! In the old days . . ."

McCluskey breaks off as a sizeable swarm of greenfly en route for Middlesbrough pass by — and through — the assembled company, several of them infiltrating McCluskey's Birkenhead afro. An uncomfortable distraction even for one so philosophical about his natural high, McCluskey knows what he doesn't like.

"Shit, man. Why did you bring us here . . . ?"

Currently in the process of negotiating a licensing deal to assist in the swift distribution of their alternative chartbuster 'Electricity', McCluskey and fellow Orchestral Man Paul Humphreys are convinced their time is gonna come. And soon.

It better had anyway, because McCluskey is just about through with his Executive Officer job in the Customs & Excise department of the C.S., "a production-line paper work" situation he took a couple of months back to cover OM's expenses, buy equipment and fork out a weekly £7.77 (38 times) on a cheap mail order

synthesiser for non-talking O. Man Paul (presently "unemployed", formerly a student at Liverpool Riverdale Electronics College and a labourer on a bath-renovation scheme before being sacked because he couldn't swim).

(Very integral to the OM set-up is manager/technician/tape-co-ordinator Paul Collister, right now "a freelance T.V. engineer" and "looking forward to being an alkie if we get a contract").

The contract is imminent (No jive. Judging by the demo Collister has compiled, OM already have an album's-worth of fresh futuristic musical fantasies, one of which — 'Messages' — is an electronic trucking classic), but for these guys, "imminent" seems a long time. For a young band, it might seem to be a premature desperation, especially since the show has been rolling barely a year and they never expected to be contenders anyway.

**B**ACK IN September '78, their first gig, supporting John Dowie at Eric's, was nothing more than "a one-off . . . just for the hell of it. But people liked us, the fanzines came up to us, Roger Eagle (Eric) got us a follow-up gig at the Factory, and it just escalated from there.

"We had a few offers to do a single early on, but Tony Wilson (*So It Goes* creator, Factory Records co-

partner) gave us the best one. We were hassling him to get a spot on his Granada news programme, he liked the tape we sent him, and he suggested putting a single out. 'Electricity' was a left-over from '76 really, one of the nicest tunes we had from the pre-OM days.

"All the action we've got since then (i.e. the active interest of two majors and several publishing agencies) is down to the fact that we put our phone number on the sleeve, and because John Peel's played it quite a lot. We owe him".

Not without good reason, OM have "selected" the scenes of their appearances to date, aware that only certain venues — only Eric's in Liverpool — can offer the chance of media exposure. Their first London gig, at the Acklam Hall in May, was an experience but little else.

"I really thought the audience were just checking us out. They all had their spectacles on. Plus, I had my favourite bass stolen there", McCluskey chokes, "and I can't get the same sound out of the new one". (The old one was a £25 left-hander which McCluskey had strung upside down and plucked right-handed. The new one is more regular but with a similar haywire string sequence).

While this incarnation of the duo is recent, the roots of OM go back to the birth of punk and the English new wave. Old primary school chums, McCluskey and Humphreys started playing

together in late '76, very much into what was happening here ("Anarchy In The UK" was *fab!*) but identifying more with the Kraftwerk genre.

"We had one bass guitar, one noise box and two borrowed echo units, and we thought they were God's gift to adventurous music. We'd just discovered Kraftwerk through 'Autobahn' and we were really into the whole electronic idea. And then . . . it got a little over the top. Even at that tender age we realised it was getting a little self-indulgent, and something had to go.

"But it was never intended for us to be just a two-piece. The tape-machine — 'Winston' to his friends — is great in that we can play exactly what we want it to, but it was never intended for it to become symbolic of OM, because it's so limited. It takes around three hours to record something that would take you ten minutes if you had a guy on drums or guitar. And we have to practice like shit to play with it, because if we go out of time with it on stage, we're really fucked."

**O**RCHESTRAL Manoeuvres have inevitably been bagged with the other emergent Liverpoolian bands, but McCluskey insists the connection is nothing more than geographical.

"There is no Liverpool Scene as such. We don't

## THE SECRET'S OUT

see the Bunynmen or Teardrops, although we know them, and we've used each other's equipment. Like, our organ's done the rounds. I don't think there's a band left in Liverpool that hasn't used our organ. The only real *unity* in Liverpool is that everyone despises The Beatles. They were the worst thing that ever happened to Liverpool, because people always come looking for the new Merseybeat and the new Beatles. I mean they wrote an awful lot of jolly nice tunes, but *musically* . . . ?

Having just selected Sister Sledge on the long-distance juke, McCluskey looks on the verge of opening up a Man-sized credibility gap at this stage, but he springs to his own defence:

"I like disco! One of my biggest influences is Bootsy Collins. I love funky bass-playing. And in fact one number we do — 'Dancing' — is the most non-funk thing you'd ever hope to get".

Removing another greenfly from his Eighties Mop-Top, McCluskey recalls OM's triumph at the Factory the previous week. Only their seventeenth gig and OM had at last achieved their first goal: "They were *dancing* to the music. That's what we've always wanted. That was the end!"

"I don't want to stand up on stage and look cool. Cabaret Voltaire, The Human League, Kraftwerk

do that. I get physically into a performance, and I don't like to think of us projecting this cool, enigmatic kind of image. I mean, to be honest, I hate the sound of my bass. It's too erratic. But I really wouldn't like to play a synthesiser all night long, because I couldn't move. My next aim will be to put my bass into a synth so I can get a variety of sound while still leaping around!"

**F** McCluskey gives the impression that he wants too much too soon (he does, it's more likely a representation of the innocent musical megalomaniac in him rather than any spoilt brat-type gripe.

At the moment, we're absolutely penniless. We're licensing 'Electricity' so we can buy two more synthesisers. Because half the instruments we've got are on their last legs, and half of them are dead cheap, anyway. We've never had the facilities to do anything anywhere near what we're capable of doing, and we're coming to the point where there's nothing more we can do with what we've got."

Still, penniless or no, Orchestral Manoeuvres are two (quasi-angry) young men, composing innovators both, for whom the future looks very cut-and-dried. Their time will surely come (McCluskey would be the last to disagree) but in the meantime, the rationale

behind their (ostensibly) gimmicky two-man one-tape-machine 'line-up' is vigorously defended.

"We have no qualms about using more people, but we've never found anyone we could work with. And in any case, we'd need at least two musicians to sacrifice Winston for. Visually, we know we have problems, but we try to overcome that with the lights. (Collister has recently set up a network of green and blue fluorescent tubes, mounted separately in boxes, triggered off at the mix end. OM plan to light them with radio frequency a.s.a.p.)

"You know, we're very much aware that with just the two of us onstage, the punters are likely to be bored with the visuals after about three numbers, but there's not much we can do about it *right now*. Do you know of any bass-playing strippers . . . ?"

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**FOUR PAGE HEAVY METAL SPECIAL STARTS HERE...**

**H**ERE'S A challenge to sort the men from the boys. From new grassroots English heavy metal band Saxon to the latest American skullcrushers to go megastar and megahype, Van Halen — an eating contest.

Since the Yanks undoubtedly have the advantage of the finest training facilities and scientific advice, Saxon feel they have the right to choose the weapons, namely bag and lungs.

What? Traditional Yorkshire delicacies culled from a sheep, 'bag' being a close intestinal relation of tripe.

Singer Biff Byford, in charge of bravado and bragadoccio, asserts "My boy can do it." His boy is drummer Frank Gill, Saxon's champion nosher, reared on black pudding and sheep's head (with the eyes left in to see him through the week). I'd take him to beat a man who wears a rug on his chest any day.

This bit of nonsense is all part of Saxon's grand strategy to boost the 'second generation' of British heavy metal, repel American boarders, and in particular thrust themselves to the top of the heap. First move was the 'Saxon' album including 'Stallions Of The Highway', their Bandwagon Soundhouse chart hit.

They are based in Barnsley and they proudly describe themselves as "typical Northern idiots". When I met them they were, appropriately, in Newcastle to play the Mayfair and the North-East setting brought out the stories and flavour of their life on the road since early '76.

There were the freezing weeks they'd spent gigging round the clubs in the region and sleeping in their Transit parked on the Tyne Quayside. And the time they'd struck luckier with their nightly request to audiences for someone who could put them up.

A girl had invited them to her home in the Northumberland fishing

village of Newbiggin, then her mother had taken pity on the waifs and surrendered her own bedroom to them for the week. Bassman Steve Dawson said: "We're a legend in Newbiggin! You know all she asked us to do for our board was collect sea coal from the beach where it washed up."

At the Sunderland Locarno they made a name for themselves when guitarist Paul Quinn dropped his trousers on stage and the dickie-bowed boss bouncer, morally affronted, put a fire axe through their multi-core. The band knew nothing of this, thought the PA had been extinguished by a technical fault, and left Frank Gill resolutely pounding a drum solo pending repairs. Instead,



# BIG TEASERS FROM BARNLSLEY

THE NEW WAVE OF BRITISH HM.

PART THREE: SAXON. BY PHIL SUTCLIFFE

after a minute or so, there was a tap on his shoulder and the bouncer snarling in his ear "Hey Ringo, fuck off!"

**W**ELL YOU can spend all your time with a seasoned combo like this (average age 27) in fond reminiscence and silly giggles, but Saxon are also full-time no-day-job militants for heavy metal with a hot faith in its future and their own originality and discipline.

Graham Oliver (guitar): "Heavy metal has been ruled by standards for five years. Every club us plays it's 'Paranoid' and 'Smoke On The Water' on the disco."

Steve: "So one of the first things us decided was that we would never play anyone else's material."

Biff: "And we never jam. We hate it. We want everything to build into a crescendo."

Frank: "I came back from Europe after finishing with the Glitter Band (he was on all GG's greatest) with the idea of joining another big group. The first time I met Saxon I knew they were it."

Graham: "I don't think there's any way in the world we can be stopped now."

I wouldn't put it that strongly, but there's no denying they have been put

to the test and survived. A year ago Graham was in the pits of despair when the top joint of one of the fingers in his left hand was chopped off in a door. The band refused to let him pine and his axe partner Paul Quinn worked out new ways for him to play the chords.

They had Graham back on stage in three weeks, screaming when he forgot the new methods in a wound-up solo and used the damaged finger, and ecstatic the rest of the time.

In turn he's got to watch out for Paul who seems likely to do himself a more farcical mischief with his rotating guitar.

Biff: "He's got this special strap so he can spin it like a propellor. When it works. When it doesn't it snags on his leg, smacks him in the mouth and lays him out."

**S**AXON OFFER so much conversational piss-taking against themselves I'm surprised to find myself feeling that their main drawback as metallurgic standard-bearers in the Eighties is an occasional

excess of ponderous seriousness.

'Stallions Of The Highway', 'Backs To The Wall' and stage rave 'Street Fighting Gang' are all: action, all-sweat chest-beaters indicating potential in the AC/DC-Motorhead class of Grade A hard rock with hints that they have taken notice of punk realism.

But 'Frozen Rainbow', 'Judgement Day' and 'Militia Guard' follow many of the old school of headbangers (Rush, Queen and Rainbow spring to mind) by plunging into claptrap mythology and religiosity featuring skags of kings and old wise men who know it all.

I set about Saxon with these criticisms and they partly agreed, explaining that these songs have such prominence on the album because their ex-manager was 'America daft' and pressured them into it.

Naturally though, they don't think they're rubbish either. To me the crux came out in Biff's comments on 'Judgement Day'. It's about the Jehovah's Witnesses and was inspired by a visit of theirs to his home. "The

bairn was barking and the dog was crying. I had a row with these blokes, slammed the door on them and later on they threw bricks through my window wrapped in copies of 'The Watchtower'."

It's gritty enough raw material. But I'd still argue that they drivelled it away into hogwash mystification like: 'I can feel it in the breeze/It's blowin' through the trees/I can see it in the sky/It makes you wonder why'.

Already reaction to the album outside their home territory has culminated with a personal appearance at the Soundhouse.

Steve: "I never imagined we would ever do something like going on at that place and being cheered just for being there."

Aye, these 'typical Northern idiots' are anything but jaded.

Steve again: "At the end of most gigs I want to throw my arms wide and say to the audience 'I love you. Thanks for letting me play'. I'd open my bowels for them."

## TIME FOR ACTION



**SECRET AFFAIR THE SINGLE TIME FOR ACTION -IN A BROWNPAPER BAG- ON**

**I-SPY RECORDS**

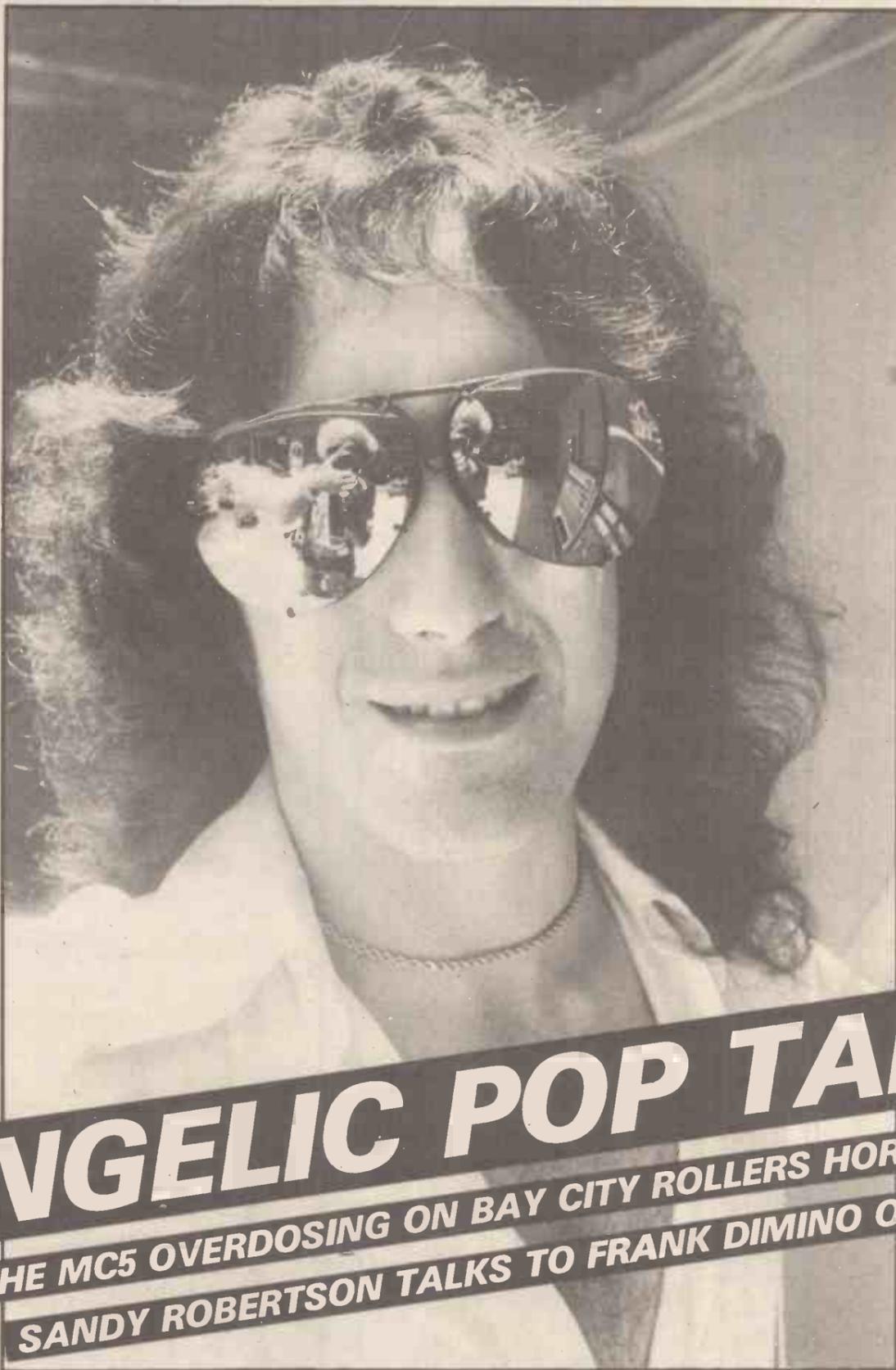
**A**SIGH, almost imperceptible but definitely there, once crept from the blood red lips of a blonde groupie in my presence, just at the very mention of Angel.

Other reactions have been known, such as a rather less sexual ecstasy from Mr Barton, or a pained expression from A. Lewis of Ruislip. One day in the office a random selection of passing employees grimaced at the sight of the band's last album, 'Sinful', but when the needle hit 'Wild And Hot' most of them debated the question of why a group should look like a gay Aerosmith fan's wet dream fantasy but play like the MC5 overdosing on Bay City Rollers hormones. Why indeed.

Casablanca Records And Filmworks Inc. nestles discreetly on Sunset Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood, near Springboard Records, where they repackage the greatest hits of everybody and his brother for under three bucks a throw.

Once the security guard lets you in, you meet the press person (who will remain with you throughout the interview, smiling sweetly, and who will ask quietly at its conclusion whether, like Stevie Nicks, they can see your story before it's printed), then you meet soft spoken Angel vocalist Frank Dimino.

So Frank, uh, *how come?*  
"Yeah, well we've encountered that before, but I think the image is what we are. There is a certain dishotomy, I guess, when you're talking about how Bad Company looks the way the music sounds and so on and so forth. We



Pic: Chris Walter

# ANGELIC POP TARTS

## 'LIKE THE MC5 OVERDOSING ON BAY CITY ROLLERS HORMONES'

### SANDY ROBERTSON TALKS TO FRANK DIMINO OF ANGEL

used to get in arguments actually, with people who interviewed us and it bothered me because they thought that you had to be real dirty and have short hair and pimples to play hard rock music.

"They can't discern, when they see our picture they think it's a Moody Blues or the extreme Grand Funk Railroad stuff. When we put the band together, that's the way we looked, believe it or not."

**S**ADLY, ANGEL'S outrageously creamdream image has yet to rope them a gold or platinum record, five albums into their career, but they're tenacious little devils.

"A lot of times groups are put together for instant success and if it doesn't happen they get discouraged real quick. We've always been attuned to doing what we wanna do and not let it bother us."

Weren't you guys supposed to be the new Kiss?

"I think that's something that's followed us since the beginning of the band, but it was never intended that way. The music is completely different from Kiss but it just so happened that we signed with the same label."

Angel are all East Coast boys, and their rough edged output goes down well there and in the midwest,

but not in LA, apparently. They're also big in (wait for it) Japan.

"I think they're more intrigued by pictures," breathes Frank in his New York hitman whisper. "It's more like it was here in the Sixties when we were invaded by all that British stuff, when the Beatles came it was like all the hysteria happened."

"They don't really listen, it's just like one continuous scream through the whole show, and I think they're more attuned to image. I'm sure that you've seen those books they have like *Music Life*, they're like telephone directories. I mean," he adds, surely missing his

own double entendre, "it's amazing how thick they are!" At one Jap concert, the band were bombarded by tiny chocolate hearts.

The plucky boys have only had one line-up change, as far as can be ascertained, since their inception circa 1975 when they were co-produced by Big Jim Sullivan (remember the *Tom Jones Show?*), that being the fairly recent replacement of bassist Mickie Jones (look out, Foreigner and Clash!) with Felix Robinson.

Apart from that it's always been Frank, Greg Giuffria at the keyboards, Barry Brandt on drums and the inimitable 'Punky'

Meadows on guitar. Punky, you'll recall, was the subject of an obscene Frank Zappa song, which pleased the group immensely, especially when Zappa invited them down to hear it performed at UCLA.

"It's funny . . . I mean, you can't take yourself too seriously".

**B**UT WILL Edwin Lionel Meadows and his pals ever be taken seriously at all in England? A visit scheduled for last year was called off due to recording commitments, and now the group are working on both

live and studio albums. Plus which they haven't exactly set the British charts on fire.

"I think we have to be seen to be appreciated, because we've been thrown on a lot of different shows with a lot of different people and it's always come out right. I'm not worried about whatever might be happening in England or in Germany or in France or here . . . as long as what we're doing feels right and . . . is getting across to the people that we're playing to then I'm not worried about it."

Though they've just finished work on a cameo role in a movie which has a Giorgio Moroder soundtrack, Angel plan no disco 12-incher.

"I don't think any of us in the band wanna sit down and try to write one unless it comes naturally."

"The direction we wanna head in is *songs*. I guess power pop stuff," he says, evidently oblivious to the kind of press *that* phrase could get him in England. "Like all the old Who stuff . . . that has melody to it, 'cause we wanna develop as songwriters now. When we started out we wanted to be musicians . . . It was more Zeppelin-type riff stuff in the early days."

I'll take the pop, Frank, and hey, maybe you can get an interview with Cherry Bomb from *Cheri* if you talk

'power pop'. Pretty smart after all!

**T**ALKING OF Cherry Bomb, the original, Ms Cherie Currie (former vocalist of The Runaways) features, I hear, in the aforementioned movie. *The Foxes* also stars Jodie Foster and Adam Faith, as the group's manager/Jodie's dad.

"As far as I can tell it's about four teenage girls from different backgrounds and them going through all their growing pains . . . They come to the show and they see us playing. There's footage of us, so there's a couple of songs on the soundtrack." The girls don't, sadly hang out at the Rainbow Parking lot.

Angel have rejected another movie project, since it was too similar to the Kiss amusement park overkill epic, but hopefully if *The Foxes* (a Casablanca motion picture, naturally) gets an airing over here it just might generate enough interest in the group to merit them doing some live appearances.

Because, dubious though some of their earlier flailings may be, the fact remains that sections of the 'White Hot' and 'Sinful' albums ought to be required listening for any student of the best of American Seventies hard rock. And 'Wild And Hot' should be released as a single without further delay, because it

ranks alongside Blue Oyster Cult's 'Goin' Through The Motions' and the Rich Kids' 'Ghosts' single as one of the great undiscovered classics of the last five years.

It's not ultimately important that their official biography sheet states that Angel 'create a *total* environment — sound, light, and magical illusions like no other in contemporary music'. I find it more crucial that they have funny hairdos, played in bar bands when they were underage, still think of themselves as 'reckless' and make records that cause the spine to tingle.

It's in the grooves. Please investigate. Over and out.

*Postscript:* Creem said of Angel in 1976: *'These guys from Washington, DC claim the Beatles as their main influence but I think the Fab Four would probably die at having created such a monster.'*

After that, you'd think they'd have gone from strength to strength . . .



FRANK DIMINO takes Coke (knoworrimean?)

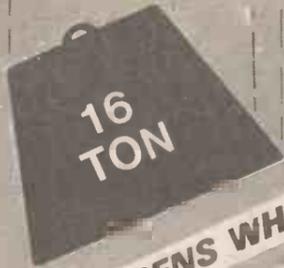
Pic: Chris Walter

16 TON

MORE OF THIS STUFF NEXT PAGE

**W**E WERE up against it. New York is, after all, Kiss' home town. We knew it was going to be tough. You might have heard, bands that open for Kiss at the Garden are rarely given much of a chance, often they have rocks and bottles thrown at them, they're spat upon . . . Knowing that, we just went out front and delivered the most powerful set we could. We made the crowd realise that there was a group up there, at least.

"And you know by the end we were pretty pleased with our performance. OK, it was probably the worst reaction we've had on this tour but, all



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN AMERICAN BAND THAT'S TIPPED TO SELL MILLION OF COPIES OF THEIR DEBUT LP ONLY MANAGES TO SHIFT 500,000? GEOFF BARTON TALKS TO NEW ENGLAND AND FINDS OUT

# MULTI-PLATINUM MISGIVINGS

PIX: RICHARD AARON



NEW ENGLAND L to R: John Fannon, Gary Shea, Jim Waldo

things considered, bearing in mind how Kiss crazy the fans were, I think we did well. Alright, so they weren't really tuned into us, but we still managed to turn a good few heads around. And we regard that as a major success."

Sitting in a small room on the promotions floor of Aucoin Management offices, fresh-faced John Fannon is talking about the preceding night's show at New York's Madison Square Garden, reflecting back upon his band New England's set as support to the mighty Kiss.

While his group never at any time gave the headliners a run for their money and completely failed to blow them off stage, they nonetheless escaped unscathed, intact and with their heads held high . . . and for their first major concert in NYC, second on the bill to the greatest band in the world, that's really no mean feat.

Prior to joining up with Kiss, New England had played several gigs in Texas supporting Journey and AC/DC, a few others below The Outlaws, plus a handful of concerts with themselves appearing as the main attraction. The current date schedule has been the most difficult so far, but as band bassist Gary Shea reveals:

"Last night was the first time we've actually failed to get an encore on this tour. Usually we

manage to break through . . . and it's a great kick seeing all the kids daubed with Kiss make up singing along with our tunes. But Madison Square Garden was a little touchy . . . still, as soon as we got going the fans became very attentive and a few were standing up by the time we left the stage. Tonight, for the second of the two dates at the venue, we hope for the same thing. Or better, if we're lucky."

Despite the obvious problems, Fannon doesn't think that there's a better tour for the band to be on at the moment. "Without Kiss there'd be no playing Madison Square Garden, not so much exposure," he says. "We're very fortunate and very, very grateful to all who've made it possible . . . the record company, the management, Kiss themselves and in particular the people who buy our records and sing along to 'Don't Ever Wanna Lose Ya' every night," he adds, rather unnecessarily but with nary a trace of the usual 'Basingstoke, you're the rock 'n' roll capital of the world' version of American sincerity.

**B**UT EVEN though New England are doing reasonably well at the moment, there are those in the music industry who feel that, by rights, the band should be

playing Stateside stadia as bill-toppers themselves. Indeed, probing deeper, I discover some disappointment within the group at their progress so far.

"The business is in pretty bad shape at the moment," explains drummer Hirsch Gardner, his facial features buried beneath a mass of black hair, abnormally upstanding and frizzy, as if he goes around with one finger permanently inserted into a live electricity socket. "If this was this time last year our album would probably be approaching platinum by now."

"I'm sure everyone would have hoped for major success, right out of the box. It didn't happen, so now we're learning to be more realistic, we're beginning to recognise that longevity is preferable to sudden achievement. Step by step, we're going to try to build up a strong following . . . and anyway, our album could still break big. We're got our hopes up for 'Hello Hello' to be a hit single."

It's strange, but I thought the first 45 to be lifted off the LP in the US, 'Don't Ever Wanna Lose Ya', was a sure-fire top ten success. . . .

"So did we," says Gardner, slightly downhearted, "so did a lot of other people in this business. Intelligent people, positive people, judicious people . . ."

Basically, the problem is this. New England are signed to Infinity Records, a new American company formed by Ron 'Vinyl in my veins' Alexenburg. While he was working at CBS, Alexenburg signed Boston to their Epic label. Soon enough Tom Scholz and his crew released their first album — and almost overnight it raked up sales in excess of seven million. When Alexenburg quif CBS to set up Infinity he brought in New England and had high hopes that he would strike lucky yet again and before long be responsible for, if not another septuple platinum debut LP, then certainly an extremely successful one. It didn't happen.

Remarks keyboard player Jim Waldo: "Sure it would have been an incredible feather in Infinity's cap to break a major group right at the start of the label. It's still going to happen though, they still believe that — we still believe that. It's just going to take a little longer."

"At the moment we have what you might term a cult following," reveals Gardner. "Right now there are almost 500,000 people around who have our album, who probably really love our album, and that number is growing steadily — if not spectacularly — all the time. So like I say, maybe it's better for us this way, rather than appearing on the scene and —

bang! — selling millions.

"The groups that have had success suddenly thrust upon them usually can't handle it," says Fannon. "As has been seen by a few bands that shall go unmentioned . . . it's proven disastrous for them."

Like Boston, you mean?

"Could be, could be." "I think I can sum up this discussion by mentioning something Mike Stone, co-producer of our album, said to me," chips in Shea. "When we'd finished recording it he came up to me and remarked: 'I want you guys to be successful and I know that you're going to be. But I really hope that the album doesn't break as big as you want it to, because that'll mean double, triple platinum and I really feel that you all need to grow, to bring it along slowly. Think of it this way: no matter what Boston did for a second album it was going to a failure unless it sold eight million copies . . . Do you really want to find yourselves under that sort of pressure?'"

**N**EW ENGLAND are a young band, and even though it seems to me that despite all the spiel they are disheartened not to have lived up to their — and other people's — expectations, time is on their side.



Boston residents, New England are heavily influenced by British groups. Intrigued and entranced by the 'sophistication and intelligence' of UK outfits, in their early days they used to be called Target and between '73 and '75 appeared in night clubs all over North-East America, the Mid West and Canada, playing original tunes and offering their own unique versions of numbers by famous Limeys. In those days, their version of Led Zeppelin's 'Stairway To Heaven' was apparently something of a show stopper.

"We never were a good cop band," reveals Waldo. "In 'Stairway To Heaven' for example, although I had a mellotron with the same flute tapes on it as Zeppelin used, I always found myself playing something slightly, subtly different. Similarly, Hirsh never played his drum part note-for-note, John didn't play his guitar or sing the same. We really didn't do anything that was on the original, but everybody thought that we played it incredibly well, Led Zeppelin fanatics used to rave about it."

Over a period of years these British influences — from the Beatles through Procol Harum, the Moody Blues and up to King Crimson — were absorbed and digested. By the time Target became New England the band's sound was undoubtedly, absolutely their own.

Listen to New England's debut album and all that'll fall into place: an imaginatively, immaculately conceived pomp/heavy rocking dessert, layers of tasty American whipped cream covering a crispy British biscuit base. With ELO the strongest musical reference point (don't let that put you off, however) and with the aforementioned, marvellously anthemic 'Don't Ever Wanna Lose Ya' as the standout track (see my recent review for fuller details on how the song takes the hackneyed 'Speedin' back to my baby/An' I don't mean maybe' lyrical standpoint and redefines it into something new, fresh and exciting), it really is a superb LP . . . due in no small part to the influence of one Paul Stanley.

"We hadn't really thought much about producers," says Fannon, "and even though Kiss and New England share the same management, the prospect of having Paul Stanley at the boards for our album hadn't occurred to us. But we soon realised he was the right guy because when he was offered to us the first thing he said was, 'You guys are intact, you've got a good sound, I don't want to tamper with that. I just want to be in the studio and help you out, get the best performance I can out of you'. And that's exactly the attitude we were looking for. We were also after a real big sound, so we brought in Mike Stone . . . we'd always admired his work on those early Queen albums."

Had you at this stage heard Paul Stanley's solo LP?

"Yes, we had. Personally I really liked it, loved the sound."

Out of the four Kiss solos, and bearing in mind my musical tastes, I thought it was the best; although Ace Frehley's was the most successful of course, because of his hit single 'New York Groove'. I think we were surprised at the amount of sheer musicality on Paul's album. That's not a quality you usually associate with Kiss."

Talking of whom . . .

**S**ECOND NIGHT at Madison Square Garden and, having taken up my position this time at Loge 35D, Row B, Seat 3, I prepare myself to see the whole of the show (see last week's Kiss article for further details).

Kiss fever is running high and, as was the case the preceding night, New England's entry onstage is greeted by only the merest ripple of applause. Once again the band are 'up against it', only this evening they seem more confident, less nervous than the night before. They calmly take up their positions, Hirsh Gardner settling down atop his riser, Jim Waldo sliding in amongst his battery of keyboards, Gary Shea and John Fannon moving towards the two mike stands positioned at the front of the performing platform.

A disembodied voice bellows "New York, please welcome

Infinity recording artists New England!" and the band launch into a classy, punchy and pompous rendition of 'Alone Tonight'. The sound is a great improvement on the previous evening and Infinity Records executive Bert Bogash (now there's a name to conjure with) smiles happily and plays imaginary guitar along with Fannon's searing guitar solo. Before you can catch a breath 'Alone Tonight' powers into 'Shoot', Gardner's mallet-to-skull drum work the driving force, the harmonies soaring majestically up from the stage and into the Garden rafters miles above.

Towards the end of the number Fannon sings "Cos I'm gonna shoot ya" and, his hand pointing like a gun, proceeds to fire off a few imaginary rounds into the audience. Not to be outdone Gardner indulges in a short drum solo, shakes his massive head of hair and throws his drum sticks into the crowd before the band plunge into the final few bars of the song.

Without losing momentum Fannon rattles off a quick "Hello New York, we'd like to continue with our new single 'Hello Hello Hello'". Not my favourite New England number if the truth be told, but a more than adequate

**CONTINUES PAGE 42**



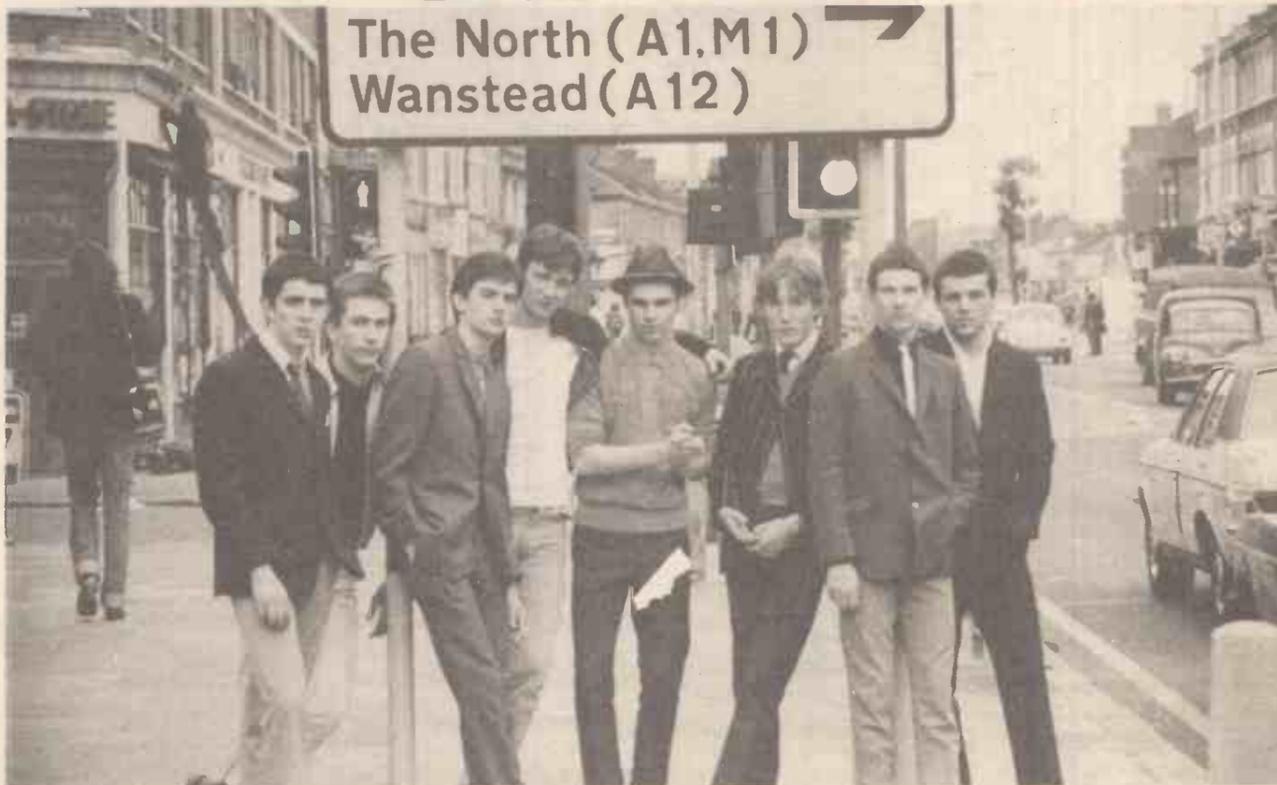
HIRSH GARDNER is the one in the middle with the hair

# MARCH OF THE MODS

**Purple Hearts**

**BACK TO ZERO**

**SECRET AFFAIR**



## TOUR DATES

August 10  
August 14  
August 15  
August 20  
August 16  
August 17  
August 18  
August 22  
August 23

Scarborough — Penthouse  
Plymouth — Clones  
Torquay — Townhall  
Swansea — Circles Club  
Birmingham — Barbarellas  
Manchester — Factory  
Cheltenham — Whitcombe Lodge  
Newport — Stowaway  
Bristol — Trinity Leisure Centre

August 24  
August 26  
\*August 27  
August 28  
August 29  
August 30  
August 31  
September 1

W. Runton — Pavillion  
London — Lyceum  
Canvey Paddocks  
Sheffield — Limit  
Barnsley — Civic  
Leeds — Fforde Grene  
Newcastle — Mayfair  
Liverpool — Eric's

This tour has been arranged by Cowbell



# ROCK AND ROLL

Neil Christian: "I spent God knows how many years slopping up and down the country in a van. I remember Johnny Kidd once saying to me, 'we must have played every shit house in England' - and it was true. The real problem was that my records were never representative of my stage act... we always had to record something that was foisted on us by the record company. If only we'd been allowed our own choice, I'm sure the story would have been very different." As it was, he recorded seven singles over the years. Only 'That's nice' was a hit. He was most fortunate, however, in playing in his bands. "I was looking for a guitarist, and I went down to Epson to see this schoolkid that I had heard about; Jimmy Page who was only 15 at the time. He was still at school. So I went to see his parents. They weren't very keen on the idea but I told them I'd guarantee him £15 a week, which in those days was pretty good money. So, to cut a long story short, Jimmy Page joined." On leaving Christian, Page was invited to join Cyril Davies' R & B All Stars, but he was weak from incessant travelling and declined in favour of going to college (to study fine art) and becoming a session musician. (Among his first sessions were the Jex Harris/Tony Meakin collaboration 'Diamonds' in Dec. 62, and 'your mommies out of town' by Carter Lewis and the Southerners in Aug 63). Lee, who came in as his replacement, stayed for only for a couple of months before playing the Hamburg clubs with various German bands. (See Eric Clapton family tree). Jimmy 'Tornado' Evans, the Crusaders' brilliant drummer, was considered for the embryonic Led Zeppelin (so, I'm led to believe).

After the Thrills folded, Dangerfield returned to Birmingham where he fronted various bands. Among accompanying musicians were Mike Kellie, Martin Barre, Bev Bevan, Richard Tandy, John Bonham and Jeff Lynne - with whom he cut a single for Polydor: 'Evening Gales' - 'Times are getting tougher than tough'. (It remained unreleased). He returned to the Savages.

Bill Parkinson is the richest guy on this page. Not only did he write 'Mother of mine' (#2 hit for Neil Reid) but he also found a huge cache of buried treasure... golden sovereigns!

Matthew Fisher recorded 'A whiter shade of pale' during his spell in the Roman Empire - and until the record took off, he stayed with Sutch for the financial security!

Carlo, Ritchie and Tony gave Sutch about five minutes notice that they were leaving him!

Following demise of Crusaders, Carlo played in various bands including Billie Davis', Sutch again, Flowerpot Men and Hurricane. Also did studio work. Tony Dangerfield returned to England after a few weeks and played in numerous groups including Ruperts People, Crispian St Peters, Epitaph Six, Alan Bawn, Karl Douglas, and his own band.

This might look like a fairly simple chart, but to amass the requisite information I spoke with Carlo Little, Tony Dangerfield, Chas Hodges, Mick Abrahams, Neil Christian, Ron Harwood, Ritchie Blackmore, Screaming Lord Sutch, Keith Goodwin, Heina, John Braley, Nick Simper, Robert Taussig, David Rees, and Cliff White. Thanks to them, and to Jennie Halsall, Denis Munday, Trev Faulk, Bruce Payne, Dave Schulps, Glen Stoner, Peter Smart, Jeff Ward, Ken Barnes, Greg Shaw, Pontus von Tall, Simon Robinson and Ted Babbage, all of whom helped whether they knew it or not, Hello to Pete Brown, Deborah Bodine and Wally Roundhead. Please, advise me of any goofs.

Correspondence welcome: write me c/o this publication.

Jan to Feb 65. It seems quite possible that this group didn't exist until April 66: that Blackmore went direct to Savages.

**CRUSADERS #4**  
March to May 65. Having lost his group to Sutch, who could pay more, Christian took over entire Luton group 'The Hustlers as new Crusaders'.  
NEIL CHRISTIAN vocals  
MICK ABRAHAM guitar  
DAVE GRAHAM bass  
STAN THOMAS sax

**CRUSADERS #5**  
June to Oct 65. Played mainly weekend gigs. Work temporarily divided at this point - but a hit single was just around the next corner!  
NEIL CHRISTIAN vocals  
GRAHAM WALLER keyboards  
CARLO LITTLE drums  
ALEX BUCHOWSKI bass  
Dunbar/Mayall

**CIRCLES/SAVAGES #10**  
July to Sept 66. Spent half their time backing Sutch, but also worked as The Circles - under which name they cut a single for Island: 'Take your time'.  
LORD SUTCH vocals  
TONY DANGERFIELD bass  
CARLO LITTLE drums  
PAUL RAYMOND organ  
BRIAN KEITH trombone guitar  
BILL PARKINSON guitar  
Tom Jones

**SAVAGES #11**  
Oct to Dec 66. They went back with Sutch for a Scandinavian tour followed by British gigs. Johnny Bedder had been with Dangerfield in Gullivers' Travels and The Thrills.  
LORD SUTCH vocals  
TONY DANGERFIELD bass  
CARLO LITTLE drums  
JOHNNY BEDDER guitar  
TONY MARSH piano  
PETER GREEN sax

**THE ROMAN EMPIRE**  
Dec 66 to April 67. A temporary aberration had Sutch calling himself Lord Caesar until the record took off, he stayed with Sutch for the financial security!  
JOHNNY BEDDER guitar  
RITCHIE BLACKMORE guitar  
TONY DANGERFIELD bass  
CARLO LITTLE drums  
MATTHEW FISHER organ  
JOEL SUTCH vocals  
next band

**CRUSADERS #7**  
April/May 1967. Just did tour of Germany. On splitting Carlo and Neil came home, the others all stayed in Germany to savour Hamburg ambience.  
NEIL CHRISTIAN vocals  
MATT SMITH piano  
RITCHIE BLACKMORE guitar  
TONY DANGERFIELD bass  
CARLO LITTLE drums  
to various groups

**MANDRAKE ROOT**  
Sept/Oct 67. Formed in Hamburg, didn't gig. Included as part of Blackmore mythology.  
MATT SMITH piano/vocals  
RITCHIE BLACKMORE guitar/vocals  
RICKY MUNRO drums  
KURT X bass  
Still in Germany - Formed Deep Purple

**CRUSADERS #3**  
Feb 65. It seems quite possible that this group didn't exist until April 66: that Blackmore went direct to Savages.

**CRUSADERS #9**  
Feb 65 to May 65. Fairly short-lived line-up. The eight piece line-up proved too ambitious. Sutch returned to a Harwood/Phillips based line-up.  
RITCHIE BLACKMORE guitar  
AVID ANDERSEN bass  
TORNADO drums  
LORD SUTCH vocals  
FOUR SAXES sax

**3 MUSKETEERS**  
Dec 65 - at Star Club in Bochum. Survived only one gig - at Star Club in Bochum.  
RITCHIE BLACKMORE guitar  
AVID ANDERSEN bass  
TORNADO drums

**CRUSADERS #6**  
April 66 until July 66. This was put together to tour behind Christian's hit 'That's nice', which got to #14 in UK. Toured Britain and Europe.  
TONY MARSH piano  
AVID ANDERSEN bass  
RITCHIE BLACKMORE guitar  
NEIL CHRISTIAN vocals  
CHRISTIAN EVANS drums  
back to Sutch

**CRUSADERS #1**  
Jan to Feb 65. It seems quite possible that this group didn't exist until April 66: that Blackmore went direct to Savages.

**CRUSADERS #2**  
Feb 65 to May 65. Fairly short-lived line-up. The eight piece line-up proved too ambitious. Sutch returned to a Harwood/Phillips based line-up.

**CRUSADERS #8**  
May 65 to July 65. Sutch returned to a Harwood/Phillips based line-up.

**CRUSADERS #10**  
July to Sept 66. Spent half their time backing Sutch, but also worked as The Circles - under which name they cut a single for Island: 'Take your time'.

Paul Dean later surfaced as 'KSO star' Paul Nicholls! A weird training he must've received!

**CRUSADERS #11**  
Oct to Dec 66. They went back with Sutch for a Scandinavian tour followed by British gigs.

**CRUSADERS #12**  
Dec 66 to April 67. A temporary aberration had Sutch calling himself Lord Caesar until the record took off, he stayed with Sutch for the financial security!

**CRUSADERS #13**  
April/May 1967. Just did tour of Germany.

**CRUSADERS #14**  
Sept/Oct 67. Formed in Hamburg, didn't gig.

**CRUSADERS #15**  
Jan to Feb 65. It seems quite possible that this group didn't exist until April 66: that Blackmore went direct to Savages.

**CRUSADERS #16**  
Feb 65 to May 65. Fairly short-lived line-up.

**CRUSADERS #17**  
May 65 to July 65. Sutch returned to a Harwood/Phillips based line-up.

Carlo: "When Ritchie Blackmore joined, the Savages put on a very theatrical show. We used to wear loin cloths and dab ourselves with make-up. That was the last pre-Beatles line-up".

Sutch established Radio Sutch in May 1964 - on a disused defence fort 9 miles off Whitstable. (He was currently gigging all round Kent, London and Essex to finance the venture). He sold the station to his manager, Reg Calvert, who changed the name to Radio City. It became very successful, escalating in value from £200,000 in Sept 64 to £200,000 in July 1966. In June 1966, Calvert was shot dead after a raid on the fort. The station continued to broadcast (under direction of his wife Dorothy Calvert) until it went off the air in Feb 67.

Ritchie Blackmore released a solo single on Oriole label in 1965: 'Getaway'/'Little Brown Jug' (CB 314 - April 65). Produced by Derek Lawrence, it featured Blackmore, Carlo Little, Nicky Hopkins, and Cliff Barton (on bass).

Blackmore had two protracted spells in Germany: from May 65 to April 66, and from May 67 to Feb 68. The first period culminated in the formation of The 3 Musketeers, who 'dressed up as musketeers and came on stage sword fencing' according to Ritchie. In Jan 66, they were contracted to play a week at the Star Club, Bochum, but were fired after the first night - allegedly for 'peculiar behaviour'. A Loughken, Essex group called High Society played the balance of gigs - and then gave Blackmore a lift back into Hamburg, where he kicked his heels until Neil Christian contacted him to join his band.

Blackmore was born in Weston-super-mare on 14th April 1945, but moved to Heston Middlesex at age 2. First group was The 21s Coffee Bar Junior Skiffle Group, with Glen Stoner (Sutch's current guitarist), plus washboard, tea chest bass and two thick singers. At the time he was playing on a acoustic Framus guitar (and later graduated to a Hofner Club 50, and then a Gibson 335). Second group was 'The Dominators' (with Mick Underwood on drums), who used to play Chislehurst Caves and the like... and then came a band whose name appears to have been lost. Roger Minks rhythm, Alan Bunkin bass and A.N. other on drums. A residency at Vicki Burke's dancing studio in Twickenham is their greatest claim to fame. Mingay then became a Savage; Blackmore, joined Twickenham based Mike Dee and the Jaywalkers - also known as The Condors.

Among more heinous crimes, their flour bombings were primarily responsible for the Oxlaws' reputation as bad boys. Chas Hodges' reputation was driving along and one of us happened to throw a stale cheese roll out of the open door - and it bonked this old geezer. Obviously, we found this very funny - so we began to explore the possibility of 'other missiles'. We found that the little half pound bags of flour were best: if you made a two inch slit in the bag and threw it out, it burst all over the recipient! Ritchie Blackmore was a dead shot... never missed his target! So, whereas we used to regard long hauls - say from Scarborough to Cornwall - with gloom, we began to look forward to them; we'd just stock up with bags of flour. Of course, we finally got nicked: someone took the number of our van and we had to go to court. The flour bag fine wasn't bad, but we had no insurance on the van at the time - so we got done for that!

Sutch recorded two more singles during the timespan of this sheet: 'Honey Rush'/'Train kept a rolling' (CBS 201767 - 1965) and 'All black and hairy'/'The Cheat' (CBS 2080 - May 66). Personnel details are long forgotten. About a hundred musicians have been through Sutch's bands over the years: all seem to have left for better bread and brighter prospects...! but he just recruits new guys and carries on!

All the guys on this family tree, deserve more credit than they ever got. The pioneers, it on the way. Where are they now? Sutch still sporadically gigs with his latest Savages (one of whom is drummer Bobby Woodman); Christian hasn't sung with a band in a dozen years but is considering the possibility of doing so again; Carlo Little drums in a couple of semi-pro bands and has recent; Bernie Watson teaches classical guitar; Nicky Hopkins and Bobby Graham are session men; Tony Dangerfield and Billy Kuy are in The Householders and often back whom are still plugging away; Matthew Fisher is a producer and arranger; Mick Abrahams leads his own band still; Albert Lee finally got the recognition he deserved in the late seventies and is currently questing with Eric Clapton's band; Jimmy Page leads Led Zeppelin; Chas Hodges is about to break through as half of Chas & Dave; Harvey Hinesley plays guitar with Hot Chocolate; Ritchie Blackmore uncompromisingly leads Rainbow; Mick Underwood drums in Strapps; Long John Baldry is in Canada; Cyril Davies died in January 64; Freddie Fingers Lee is doing better than ever; Paul Raymond is now in UFO; and I don't know about any of the others. If you're out there please get in touch.

Researched and drawn between July 78 and June 79 by Pete Frame

# Singles



## MEN IN MOHAIR SUITS MAKE FAB RECORDS SHOCK

**THE JAM:** 'When You're Young' (Polydor); **SECRET AFFAIR:** 'Time For Action' (I-Spy); **MADNESS:** 'The Prince' (2 Tone): Three delicious selections from this week's menu of singles spell good taste. Three groups. One established and the others soon to be. All deserve total recognition.

The Jam. The name speaks for itself. Sufficient to say that this release is just as good, just as captivating, as all the others. In fact it grabs you quicker than previous singles and holds you for longer afterwards. A very very big hit.

Paul Weller is the adopted foster-father of today's mods and, following in his footsteps, Secret Affair are the most likely candidates

for succession. Highly regarded by those who know, they have finally released the single that should have been the first mod single. Mod's answer to 'Anarchy'. I think it will be 'cos it manages to encompass the whole feel of the movement, both in sound and lyrics.

Madness are not mod. Neither are they clones of The Specials. 'The Prince' is unique and irresistible. Bouncy and catchy it's a tribute to the famous Prince Buster, so overtones of echoing bluebeat are to be expected and enjoyed. So red hot that it burns you, the nutty vocals and nudging saxophone make you dance. It's impossible to stand still with Madness.

Three great singles. Three hits. Three reasons to be very cheerful.

### LEFTOVERS: FROM GOOD TO BAD

**STARJETS:** 'War Stories' (CBS). Ever since I heard it live, I've been in love with this song. I've been in love with the Starjets too. Play the single and it attacks you from the start, springing into life and bouncing, no roaring, through with typically Irish confident energy. 'War stories. Sergeant Fury. Captain Hurricane. Johnny Red.' A throwback from all those soldiers mags that dads read when their kids aren't looking. I hope this is a hit.

**PENETRATION:** 'Come Into The Open' (Virgin). This is further evidence that Penetration really deserve a hit record. The same haunting vocals as 'Danger Signs'; the same rough and heavy backing treatment. Pauline has always struck me as one of the pleasant people in this business and she's certainly got the best of the female new wave voices. But Penetration aren't really new wave. To me they sound almost heavy metal, but his single is addictive. The more you hear it the more you want to hear it.

**THE REZILLOS:** 'I Can't Stand My Baby' (Sensible). Re-released for all the fans who loved it first time around. Re-reviewed to satisfy me 'cos I still love it. It's such a shame that a band such as The Rezillos should split up when there's a load of poxy groups around that I'd like to see the back of.

This is totally typical of the band at their best. High energy, poppy, punky power. And the unique voice of Fay Fife. Good value with 'I Wanna Be Your Man' on the flip-side. It's been out for a while, but that won't stop you from buying it.

**BILLY CONNOLLY:** 'In The Brownies' (Polydor). If ever there was a record that deserves the piss taking out of it, it was 'In The Navy'. The Big Yin does it admirably, as ever. The disco beat can fool you for a minute, but with lines like 'Young Man, you're sure to blind . . . if you don't eat up your carrots!' So subtle. Er, there isn't really a B-side, but it's worth listening in for a laugh.

**BUZZCOCKS:** 'Spiral Scratch' (New Hormones). Remember this? The originals have been

selling for mighty sums of cash to deprived teenaged punks, so the record company decided to cash in and re-release. Worth having for 'Boredom', tho' the other three tracks are good. Makes you realise what a strange voice Howard Devoto has actually got. But chances for a replica of '76 in '78 are rather slim, so it's more a case of satisfying the market than hoping for a hit.

**RAMONES:** 'Rock 'N' Roll High School' (Sire). A goodie. Not in the least for having 'Rockaway Beach' and 'Sheena' on the B-side. The Ramones are an addiction. Heads down, no nonsense, ger-ver-rox-off American punk. A certain brand of 'noise', although the Phil Spector touches on 'High School' have rendered it a lot more tuneful. I prefer the dirtier side of the Ramones.

### AFTERS: THE BEST OF THE REST

**TEENBEATS:** 'I Can't Control Myself' (Safari). Another 'in' group on the mod plod. Another of the much heralded mod singles. Another mistake. This

sounds as if it's been exactly cloned from the Sixties or the Jimmy Savile oldie show. And it's by someone called Presley! Five more orgasmic teenagers getting turned on by the sight of a girl in low-cut slacks. And this is the pornographic Seventies.

**CHAS AND DAVE:** 'The Sideboard Song' (Rockney). If mod is fashionable, then so are cockneys. 'Specially this pair. Subtitled 'Got My Beer In The Sideboard Here', this offering is inoffensive and typical. It'll have all the Garry Bushells of this country rolling their eyes and swigging their Hemeling in order to be in the appropriate state to listen to it. Gertchal!

**NICK LOWE:** 'Cruel To Be Kind' (Radar). After 'Cracking Up' I honestly expected more. This is pleasant enough to be boring. Boring enough to have remained a B-side as it used to be. While the ligger of all liggers has proved that he can sing, he's veering dangerously into the middle of the road. I think he's getting old. Never mind, I'm sure my mother will love this.

**THE CONTINENTALS:** 'Fizz Pop (Modern Rock)' (CBS). Fair

to average commercial sound that reminds me of something, tho' I can't think quite what. Since I wasn't taken on the super-lig to France, I'm not over-moved to be kind to this lot. It's not dire, but it's not dynamite either.

**NEW ENGLAND:** 'Don't Ever Wanna Lose Ya' (Infinity). If I was Geoff Barton, I'd like this. But I'm not and I don't. Average rock that'll appeal to thousands, even if it does sound like The Eagles on speed. A healthy record that'll probably reach the charts. Nothing wrong with it. Must be something wrong with me!

**MACFADDEN AND WHITEHEAD:** 'Do You Want To Dance' (Philadelphia); **TEKNIQUE:** 'Looking For Someone To Love' (Epic); **THE COMMODORES:** 'Sail On' (Motown); **BILLY OCEAN:** 'American Hearts' (GTO). Despite my aversion to disco these are four rather good records — as long as they're confined to discos. Macfadden and Whitehead manage to sound temptingly classy; part of the forbidden world where the rich and beautiful can afford to be seen while the rest of us press our noses up against the window and watch. And yet they're quite accessible, even to ordinary mortals. Teknique manage to sound openly sexy without sounding contrived. Cool orchestral backing overrides some of the wimpy vocals. The Commodores are tasteful in their trap, luring thousands of disco addicts into each other's grasp and promoting acceptable carnal thoughts. Despite sounding like Demis Roussos, Billy Ocean has a wistful single, a reminder of the Chi-Lites' 'Homely Girl', that'll succeed.

**YOUNG BUCKS:** 'Get Your Feet Back On The Ground' (Blueport). An unusual combination of pub rock and new music. Rough vocals, harp and keyboards make for a good combination and genuine rock and roll. Edgy enough to penetrate the charts, but since it's a re-release, what happened the first time around?

**AFTER THE FIRE:** 'Laser Love' (CBS). Never seen them. Never wanted to. Name somehow puts me off. As for the single, it's totally forgettable. I played it five minutes ago and I can't remember a word. Awful.

**MARIE PIERRE:** 'Walk Away' (Trojan); **SHIELA HYLTON:** 'Breakfast In Bed' (Ballistic). Two gentle reggae records, commercial enough to chart. 'Walk Away' is an attempt to cash in on the success of 'Silly Games' and both singers sound exactly the same. After the reggae charts, possibly the

## REVIEWED

BY

ROBBI

MILLAR



nationals? Sheila Hylton has a soft, sexy voice, well fitted for this classic. I love it.

**TOYAH:** 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' (Safari). A good value single since there's three tracks on each side. But though it starts off interestingly enough, Toyah's voice gradually begins to sound like a pretentious whine, while her band stay much in the background. Though her live show is great, it's difficult to push onto vinyl. A miss. In fact, a mess.

**RICKIE LEE JONES:** 'Young Blood' (Warners). Rickie had a one-off hit with 'Chuck E's In Love'. It was great and new and everyone loved it, and now she's doing a concert on the strength of that single. Judging by her new one, I think she'd best stay in the States.

**THE METEORS:** 'It's You Only You' (EMI). A group of Dutch dorks. Bowie meets Numan on Mars, and the Tubes are thrown in for good measure. The result is a painful rip-off in every aspect. You've seen the Eurovision Song Contest. You must know how awful these clog-wearers are. God help Herman Brood.

**CHUCK BERRY:** 'Oh What A Thrill' (Atlantic); **BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS:** 'Hail Hail Rock And Roll' (Sonnet); **B.B. King:** 'Better Not Look Down' (MCA). Three old men. Chuck Berry has an unimaginative choice that is best left alone. He might have been great once but now . . . ? Bill Haley sounds geriatric. With the Comets backing, it might as well be Showaddywaddy. They'd certainly sell more records. B.B. King rescues us with a gently, laid-back and musical single that I still wouldn't buy. I doubt if many other people will.

# TOURS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

leaping about the stage while he effortlessly charmed some glorious guitar patterns from his guitar, Ronnie Mayor, taking most of the lead vocals with a rich, resonant voice, the gangling ginger-haired Steve on bass and the diminutive, monkey-faced, schoolboyish figure of Mark on drums, these were the Tours, a pop band for the Eighties, with drive, anger, commitment and fury.

**T**HE HISTORY of the band is brief in one sense and long-winded in another. Ronnie was the initial central driving force; 'Forming Tours seemed the natural thing to do. I didn't want to work in a factory which I had been doing to earn some money'

to buy myself and the group equipment before, I'd been playing guitar since I was a kid . . . it seemed natural.'

Ron duly found Mark, Steve and erstwhile guitarist John to form the band. They all came from the Poole area. Steve couldn't play at all ('It was amazing Ron let me play with him 'cos I'd just bought this copy bass and decided I wanted to be in a band!'). Geographical drawbacks were the band's main problem after their inception of May '77.

'It's to do with the tradition of the area,' Ron explains. 'Because it's a holiday town it's easy for promoters to have no real creative attitude. They put on safe easy bands who play cover versions . . . The nearest gig in fact is

over thirty miles away in Southampton, and it was this alienation from steady rock culture that has led the last and fourth member of Tours, Richard Mazda, to spend most of his career as a guitarist of varying bands in London. The most notable of Richard's early bands was what was later to become the Jags, in which he became disillusioned with the rock industry. Disillusioned enough to return to sleepy Poole, and play the local wine-bars. It was in one such establishment that he met Ron, who together with the rest of the Tours of that time had done demos for a possible single.

It was Mazda's skill at the production board that was the germ of 'Language School's' greatness, and the transition from friend of the band and producer to band member was done swiftly and inexorably. The single was recorded at Spaceward

Studios in Cambridge, studio time costing £130, the rest of the money for the single's pressing and distribution coming from the enthusiastic, managerial hand of Danny.

'We thought it might sell 1,000, we knew it was good, but that's about all. It was an ambition to have Peel play it once, but when he played it TWICE and then again and again, it was incredible!'

Richard is an unusual up and coming popster. He is articulate, intelligent, calmly aware of record company tinsel and flash ('We realise it's all wall to wall carpeting . . .') and takes an almost coolly intellectual pleasure in observing the goading and gentle wooing that Tours are presently subject to.

In the daytime Richard works in a nearby aviation factory sweeping up. He likes the ostensibly lowly job because there's no responsibility involved ('If I notice there's something

loose on the wing of a plane as I tidy up, I don't have to do anything. I can just walk away, it's nothing to do with me . . .')

**H**E TELLS me about a party: 'After a gig recently we all went to this big party somebody had told us about in the countryside outside Bournemouth. When we got there it was tremendous. They had a band playing on a stage in the garden, there was lots to drink, and we were having a good time.

'We didn't know anybody, but I noticed people were getting a bit annoyed at us though, because we were getting drunk and dancing around to the band while everybody else was sitting chatting to each other. They told us we'd be chucked out if we didn't stop dancing, but we didn't pay much attention, we were having such a good time. Then these four

heavy looking blokes suddenly appeared. They took us outside and gave us a really bad going over, kicking us, beating us up.

'Next day I heard some people at the party had afterwards got some shotguns out of their cars and went searching for us. We discovered it had been a party for some people who were friends of the Kray twins. They were all obviously gangsters . . . so it probably would have been, you know, a nice sport for them to hunt and kill us that night.'

That story is almost an allegory of Tour's present situation. Yes, they are innocent and gifted and cautious in the face of sharks with guns, but how long can they survive? Somehow Tours make me feel optimistic and glad enough to know them to predict that their luck that night at the party will hold. Wounded, yes, but never killed.



**REGGAE REVIEWED BY ERIC FULLER**

**PAUL BLACKMAN 'Earth Wind And Fire' (Rockers International) TE-TRACK 'Love And Unity' (Rockers International)** *On the strength of about five plays a month ago, the rhythm of this Paul Blackman debut stayed pinned in the front of my head through the distractions of a trip fighting off the Red Barrel in sunny Majorca, a long time sitting in various back gardens and a couple of days in bed. The technical term for these experiences is A Record Of The Year, constructed of barely disturbed empty spaces interrupted by slapping, tumbling drums in the front, eerie echoes and doom-shot bass at the back and a wailing, impenetrable lyric dealing in the mysteries of creation hovering somewhere around the middle. On exceptional form, producer Augustus Pablo still transports the unreality of pitch black sound systems into unsuspecting front rooms without equal, and lucky for you it's released this week by Daddy Kool for about half the import price.*

*The Te-Track side, though I hate to say it, proves that good times don't last. The 'harmony' singing is truly and painfully tuneless, the sentiment worthy but extremely dreary, and a Michigan/Smilie type dj duet featuring Jah's Levi and Bull tacked on the end charts new heights of tedium. The cognoscenti of Dub Vendor, I must add, disagree completely.*

**BLACK UHURO 'Wood For My Fire' (DEB) 'Rent Man' (DEB) 'Abortion' (Taxi)** Seeing Warner Brothers have some clout with Dennis Brown, they might encourage him to produce a full album with Black Uhuro, invest some proper money in it and steal a serious march on the competition. If EMI want to spend money on reggae they could do the same. This trio of releases surpasses just about everything on English labels, proper sound system music like people want to listen to. This observation is called free amateur A&R.

**BOB MARLEY 'Don't Give Up' (Tuff Gong) 'Ambush' (Tuff Gong)** If all the people with 'Exodus' in their record collections coughed up for the Wailers' Jamaican releases maybe Island would start doing albums of them - I mean, either of these is worth ten 'Kaya's'. 'Don't Give Up' is a re-release of his last Tuff Gong single 'Rastaman Live Up' with a new title, a simple, spirited rhythm gracefully free of West Coast guitar and Dooleys-style production with a bizarre non-dub version in the spirit of pre-King Tubby instrumental b-sides. 'Ambush', comment on the time he was nearly assassinated, is just as good, sophisticated without fuss with a rare example of superior Wailers dub thrown in. A pity you can't buy these in Smiths.

**DENNIS BROWN 'Cup Of Tea' (DEB) 'Three Meals A Day' (Joe Gibbs)** Another major artiste whose home releases make mincemeat of his UK ones, these examples much superior to his 'Words Of Wisdom'. Songs about cups of tea might not sound very Jamaican but the rhythm harks

back to the clean, uncluttered swing best associated with 'Wolf And Leopard', his best record since well before 'Money In My Pocket' and then some. 'Three Meals A Day' cruises along in the sort of rockers overdrive that causes radio programmers to clutch their delicate ears in unmitigated horror, a thorough trouncing of detention camps that sound systems will play to death. The inclusion of John Holt's 'Man Next Door' on the reverse wins over the usual gratuitous dub, tho' be warned that Joe Gibbs mixes his big discos astonishingly loud, as your neighbours will certainly observe.

**GREGORY ISAACS 'Tune In' (African Museum) 'The Border' (GG)** Needless to say there is no such thing as a bad Gregory Isaacs tune, only good ones and better ones. 'Tune In' marks the first clash of Gregorian chants and syndrums, otherwise a terminally lightweight message about how nice it is to listen to records and have fun boosted high above the ordinary through a frolicsome arrangement uncannily like a good Matumbi side. The simple life is the best. 'The Border' visits more serious territory about giving Babylon and Rome the elbow, a tune that would seem easily on home on GG's 'Best Of' album selection, although U-Brown's furious gabble fleshing out the twelve inches I could live without.

**BUNNY WAILER 'Rock In Time' (Solomonic) 'Let Him Go' (Solomonic)** The appearance of a swathe of unusually good Bunny Livingstone sides trickling through on pre-release suggests some UK company

with money could now purchase and release a superior album if they so chose, these but marginally inferior to his masterly 'Free Jah Children' release of a few months ago. 'Rock In Time' is a 'Tune In' style exhortation to the dancefloor life blessed with the easy, seductive horn and flute arrangements this particular Wailer has an ear for, while 'Let Him Go' gets into the meat of emptying prisons through equally entrancing musical persuasion. That the best music gets the least promotion appears an immutable law.

**PRINCE HAMMER 'Ten Thousand Lions' (Hitrun)** Official release for one of Betty Simpson's finest hours, a singing version supported by a sledgehammer thump of rhythm built up to disco size with a new toast employing manic screams and references to James Bond films. 'North London Thing (Carry The Swing)' on the reverse employs Delroy Wilson's 'Money' rhythm, though as has been observed elsewhere the action seems confined to Croydon, Brixton and Acton, as if it mattered. A good laugh tailing off into pure pleasure dub, dj disc of the week by far.

**FREDDIE MCGREGOR 'Sergeant Brown' (Priesthood) 'Homeward Bound' (Studio One)** Self produced, Mr McGregor feels no hesitation in deploying the full resources of massed horn sections that'd put



**BOB MARLEY and Family Man in earnest debate**

a brass band to shame to rail against the injustices of policemen doing their worst to his ganja fields, though why all the police in Jamaica appear to be called Sergeant Brown seems mysterious. Nearly as good as 'Mark Of The Beast'. The Studio One side finds Coxson Dodds doing his worst with loads of cooing back-up vocalists, floating strings and tootling flutes for a real cotton wool arrangement presumably indicating the calm tranquility of Zion land. Curiously impressive, but not much connection with the well rounded throb he does better than anyone else.

**TREVOR RANKING 'Pass The Chalice' (Wildflower Roots) 'DILLINGER 'Disco Tek' (Wildflower Roots)** Taking herb-smoking so far as to declare "You can have the whole world, but give me chalice" may seem extreme, but this is Ranking Trevor's sworn statement.

The Dillinger effort uses the by now rather tired 'Ain't That Loving You' rhythm to rant amiably about discos, with

unlikely references to Cornwall and Middlesex. Hardly worth good money.

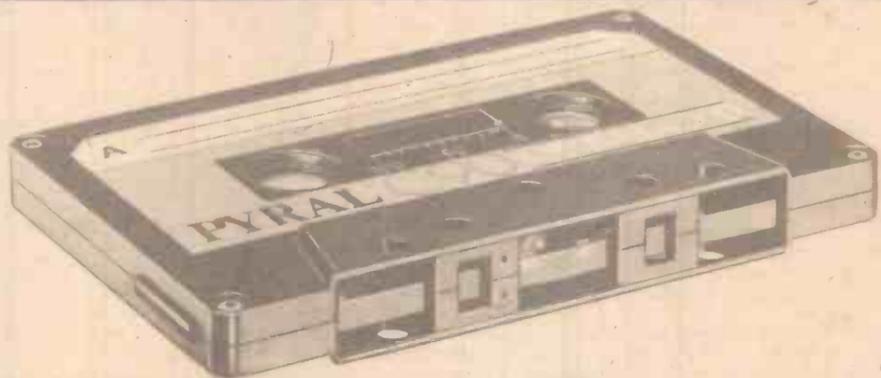
**JACOB MILLER 'Keep On Knocking' (Greensleeves)** The original Augustus Pablo version, nothing to do with the Joe Gibbs disco of the same title around recently and markedly superior, with a melodicised Pablo cut of the Heptones 'Love Don't Come Easy' on the other side. Easily the best ever release from the stalwarts of Shepherd's Bush, a classic double header that no serious reggae collection can afford to be without. Much the same should apply to a Pablo compilation album coming later in the year - they don't make records like this anymore, etc.

**JOHNNY CLARKE 'Jah Love Is With I' (Greensleeves)** For a long time Johnny Clarke's career looked like foundering under a slew of albums for Bunny Lee all as bad as each other, but this self production from Channel One ought to mark a new resurgence of

interest, especially on the heels of 'Every Knee Shall Bow'. A rhythm with some tension in, intrusive shots of rattling gunfire drums and a vocal cured of his yodelling disease all augur for the good, and about time. A Shaka favourite.

**CAPITAL LETTERS 'Run Run Run' (Greensleeves)** After a couple of indifferent live shows I started losing interest in this group, a situation more than rescued herein. The A-side is another brisk strut on 'Smoking My Ganja' lines only much better, the opening bars deceptively like some cool disco-jazz side before slipping into a steady shuffle and another lyric about giving policemen (hereafter referred to as the *Babylon*) the slip. Surprising then that the other side should be a slag off of English reggae in general in favour of the Jamaican article. Whatever happened to self confidence?

*Pre-release review copies from Daddy Kool, Dean St, W1.*



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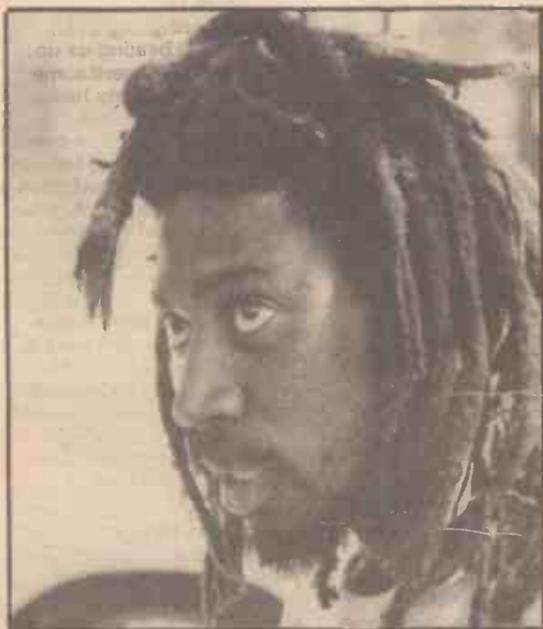
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**BUNNY WAILER**

*Pic by Kate Simon*



'She used to do a topless/Down at the Surrey Docks/With tassles on her wotsits/She did a t'riffic job/Of raising all the eyebrows/Of every lunch time mob' - SQUEEZE. 'It's Not Cricket'

'Jesus always loved us/Scattered us in stardust/I have waited a whole lifetime for you/Singing Hare Krishna' - SKYCO

"ALLO, WANNA drink?" Chris Difford, Squeeze's ace word-wiggler, sits on the high bar stall by the antique phone in the Rose And Crown (aka Lousy Brown), sits bottom of Crooms Hill, Greenwich, two minutes away from his attic flat and a one note hackney carriage ride from the towering concrete jumble I call home and the council so lovingly christened The Ferrier.

"Cheers. Pinta lager." We shake hands and I introduce him to my wife who's come along as a fan. "You must be mad," he grins and before long is picking our brains about the cost and convenience of church couplings.

24-year-old Chris, it transpires, is tying the noose, sorry, knot, himself soon to an American lady and is planning two weddings this September (unbridled masochism), one in the States and one in Greenwich, hopefully with a reception in the Albany. "With a couple of decent bands, a free drink every 'alf hour, a stripper . . . You oughta come."

I tell him I was coming over to the States to see Squeeze t'other day, but blew it out for Sham's farewell fling (and I called him a masochist!). We marvel at my stupidity and sit in a corner under some handsome looking muskets with water turtles swimming round behind us in a flash fish tank and Max Wall's luvly mug looking over us (well, we are next door to Greenwich Theatre, dear).

"Anyway I thought Squeeze'd make more sense in your local," I say, noting that the place ain't exactly the Gor Blimey and pass the whelks emporium I'd imagined.

"Yeah well," Chris grins. "I wrote 'Cool For Cats' in here," he says patting the notebook he carries round with him. "Yeah? You're looking 'slightly rough' now as it happens."

Chris is tired belly-bulging nicely. "Yeah, budding beer back from the States yesterday I just flew back from the flat morning. I'd been away from the flat virtually three-and-a-half months and I got back to find fleas everywhere. 'Ad to 'ave it disinfected. So I've bin decorating all day," he laughs. "I should 'ave sued."

Over here for a while now are you? "Yeah. They wanted us to go straight back and do the States again but we feel strongly that we haven't really covered England enough as a headline band and there's a lot of places, including Scotland, where we really wanna spend some time. So we got a 50 plus British tour starting on October 8."

And they won't be playing Hammersmith Odeon - no non-dancing venues, thank God.

Slattery bundles in noisily so I get a round in before Squeeze tunesmith Glen Tilbrook arrives with his entourage who sit to one side gathering other friends. Without wishing to be rude you can't help noticing they ain't exactly Lorraine Chase/Jim Davidson soundalikes, if you follow my drift.

Perhaps this was one of the Squeeze ironies that needed to be brought up later. But first things first, and now I'd got the both of 'em - howsabout those hippy-length barnets and ultra-silly Skyco lyrics (quoted start of article) as recently exposed in a rival music paper famous for its threatened circulation and the amazing number of pseudos and self-seekers in its employ.

"Oh year. That." Chris grins. "I saw that in Canada on the Saturday and me first thought was to ring and say 'How much to keep it out' then I thought sod it, it don't matter."

Was you really into Hare Krishna? "I was heavily into religion at the time," Glen confesses with a twinkle in his eye. "I shaved me head straight after that photo was taken."

THEY CLAIM that Skyco (aka Captain Trundlow's Sky Co) was a basic rock and roll band, though I must admit I find it difficult to envisage those particular lyrics on top of a 12 bar

# SEARCHING FOR SQUEEZE'S ROOTS, GARRY BUSHELL ENDS UP IN A PUB AS USUAL - BUT NOT IN DREARY DEPTFORD AS PLANNED



# GREENW

workout. Still, Skyco wasn't their first incarnation. Chris and Glen's original band was called Cum, "But we had to change it," Chris admits, "cos we never thought we'd get on *Top Of The Pops* with a name like that."

They got together after 15-year-old school-leaver Glen spotted an ad Chris had put in a shop window in Blackheath Village (the up-market end of the SE axis where Glen now has a flat). It said 'Lead guitarist wanted for band. Recording soon'. A blatant lie as there was no band and no contract, but they did decide to work together.

After the Cum and Skyco periods the name Squeeze was adopted some five years ago, though they didn't really start getting gigs till the end of '75. In '76 they started playing the Bricklayers Arms in Greenwich, ending up playing a three-nights-a-week residency there.

Punk opened the London club doors and with a 'New Wave' tag the band released their first single 'Packet Of Three' on the Deptford Fun City label. I must admit I never saw them in this period, spending most of my time with chaps in the easterly end of the city and believing Squeeze to be just another ordinary rock band. An impression confirmed from a casual hearing of the first album imaginatively called 'Squeeze' on A&M. I certainly thought of 'Take Me I'm Yours', the March '78 Dirty Thirty

dirty, as very much a flash in the pan. But just over a year later the band had another hit single, the fabulous Filthy Five smash, 'Cool For Cats': a joyous bouncy beauty with a nice line in Duryesque lyrics. The album by the same name which the single inspired me to blag featured more tales from the Smoke in the shape of the saucy 'It's Not Cricket', the spot-on next single smash 'Up The Junction' and the less than complimentary if sadly accurate 'It's So Dirty'.

Glen had matured into an ace pop composer while Chris was dipping into his own background and environs for so London-life luvlies. I was impressed. "And though one might reasonably question the cockney quotient of Squeeze, Hudson-Ford and other post-Dury dropped-haith money-spinners, passes the old street-cred, local-makes-good doodah with flying colours. Born and raised in Greenwich Con attended West Greenwich modern (or was it a secondary metal yard) and worked in scrap metal yard building trade, lorry-driving."

We were soon swapping marks: Chris had been at H Eltham Green the same time as my father-in-law had worked in Squeeze's case superstar brother-in-law ("Did he know, that sort of thing?"). But the inherent irony of your background when heading for an entirely Chris' case superstar in Squeeze's case intends to move on to

**'YOU CAN ONLY SAY SO MUCH ABOUT ONE ASPECT OF LIFE... THEN IT STARTS TO GET A BIT OF A BORE'**  
- CHRIS DIFFORD



# ICH FUN CITY

now... "I wrote those lyrics last summer when we started hanging around with some heavy characters. I'd worked down at Hiltons before so I knew what it was all about, but at that time it wouldn't have inspired me to write about it. Anyway, we got mixed up in that again last year — people who run late pubs, y'know. But it's all written about now, it's just one there to write about, I doubt if I'd write about it any more."

TELL him that they were the songs that attracted me to Squeeze in the first place. "Yeah, right. They could 'ave all been based round the Ferrier Estate, whereas the next single (a remixed version of 'Slap And Tickle' due out August 24) could be about anywhere." Chris looks at me questioning. "So will you be disappointed if that sort of theme isn't on the next album?" I dunno. Not necessarily, but as I say that's what attracted me to you in the first place. "See that's what I was saying earlier about Ian Dury — you can only say so much about one aspect of life, then it starts to get a bit of a bore." Yeah, but Dury's succeeded so far. "It's not his lyrics that are getting like that, but the music definitely is. I saw him last night at Ammersmith... that show. Christ, I nearly fell asleep, it's almost all disco. Shame, 'cos they're a great band, that bassist kills me. Mind you if they're splitting up with Chas Jankel maybe things'll be great for them again." Have you never felt moved to write about the more political side of the area, like all the jobs that have drained out the borough? 30,000 plus since the war I think. Or the middle class trendies taking

over Greenwich? "Not really. I think Jimmy Pursey does that quite well in his own little way... I mean, I was out of work, signing on the dole for about nine months, so I know exactly what all that's about. But it's been sung about so much in the last couple of years it's not an interesting subject any more to sing about. Perhaps I'd do one about a guy who goes to the social security and has a fight..." Squeeze go into the studio to work on their new album next week, hoping to finish with adequate time for rehearsal before the October mega-tour (the first dates are tentative, however — just in case) and although they've got over 50 new songs written Chris adamantly refuses to give any clues as to what the new themes are.

"There's loads of different songs but we don't know what's gonna be on the album till after we've finished our quota of time in the studio. I could tell you about X amount of songs on X amount of subjects but probably none of them'd end up on the record." On the musical side Glen Tilbrook is more forthcoming, however. "Out music's changing all the time. We started off quite lightweight and poppy, then when Gil joined the band the whole sound got louder — it got really heavy in '77. 'Cool For Cats' lightened it up again and I think we're due to turn heavy now. "Don't worry," Chris smiles. "We're talking about a progression from what we're doing now. Not changing into Van Der Graaf Generator or Soft Machine."

HAVE YOU got any plans to put anything back into the industry like Jimmy Pursey has? "I wanna work on Deprford Fun City, I really do wanna do that. I also wanna when I get a family. I wanna get a car and drive to China. That's an ambition of mine." D'you feel changed already? Has stardom and recognition changed you? "Slightly. I feel more... before I was just a painting and now I'm a painting with a frame and, like, people are actually

**B**UT THE band are changing, becoming stars. Working at work with Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello, and Chris writing lyrics for ex-bassist Disco Harry Kakoulli are really side-interests for the band's main itinerary: the new single, the new album, the new tour, America again in February. What are the band's ambitions, Chris, the hopes, the plans? "We definitely wanna do a film, or do some television shows." What, like the Beatles and the Monkees? "Yeah. A bit more advanced than that but on the same lines. And we wanna get a number one album and single." D'you wanna be huge in the States? "Yeah, we wanna do it." "But we're not interested in being there all the time, though," Glen interjects.

"Nah," Chris affirms. "This is the only area for me. I couldn't live anywhere else. We just finished a three-and-a-half month tour, right? We did the first month in America supporting the Tubes, came back, and went back for another four weeks on our own. Next time we're gonna go for the major cities and really blow them apart. Y'got to make it there it sort of floods out to the smaller places." If the Squeeze strategy works, and I don't see why it shouldn't, they'll be firmly established along with Chris' current favourites Blondie, Dury, Costello et al as the new international pop establishment.

"We want lots of hit singles," Glen smiles, "hit albums, critical and public acclaim. To be loved by everyone." But are you gonna be the same as the last generation of stars? D'you just wanna emulate them? "You just gotta keep a level head about it," Chris says. "At the moment we've made nothing, we're still on fifty quid a week. But when you're making thousands you just gotta keep your head together and say I'm not gonna live in Ampstead or wherever. Obviously you're gonna get a bigger house, a bigger car. You might even buy a boat, but then if I was working on a building site as I was before down the docks, before I was in the music biz, and if that firm got big I'd have got a bigger 'ouse, bigger car — it's a natural progression of anybody's life, 'cept when you're in a pop band and you make money everybody thinks you're gonna do wrong with it."

observing me, so you have to be on your guard against things sometimes. But I don't mind, getting recognised is one of the perks of the job, I suppose. Like when I was recognised at John F. Kennedy airport, some geezers shouted 'Oi Oi alright Chris' — that was a r'iffic buzz... It's like when I was in a scrap metal yard I used to be able to knock off lead. Now all I get is smiling faces. Well, that's all right with me. I don't mind so much." With Glen's consumed mussels turning into evil farts and Slattery slurping drunkingly into the mike, we said our goodbyes and jumped into a mini cab back to the remarkably unstarlike world of the Ferrier.

**PIX : PAUL SLATTERY**





# Looking before you leap

IT'S A COMMON complaint among watchers of American late-night television. Everything is going along as normal, all the right clichés are being spoken, when you lose concentration and blink for a moment and everything is upside-down; John Wayne isn't shooting the bad guys any more, he's doing a commercial for some U.S. Savings Bank. They're called ad-flashes by those who have been watching since the '60s.

We had been talking about Nils Lofgren's year off, what he'd been doing, We'd pretty much covered the album and the music and for some reason we'd got onto athletic pursuits without my noticing, because when Nils said "I've got a horse in my basement" the ad-flash began. There's a commercial for a rejuvenating cream called 'Second Debut', middle-aged burnt-out songstress glides onto the stage in salmon gown and sings how everything's changed, everything that went before was second-rate compared to the New Woman, that all physical and mental wrinkles are gone and the new confident artiste will show herself as a True Star for the first time in her life, floating off to mammoth canned applause. Producer Bob Ezrin stands to one side with the clapper-board to direct Nils Lofgren in the male version of the fantasy Second Debut ad. *'This is Nils Lofgren. He looked like a punk. The sort of guy you put out at night. He looked old before his time. And then he discovered Second Debut. See that picture? On the front of his new album? This is the man they said wouldn't make it to thirty. Bright-eyed, healthy hair, all*

*his own teeth. You wouldn't believe that this man has been in bands since he was 16, was dragged out of Baltimore by Neil Young, tramped across stages from L.A. to London. You thought he'd gone for good, but now he's back, and we know what put him there, don't we...*

According to the record company bio, "the cover photo of Nils' new album says a lot about the turning point this LP represents. For the first time Lofgren, without shades, is looking right at the camera and at you."

Over to you, Nils: "We just looked at all the pictures and thought that was probably the best one. It is kind of — I mean the guy shot that particular shot maybe trying to get a little classy, almost *Vogue*-ish look. On the back, of course, it's the exact opposite." The 'before' picture. Pre Ezrin's second debut treatment. I like it better.

"The whole punk thing — it had more to do with the way I look rather than my music. I certainly don't have anything against punk; I never worried about it, but it always struck me as kind of funny that people labelled me that way, and I just attributed it to the way I look." An adolescent Al Pacino with a less intense expression; a little man with a big guitar.

"Maybe people get that street-type impression of me — which isn't entirely false; you know I spent a lot of time in cities and there is that part in me (brought up

in Chicago, Grin raised in Washington D.C.) but there's a lot more to me than that. I don't really care — I mean, if someone wants to talk about me and make people aware of my music, that is the most important thing. I'd rather have them write about me than not at all...I've written all sorts. Ballads, country songs..."

*"People at the door, people on the phone, same old story, no time of my own" ('Shine Silently')*



The second coming of  
NILS LOFGREN witnessed  
by SYLVIE SIMMONS

LOFGREN put in a pretty good showing in 1977 with two albums, 'I Came To Dance' and the critically panned live album 'Night After Night', then came the sudden disappearance. Some thought he'd been towed away; Nils claims he was just recharging his batteries after too many miles on the old clock.

"In 1977 I toured almost nine months of the year — I took a couple of weeks off in the middle to mix the live record, but I was pretty

much on the road until October — and that's the longest I've ever toured in one year, and I didn't really... you know, people think I'd sort of retired. I did take some time off, but it wasn't to get away from music, it was just to prepare for this next album.

"What I did, I spent the end of '77 and maybe the first six months of '78 just writing a lot of songs. I decided with my manager that instead of just going right back into the studio and making another record, that it would be good to really take my time and find a good producer, really put a lot of effort into it."

So he wrote till last summer, then met up with producer Bob Ezrin and sat down and wrote some more. Surprisingly, with so much writing going on, only one song written solely by Lofgren has found its way onto the album, 'No Mercy', the opening track and one of the strongest on the LP, reminiscent of the 'Cry Tough' days.

Whereas Lofgren's albums have been generally inconsistent — the blatantly bland mixed with the downright magnificent — his stage shows are rarely less than exciting, if only because Nils plays and sings like he just discovered rock and roll and is so bloody excited himself that the mood can't fail to be contagious. Who else can somersault off a trampoline stage-left without looking like something out of Billy Smart's and come out grinning, and striking that piece of metal like it was the only thing that

understands?

It's something you really can't capture on a medium-rate live album, though Lofgren didn't think the knocks were justified for 'Night After Night'.

"I really thought it was good and captured the band live. I mean, you know, there were some nights that were better, of course, but you've just got to take your shots. I mean, you can't record like a hundred dates. It's a hit or miss thing."

But wasn't he worried that spending such a long time away from the stage would make his sound more flaccid or self-indulgent — it wouldn't be the first time?

"Well, not now — maybe ten years from now. But I've got a lot of energy. And there was a time, years ago, when I felt that I had to be working constantly or that would have happened. But in the last few years I think I've got a little more confident, more mature, and all this time I've taken I've really been working toward making this record, so I didn't have any problem keeping my energy up. As opposed to getting lackadaisical or lazy, I felt I was really involved in this the whole time.

"I love playing live. I mean, it's no pressure — the pressure for playing live is the kind I like. Recording records is fine, but it's a lot harder work for me. But I've been touring for a long time, you know, and I've played so many places over and over that I felt it was time for me to stop and really make a good record."

And this is it. The look-you-straight-in-the-eye cover, definitive Nils Lofgren LP. Isn't it...?

*'Nothing left to say, nothing left to prove, when it's said and done there's nothing left but you' ('Shine Silently')*

TO SAY that Nils Lofgren is modestly low-profile is akin to saying that Ted Nugent is slightly garrulous. Lofgren can make Mark Knopfler look like Dave Lee Roth at

times, he's so unassuming, and he's never really made the magazine covers. It's like Nils who? "Some people expect me to be this tall blond Swede guy"

He's been gone more than a year? Really? And with an album title like 'Nils', reminiscent of that catchy little title back in '75, 'Nils Lofgren', this second debut business raises it head again. The new beginning. The fresh-faced, fresh-sounding rockstar. Straight-down-the-line, no-nonsense total Nils Lofgren personal statement. That's what you'd imagine.

There are flashes of the cocky, climactic Nils on the album, which make it worth a listen in themselves. But it should have been renamed 'Nils And Friends'. Or 'Nils And Producer'. No ego-gratifier here, Lofgren has been dwarfed to a great extent by his dream producer, Ezrin. One song is his alone, four co-written with Lou Reed — no, this was no epic meeting on a street corner. Ezrin suggested Nils send Lou some melody cassettes because he was good at tunes and Reed could put quite a nice sentence together. They were brought together by the U.S. Mail and the telephone service, when Lou woke up Nils when all decent people are asleep with some suggestions after Nils had all but given up hope of hearing from him.

Ezrin also introduced Nils to the album's other co-writer, Richard Wagner, a songwriter and session guitarist, and helped out on another song himself. The only band member who got involved was bassist Babbitt, who co-wrote another one. Is that all he could come up with in more than a year? Not really. Around 30 songs were

written, some finished, others in "bits and pieces". Half of the songs were weeded out straight away because they were more experiments than efforts for serious use. The rest was a "joint decision" with Ezrin as to which were the best melodies, and any shoddy lyrics were polished up with a little help from the professionals.

"Ezrin is a producer in the true sense of the word," stated Lofgren. Nothing could shake his belief in the man, most of the interview was taken up with mentions of him and, yes, the title was deliberate.

"None of the other titles we came up with really summed it up. It's sort of like a new start for me."

With so much collaboration, it made me wonder, is Nils really happy as a solo artist? Would he rather be away from the spotlight and the responsibility of having his name on the album cover half the time?

"All in all, I'm very happy as a solo artist. But I do miss — you know, sometimes I'd love to be in a band where I didn't have to take the responsibilities that I do. I mean, I'd love to join Bad Company for a couple of years. But not give up the solo thing if I could only do one or the other. I like to be a solo artist and a guitar player in a band, and I like to write and I like to sing, but it sure would be nice once in a while to get a break from that.

"It's been a great year since the record's been done. I had fun making the record, but it's a lot of hard work. I've just been relaxing, waiting... waiting for it to come out. I've been a little anxious, you know. I think it's a good record and I hope people

think so too. I'm just sort of sitting back, waiting, and if people like it then that will let me work harder and have more opportunity to play.

"No, I won't be getting back into the old album-tour-album situation. I don't think I'm going to take that much time off, but I'm not going to rush from now on, because I can't. This record is, I think, probably the best I've made and whenever I do make another record I'm going to have to make one just as good.

"The whole point is material. I'd like to think that whenever, say this winter, I can say, 'okay, I'm

done touring, I'm going to write', I'd like to think that in a few months I can come up with some really great songs. But if it takes me longer, then I'll take that time. One of my goals is to try and make better records and hopefully get more people to listen to them — expand my audience. Maybe I'll get popular enough so that I can headline anywhere — get a large enough audience where I can really take an incredible show on the road, like with my own stage, and I have a lot of ideas about performing."

"Man, it's hard just to live"

('Baltimore')

Touring, says Nils, is "a big undertaking", not something you can take on like a summer vacation, pack your bags for a couple of weeks and take off. But there's something in his voice that suggests it's not all as clean-cut and business-like as he maintains. When he says "I love playing live — I miss it", you believe him, and when he talks about the upcoming English gig he's like a kid with a new toy.

He's kept in training, he says (the boxing song, complete with rhythmic punchbag, 'No Mercy', tells

the tale), has been polishing his trampoline, chucking a football around, looking for racketball partners, playing basketball and watching it even more.

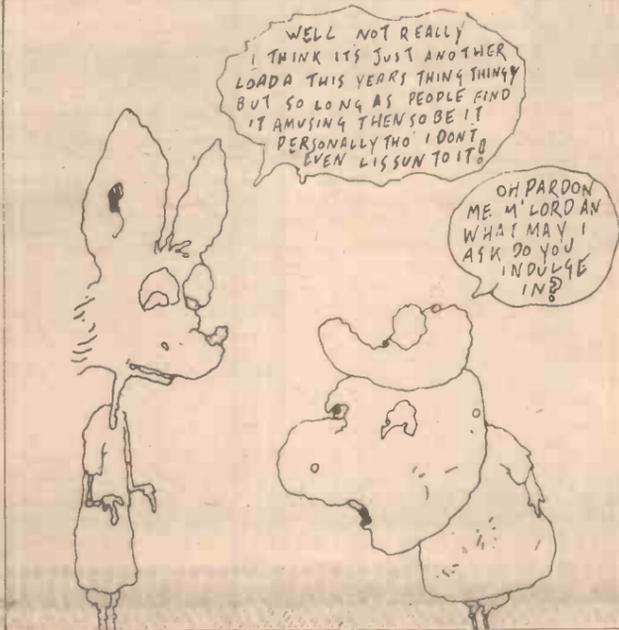
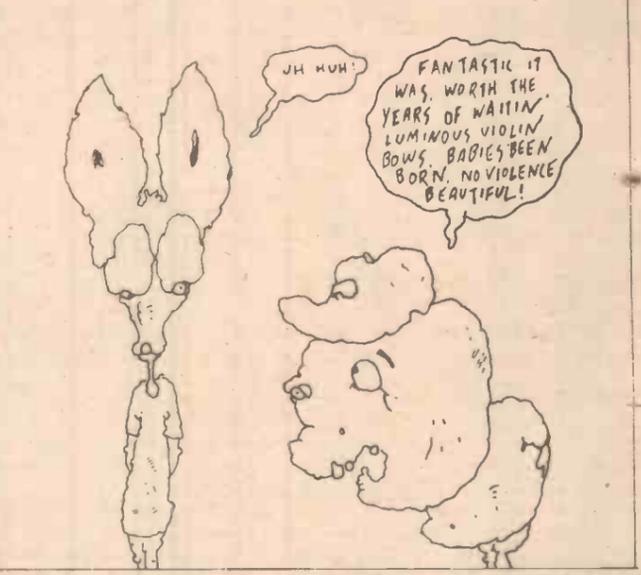
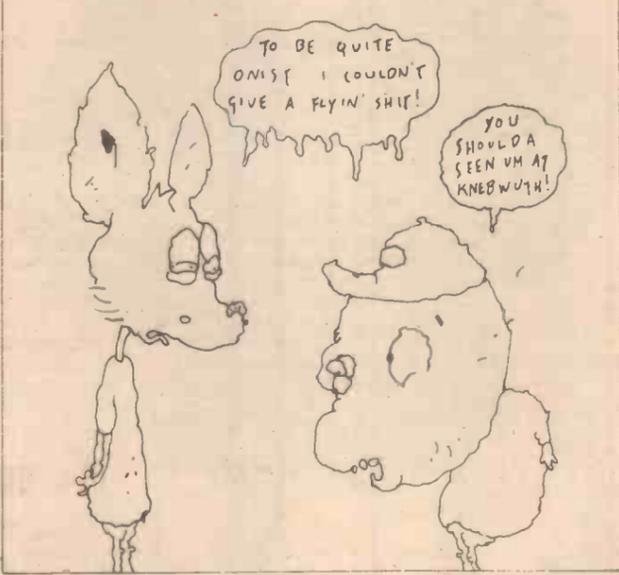
He leaves you with two messages: that the Washington Bullets are going to win the basketball championship and that Bad Company are "great; they knocked me out". If Paul Rodgers ever decides to quit, boys, you can contact Nils in Baltimore next year for the job, unless, of course, it conflicts with the basketball season.

It's high time he got the rock and roll fantasy life he deserves.



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Matters of Opinion part 1  
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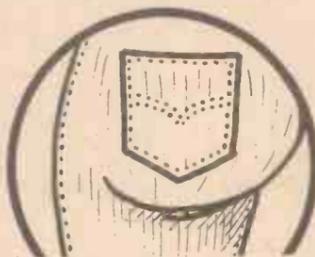
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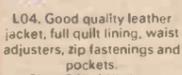


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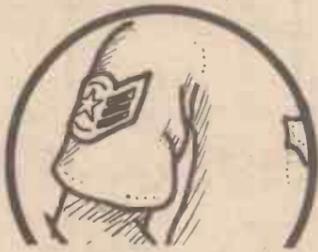
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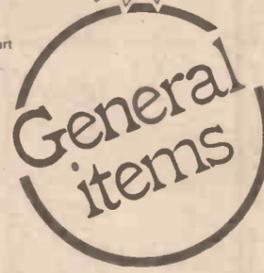
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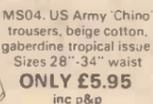
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# Albums

## Don't eat, talk

### TALKING HEADS 'Fear Of Music' (Sire SRK 6076)\*\*\*\*\*

FOR THE sake of argument let's call it the eighth time of playing and you've twigged and digested the fact that the third Talking Heads long playing record does not proffer any startling alterations of stylistic tack, that Byrne and his soldiers are not in the habit of throwing curves in order to have you scratching your pates and wondering and wondering if they have strayed from The True Way, that things on the whole are what they were before.

Let's say that you're traversing the first side while doing the ironing or watching silent TV and you've reached the third track in, a morsel called 'Paper', a barely sane, almost martial knee stabber with that urbane chicken scratch guitar motion that dominated so much of 'Buildings And Food' and David Byrne has been worrying round and round the subject of this specific piece of paper for a few minutes already, and if you're not completely in the dark about meanings you're either a charlatan or a rock critic or both, then he just advances his larynx one crick on the intensimeter and growls "hold on because it'll be taken care of!" and the track seems to get drawn tighter and more demented before your very ears and it's then that what has accrued in your brain though the previous seven listenings for some obscure reason just seems to click into place and you realise that this is the finest hour of an unarguably great pop group.

The Talking Heads have fashioned herein a record that positively refuses to quit, an artefact that takes their perspicacity as well as their waywardness and infuses them both with a grip and intuitive understanding of what can be done within the strictures of the form which is breathtaking. (It's a good album.)

They pursue 'Paper' with 'Cities', a new angle on the terrain of 'The Big Country', a psychotour of London, Birmingham (Alabama, I guess), El Paso and Memphis ('home of Elvis and the ancient greeks'), a track that comes apart with a doleful humour worthy of its antecedents in the Chuck Berry songbook. Its base is a biting guitar motion. Halfway through, either Byrne or Harrison weighs in with a really arresting solo of bent steel, a brilliantly judged interjection that could have come from either Jeff Beck's 'Stealed Blues' or any of the work of Glenn Phillips. It returns the track to the vocal in a doubly vehement condition.

This prepares the ground for 'Life During Wartime', the tune that is set to eclipse 'Psycho Killer' as the crucial nugget of their repertoire, a movie which could be describing paranoia just as easily as the literal subject matter of the title.

Byrne paints some post-energy crisis Amerika where your personal computer can't compensate for the fact that the roads are blocked, where you sleep by day and creep by night, avoid the ghouls and guerillas, where you live on peanut butter and bide time. The song is ultimately sold, however, by a chorus

which again is delivered in his minutely heightened tone; 'this ain't no party/this ain't no disco/this ain't no fooling around/this ain't the Mudd Club or CBGB/I ain't got time for that now...' And, you must have guessed, it is a dance record.

The side closes out with 'Memories Can't Wait', a majestic but troubling vehicle for Brian Eno's "treatments" and overlapping echo, glorying ultimately in a churchy sort of coda which Byrne lifts with his voice out above the maelstrom.

Pause. 'Air' opens the flip; hazy, airy, the most, um,

serene point thus far. Byrne combs the environment for hostile elements. It comes, it goes, it is melodic and possibly not far removed from what Brian Wilson was getting at before he regressed. Anyone enamoured of the ghostly balladry of 'Fear' era John Cale will faint into the waiting arms of the subsequent 'Heaven', the place where nothing ever happens, where your favourite songs are played all night long, where every kiss is completed and repeated and sensual ennui rules supreme. Like most of its

neighbours it curls imperceptibly at the corner of the mouth with a sense of humour as irrepressible as it is pleasantly unoppressive.

Similarly, 'Animals' could have been drawn as easily from a Hana Barbera cartoon as from Edward Albee's 'Zoo Story'; the fear that twitches at the back of simple laughter. (Animals; 'they're never there when you need them.') It closes out with a massed chant somewhat like a battalion of Blutos marching down the hill to lay waste to Popeye as he lies chained to the mainline. 'They're living on nuts and

berries,' sings Byrne, in his flat vexation. (Personally, I like to surmise that the source of that line is 'Yogi Bear'; Yogi knew it was either that or picnic baskets).

'Electric Guitar' has a chorus closely related to a hymn tune and remains a completely closed book, the only discernible spot on the record where obscurity wins out over acuity. They close out with 'Drugs', a telling taken-to-pieces funk track sucked forward by echo and tape effect, an essay in consciousness artificially altered, sensibilities awakened to the point of



DAVID BYRNE: his finest hour

Pic by Adrian Boot

pain, as extreme as anything on the record.

And so you return to the first side (and you will) and 'I Zimbra', a tribal piece of disco doggerel with African lyrics, and the languorous 'Mind', a resigned, uneasy, lazy tune. Then round and round you go, following the line of compulsion that runs right through 'Fear Of Music', as unerringly logical and self-contained as it steadfastly resists interpretation.

The rest is irrelevant to The Talking Heads (who inhabit their own world) as it is vaguely contingent on all (mercy!) New Music. Seems to this embattled reactionary that the central fight is about creating rock and roll that is intelligent and adventurous and boundless and yet still rock and roll.

Course, this doesn't automatically mean, as some of our more excitable zealots would interpret it, the desperate shoring up of some cobwebbed concept of girls, cars, fun and surfboards. What it does mean however is the pursuance of popular art, a music of immediacy and zest and pull, a music that can grow and learn and occasionally forget altogether, a music that will produce records like 'Squeezing Out Sparks' and 'Do It Yourself' and 'Fear Of Music'.

And for those who would point a future in joyless academia and cold floors I would tell you that the thing about rock and roll is you can always smell it. Wherever it may be. Matter of fact it's right here.

DAVID HEPWORTH

### VARIOUS ARTISTS 'A Night At Studio 54' (Casablanca NBLP 2-7161 Import)\*\*\*\*\*½

A CUNNING stunt this if ever there was one — what better way to market a disco compilation than to tempt the punter with the cocaine enhanced world of the so-called social elite captured in their natural habitat and preserved on vinyl for the less fortunate masses of the Western World?

Even so, despite the claim that this double album was, 'specially engineered and sequenced on a night at Studio 54', anyone worth their roller skates knows that the '54 circus is about as relevant to disco as Kentucky Fried Chicken is to good eating.

For the most part the programming and crossfading of the tracks is strictly amateur-hour, you can hear far better mixing than this any night of the week in London clubs like The Embassy and Copacabana. So that leaves us with the actual music which is good solid disco, although nearly all the tracks are fairly safe bets and not all that different from what you'd hear on a night at Tiffany's Ilford.

On the plus side there are floor classics like VP's 'YMCA', Cheryl Lynn's 'Got To Be Real', Alicia Bridges' 'I Love The Night Life' and believe it or not Cher's 'Take Me Home'. On the minus side of things there are unforgivable inclusions like Instant Funk's abysmal 'Got My Mind Made Up' and Dan Hartman's typically insipid 'Instant Replay'. But at least it does try to represent a few of the different aspects of seventies dance music, and who knows, in nine or ten years time when they have a disco revival this will probably be a highly sought after lp.

DAVID HENDLEY

**XTC**  
**'Drums And Wires'**  
**(Virgin V 2129)\*\*\*\***

I'M WELL qualified to write about XTC: I don't understand them at all. I proved that publicly last autumn when a couple of days in their company convinced me that they loved each other and would stay together forever. The NME feature out the same week as mine conversely described them as being in an advanced stage of disintegration. "Gulp!" said I.

A month or so later Barry Andrews split leaving me as the lemon/custard/cissy. None of which seems to have interfered with my enjoyment of their records. I rated 'White Music' and 'Go 2' in my Top Twenty last year and 'Drums And Wires' could follow if it has the same long-term getting-under-your-skin qualities (as with drawing pins and scabies as much as love — XTC deal in pain and irritation more often than come-on blandishments).

My impression is that these dozen songs are generally coherent and disciplined where some of their predecessors were wont to take you in a full nelson, throw you about a bit and consider that communication had been achieved.

One immediate point scored is that their Swindon roots emerge, anonymous but clear, to wave two fingers at those who scorn them for alleged arty-fartyness. A lot of these songs get up and holler because they jolt the merciless workaday humdrum of our lives off its axis with word and sound. There's the peculiar single choice 'Making Plans For Nigel'. Parents (or a paternal company?) guide Nigel into a steady job, security, happiness (?). They are kind, complacent, sinister.

Convention may not scream and strut like Hitler but it can be so oppressive it's almost evil — that's the sort of oblique insight that makes XTC outstanding. And while the words are telling, the band are tickling your awareness with purring rhythmic machinery, rebellious dischords and moments of grinding decay from guitars and voices.

Another Colin Moulding industrial piece, 'Day In Day Out', and Andy Partridge's anti-hymn to the motor car, 'Roads

Girdle The Global', have a similar drift. The rest of the weaker first side comprises two Partridge-pop 'love' songs, 'Helicopter' and 'When You're Near Me I Have Difficulty', which finds him somewhat trapped in the clichés of his own vocal mannerisms and Moulding's 'Ten Feet Tall' in which he sounds strangely and prettily like Cliff Richard and it works.

Side two is thick-pile wall-to-wall. The opener 'Real by Reel' is the potential hit with a fetching guitar figure growing around Terry Chambers trash-can rhythm 'OO-ooos' with a twist as if the Beach Boys had gone off the Maharishi, a catchy chorus, danceability and intelligent words on the subject of state surveillance ('Now I lay me down to sleep/Knowing that your lenses peep'). Partridge ditches his yowl-and-hiccup for a more insidious drawl. The outcome is distinctly XTC and yet the Stones could cover it profitably.

The closer is the emotional crunch of the album, 'Complicated Game'. Suddenly it abandons their satirical distance (same effect as 'All Along The Watchtower' had on 'White Music?') and bares the wires. Colin goes so far as to whisper the first verse: melodrama they'd normally mock to the eraser head but he sticks with it croaking through dry, menacing guitars and echo effects which reach a chaos of desperation in which the Wiltshire lad addresses himself to his Maker.

Col's advice to God is that someone will only come along and mess up His chosen actions the way they do everyone else's.

It's bold, totally uninhibited and a great track — even allowing for the conclusion that 'It's just a complicated game' being hackneyed and a cop-out.

Although that makes anything else sound rather low-key I also liked 'Millions' (an idiosyncratic Partridge message to the Republic of China), 'That Is The Way' (youth moulded by hectoring convention again — nice trumpet solo a surprise), and 'Scissor' (a wicked nursery rhyme about a character who comes and cuts off important bits of you if you're naughty). In sum — and out and wint too — this is a stimulating piece of plastic and will never be off my turntable except when I'm playing something else.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

# Pleasure from pain

(NB: this is not a Tony Mitchell article)



Pic by Jill Furmanovsky

XTC: the full-nelson approach abandoned

a note. And it turns out that a smile expanding once in a while into a chortle is the fitting response. Root's rude discourses aren't exactly funny, no punchlines or wisecracks, but they do have their own momentum of rude cheeriness.

His subject matter is mainly sex and drugs which seem to be the enduring consolations of life in his self-confessed middle-age — judging by the lascivious look of him I take the

autobiographical approach to be close enough to the truth (though a glass eye and a few teeth missing might have enhanced the image further).

He praises porno mags and films ('Quarter Movie On My Mind') large ladies ('Dare To Be Fat') and the ganja-farmers of the world ('Ignite It'). He views 'World War 3' without alarm alleging that Jesus now runs a barbecue in Mississippi and we should all get down there if we

can dodge the nukes. He tells a tale of a spell in some corrective institution being filled up with a substance called thiazine which wrecked him and did him no harm at all because Root Boy Slim, his own creation, is unsinkable.

That's the man, growling and jabbering like an unsleek Johnny (Guitar) Watson. A character. But he owes a lot to his band who make the difference between this coming

across as ludicrous hokum and good dirty rock'n'roll. With biffing piano, cathouse horns and organ and bawdy back-up vocals they brawl along as if the Stones had met ZZ Top on a drunken night. Jolly filthy fun. My doubts are about its staying power. Will I ever play it again? Would you like to see an action replay of your last boozey soirée down at your local?

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

## Sex and drugs and middle aged men

**ROOT BOY SLIM**  
**'Boom'**  
**(Illegal ILP 004)\*\*\***

ROOT AND his Sex Change band have just completed a

tour with Ian Dury so several thousand of you chaps will know more about him than I do which is sod-all except that he's shrewd enough to invent a name which disposes you to good humour before he strikes



ROOT BOY SLIM: very attractive

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# Real Groovie

## ROY LONEY AND THE PHANTOM MOVERS

'Out After Dark' (Solid Smoke 9001-import)\*\*\*\*

CHRIS WILSON, lead singer of the Flamin' Groovies, was once described as "looking a bit of a prick in orange satin", but he got off lightly compared with his predecessor, Roy A. Loney, we were informed in the course of a Groovies interview conducted some time after his departure, was fired because he wanted the group to perform songs "so lame even James Taylor wouldn't do them". But he who laughs last often makes the better records.

Let us not dwell too much on the fate of San Francisco's once-finest as they desperately try to cover their bald patches and squeeze their swollen feet into those Beate boots; suffice it to

say that with the possible exception of the masterly 'Slow Death' single, the quintessential stripped down rock 'n' roll spirit that was The Flamin' Groovies at their peak and prime only glowed at its most holy and dirty when the vocal inflections of Roy Loney jittered in harmony with Cyril Jordan's nervy guitar. 'Teenage Head' and all that.

His ex-sidekicks helped Loney wax an interesting EP in 1977, wryly titled 'Artistic As Hell', and now he's back with a band of his own which includes former Groovies drummer Danny Mihm and sometime FG guitar player James Ferrell.

A friend told me they were trying to sound like Dr Feelgood, an off-putting notion for yours truly which was dispelled by a screening of the first two tracks of 'Out After Dark'. Yes, 'Born To Be Your Fool' has a basis in rock 'n' blues, but so did the early works of both the Groovies and the Stones, plus Americans do this sort of thing better than Angloids, a fact allegedly agreed upon by Mick Jagger who is said to prefer 'Teenage Head' to his own 'Sticky Fingers' (they were released the same week in the USA). Reeling from the spinal-cracker of a lead solo in 'Born', one stumbles onto 'Used Hoodoo', a song in the jugular vein of The Cramps, gravelly mysterious and all.

'Phantom Mover' is fast but under control (barely), followed by 'Neat Petite, which is full of that sense of the absurd which Loney's Elvis-styled blabber always managed to communicate. A grotesque but effective calypso-style version of Presley's hit 'Return To Sender' underlines the homage, before the side choogles out merrily with 'People People', a



ROY LONEY on the right, a Captain Sensible clone in the middle.

tearjerking tribute to the human condition.

Loney would appear to be worried about his future to the extent that he's positively unwilling to flesh this record out with any dross. Side two kicks off (ha!) with the rockabilly oldie 'Rockin' In The Graveyard', where The Cramps meet Abbott and Costello, then we hit the pure pop of 'I Love It', rapidly backed up by 'Scum City'. The latter track is typical Loney snarling urban hell stuff, but he proves he's able to use his head as well as his libido and heart by the inspired trick of offsetting the white heat with a melodic, romantic lead guitar line which comes in now and then over some rolling thunder methedrine drumming. One of the most poetic and beautiful plays I've played all year.

That can't be topped by 'Trophy', though the song is reminiscent of the classic Groovies track 'Yesterday's Numbers', replete with strident guitar and a name check for Edgar Allan Poe. 'She Run Away' couldn't be bettered by Nick Lowe or Dave Edmunds, and the closing 'San Francisco Girls' is described as "California high school grown up". Every demented note comes straight to you torn from Loney's bleeding heart as he attempts to rival Kinsey while playing the riff from 'Shortenin' Bread'. Little Jack Horny with his finger in the pie.

If trying was succeeding then this album would, graced as it is with eloquent acoustics, electric, pianos, basses, drums and voices, be right up there in the top five in America as part of the pop revival that's finally happening, alongside The Cars, The Knack and Cheap Trick. The fact is that 'Out After Dark' is probably too rootsy and unrefined to sell a million copies, but if you've read this far chances are you might be prepared to fly in the face of public opinion, open your wallet and surrender to your baser rock 'n' roll instincts.

SANDY ROBERTSON

This was because traditional folk songs give me a belly-ache with their dull tunes and laborious tales not worth telling while her voice was too superhumanly pure to be touching. There's much more to savour in her now that she's dropped an octave or two and discovered with the tasty 'Diamonds And Rust' that she could rock a little. But 'Honest Lullaby' finds her once more uncertain of how to develop her new musical character.

Is she a Carol King clone? Janis Ian's 'Light A Light' and Jackson Browne's doomsday piece 'Before The Deluge' show she can easily pretend to be but then she'd be redundant anyway. Is she a Stevie Nicks for the old hippie generation? 'Let Your Love Flow' says so, with ease, but a peddler of humdrum romance is not probably what she wants to be.

There are a couple of turgid folkie ballads in memoriam ('Michael' and 'For Sasha') and a related standby in the Gospel chant 'Free At Last'.

It's varied but unsatisfactory. The thing is that what she's got to offer doesn't fit neatly in any stereotype i.e. conviction. It comes across when she bears down slow and hard on 'No Woman, No Cry', a smart piece called 'The Song At The End Of The Movie' which she makes heartfelt, and the title track which is a proud confessional. The same approach also sees her pulverising the fragile old standard 'For All We Know' with excessive emphasis but the three out of four score in this 'miscellaneous' category suggests her real need is for songs she can drive into with head and soul - choosing material to suit herself.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

## HERBIE HANCOCK AND CHICK COREA 'An Evening With ...' (CBS 88329)\*\*\*\*

THIS IS a double album recorded live during the American leg of a world tour undertaken by the jazz duo in early 1978.

Obviously a labour of love for the two musicians involved, it's a gentle relaxing album which nevertheless contains some invigorating playing. For me all the meat is on side four. Hancock's standard 'Maiden, Voyage' is reinterpreted and compares favourably with the VSOP version and then they swing immediately into Corea's aptly titled 'La Fiesta', a neat celebration of Spanish themes. Beats discodreck anyway.

CHRIS RYAN

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## JOAN BAEZ 'Honest Lullaby' (Portrait PRT 83474)\*\*\*\*

JOAN BAEZ is 38 and has a lifetime of quotable quotes at her disposal from her plaintive remark to an audience in 1961 "The world is in such a mess. I'd like to do something but I don't know what" through to her more recent observation after having tried every way to find out what that something might be, that "People still expect me to be sitting on railroad tracks in the lotus position, holding a bucket of organic honey, making the peace sign and waiting for the oncoming train". Whatever detailed criticisms might be made about her radical action over the years her consistent championship of non-violence is unimpeachable. She's a great woman with lovely ethics, a sweet smile, bedroom eyes and, as revealed on this sleeve, shoulders of gypsy alabaster. On the other hand I never cared for her music.

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# The fight against ignorance

## SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES 'The Jukes' (Mercury Import SRM 1-3793)\*\*\*\*

CONTRARY TO the petulance of thwarted children the music business is not a machine of pure malevolence bent on the sidetracking of pure inspiration. This fond theory never did hold water. There's far greater damage done by sheer stupidity and hideously bad judgement of the potentialities of an act than naked rapacious greed was ever responsible for. 'The Jukes' is a prime example of the cretin approach to career development.

Southside cuts three albums for Columbia, donates a bona fide flaming masterpiece in the shape of 'Hearts Of Stone' and gets dumped for his pains. As if things weren't coming up black enough who should chance to pull him out of the gutter but Mercury, a corporate who are shrewdly concentrating on concealing any indication that they have even a ghost of a clue what's going on, thus preventing their stocks from spiralling out of sight.

Impressively apprehending the fact that there's a horn section hereabouts, they promptly schlep the entire crew down to Dixie to work with Barry Beckett, a party whose stellar pedigree does not automatically signify that he's clued up on the deliverance of high stepping city soul to the vinyl state. Matter of fact he knows as much about it as does Jimmy Pursey about gentle irony.

But The Jukes are An American Band and they are aware that the biggest danger comes from the stab in the back and so their fourth album is an impressive example of just what can be delivered from under duress. For the first time ever neither Miami Steve Van Zandt

nor Loose Windscreens are in evidence and so it's been left to lead guitarist Billy Rush to step into the compositional breach and, the odd glimmer of a penchant for wordiness aside, he slips Southside enough ammunition to break hearts at the back of the gallery.

Even if Beckett's production is for sure a little backward in coming forward, 'All I Want Is Everything', 'I'm So Anxious' and 'Your Reply' come down with the mad stride of former encounters and although 'Paris' could use the definition and weight that illuminated Knebworth, there isn't a studio hack in the world equal to smothering such quality or dampening Stan Harrison's sax break.

Just when you feel that someone possibly laundered the passion out of 'Livin In The Real World', Kevin Kavanaugh thunders on the keyboard, calls down to the engine room for more steam, those horns strike through like the light of a brand new day, Southside consults his spleen and produces an inflexion which is absolutely so and the entire first team take your heart to the cleaners, express delivery.

Any person toying with the idea of flattering himself he can sing should study 'Wait In Vain' and hang onto the way he pumps it up towards that crowning, knowing "I can't even find the strength to hate you anymore" and then mull over the possibilities of a night class in bookbinding or a career in animal husbandry.

Bruce knew what he was talking about on the sleeve notes of the debut; "It was music as survival, and they liked it down in their souls, night after night. These guys were their own heroes, and they never forgot."

Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes will not be denied. Not by Mercury Records, not by Barry Beckett, not by The Entire Music Business, not by you, not by anybody, not now, not ever.

DAVID HEPWORTH



SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY: a man under duress

## CHAS AND DAVE 'Don't Give A Monkey's' (Rockney EMC 3303)\*\*\*½

CHAS AND DAVE are a public bar on Saturday night chock-full of pissed punters blowing their

greengages on rivers of alkylol while some half-cut old codger, his lap full of fag ash, balances a brown 'n' mild on the joanna and belts thru 'Knees Up Muvva Brahn' to the mass accompaniment of everyone who ain't collapsing, chundering, going for a gypsy's, or having a knee-trembler in the corner.

Confessions: I saw them once in a reputed East End rock venue, got the hump 'cos they weren't the sound of the seventies, called 'em Butlins Redcoats or something equally rude in print, and got beaten up by irate relatives for me pains.

Then 'Gertcha' came out, one of those few great songs that translate into everyday conversation 'most everywhere, and I suddenly twigged I'd been barking up the wrong tree. See whereas Ian Dury or Chris Delford are updating cockney culture for a seventies idiom, Chas and Dave are more to do with the above scene than the Roxy.

They're more directly to do with traditional white working class London culture - still flourishing all over London not to mention Essex and parts of Kent - and your relationship to them depends on your attitude to that culture. Me? I think it's great.

True, 'the music here don't move me too often - 'Rabbit' could almost be Max Bygraves - but always the lyrics redeem - in 'Rabbit's case 'you've got more rabbit than Sainsbury's' is a gem. And this is what we find thru-out. 'Gertcha' kicks things off with fings your dad said, 'Rabbit' next, then the top-tapping hangover sing-song 'The Banging In Your Head' followed by the best tracks on the album.

The new single 'Sideboard Song' and, even better, 'What A Miserable Saturday Night' featuring the sad tale of a young gent with no money in his pocket who's reduced to staying in on a Saturday night (scandalous). The slow, unhappy verses giving way to the knees-up chorus where he imagines what his mates are doing: 'I bet they're dahn the boozier knocking it back/They're blagging the birds the dirty rats/They're giving em this and givin' em that/And I'm stuck at 'ome/They're smokin', jokin', mucking' abhart/ Laughing loud and shoutin' out/ But I've got nuffin to shout about cos I'm stuck at 'ome'.

And: 'I bet they've probably got some bits of stray/And took em round Tubby's takeaway/And off they go for a ride I say/And I'm stuck at home/They're 'aving a whale of a time/The dirty runts/Bet they're up to all kinds of stunts/They're putting their 'ands around their ear/And I'm

stuck at 'ome/Wot a miserable saterdee night.'

Side two and a free EP were recorded live at Abbey Road in January when the studio was taken over and made into some close approximation of East Ham Working Man's Club: and (me grandad's old favourite the 'Lunatic Asylum' aside) it's traditional pub rock stuff, brown ale boogie (twist and stout).

Which ain't exactly my jug of light and bitter but even then I'd prefer to listen to this than the tedious Neil Young or the dithering Led Zeppelin. And besides which they inspired me to put in a rare appearance at the Wat Tyler Sunday dinner time, which can't be a bad thing. Right bruv?

GARRY BUSHHELL

## THE REDS 'The Reds' (A&M SP-4772)\*\*½

JOSEPH McCARTHY might've found the name disturbing, but his fears would have been ill-founded since The Reds are as threatening as a rollercoaster ride; un-American their activities decidedly ain't.

They're from Philly, they have punky-short hair, they sound so harsh they think they're the new Velvets, they've been together 18 months and their LP is pressed, don't ask why, in see-thru green plastic. Yes, flushed with the success of The Police, A&M forgets The Carpenters.

The textures hook the ears but the songs tend toward the slender. Guitarist Rick Shaffer is pure Black Sabbath, yet he vocalises like he wishes he was Stiv Bators in his Dead Boys period, all unconvincing (but modestly engaging) sneers, while Bruce Cohen on keyboards gives the impression of a spoilt kid just discovering how to get the most unpleasant drones out of a synthesiser at the same time as he hacks his way through the first album of his life. The rhythm section is adequate, as is David Kershenbaum's production. Originality is not on the menu.

Someone told me that 'The Reds' is the top add-on in *Billboard*, which means that it's getting played on the radio in the USA. I don't know if people are buying the thing yet, but I suspect they might, people being what they are.

After a couple of spins it becomes tolerable, and one begins to understand the way the industry assimilates and recycles 'movements' (as if one didn't see it coming all along). The Reds are a little bit Costello, a touch of Boomtown Rats, a snip thick-head punk, as one

blast of, oh, 'Over And Over' will confirm; much ado about nothing, manufactured anger. 'Self Reduction' at least has an opening guitar figure in the style of Television, though if you're waiting for the group to develop the idea you better not hold your breath.

The best song is 'Victims', a poppy ditty, the kind of junk Mickie Most would rightly see as the acceptable side of new wave. It's also the first, nicest and shortest piece on the record. The Reds probably prefer the lengthy 'Lookout', because they think they're artists. 'Listen with clenched fists' screams the press release. Sure, sure, I know - primal ice-cream. Back to back with 'Best Of The Ventures', no contest.

SANDY ROBERTSON

## WILLIE NELSON AND LEON RUSSELL 'One For The Road' (CBS 88461)\*

LEON RUSSELL fans beware, this album holds nothing but grief for you. If, like me, you thrilled to the delights of Leon and his Shelter People, got carried away on the Mad Dogs tour and fell in love with such classic solo albums as 'Carney', then 'One For The Road' will break your heart.

On the front cover Russell looks like a demented Santa Claus, his thatch of grey hair and beard cascading from beneath a gauche cowboy hat. And encircled in his arm is that redneck jerk Willie Nelson who, snicker, closely resembles a haggard Hiawatha with his hair in long plaits and a red bandana tied round his head.

But if the cover makes you wince, the plastic inside is positively tragic, with Russell proving beyond doubt that he really has reached the pits, indulging in stultifying country duets with Nelson on such threadbare bar-room standards as 'I Saw The Light', 'You Are My Sunshine', 'Don't Fence Me In', 'Danny Boy', 'That Lucky Old Sun' and 'Stormy Weather'.

Whoever decided to make this a double album was obviously a glutton for punishment, though more than half a million suckers apparently shelled out for it Stateside - which only goes to emphasise the continuing gulf between British and US musical tastes as shifting lead rather than gold is a more likely proposition over here.

Dust off your old top hat and get back to your Delta Lady soon, Leon. This is crap.

DAVID LEWIS

Marketed-distributed  
Faulty products  
41. Blenheim Cres  
LW11 ENGLAND

## PRODUCT PERFECT

i am pretty  
i am tricky  
i will fit into your pocket  
i am sticky  
i have pity  
i will slide into your wallet

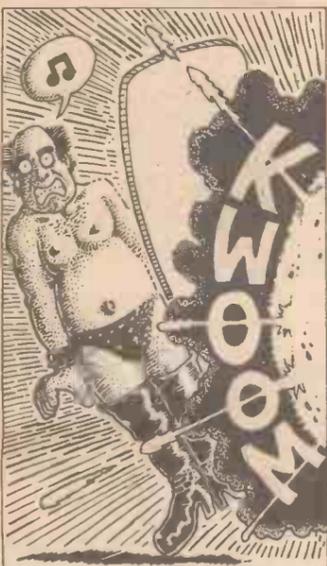
i am here now  
it is clear now  
your attention's all i crave  
you will want more  
i am quite sure  
that i know how you'll behave

you will buy it  
you will like it  
it will make your life complete  
it's divine  
i'm not lyin'  
it will sweep you off your feet

only this model can satisfy your craving  
product perfect for your perfect occasion

# fàshion

MUSIC



# THE BABY MONSTER TOUR

**STRAIGHT EIGHT**  
 FIRST ALBUM  
**NO NOISE FROM HERE**  
 OUT NOW ON  
 EEL PIE RECORDS

**ROY SUNDHOLM**  
 FIRST ALBUM  
**THE CHINESE METHOD**  
 RELEASED 10th SEPTEMBER ON  
 ENSIGN RECORDS

**THE DAZZLERS**  
 NEW SINGLE  
**FEELING FREE**  
 PRODUCED BY TOMMY RAMONE  
 RELEASED AUGUST 24th ON  
 CHARISMA RECORDS

**AUGUST**  
 18th Barbarellas Birmingham  
 24th Scarborough Penthouse  
 25th Manchester Factory

**SEPTEMBER**  
 27th West Runton Pavilion  
 29th Music Machine London  
 31st JBS Dudley

**SEPTEMBER**  
 1st Porterhouse East Retford

Ripped off? Hassled? Susanne Garrett to the rescue

# f a i r d e a l

## CAN'T STAND MY B-SIDE

I BOUGHT a copy of the re-released Rezillos single 'I Can't Stand My Baby' expecting it to include 'I Wanna Be Your Man'. But, at home, when I played the B-side, there was a voice proclaiming "Good evening. I'm Miles O'Toole — welcome to another edition of 'In Concert'", followed by The Rezillos' live rendering of 'My Baby Does (Good Sculptures)'.

Is this a balls-up at the pressing plant? Is it a record company gimmick forcing the public into buying two copies of the single so they eventually own both tracks — 'I Wanna Be Your Man' and 'Sculptures Live'?

If it is a pressing mistake, can you tell me how many copies were released with the live version of 'Sculptures' on the B-side? It might be worth something. — Bob Waterman, Bethnal Green

AS RECENTLY re-released by Sensible Records of Edinburgh, 'Can't Stand My Baby' (Fab 1) was never intended to include 'Good Sculptures' as a B-side.

"In fact, 'I Wanna Be Your Man' should have been on all copies," Lenny Love of Sensible told *Fair Deal*. "But, due to a misplaced tape at the production plant, the pressing was arranged by outside people and 'Good Sculptures' slipped onto four thousand copies. I was hoping no-one would notice.

Is it a collector's item, or is it not? The version which you and a potential 3,999 other record buyers have in your hands is a rare two-and-a-half-year-old demo, recorded by Lenny Love when the band were no more than local unknowns, way before Sensible re-recorded it for original release in 1977 and way before The Rezillos signed to Sire. "I wanted to do a few white label copies only for distribution among friends", added Love.

If any readers want to renounce an undoubted collector's item, inadvertently created by the all-too-common human spanner in the works, Love suggests you return your copies to either Scotia Distribution, 31 Geoffrey Street, Edinburgh or Bonaparte (Distribution), 101 George Street, Croydon.

Interestingly enough, while Love owns rights on 'Can't Stand My Baby', re-recorded for the Sire album 'Can't Stand The Rezillos' in 1978 without his permission, he's still waiting for a sign of the agreed royalties.

Sire, in America, had no comment to make on this issue at the time of going to press, but are clearly aware that royalties are due.

Meanwhile, more small label groanz from Barry Fuller of Newmarket who bought the new Swell Maps album, 'A Trip To Marineville', noticing an artwork credit for an EP, not included in his package. Was this EP a strictly limited edition, or has he missed out? Rough Trade are emphatic that all copies of the album should include a freebie EP and are sending Barry one, post haste. Other readers who've genuinely bought the record, minus the EP, should drop a line to *Fair Deal* stating where and when you bought it. We'll forward your requests.

From the wilds of Lymm, J. Rudkin reports three copies of Stiff Little Fingers' 'Gotta Getaway' with a bizarre click on both sides. His dealer has exhausted his stocks. Where can he find a decent copy? Rough Trade aren't aware of other snap crackle 'n' pop sightings, but advise dealers to return their dodgy supplies (if any) to Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11. A much-improved copy should be with you in Lymm by now.

The handful of readers who have unaccountably scratched versions of the new Tubeway Army elpee, see your dealers for replacement. The onus is on the dealer to replace or refund. As a last resort, send them back to Beggars Banquet (Returns), 8 Hogarth Road, London SW5.

### CASE CLOSED

ONCE upon a time, a friend of mine decided he required a cassette case and, after seeing their advertising, I told him that I could order him one at the incredible price of £4.95, plus postage and packaging, from Dindy Marketing. Later that summer, two years ago, I was sent some other items I'd ordered, but no cassette case. I then phoned, wrote, and phoned again to discover they'd gone bankrupt.

Eventually, a firm called Boraworth of Surrey contacted me to say they'd honour any outstanding Dindy order if I'd send for more goods. I was

loath to do this and wrote to them saying so. A follow-up letter to director, John Hosking, in March this year finally induced them to send the case. It was delivered damaged and ripped in March. I returned it, with a covering letter, but it came back to me, with a letter from the GPO saying Boraworth's address was unoccupied.

Is there anything I can do? — Martin Henstock, Sutton In Ashfield.

NOT MUCH. You're yet another victim of the common, amoral if legally acceptable circumstance of a company overstretching itself and going down owing considerable amounts of money



THE REZILLOS: send 4,000 vinyl vampires delirious with delight — see first item

and/or goods to the taxman, other firms and customers. Or, in this case, two companies. First Dindy Marketing, who distributed the well-known range of Dindy tapes and accessories, folded in November '77 leaving a trail of unfulfilled orders and debts behind them. Then, in March this year, Boraworth of Cheam, who bought the original Dindy Marketing stock and had parted with hundreds of thousands of greenbacks because of their contractual commitment to clean up the resultant mess, also went bust.

During their two-year operation, they satisfied hundreds of customers seemingly left in the lurch by Dindy Marketing with replacement tapes. Yet, when Boraworth was wound

up under pressure from trade creditors and others, crate-loads of defective tapes and other goods returned by their customers, in turn, were sold with all remaining sound merchandise, lock, stock and barrel.

When a limited company goes on the rocks, the law says that any customer who has been effectively ripped off can claim compensation from the people appointed to liquidate the firm. But this kind of compensation is rarely available. The Inland Revenue has first rights to any bread left in the kitty after assets are

assembled and sold off. Trade creditors come next in line and if you, the consumer, receive only a few pence in the pound compensation, you're exceptionally lucky. While you're quite entitled to write to the Boraworth liquidators, c/o Harris Kafton & Co, 28 Bolton Street, London W1Y 8HB, this will simply be a waste of the postage stamp. Catch 22.

Boraworth were supplied their range of cassette cases by Maurice Prail, 562 High Street, London E.11, and this firm has also lost money to

### UNDER DONE

I EAGERLY awaited the release of The Zones' debut album and rushed to my local emporium to buy the record on June 1 — price £4.79. Now, after only a few weeks of happy spinning, I've read how Arista have decided to re-promote the album, 'Unfair Influence', at the bargain price of three quids. Taking the increased VAT rate into consideration, this is a saving of around two pounds — a lot of bread.

While I think the record is worth the original price, I still believe Arista's action is the ultimate rip-off as it means that quick-off-the-mark and avid Zones fans pay more than sleepy late-comers just waking up to their music. Price cutting should surely apply from a record's release date. — Alex Pullan, Whitstable

A VALID point, highlighting a slightly unusual issue of after-release value. More often, readers rightly complain about the more usual record company policy of boosting sales with the aid of freebies and gimmickry, many months after the date of original release (Stiff, Chiswick, ad infinitum).

Although Arista regard the plight of first-buyers as "unfortunate", there are no plans to compensate the kids who bought at pre-shrink prices. So why the seeming about-turn on pegging the price of The Zones album, initially on sale in June and cut to a mere three smackers on July 16?

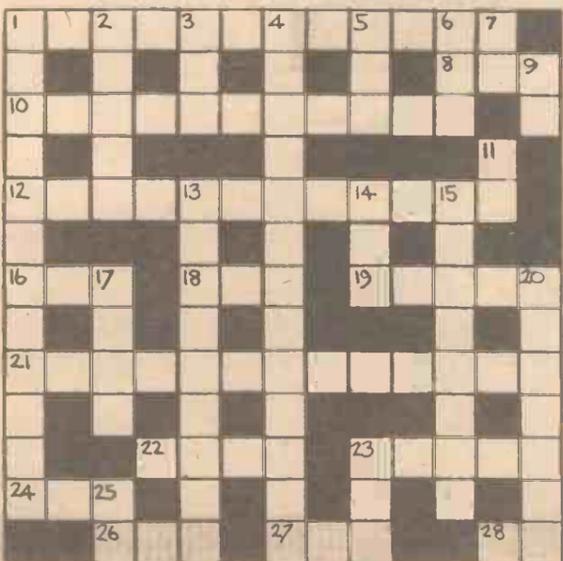
The background of your complaint is a whizzo marketing wheeze, described by Arista as "the unprecedented step" of introducing the £3.00 album, aimed specifically at launching their new rock acts and encouraging the unconverted to buy new names.

"The price is made possible by the artists accepting a reduced royalty and the retailers' margin being cut from 33 per cent to 30 per cent, explain Arista. The record company make their contribution by accepting a reduced income."

But not forever. The cheaper version of The Zones, and 'Native' by Jamaican reggae band Native released this month, the only other album embraced by this scheme at present, can only be maintained, we're told, for "a limited period" of six months. After this date, both albums will be deleted and reissued at the normal market price.

Arista marketing director Denis Knowles, who feels that in general the regular buyer of rock music will be encouraged to buy more LPs only if prices are lowered, expects other thinking record companies to tempt the waiting public by launching similar schemes.

Hopefully, future launches will coincide with planned release dates!



## CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- District mods who need wheels (6,7)
- Esoteric Henry's sacred animal (3)
- Stones sounded prim and proper last year (11)
- Archetypal bubblegum rockers who made Joey run quickly (8,4)
- Poem to Billy Joe (3)
- Cor! It's Kate (3)
- Infectious U.S. new wavers... literally (5)
- Generation X take part of a T.V. programme from Charlie and add a day (7,6)
- Re-vamped box for jury (4)
- Wager on Midler? (5)
- Crashed car for label (1,1,1)
- French title for jazzier McCann (3)
- ...and university title for folksy McLean (3)
- Stevie Wonder's simple song (2)

### DOWN

- He's in the direst of straits (4,8)
- Do black ones grow on Phil? (5)

- How many more times for J. Jackson? (3)
- This kid's still alright (4,9)
- Noakes (3)
- They asked how long (3)
- How tired the Kinks were of waiting (2)
- Who are Queen's champions?(2)
- Fabled land for seminal 60's mag (2)
- Iggy makes a reappraisal (3,6)
- Just Fowley (3)
- Boss Heartbreaker (3,5)
- Rice stew for Stewart (4)
- What family (exactly) are the Stedges? (7)
- Michael Jackson's rat hit (3)
- Stewart from year of cat (2)

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Anyone For Tennis 8. It's My Life 10. Gloom 11. How Sweet It Is 14. Me 16. Lemon 18. Ash 19. E.M.I. 20. Ann 21. Toe 22. Wet 23. Detroit 25. E.P. 26. She's Not There 30. Ono 31. Works 32. Lodi 34. No More Mr Nice Guy  
DOWN: 1. A Night On The Town 2. Yes 3. F.B.I. 4. Reelin' And Rockin' 5. English 6. Noon 7. Summer In The City 9. Lee 12. Walker 13. Wimoweh 15. Zero 17. Nat 24. Toto 27. Storm 28. E.L.O. 29. Room 33. OC

by SUE BUCKLEY

# ROCKY HORRORSCOPE

by Norton Ferris

**ARIES (21st March — 20th April):** You could get into playing some dangerous games on Thursday (croquet on your local mine field?) because Jupiter coming into conjunction with Venus then will put you in an extra reckless mood for romance tempting you to bite off more than you can chew (look, you can't expect to be able to keep things cool with Debbie Harry and get your charm working on Niagara at the same time — it's just not cricket). But on Friday your seductive talents will be in top gear, so you'll certainly be able to set yourself up for an enjoyable weekend.

**TAURUS (21st April - 21st May):** You could get yourself into some arguments over the weekend (like who was more entertaining at The Who's Wembley Stadium gig — The Stranglers or the bouncers etc) but it should only be in a friendly way, so no hassle. Been writing in to Alan Lewis' Lonely Hearts column recently? Romance noticeable in your life only by its cold, conspicuous absence? Fear not! The New Moon is here, and it's going to be pumping some much needed new blood into your anaemic, withered veins.

**GEMINI (22nd May — 21st June):** The Moon in Cancer in conjunction with aggressive Mars on Saturday means the less used fivers you go wandering round Wembley Stadium with, the better — it's rip-off time so suss out the Coke stands well before offering to stand the first round of thirst-quenchers while waiting for The Stranglers to come on. And if you gave The Who a miss, best stay at home and watch *World Of Sport* or something — it'll work out a lot cheaper. Tuesday and Wednesday are good days for getting anything you've been trying for over the last few weeks.

**CANCER (22nd June — 22nd July):** Things should have been going pretty well in the piggy bank dept. lately. And Thursday's a fun-loving, light-hearted day when you'll feel extra flush with the finances. But don't go and blow the lot in your carefree quest for those little luxuries (correction — *big luxuries*) that make life worth living. (You've obviously bought a copy of *Sounds* — what more do you want?) Don't take too many chances on Saturday — plan the day well or you could fall foul of an unhelpful influence.

**LEO (23rd July — 23rd August):** With sensual Venus coming into conjunction with extravagant Jupiter on Thursday, it's a good time to catch up on the whisperings of sweet nothings into nearby earholes — but if Thursday's good for mooning twosomes, Friday's even better for social crowd scenes. Give *Star Trek* a miss for a change and find out where the nearest party you can gatecrash is being held. You probably won't be feeling in such an upbeat mood over the weekend (as you struggle bravely through your hangover. But the Moon in Leo on Monday should put you back on your feet.

**VIRGO (24th August — 23rd September):** If it seems you've been a bit on the outside of things lately, things are soon going to change (like a punter calls you down from peering over the Wembley Stadium wall on Saturday with a surplus ticket he's got?) 'Cos both the Sun and Venus are poised to burst into your Sign next week bringing a breath of fresh air and good vibes all round. Meanwhile, the New Moon on Wednesday 22nd gives you the chance to put plans you've had lingering in the back of your mind into action.

**LIBRA (24th September — 23rd October):** Your Ruling Planet coming into perfect alignment with Jupiter on Thursday should trigger off an enjoyable upsurge in your popularity ('course, the fact that you happen to have a few extra tickets for The Who's Wembley Stadium gig on Saturday would have nothing to do with *that*). Same again on Friday, so enjoy it while it lasts. But by next Wednesday you'll probably feel in need of a change of scene — new faces, new action etc.

**SCORPIO (24th October — 22nd November):** If you've got to do a bit of travelling on Saturday, be prepared for delay. Start out well ahead of schedule. On the other hand, an unexpected hold-up on Sunday could work out to have an enjoyable spin-off. So if you come across Judy Tzuke broken down on the M1, don't don't pass up the opportunity of giving your benevolent instincts full sway and doing a Good Samaritan number on her (if you do end up staying with her till dawn, you should find Mondays aren't really that bad after all.)

**SAGITTARIUS (23rd November — 21st December):** Any past bad vibes on the romantic front will vanish as quickly as a six-pack of iced lagers in *Sounds* offices on Thursday — nothing but harmony and happiness all round then. The weekend could have its problem-times, but if you play things free and easy, you should end Sunday on an up-note. But by Wednesday you'll feel it's time to reassess your future a bit. You'll be in a talkative mood in any case, rapping on to anyone who'll listen about your next aims and ambitions.

**CAPRICORN (22nd December — 20th January):** Sociable weekend up and coming with lots of energy and action flying about. So if the turf trampling you'll be doing on Saturday takes place at your local football field rather than Wembley Stadium, you'll be in fine fettle to give one of the performances of your life. (Come to think of it, you'll need to be that fit if you're at Wembley Stadium too, otherwise you're never going to be able to fight yourself to a position where you can actually *identify* individual performers.) On Wednesday, something you've been keeping very quiet about you'll finally decide should come out from under the wraps.

**AQUARIUS (21st January — 19th February):** Thursday's definitely a day for meeting as many people as you can — everyone's going to be in especially generous type moods then (and you wouldn't want to miss out on any of those freeloading goodies now would you?) Friday evening looks like it's gonna start out sociable and gregarious but end up in an ongoing bedroom-curtains-drawn situation (so who's complaining?). Over the weekend you'll be feeling like re-vamping your image a bit — getting yourself some new togs, going in for a re-style of your cranial fungus etc etc. And Wednesday's the best day for showing it all off (so why not push your way through into Regines for some bopping with the jet-set?).

**PISCES (20th February — 20th March):** Thursday and Friday are your best days of the week — everything seems to go your way without you having to over-exert yourself too wildly. They are lazy, easy days (much beloved of Pisceans!) But on Saturday you could have to work a bit harder to maintain the harmony — especially if you're knocking around with your other half then. If you stick out for an all take and no give situation, you're going to end up in irritating little squabbles and bickerings. By next Wednesday, you should feel freshly energised and galvanised into upbeat action. Whereas you haven't wanted to put too much strain on your frail old frame over the past couple of weeks, you'll feel fit enough to set off on a marathon hopping race to the Reading festival then.



KEITH MOON: born 33 years ago on Thursday. Died September 7, 1978

# ROCK ALMANAC

## Saturday August 18

- 1969 Marianne Faithfull takes an overdose in Australia.
- 1974 'When Will I See You Again' by the Three Degree is No 1 in Britain. In America it's Paper Lace's 'The Night Chicago Died'.
- 1978 *Sounds* reports a split in The Rutles. Dirk and Stig of the pre-fab four have signed with EMI.

## Sunday August 19

- 1940 Johnny Nash born in Texas.
- 1951 John Deacon born in Leicester.
- 1972 David Bowie plays 'Ziggy Stardust' at The Rainbow.

## Monday August 20

- 1948 Robert Plant born in Worcestershire.
- 1965 Release of 'Satisfaction' by the Rolling Stones.
- 1977 EMI sign Tom Robinson Band.

## Tuesday August 21

- 1904 Count Basie born.
- 1966 Bob Dylan re-signs to CBS Records.

- 1967 The Royal Engineers blow up a fort in the Thames to prevent its use for illegal broadcasting.
- 1976 Rolling Stones, 10cc, Todd Rundgren and Lynyrd Skynyrd appear at Knebworth.

## Wednesday August 22

- 1938 Dale Hawkins born in Louisiana.

## Thursday August 23

- 1946 Keith Moon born in Wembley.
- 1963 'She Loves You' by The Beatles released.
- 1969 The Stones 'Honky Tonk Woman' tops both British and American charts.
- 1973 Traffic, Focus and Eric Burdon appear at the Reading Festival.
- 1975 The Watchfield Free Festival is held on a disused airfield in Wiltshire.

## Friday August 24

- 1945 Ken Hensley born.
- 1959 'The Three Bells' by The Browns is No 1 in the US.

DAVID LAING

'There's a niche for this man somewhere'

# JOHN HIATT

HIS NEW ALBUM

## SLUG LINE

MCF 3005

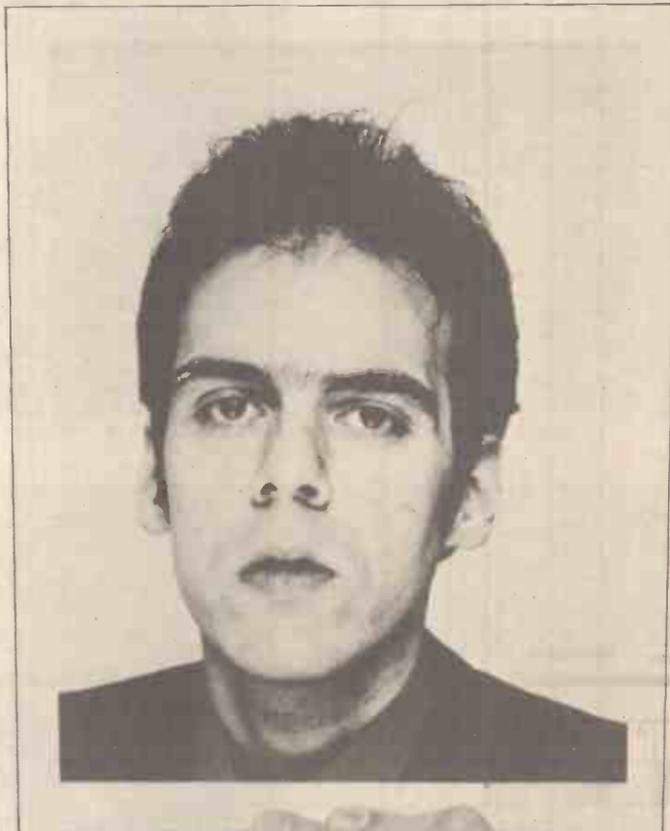
featuring the new single

RADIO GIRL

c/w

SHARON'S GOT A DRUG STORE

MCA 502



MCA RECORDS

1 Gre-at Pulteney Street, London W1R 1FW

# o n t h e r o a d

Ageing  
but  
still  
game



THIS WEEK'S Plant pic has the man sporting exactly the same ensemble as he wore for the previous Knebworth. (Wonder if he washed 'em in between? — Hygiene Conscious Ed.)



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS craft descends on Knebworth crowd

## Led Zeppelin/ New Barbarians/ Todd Rundgren Knebworth

ARRIVING AS I did in time for their scheduled 5pm appearance, the rearranged timing which brought Utopia on stage at nearer 4.30 caught me with my metaphorical trousers around my metaphorical ankles. Had this occurred in the flesh, it would have attracted hoots of derision from all those nearby — at least if Rundgren's assertion that all *Sounds* writers are extremely poorly equipped is to be believed.

This theory was expounded in the process of a systematic abusing of the rock press which Todd took it upon himself to indulge in midway through the set. Resplendent in cherry red hair, almost-matching red T-shirt and totally clashing tight pink trousers (which again did very little to disguise the extent of his holiday money), he also claimed to have spotted a guy from the *NME* "being butt-fucked by a security guard".

I think you'll agree that of the two allegations, the latter is far more credible. But even this obvious 'Whanger Of The Week' backlash didn't stop an inordinate number of young ladies asking to borrow my binoculars when he took off his guitar for the encore.

Playing a set that was apparently much charged from the previous weekend, Utopia seemed to me to have gauged pretty accurately the kind of material that would enable a band *not* called Led Zeppelin to make some lasting impression on a Led Zeppelin audience. Whether you want for all the athletic choreography or whether you found that aspect of the band's performance a bit prattish and dated, it was nevertheless difficult to ignore the precision of delivery, the power of the playing or the accuracy of the vocal harmonies.

Remembering how terribly *cabaret* they came across at The Venue, I couldn't help thinking that this kind of gig was really what Utopia needed to make them shine. I'd almost forgotten that musicians could be this slick and still be playing something that most people would accept as rock'n'roll.

Mind you, my informants confirmed that the earlier part of the set had included at least two of those soppy ballads which stretch the bounds of tolerance to the very limits in the name of 'versatility'. But you can't have everything, at least not all at once.

The set on the whole was a hard-hitting collage of classic Rundgren chord structures, soaring vocals, spacey guitar and synthesiser breaks — just jazzy enough to leave you in no doubt about the quality of musicianship but sharp enough and heavy enough to cut through the summer evening air like a top E-string through butter.

Strong, satisfyingly structured songs like 'Gangrene' and 'Real Man' seemed to go down best, leading your correspondent to speculate that, on the strength of the Knebworth audience's reaction, Rundgren/Utopia might finally have crossed the dreaded barrier between cult and mass appeal. At any rate the New Barbarians, when they eventually came on, seemed mighty dull by comparison.

TONY MITCHELL

ROCK AND ROLL having as it does sod all to do with music and a whole lot to do with sex and drugs (even to the point where the latter precludes the former), the main event of the day was obviously observing the aesthetics of extreme drug abuse in action — i.e. the guest/press enclosure was noticeably fuller for the New Barbarians than it was when I nipped into suffer a couple of bars of Todd Rundgren acting the festival fool.

Todd eventually vacated the stage at 5.45. The Barbarians were scheduled for 6.30. Allowing an extra half an hour for getting all of them together in the same room, the betting was on an ETA of seven o'clock and only the foolhardy would have taken less than a 100.1 for 7.15. "They can't find Ronnie" went the whisper as I trooped back and forth to the bar in a professional attempt to empathise with the Barbs.

This tale of a lost Wood eventually gave way some time around 7.30 to a more plausible "They're waiting for the money. Led Zeppelin have got all the cash and are refusing to part with any readies"...A quick piss and a few surreptitious glances over my shoulder at Attraction Pete Thomas, amusing myself by wondering if he has to get an osteopath to twist his lanky frame into shape so he can fit behind his drum kit.

Gradually more details surface. "They want 18,000 up front and now they're demanding a third recount."

Filling in time by speculating that must be 10 per cent of the fee and therefore they're about to pocket somewhere in the region of £180,000 for playing to a crowd that you couldn't ride a scramble bike round in under half an hour, I finally succumb to the temptations of a large Scotch around eight o'clock and it's, can we really believe our eyes, chirpy Ron Wood, Keith and the lads snaking on to the stage.

Ronnie skips around like someone's just stuffed a large handful of Mexican jumping beans down his rock and roll tight trousers while Keith gets straight down to business by battering out the chords to 'Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller'. The sound engineer is obviously not prepared for this level of organisation — he doesn't switch on the PA till the third bar's coming round the corner like a tank driven by one of those Blunders people of TV road safety ad fame.

"Sorry... sorry you've had to wait but there's been a few... er... technical hitches," announces our Ron, a picture of chirpiness. The favoured elite in the enclosure stifles laughs so loud it draws the unanimous attention of the surrounding crowd who stare at us like we've just farted in church.

It's somewhere around this time that I realise that at this distance the only way you can positively tell which one's Keith and which one's Ronnie is by the hairstyle (in profile you can see Keith's got a quiff or sorts) and by their body posture (Keith slouches like a contented question mark while Ronnie looks like the kind of kid who gets 'excitable' slapped on his report every term).

This being 'promote Ronnie's solo album' time they punch their way through a few of the lad's tunes with generally increasing aplomb and conviction. OK, most of the time they could have given it a bit more stick but I came to see if Keith fell over not bury them and anyway if you play fast at a festival it makes it rather awkward for those at the back — by the

Pic Ross Hallin

Pic Ross Hallin

time you're into the fifth number, they're wondering why the band hasn't plugged in yet.

Phil Chen is announced as the bass player. Sugar Blue comes on to show Ronnie Wood how to play harp. Ronnie Wood shows what a good buddy Bobby Keyes is by helping him out on sax. A song I couldn't identify with a soft early Sixties soul feel helps them drift into a slow languorous groove (when was the last time you saw that word in the music press, huh?) and on to a delicious 'Worried Life Blues' done in the style of Jimmy Reed.

It's all going so well in fact that I don't notice that they're fronted by a man who can't sing (believe me, the memory of 'Honky Tonk Woman' with a vocal that sounds like my mate Richard's infamous Dylan impersonation is not a pleasant one) until Keith opens his mouth to flash his new, improved choppers.

be anything other than their old selves. So, at this second Knebworth, it had to be acknowledged that, within terms which bear little comparison to the Clash or Dylan or Talking Heads or Dury, this was a passable Led Zeppelin concert.

It made me understand a few salient truths about them.

A) Despite their positions as the doyens of heavy metal they are distinctive because of their basic practice of adapting an extraordinary range of musical styles (classical, blues, jazz, folk, cabaret ballad and now, with 'Hot Dog', rockabilly) and playing them as loud as technology will permit so that power is their medium more than melody, word or even rhythm. This was new ten years ago and will always have some force though it's no longer shocking and unique.

B) Despite their blues influences/uncredited

peaks they created.

But, like old fighters, the last thing they'll lose is their big punch. They brought the haymaker up from the floor with 'Achilles Last Stand' (12.06 am, number 15 on the set list). Page, Jones and Bonham erupted into that riff of two Big Bertha chords and a machine-gun volley. Devastating movement. Plant sang the verses full of sour strength imposing his melody where the instruments seemed too elementally wild to accept such a frippery as the human voice. Then they developed the crescendo pretty much as on 'Presence', never a wasted note in seven or eight minutes, all-action, unpretentious, purposeful and well-constructed. A bug-eyed boneshaker.

Only the more predictable 'Whole Lotta Love' approached that level of electricity but Zeppelin at least honoured memories of their great days with 'Nobody's Fool But Mine'.



Pic: Simon Fowler

RON LOOKS on expectantly as Keith stumbles but does not fall

'Before They Make Me Run' is just as it should be — a mixture of self-pity, bottle, pain, white powders, Jack Daniels and loose-limbed chords lobbed around like a football on a sunny afternoon kickabout in the park.

With that alone (and there was much other fun to be had, notably Ziggy Modelisti's drumming — good as a massage any day), Keith and Ronnie-when-he-wasn't-singing stated their right to be on stage. A couple of months back I thought only Rockpile could carry the torch for Chuck Berry while he did time. The twins in red and white proved me wrong. 'Street Fighting Man' as the encore was pretty good too and I only missed the presence of Jagger when Ronnie's stage announcements got so gauche even his mum would have blushed for him.

I still question the morality (and long-term business sense) of any band that subjects its audience to such a long-distance love affair but what the hell, they put me in a generous mood...

Keith Richards didn't fall over, he drank Jack Daniels straight from the bottle and his shoelaces were pink.

PETE SILVERTON

WELL.

I quite like them. I realise discussion of Led Zeppelin's work is more a critical battle-field than a round table of temperate debate and I do apologise to those who have begun reading this because they like to be told this group are either the worst catastrophe since Krakatoa or the finest work of twentieth century epic art since the original Ben Hur.

But I thought they were alright.

Consider. What would you feel if you saw a dinosaur coming down your street? Surprise, fear, fascination, awe, excitement. All of these things. So as Robert Plant perhaps recognised when he asked the crowd "Can you do the dinosaur rock?" it's by no means all bad to be a living fossil. And from the impartial Zeppelin watcher's point of view it's futile to demand that they change, that they

borrowings Led Zeppelin have absolutely nothing to do with black music. They are hard/stiff, unbending/inflexible English heavy rockers. Their natchul riddum comes from the village blacksmith. Subtle soulful syncopation is as irrelevant to them as a topspin lob volley to a heavyweight championship. The only real question is whether the hammer hits the horseshoe. Mostly it's as purely functional a piece of muscular dexterity as that.

I think that's why the Jimmy Page solos generally seems so dreadful to non-fans. They contributed a whole series of lows to this set. They detracted from the good rocking momentum. They did not compensate by being beautiful entities in their own right. They were ill-conceived wanderings and what's more very poorly executed as Page found that time and again his fingers wouldn't obey him the way they used to. His featured passages (as opposed to riffing which was fine) blundered from one bum not to another and for the first third of the set he often lead Plant astray too. This caused unevenness within each number so that they repeatedly stumbled away from the potential ecstatic 'Kashmir', 'Trampled Underfoot', 'Sick Again' and

'In The Evening' — most of these towards the end. Heads down charging together I could just about believe in them as the four horsemen of the rock 'n' roll apocalypse, ageing but still game.

Emotion was something else though. Their shot at the blues with 'Since I've Been Loving You' was a travesty. Plant was desperately unequal to his task. A collection of mannerisms and tricks was all he could offer. He was much better on the distinctly white ballads 'Rain Song' and 'Stairway To Heaven', handled respectively as cabaret and modern 'Greensleeves' variant — style rather than soul but competent performances.

They played for more than two-and-a-half hours before closing at 1.02 am by my watch. Feel the width. They gave value for money. The giant TV screen was a superb innovation in festival presentation. The multitude roared for them like a distant typhoon and fetched them back for two encores. This was a fairly satisfactory conclusion, a negotiated settlement between the band's ego and the audience's eagerness to be pleased. Led Zeppelin had survived.

They had been quite alright.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE



Pic: Simon Fowler

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# Shout and roar and spit and growl

(Let's hear it for the rise of the New Punk)

## Angelic Upstarts Nashville

THE MUSIC Press is a middle class toy, perpetually pampered, easily bored, easily bought off. It's too easy to sit pretty in your safe mortgaged semi-detached homes a million miles away from the harsh realities of a Hoxton, or an Easterhouse, or a South Shields or a Deptford. Easy to forget they exist.

For the Press the Upstarts are nothing, because for them the problems and misery of Tory Britain are just the occasional statistic in The Guardian or slogans to mouth when you've had a couple of gin and tonics over the limit (Nigel). So the Upstarts are 'out of date', 'cliched' and let's find a new game. Tinkle tinkle fart. Let's all be hippies again.

Some facts. The sort of hardships '76/'77 were supposed to be a call to arms against are still with us, in fact they're x-times worse. And even if today's 'punks' are just image magpies playing games and the 'punk heroes' are cop-outs, drop-outs and flop-outs, this doesn't question the need for punk as rock and roll protest music. Which is why we need bands like the Upstarts and the Rejects: the New Punk bands, and all my once dying hopes for punk lie with them.

The Upstarts still shout and roar and spit and growl. They hit with the power of a runaway asteroid. They challenge and question yet manage to speak in the language of ordinary kids.

They're a punk band par excellence and from the minute they explode into the ferocious 'Teenage Warning' (let's just forget Top Of The Pops, shall we?) all cynicism and doubt drain out of me. The Nashville crowd feel the same way and punks and skins down the front pogo and sing along oblivious to the demands of fashion.

## Throbbing Gristle/ Cabaret Voltaire/ Rema Rema YMCA

ON FRIDAY there was a magic show at the YMCA, or it might as well have been. The past masters of illusion are definitely being upstaged; Houdini only had one thing on the gig on Friday night, he could get out of anything in less than two minutes. It took most people

The unbridled bass riff-led rampage of 'Leave Me Alone' follows and I realise how much stronger the band sound of late, how urgent and united their attack comes across, Mond's guitar providing both a dynamite band dynamo and a musical equivalent for Mensi's unmatchably expressive features and savagely sincere lyrics.

Mensi's one of the few people skins'll listen to these days and he responds to their response with the old Skinhead Moonstomp rally-call for some of that old 'Police Oppression', even leading the audience through a noisy 'Kill the Bill' chant at the end.

The atmosphere down the front is pure early Sham, meaning lotsa fun but the dangers of the Rainbow are inherent in that as are a lot of other possibilities. We can learn from Jim's mistakes, yes?

Some of the set consists of half-realised ideas but the vast majority is dripping with virtue and identity from the almost Skidsian 'Never Again' through the sledgehammer anthemic power of 'Upstart' (with Mensi half-raped by friendly thugs) to the oft-deserved contempt of 'Student Power'.

Finally — encores aside — comes 'Little Towers' — the song that means everything to the band, a moving, depressing picture of life at the bottom . . . somehow I just can't imagine this band sitting pretty with business leeches. But they've got to be careful. They've got to regain their independence from everyone — even friends — and keep well clear of the rock 'n' roll circus of liggers and toadies and shallow self-seekers.

They and the Rejects and a few others have it in them to create a new punk movement more valid than before. It's up to them to provide the leadership and commitment.

GARRY BUSHELL

three hours to get out of this gig, which must have been worse than being chained and submerged in a milk churn, hung off the Brooklyn bridge. It was an endurance test.

Rema Rema were the warm-up act and they did a really good trick, they made people think that something was going to happen. They played a few good songs and almost made me think they were a new age electronic act, but just at the last moment a tune slipped out.

Annoyingly enough, an appealing lead singer, good

sound and the band being fairly tight made their trick pretty convincing, because although it didn't happen on Friday night I still have the feeling that something might happen with Rema Rema.

Cabaret Voltaire did the three card rock and roll trick. It goes: 'Pick a rhythm, any rhythm; pick a note, any note; now pick a riff, go back to the riff you first thought of, that fooled you didn't it? Now shuffle, do the same again and you have the next song'.

But just to make sure the illusion is complete, hide behind a light show and don't let anyone get a close look. Unfortunately Cabaret Voltaire lack the expertise of true masters so it doesn't quite come off. A bit like when your kid brother tells you how it's done, "Well all the cards were marked anyway".

The main spot of the evening was The Great Waldo, better known as Genesis P. Orridge, who not only manages to fool the audience but also manages to fool himself. Throbbing Gristle are good though, not only have they

managed to create the illusion of being a band, they've also made other people believe it enough to buy them equipment and enough to conjure up an audience.

The first trick of the evening was to make people think they were going to have fun. They played 'YMCA'. I mean they played the Village People's record over the system, but then it slowed down and down, setting the pace for the rest of the evening. Then they did something else, I don't know what it was, but they did it for the next hour. I didn't

like that, it bows to convention and I expected more and hoped for less from Throbbing Gristle.

The Great Waldo, I mean Genesis P., has perfected the art of making people put pen to paper. Should Throbbing Gristle be ignored with the hope that they will climb into a magic box and disappear? Or maybe you should take a look at how they do their tricks?

Throbbing Gristle take a white bird, cover it with hardware and make it disappear, but that leaves nothing. It ain't a lot of good to be left with



UPSTARTS on stage at Caesar's Palace, Luton

Pic: Al Johnson

nothing when you put everything you got into a Friday night.

How would you feel if the magician took your pound note, chopped it up, set fire to it and then didn't give it back?

MARGUERITE VAN COOK

## Lizard Music Machine

IMAGINE A Japanese Stranglers, plus an Asian Devo. Got it? Well, mix together and they're called Lizard. These four doughty Samurai have been together for six years. Formerly called Benitokage (Red Lizard) these naughty boys had a dreadful reputation for attacking their Tokyo audience. In the Music Machine the British audience seemed more likely to attack them.

Each of the band wears a different coloured jump-suit, the uniform of various factories around Tokyo, and the bassist is garbed in a see-through red plastic duffle-coat and scramble mask. Very industrial kids.

Whether due to arrangement or bad mixing Lizard sounded like they were drowning in ten foot of mud. The instruments fought against one another to produce an indistinct, incomprehensible mess.

Synth player Koichiro Nakajima could have saved the day but it was difficult to tell. The first number, 'Robot Love' opened with the sound of a toy car revving up, then deteriorated into 'Black And White' meets a karate class. Banzai! It's no wonder J. J. Burnel's producing them. All his favourite fetishes in one band.

The number that stood out in the set, again due to keyboards, was 'Requiem' (no, not the Slik song) which effectively used a rippling piano sound as an intro to a riding synth and punchy drums and bass workout.

To be fair it was difficult to tell what was going on, but I really couldn't see anything substantial on any level. The press handout said: 'Lizard are here to conquer the West before their native land'. But is there a market for a weak Japanese Stranglers? I don't think so.

AUDREY CARLTON

## NEW ENGLAND FROM PAGE 21

album-faithful version deliciously, disarmingly delicate and distinctly reminiscent of Cheap Trick's Robin Zander's.

'The Last Show', Gary Shea leaping around in time-honoured Pete Way fashion, leads into 'Encore' and, although the song's lyrics don't exactly reflect the reaction of the audience this evening — 'And you dreamed about this every night! And now you're awake and it's so nice! The crowd's going out of control! They wanna hear you! One more time before you go' — Fannon feels inspired enough to offer his version of The Titanic HM Guitar Solo. Posing around in his black satin suit, set off by the inevitable white scarf, he begins with some impressive Tom Scholz-style sounds-as-if-he's-playing-10-guitars-at-the-same-time technique, developing through the appropriate wails and reverberation and culminating with a deft Echoplex display.

AS THE final powerchord of the solo dies away the band launch into 'Hey You're On The Run', a number built around a repeatedly swirling keyboard figure and one that didn't quite make it on to their debut album but may well appear on their second (to be recorded in Los Angeles in

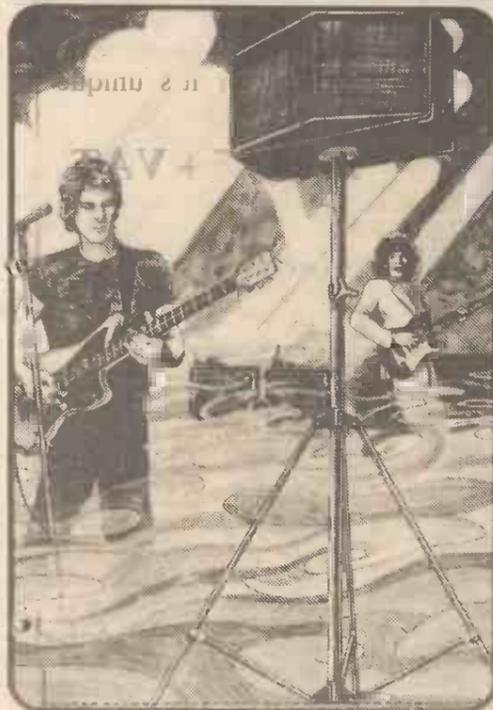
November).

Next up 'Nothing To Fear' (with words sung by drummer Gardner), followed by the final rap of the evening: "We've been touring with Kiss for the past couple of months and we've been waiting a long time to come here. New York City is the greatest city in the world . . . we love you all and we don't ever wanna lose ya".

Which naturally heralds the start of the song of the same name, a magnificent 'More Than A Feeling'-type epic and sadly the final number of the set. Polite applause, but the house lights go up and it soon dies to be replaced by "We want Kiss!" chants. But New England have escaped unmarked once again and they seem happy enough.

A suitably impressive set, fast-paced and to the point. At the moment New England lack real stage presence — Hirsh Gardner is by far the most charismatic of the crew and he's the drummer — but I've no doubt that this will develop in time, to eventually become as natural and mature as their music.

New England are due to visit these shores in September, supporting one of Hugh Fielder's favourite acts. And no, I don't mean Cliff Richard And The Shadows.



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## Secret Affair Bridge House

**LISTEN.** DO you wanna know a secret? Do you promise not to tell? (ooh, ooh, ooh) ... The 400 plus kids down the Bridge this Monday don't need any telling 'cos they know. They know that despite the lies and twisted cynicism of envious sub-gumbie has-beens something is happening here and the pompous pampered press don't know what it is.

That something belongs to these kids and it's called Secret Affair.

Secret Affair, the proud, powerful phoenix rising irrepressibly from the inconsequential ashes of the New Hearts as the spearhead of the emergent, effervescent mod renewal.

Heartsmen Ian Page and Dave Cairns formed the band fired by rancour and resentment towards the biz and the media, aiming to build up a street following so massive that the establishments would come to them cap in hand. And that's exactly what they've achieved with their irresistible New Wave soul formula: a trawler's net full of excellent poppy dance numbers, as catchy as Derek Randall.

Like the opener, 'Days Of Change' as vital and forceful as ever, an excellent showcase for the varied elements of their pop: the supple, insistent Sixties soul shuffles of rhythm section Seb Shelton (drums; ex-Young Bucks) and Dennis Smith (bass; ex-Advertising), Dave's powerful, biting rock guitar, and Ian's assertive vocals (and if he's got anything to worry about it's that his very certainty and total belief in mod will alienate others).

'Glory Boys' comes next, the elite modsters anthem with the jam-packed punters passionately singing along with all those memorable lyrics — 'You're looking at me, boy/Try to match my stare/Don't you know I'm a glory boy/I could cut you down by combing my hair'.

The songs that follow amply underline that this band have got as many good songs as the NME's got bad writers. Hard on each other's heels they come, hot and steamy, unforgettable, soul-based pop gems like the driving 'Time For Action', 'Shake And Shout', 'Don't Look Down', spirited versions of 'Get Ready' and 'Going To A Go-Go', the magnificent 'My World'.

The encore was inevitable. 'Glory Boys' again, and then 'What's it time for?' 'ACTION' 'What's it time for?' 'ACTION'. This is the time for action. This is the time to be seen. This is the song that'll put the Affair in the charts.

No doubt about it. There ain't nothing gonna stop them now.

GARRY BUSHELL

## Simple Minds/London Zoo/The Pack Music Machine

**SIMPLE MINDS** play good music. It's professional and well-executed; creative and intelligent. And, after about half-an-hour, it's also rather monotonous. You see, there's a certain distinctive

keyboards sound and it's very pleasant, but they use it so much that it nearly drives you up the wall. Apart from that, I liked Simple Minds.

Two Scottish friends took me to see this group with promises that I would love 'em. That I'd fall in love with the sound and image, without question. So we spent Monday night in a remarkably well-populated Music Machine.

The support groups were awful. Badly chosen and ill-timed. The Pack thoroughly lacked anything that could be remotely labelled 'charm'. Rough and uncouth. Predictably bad punk. Heavy drums and bass, virtually no guitar and wailing vocals à la 'Death Disco'. I'm told they took everyone by surprise. Hardly!

Only one thing to be said about London Zoo: They were a bad, posey, heavy metal/pop group. Which is a shame 'cos if they changed their image, their songs and their drummer, they'd probably be OK.

Which leads to Simple Minds. I bet they hate comparisons, but watching them I was reminded so much of the Bowies of this planet. All the little Gary Numans. But stop! Their sound is theirs and theirs alone.

Keyboards by Michael McNeal, guitar from Charles Burchill, drumming by Brian McGee and bass or occasional violin from David Forbes (an apology here for any spelling mistakes but I had to penetrate Glaswegian to get this far). Jim Kerr's vocals are good, but his stage 'presence' is amazing. Like a cobra poised for the kill, he hypnotises the audience into enjoying themselves, his eyes never leaving those of his prey.

A set comprising ten or eleven very long songs. That was Simple Minds' downfall. For while each number was quite different, its appeal faded towards the end. Of course, songs like 'Chelsea Girls' and 'Life In A Day' were, and are excellent. For me, segments of rock history which rolled along in a confident, majestic manner.

The trouble with much of this type of music, let's call it electronic style-pop, is a tendency to go over the top. Selfish over-indulgence from the deliverers. I'm not going to accuse Simple Minds of this: I don't really want to knock them at all. But... I'd like to see a little more physical energy taking over from the mental energy. Simple Minds are very, very good. But for some reason, I just didn't feel like dancing. And I don't think I was the only one.

ROBBI MILLAR

## Stiff Little Fingers/Starjets/ Vapours Hammersmith Palais

**LOTS OF** people went to see Ian Dury tonight. But those who choose this other gig chose well and were rewarded with what, even now, must still be called punk. Three bands. Three very good bands. All contained within a Mecca ballroom.

I missed most of The Vapours due to London Transport, but the bit I saw, I



SINCEROS FORCE a smile

## The Sinceros Hope And Anchor

**I FIRST** saw an embryonic Sinceros backing US bluesman Albert Collins. They played like they'd just hitched from Mississippi up through Memphis to a squalid Chicago tenement. About as blue as white men (Ron Francois' permanent tan excepted) can get.

Commercialised popcorn is a long way from the mojo machismo of the devil's music, but that's where these guys are heading now. Propping up Lene Lovich's Euro Katie Boyle schlock has provided a valuable insight into how shambolic and open-ended current three chord wonders can be.

Snap and crackle Sinceros style is devoid of all such back alleys or meandering detours. Sharp and to the point with all unnecessary frills cut, the remainder is scrubbed, laundered and whitewashed. Rooted in formula, they have no value beyond your ability to

liked. The most tuneful band of the evening in many ways. I hear they're under the protective wings of The Jam. That says it all.

Next were Starjets. Despite what I've been told, despite what I've read, I couldn't have liked them more. A band that used to wear Hawaiian shirts and sing Beach Boys harmonies! Total transformation into tough, rough Irish punks with a wealth of strong material.

The sound was peculiar but it didn't really matter as I watched a support band going down like they were the main attraction. Their attitude helped. "We're the Starjets and we're from Belfast!" Of course, you could never be quite sure how sincere they actually were.

High energy music packed into catchy songs. Though I wasn't sure about a cover of 'Jean Genie', the rest got the people pogoing as of old, 'Run With The Pack' and 'Smart Boys' with its superb line 'We eat the Fonz for breakfast'.

The single 'War Stories', a hit on *Juke Box Jury*, was performed with relish and it rattled

hum the tune and admire the methodical exposition.

This is classic trash. Not the celebrated Ramones comic strip or the it's-so-bad-it's-good syndrome but the kind of stuff pumped out by ultra professional late Sixties American bands, all seemingly faceless and all produced by characters like Cashman and West.

More than anything Sinceros songs remind of the numbers British pop bands were forced to record for their first single. You drag you carcass up and down the M1 for ten years and your reward is one 45 vinyl document released unheralded and unnoticed.

Don't get me wrong. I think this band is fine. Anglo bubblegum of the highest

ed along with an almost poppy appeal. From the words, I think that Starjets still read comics and don't mind admitting it.

The final impression. Lovable entertainers with music to match. Let's face it. Starjets just love being Starjets, and why not?

Stiff Little Fingers. A change from light-hearted chaos to serious intent. Undeniable fact. SLF are very, very, clever and totally committed. They're a four man crusade to right wrongs. And they state their case through their music.

But I wonder how many of frantically leaping bonded adolescents were really there to listen to the words.

Perhaps it was a mistake to begin the set with the two most obvious numbers, 'Suspect Device' and 'Alternative Ulster'. Or perhaps it was a statement of confidence. Even so, the rest of the set gave a strange impression of going downhill, something I never expected.

Sheer power is the key though, and singer Jake Burns spat out his feelings with a gravel voice that threatened

order, any attempt to inject urgency or emphasis into the musical or lyrical content is subordinated to the ultimate good of the conveyor belt.

Mark Kjeldsen's most distinctive composition 'Take Me To Your Leader' has a bass line that is suitably mechanical. Slowed down and made more deliberate it could have been a dirty adolescent excursion into the realms of Tommy James circa 'I Think We're Alone Now'. Instead we get a harmless, vacuous tune helped along by Don Snow's weedy keyboards. Their new single 'World's Apart' is an Ambre Solaire (beach) ball crusher as clinging as an oil slick, hummable, disposable yet annoyingly persistent.

All the signs indicate that The

to crack under the strain. Impossible to actually stand still. No-one did!

A sad postscript to the evening is that once again, a minority managed to spoil things for the majority. A few skinheads, members of a certain foul organisation, were enough to leave a bad taste in everyone's mouths and to cause SLF to storm off the

Sinceros are pinning a lot of faith on this assault. Burning bridges to reach the supertax bracket. Apart from the odd piece of reggae thrown in to keep the minority happy, there's nothing to suggest their potential versatility of the musicianship and the validity of individual pedigrees.

Determined, single minded, almost condescending at times, the force of collective conviction is more overwhelming than the sound they produce.

Just one thing though, with such a commercial band, surely sneered comments like "This one is for everybody in Kid Jensenland" amount to gross hypocrisy. Ain't it a bit like biting the hand that feeds?

CHRIS RYAN

stage after the encore of 'Tiger Feet'.

But still, I went with an open mind to see this group that has become so important, so soon, with their strange mix of politics and rock. And I admired them. 'Cos if I'd just wanted to listen to the music, I could always have gone to Ian Dury.

ROBBI MILLAR

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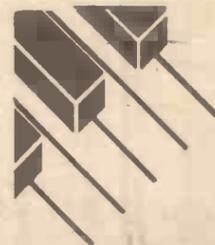
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## OK, punish yourself

### Cockney Rejects Bridge House

'FREEDOM?' STINKY Turner grabs his mike. His face contorted with passion, he hollers, 'There ain't no fuckin' freedom!' The words hang in the air for a minute like a midnight scream before the band, the rest of the Cockney Rejects explode with a passion of their own — a glorious supercharged assault, a smashing, crashing furious flurry of punk attack, the musical equivalent of the death throes of a harpooned whale.

Guitarist Micky Geggus provides the band's musical guts and backbone, thrashing at his instrument as if his life depends on it (it probably does) while wasted youth Andy Scott sits in on the rhythm boxes and to his right Vince Rjordan is-making his debut appearance as bassist. It's the first time I've ever seen the big man nervous.

Quickly the numbers explode into life: 'They're Gonna Put Me Away', 'Ready To Ruck', the single 'Flares And Slippers'... numbers that tell you as much about this band as any poorly proof-read interview. Sounds from the streets, from the East End with pride and passion. The real Sham?

The music is hard and muscly with obvious reference points like the early Sham, and more to the point the Upstarts. Yeah.

They're very much like the Upstarts, this band. The same spirit.

And it's that very vitality and self-belief that thaws through the cynics in the crowd and leads them to grudgingly wander up to your Bridge House correspondent with curt confessions of "Yeah, you're right. They are good..."

Best reception of the night came with the singalong 'Join The Rejects', an old Tickets fave 'Get Yourself Killed' taken over and remoulded as the band's theme: a mighty meaty anthem and statement of intent.

And even if some of us disagreed with a few of the lyrics (viz: 'Don't wanna support the Purple Hearts/They're just a bunch of boring farts') I don't think there was a mouth in the house not singing along on the chorus.

Last number was a drawn out 'Roadrunner' with Mickey in the crowd and mucho enthusiasm resulting in calls for more which Stink answered with a shrug and "OK, punish y'selves, it's up to youse". And we got 'Police Car' again. Had to be. Raw, rough, ready and...

Back in the dressing room Micky was a bit pissed off with sound quality but Vince put him right: "Listen to 'em, getting like a superstar already. Fuck the sound — everyone 'ad a good time. It was a laugh and that's all that matters."

Correctamundo.

GARRY BUSHELL

The page for musicians edited by Tony Mitchell

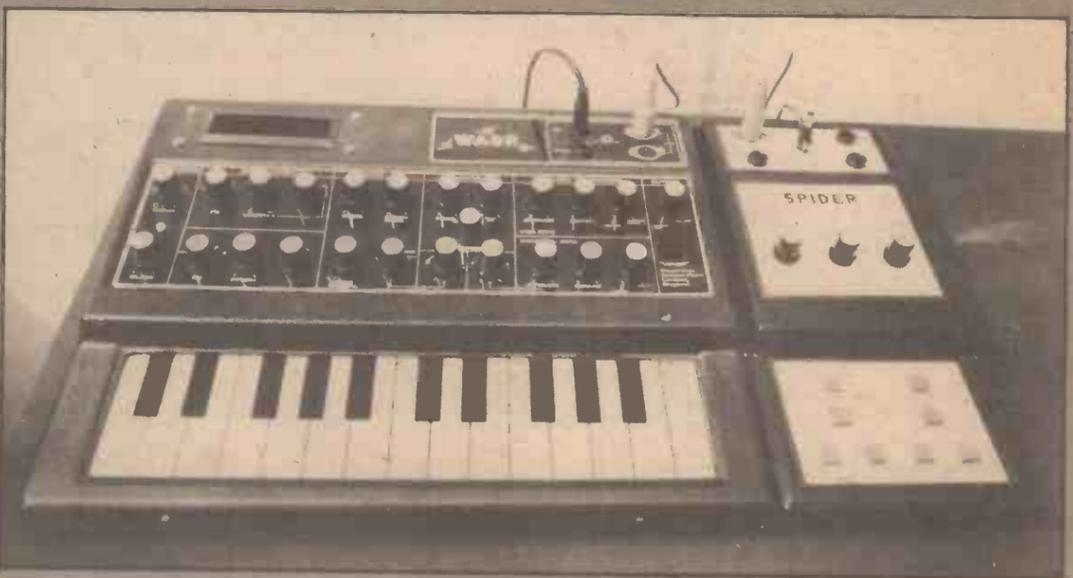
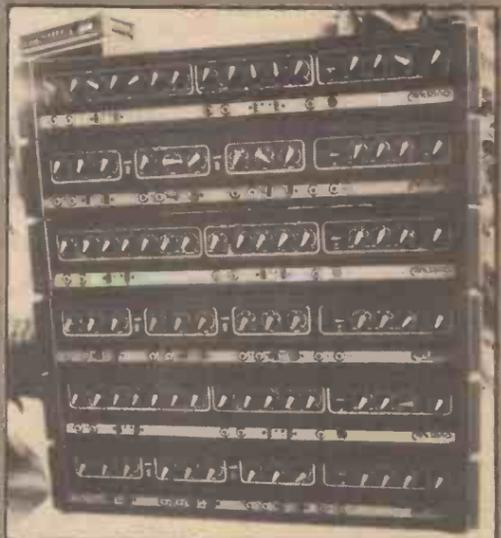
# blowin'

## MORE OLYMPIC RUNNERS

Part Two of our Live Music Show round-up.  
Pix by Jill Furmanovsky



TOP LEFT: Smart and very strong glass fibre guitar case in variety of finishes at just under £60 from Rick Brown; LEFT: a dapper-looking Paul Jones tries new MM microphone helped by PA:CE's Tony Reeves; ABOVE: Andy Powell checks out the Washburn Hawk; TOP RIGHT: The Little Devil, Gigsville's low cost answer to the Pignose practice amp; RIGHT: Colourful additions to Carlsbro's professional range; BELOW LEFT: Korg's synthesiser FX unit for guitars; BELOW RIGHT: Sister to the Wasp synth, the Spider sequencer at £199 has the same capability of units costing £500 or more.



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Compiled by SUSANNE GARRETT

# step pin out

The information here is correct at time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.

A square denotes a gig of special interest or importance (even if it's only good for a laugh or posing).

## THURSDAY AUGUST 16

AMERSHAM, Annes, Panther 45  
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Secret Affair/Back To Zero/Purple Hearts  
 BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Castle (52341), Merton Parkas  
 BRADFORD, Princeville (78845), Dirty Max  
 BRIGHTON, Buccaneer, (606906), The Tinsels/Airport  
 BRISTOL, Crockers (33793), Thieves Like Us  
 CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01-599 1533), Money  
 CHESTERFIELD, Fusion (32594), The Invaders  
 COVENTRY, Swanswell Tavern (22536), Targets/The Clique  
 FAREHAM, HMS Collingwood, State Affair  
 GLENROTHES, Rothas Arms (753701), Snapshots  
 GRAVESEND, Red Lion, (66127), Hollywood Wires  
 ILFORD, The Cranbrook, Jerry The Ferret  
 LEEDS, Fan Club, Brannigans (663252), Starjets/City Limits  
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Rokotto  
 LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-236 7881), Another Mystery RAR Benefit  
 LIVERPOOL, Tivoli Ballroom, Buckley (2782), TCOJ  
 LONDON, Albany, Deptford (01-692 0765), Oppression/Mr Zero/The Box/Targets  
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), The Business  
 LONDON, Camden Studios, Youth Club, Camden Street (01-202 0481), The Favourites/The Wimps  
 LONDON, Castle, Tooting (01-672 7018), The VIPs  
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band  
 LONDON, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0465), One To One  
 LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Charlie Ainley And The Misdeamours  
 LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 5410), Cygnus  
 LONDON, The Kensington, Russell Gardens, News Flash  
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Merger  
 LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), Trimmer And Jenkins  
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders  
 LONDON, Maunkberry's Jermyn Street (01-499 4623), Dana Gillespie  
 LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Budgie/Bombshell  
 LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Spizz Energi/Last Words  
 LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Yakety Yak  
 LONDON, Squires, Bromley Road, Catford, Gina And The Rockin' Rebels  
 LONDON, Swan Hammersmith (01-748 1043), Anniversary  
 LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), AI Green  
 LONDON, Wellington, Waterloo (01-228 6083), The Nobodys/The Idiot Dancers  
 LONDON, White Hart, Acton, The Name/Back To Zero  
 MANCHESTER, Factory, Russells (061-226 6821), Private Sector  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Newton Park Hotel (662010), Nato  
 NORWICH, Boogie House (612932), Squire  
 NORWICH, Cromwells (612909), Chairman Of The Board  
 PENZANCE, Demelza's Seafront (24751), The Vendettes/Lip Service  
 PLYMOUTH, HMS Drake, Fantasy  
 PORT TALBOT, Troubador (77968), Writz  
 PRESTON, The Warehouse, St John's Place (53216), Modernairs  
 SOUTHPORT, Scarisbrick (38321), The Accelerators  
 ST HELENS, Glassbridge Club (23324), Lies All Lies  
 STRATFORD, The Flamingo, Chas And Dave  
 SUNDERLAND, Fusion (59548), Black Gorilla  
 YORK, INL Club, Warmgate, Little Tony And The Tennessee Rebels



THE WHO return in triumph this week complete with drummer Kenny Jones, at London's Wembley Stadium big-name bash (Saturday, 2.00am - 10.00pm), with The Stranglers, Nils Lofgren and AC/DC.

Picture by SKR Photos

## FRIDAY AUGUST 17

ASHTON, Spread Eagle (061-330 5732), Zanathus  
 BARKINGSIDE, Old Maypole (01-500 2186), Flying Saucers  
 BARNSTAPLE, Chequers (71794), Writz  
 BATH, Brillig (64364), Kevin Brown  
 BILSTON, Rising Star Club, Mount Pleasant, JALN Band  
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Budgie  
 BIRMINGHAM, Mercat Cross (021-622 3281), The Quads  
 BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Arts Centre (56333), Vambo  
 BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Castle (52341), The Invaders  
 BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Nicky And The Dots/Dirty Weekend  
 BRIGHTON, Hanbury Arms (550503), Hollywood Wires  
 BRIGHTON, Lewes Road Inn, Lewes Road, Rock Island Line  
 BRISTOL, Crockers (33793), Thieves Like Us  
 BURTON ON TRENT, 76 Club (61037), Cowboys International  
 CHELMSFORD, City Tavern, Football Ground (412601), Essential Logic  
 DONCASTER, Mona Club, Tarot  
 DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Merton Parkas  
 EDINBURGH, Clouds (031-229 5353), The Ruts/Linton Kwezi Johnson/The Visitors  
 EXETER, Barnfield Theatre (70891), Moving Picture/Busby Berkeley's  
 FOLKESTONE, Golden Arrow (38706), The Record Players  
 GUILDFORD, Royal Hotel (75173), Lilettes  
 KIRKLEVINGTON, Country Club (Edglescliffe 780093), The Young Ones  
 LEEDS, Vivas (456249), City Limits



THE LONG march of the mods, led by London band Secret Affair who recently signed an exclusive marketing and distribution deal with Arista, plus Purple Hearts and Back to Zero, continues at Birmingham Barbarellas (Thursday), Manchester Factory (Friday), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (Saturday), Swansea Circles (Monday) and Newport Stowaway (Wednesday).

Picture by Rick Prior

LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Rokotto  
 LEICESTER, TUL Club, Matchbox  
 LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-236 7881), The Selector  
 LONDON, Albany, Deptford (01-692 0765), Misty/Top Hat  
 LONDON, Black Bull, Lewisham (01-690 1026), Gina And The Rockin' Rebels  
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Bumpers  
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Carol Grimes' Sweet FA  
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Salt Water Band/Harry And The Atoms  
 LONDON, Duke of Wellington, Balls Pond Road, Islington, Squire  
 LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01-485 9006), Angelic Upstarts/The Low Numbers/Robert And The Remoulds  
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham (01-385 0526), Dog Watch  
 LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Blues Band  
 LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham (01-223 8309), The Extras  
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders  
 LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Toyah/Agony Column  
 LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Black Slate/The Pack  
 LONDON, Newlands, Stuart Road, Peckham, Red Tape  
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), John Spencer's Alternatives  
 LONDON, Royal Albert, New Cross Road, Deptford, Rubber Johnny  
 LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park (01-478 0660), Jerry The Ferret  
 LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Red Beans And Rice  
 LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), AI Green (two shows)  
 LONDON, Vespas, Global Village, Villiers Street, Charing Cross (01-839 2803), Terra Nova/The Business/Bombshell/Sta-Prest (All-niter - 9.00pm-6.00am)  
 LONDON, Wellington, Waterloo (01-228 6083), The Head/Spitful Horses  
 LONDON, White Lion, Putney (01-788 1540), The VIP's  
 LUTON, Town Hall (42273), Pneumonia/Decay/The Clips  
 MAIDSTONE, Detling Village Hall, Pulsaters  
 MANCHESTER, Factory, Russells, Royce Road (061-226 6821), Secret Affair/Back To Zero/Purple Hearts  
 NEWTON POWYS, Newton Arms, The Kidda Band  
 NORTHAMPTON, The Paddocks, Harpole Turn, The Jets/Rhythm Gates  
 OXFORD, Oranges And Lemons (42660), Disco Students  
 PENZANCE, Festival of Fools Site, Ponsandene, Phantom Orchestra/Fools Roadshow And More  
 RETFORD, Porterhouse (70498), Starjets  
 ROTHERHAM, East Herringthorpe Sports And Social Club, Strange Days  
 RUNCORN, Old Town, Shattered Dolls  
 SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (63204), Dirty Max  
 SOUTHEND, Minerva (714691), Johnny Jay  
 STOKE, Green Star (87237), Witchfynde  
 STROUD, Subscription Rooms (6321), Cygnus  
 SUNDERLAND, Boilermakers Club, Charles Street, White Spirit  
 SWANSEA, Hafod Inn (53617), The Next Step  
 TRURO, William IV (3334), Scissor Fits  
 UXBRIDGE, Unit One, Whitehall Road (01-574 2005), The Operatives/The Adults  
 WALSALL, Town Hall (21244), TCOJ  
 WARWICK, Red Lion (42944), Targets  
 WIGAN, Mr M's (43501), Anniversary

## SATURDAY AUGUST 18

ALFRETON, Leisure Centre, Flashcats/Nightmares/Strange Days  
 AYR, Darlington Hotel (68275), Sky Train  
 BATH, Brillig (64364), Kevin Brown  
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Straight 8/Roy Sundholm Band  
 BIRMINGHAM, Railway Social Club, Vauxhall, Gina And The Rockin' Rebels  
 BIRMINGHAM, Toby Jug, The Quads  
 BIRMINGHAM, WRC Hopwood, Gentleman Jim  
 BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Arts Centre (56333), The Chevrons  
 BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Castle (52341), Reality Band  
 BRACKNELL, Bridge House (25396), Sledgehammer  
 BRIGHTON, Portslade Town Hall, Hound Dog  
 BURNLEY, Bank Hall Miners Club, Flying Saucers  
 CANNOCK, Troubador (Burntwood 2141), The Kidda Band  
 CARLISLE, Wigton Market Hall (23411), The Invaders  
 CHELTENHAM, Whitcombe Lodge (Whitcombe 3308), Secret Affair/Back To Zero/Purple Hearts  
 CINDERFORD, Rugby Club, Black Gorilla  
 COVENTRY, Dog And Trumpet (21678), Paris  
 CRAWLEY, Leisure Centre, Haslett Avenue (3431), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Mona/The Passions (2pm onwards - Save A Child's Life Campaign benefit) Campaign benefit  
 DONCASTER, Granby Club, The Diks  
 DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Lew Lewis' Reformer  
 HALIFAX, Good Mood Club, Crown Street (68905), Starjets  
 HIGH WYCOMBE, Town Hall (26100), The Buzzards/The Beez/TV Surfboys/Atomic Rockers  
 IPSWICH, Running Buck (52914), TCOJ  
 LEEDS, Fforde Grene (623470), Tarot  
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Rokotto  
 LEYSDOWN, (Isle of Sheppey), New Island Hotel, Leydown Road, All Night Band  
 LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-236 7881), The Adverts/Local Operator  
 LIVERPOOL, Windsor Street Playing Field, Windsor Street, The Accelerators/Stools/Ozones/Leaving Twentieth Century/The Proverbs/The Silver Duffie Coats/Taboo/The Geisha Girls/The Jetsons And More (10.00am-6.00pm - open air festival)  
 LONDON, Albany, Deptford (01-692 0765), Splodgenessabounds  
 LONDON, Black Bull, Lewisham (01-690 1026), Shades  
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), The Blues Band  
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-276 4967), Salt Water Band/Harry And The Atoms

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SUN 19th AUG (Adm £1.25) <b>THE CHORDS</b> Vapours & Jerry Floyd	MON 20th AUG (Adm £1.25) <b>TERRA NOVA</b> Plus Support & Jerry Floyd
TUE 21st AUG (Adm £1.50) <b>THE BUZZARDS</b> Plus Support & Joe Lung	WED 22nd AUG (Adm £1.25) <b>THE DRONES</b> Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd
THURS 23rd AUG (Adm £1.50) <b>PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY</b> Plus Guests & Ian Fleming	

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+  
Support

Saturday 18th August  
**WRITZ**

MONO MODS?

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**TOYAH**  
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Saturday 18th  
**CAROL GRIMES**  
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Monday 20th  
Heavy Metal Night Featuring  
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VILLAGE**

VILLIERS STREET,  
Charing cross

**TERRA NOVA**

(featuring ex Manfred Mann)

+  
**THE BUSINESS  
+ BOMBSHELL**

Plus 2 DJs, jugglers,  
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more surprises  
plus music  
Adm. £2 from 9 pm.  
Lic. bar till 3 am.  
Hot food and soft  
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Spend Friday Night  
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the Who at  
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Saturday 18th

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**SECRET AFFAIR  
MADNESS  
PURPLE HEARTS  
THE SELECTOR  
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LYCEUM

SUNDAY 26th AUGUST at 6.30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,  
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plus Special Guests  
**THE LOW NUMBERS**  
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**Fri. 17 Aug. at 8pm**

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SUNDAY OCT. 21st 7.30pm.

Tickets £4.50, available from

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Brockhurst Crescent, Walsall  
enclose S.A.E.

## TRISPEN PAYRE

SATURDAY 25th AUGUST

Ennis Farm, St. Erme, Trispen  
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Children under 12 FREE  
£2.50 Advance Sales

From: 3 Chapel Terr., Illogan  
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25p Parking per Car - No Bar

Proceeds to: INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD

MUSIC FROM **MIDDAY - MIDNIGHT**

THE CAROL GRIMES - THE BUZZARDS  
THE MICKEY FINN BAND - THE YOUNG ONES  
ANACONDA - BRANIACS - THE FANS  
PARKING LOT - LIP SERVICE



Personal

PENFRIENDS HOME and abroad SAE Triple Club, 7 Home Park Stoke, Plymouth, Devon

SUZIE CROMPTON you moved before I replied, please write again. Mike BM-7136 London WC1 V6.

JULIEANN JARVIS, Happy Anniversary. Love you, Les.

WHAT'S THIS nuclear knickers bit? Big Arthur's an idiot by Josef Stalin.

PUNKETTE WANTS. Punk into Pistols, Gigs, Sex, etc. Age unimportant. London Area, Box No 8105.

CHAP 23, Liverpool area looking for appreciative girl for outings to pubs, clubs and the pictures, any chance of a photo, Box No 8104.

MALE 21 needs female for love, into Free, Hillage. Box No 8103.

BORED FELLA not very good looking into Punk wants girlfriend. All letters answered, plus phone number. Box No 8099.

GUY 19, Good looking but shy seeks Girl for gigs etc. London area, Box No 8098.

GENESIS FREAK seeks person for READING FESTIVAL North East area. Ring Steve, Whitley Bay 533834. No freaks.

DEAR, "ELVIS Th' Pelvis" Fans - Arthur's Bigger... Signed - Enis'. (Hello Disco Zombies).

MANCHESTER GIRL 19, seeks other female for Punk gigs. Box No 8095.

PUNKETTE HOLIDAYING Huddersfield/Manchester late August. Seeks friends. Box No 8094.

READING FESTIVAL - Persons to share transport from Northampton - Interested? Phone Lynn Johnson at Barrow-In-Furness 28007 (Evenings).

ROSETRÉE PENCLUB - For dating and penfriends. All ages. Welcome. Friendly people 16 upwards send SAE to 1 Darwin Close, Farnborough, Kent.

LONDON GUY 21 seeks girl 16+ to write and meet. Looks unessential, London area pref. Box No 8083.

BORED PUNK seeks pretty (vacant) punkette (around 15-16) for gigs and a good time, photo if possible, London area (North) Box No 8082.

DREW JARDIN remember Roseneath, please get in touch. Box No 8081.

SHY ILFORD guy (19) seeks similar girl for going out and good times. Box No 8080.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY on Wednesday Kennyluv Suzanne.

LONELY SINCERE male 24, quite shy, interests art, cinema, countryside, all rock, seeks quite gentle loving lady 18-25 non smoker with similar interests to write/meet for lasting relationship. Cleveland area genuine replies pleas Box No 8089.

MALE 34 requires genuine friendship, interests sounds, sports and driving northern England. Box No 8088.

SHY MALE 20 West Yorkshire seeks attractive female into pop disco for friendship and outings. Box No 8087.

LOONEY PUNKETTE seeks looney punk for laughs and a great time. Photo appreciated, London area. Box No 8086.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK MAN (22) 5ft 6", athletic, kind and considerate, wants caring girl friend who do not mind going dutch sometimes; interested in athletics; art; music; films; reading and going out. I live in Essex. Box No 8085.

MALE 26 free for bored female. Cambs Box No 8084.

FLYING SAUCERS, Photos, stings, skywatching, newsletters, Details SAE British UFO Society, 47 Belsize Square, London NW3

PENFRIENDS HOME and abroad, SAE, HGB penfriends, PO Box 109, Stoke-on-Trent.

HOW TO GET GIRLFRIENDS What to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girl you fancy SAE for free details. Matchrite Publications, School Road, Frampton Cotterell, Bristol BS17 2BX.

AMERICAN GUY 24 been in UK before - back again into rock/fun girls anywhere photo appreciated. Box No 8010

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JOKES FART Powder, imitation sick, crappalot tea bags, bloody mouth chewing gum, exploding pens, smoke



# LETTERS

## ALTERNATIVE ULCER

DATE — SUNDAY August 5, 1979. Venue — Hammersmith Palais. Band — Stiff Little Fingers. To the strains of 'Land Of Hope And Glory', SLF hit the stage with a brilliant 'Suspect Device'. From the very start I could see the trouble makers. Massive knuckleheads standing around in groups 'seig heiling' the band. Into 'Alternative Ulster' and they're clearing people away. Jake Burns spots them and says that "They aren't going to ruin this gig, like they did at Sham 69." A huge roar comes from the crowd that came to see the band. A skin jumps on the stage and embraces Jake: the well attired bouncers move him away. Between numbers 'Seig Heils' can be clearly heard. I was sickened.

The band were on for about 50 minutes, and then they came back for the encore. They play three-quarters of 'Tiger Feet', and then stop. About ten skins are running after one terrified person. Jake requests that the spotlight is put upon them. It is, and they look sheepishly at one another. People are now drifting off. Jake says that they are bastards, and throws the microphone down. He contemplates throwing his guitar but resists the temptation, the drumkit is destroyed with one push from Jim Reilly, and the band storm off. The houselights go up, and the gig is over. All 55 minutes of it. £3.20 well spent? Outside it was pure 'Clockwork Orange'. Innocent Bystander 521984. (Address withheld for obvious reasons)

## JIMMY RIDDLE

THE MNE review of the Murderers 96 farewell gig, London; "A tearful Jimmy Pursuit after the Murds farewell gig at London on Tuesday said that he was sick and tired of all the violence at Murderers gigs and he was glad that Murderers 96 were now disbanded. When asked for his comments on Murderers' torrid history Mr Pursuit said "In the beginning it was just for murderers on the street but British Movement murderers have got hold of it now." Asked if he thought whether song titles such as "If The Murderers Are United (Then They'll Never Be Dismembered)" and 'Hurry Up Crippen' could have possibly attracted a violent element Jimmy said "No way. Our songs are just about people having a good time, but some people have got a real down on Murderers and we have been subjected to a hell of a lot of banning and police harassment. It's just not fair." — Norman Kark.

## BILL'S ALL RIGHT

RIGHT YOU lot, I have had just enough of the press — and music papers in particular — getting at our coppers. It seems that hardly a week goes by without someone or other branding the police (not the group, you rabble) as racist/fascist pigs. Well I and a lot of others of my age group reckon it's about time you lot of drunken sods and idle degenerates came to your senses (if it's possible) and realise how bloody marvellous our police force is. They've got a bloody hard job fighting crime without having to cope with abuse thrown at them by sods who don't have any sort of respect for authority at all. People say coppers are corrupt and use violence — bollocks! If someone was hitting you over the head with a piece of drainpipe you wouldn't ask them to 'kindly put it down' would you? You'd try and bloody well protect yourself. So do they.



MICK of Japan

## DREAMBOATS OF THE WEEK

THANK FOR the terrific pictures of all the dishy males in 'letters' (KK Downing, Mick Schenker etc) but how about some cute boys in Sounds for all us gay rock fans? I think you should have a picture of both Mick out of Japan 'cos he's got a pretty face, and a picture of Fabean out of 'Cuddly Toys' 'cos he looks well hung! If you print nice pictures of these gorgeous axemen I will literally cream my jeans, and paste them on the gay switchboard office wall. — Steven B., a gay Euston Punk



OTWAY's nude feet

LAST WEEK on this very page you were responsible for giving my brother a cheap thrill. (It was MY copy of Sounds). Admittedly it was probably quite unintentional on your part, but the sordid fact remains that by printing a picture of Rob Halford's leather clad thighs you sent my brother into a quite enviable state of ecstasy. Since I absolutely despise 'Big Rob' (snigger, he always reminds me of a plucked chicken for some reason!) I found the whole thing utterly puke provoking.

However, I would feel much better (and incidentally, much more likely to buy Sounds next week) if you would please print a picture of one of John Otway's feet, preferably naked and preferably the left one. (Not that I'm the least bit perverted you understand!) Yours in trembling anticipation. — Ferrette de Mowbray, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

pic by Chris Walter

worse by papers like yours implying that it's 'hip' to be anti-police. You know where you can stuff that theory. Give our police a break — they are bloody marvellous. — Wendy, Allerton, Liverpool 18.

## BRENT CROSS

THIS MAY appear like one of those "I'm not a Racist but ..." letters that appear in the daily press, but I am writing this to correct the wrong impression given in Jaws (August 4) concerning the cancellation of the open air gig organised by Young Socialists in Brent, held at a local park, and featuring The Ruts and Misty.

As much as I deplore the actions of NF/BM skinheads, your report, brief as it was, was incorrect. The gig was due to start at 3.00 pm on Sunday afternoon, and from about 2.00 pm onwards, around 2,000 people had gathered at the park. Noticeably, but supposedly discreetly, there was a coach load of police parked in a nearby street, as well as several patrolling on foot. I don't think, however, that their presence caused any provocation.

At the park a stage and some equipment such as speakers and a mixing desk had been erected, and because of the rain, the start was going to be delayed until 4.00-4.30 pm, I learnt from one of the organisers. Then, just after 4 o'clock, and with no announcement, all the equipment that had been set up was taken down.

Naturally enough, the anticipation and frustration that had built up among the crowd led to missiles and abuse being hurled at the stage and any organisers visible. When the skinheads started chanting and raising their arms, it was evident trouble was going to begin, and at one time they threatened to run amok through the rest of the crowd.

It was then that my friends and I decided to leave, as it was clear that no music was going to be played, and we didn't wish to provide the skinheads with something to vent their feelings upon, not being of the same persuasion as them.

It was as we were leaving that things got worse, and the stage was invaded, with pleas from organisers via a megaphone, to clear the stage, the first official announcement that was made. It was only later that I learnt from another organiser that the gig had been cancelled due to bad weather, and therefore the stage invasion and chanting etc were subsequent action of the cancellation. It must be pointed out that the stage was not covered by a roof or anything else, and there was a danger of the bands electrocuting themselves.

The frustration was only natural, especially as no official announcement by organisers or band members were made and everyone was left gig-less, having stood waiting in the wind and rain for about two hours, and no doubt out of pocket. I personally wasted £1.60 and an afternoon. Perhaps better organisation would have recognised the necessity of a covered stage.

Still, all this obviously does not warrant the behaviour of the skinheads, but I feel the matter had to be rectified. Your report was presumably written as it was to add more effect/sensationalism to the events at Sham 69's Rainbow gig.

I hope you print this to admit to your mistake, but the intention is to do this, and not to glorify the actions of the right-wing skinheads or condone their behaviour or absolve them from blame for their actions — R. Manchee.

I NEVER thought I would have to write a letter like this but I am getting really pissed off about how the 'punk' scene has turned out. All this arguing between different groups really gets me depressed. I read Parsons and Burchills book and I laughed at it first but I'm beginning to see through the fog now. Rock'n'roll is dying. I have to admit that Lydon is almost right about it being stone-dead but disco is also dead. Disco, rock'n'roll, heavy metal, reggae, mod and punk have all thrived on fashion.

Look at punk. The Pistols started it off, but it started to go wrong. The destruction of the Sex Pistols started when Matlock was sacked and Vicious was brought in. Then there were all the band-waggoners. Most made few records and split while others hung on and what are we left with?

For a start there is Pursey. He wants to 'bring punk back alive' but he has helped to destroy it along with a lot of other wankers. He was quoted in Sniffing Glue 12 (July '77) that he 'wanted to rub the rich kids' noses in the shit he had to put up with'. Go forward to April '79 on Radio One's 'Personal Call' he stated to some stupid bitch that punk was not only for working class but for 'everyone'. On the same show he didn't want Sham to be the best band in the world, that it was the lyrics that counted. Now he joins up with Cook and Jones who he claims are 'the best rock musicians in Britain'.

Finally in SG 12 (before Sham signed to Polydor) Pursey said you shouldn't buy records from groups but see them live instead otherwise the smaller groups would die out leaving another set of supergroups. But are the Sex Pistols Mk III not going to be a big 'supergroup'? How could we see Sham after they gave up gigs? I've come to the conclusion that Pursey didn't make up his group's name from a bog wall but using the 'Sham' as in 'fake'. Pursey stinks.

When the original Chelsea line-up split Gene October formed a new Chelsea while the other three formed Generation X. They used to wear rags and sang a song with a line saying they would never sell out. Now they often release very safe-sounding singles and Idol now reclaims his middle-class background. Idol said all groups had to sell out. I suppose they do to get the money he's making. Then again there's the Clash. Their 2nd LP was grossly over-rated. Their music is losing excitement, their politics are dwindling to pop songs and Joe just wants to look 'sort of flash' these days. Easy to do with his bundles of money.

Then you come to the real dirt. The scummy groups who never shouted against anyone but who posed in punk gear to get themselves noticed. Groups like the Rats, Blondie, Dickies, Undertones and all the others who would slash their wrists to get in the Top 20. Nothing makes me sicker than to see school-kid morons who know f--- all about punk thinking these groups are punk. Pop more like.

A new group 'The Cockney Rejects' claim they will never commercialise. The originals all said that as well though. Captain Sensible once said that the hippy groups took the money they ripped off fans and ran. He said he wouldn't be fooled again. I'm sorry to say that you have Cap! Pursey fooled himself because he said punk was about saying what you felt and he also slagged Lydon, but Lydon's lyrics in 'Public Image' are the most valid I have ever read. Read PIL reviews. Lydon isn't punk but



FABEAN of Cuddly Toys

Ireland, how the hell are they expected to crack down on the bloody mindless psychopaths that call themselves the IRA if they can't use hard-questioning methods — they might as well pat the killers on the head and send them away with a warning — fat chance of no more violence.

Occasionally people have to use force to fight force but if a copper so much as raises his hand to clobber someone he's accused of violence. A lot of rumpus was made of Blair Peach's death. What about all the brave coppers in Northern Ireland who get blown up each year plus all those injured at rallies and at footy matches? Christ I feel sorry for them — there they have to protect factions which brand them racists from factions who are out to get as many scalps as they can — once again the poor bloody coppers are caught in the middle.

The situation is also made

he knows what he is talking about. God save all the Real Punk bands who are keeping rock'n'roll just alive. In your next issue of Sounds instead of putting 'Roscoe Moscow - Who killed Rock'n'Roll' in it print this because it's people like Pursey, McLaren, Idol and Geldof who really helped to kill it. - A Scottish punk who is unemployed and depressed with 'pop punk'.

**DICK BARTON (1)**

WITH REFERENCE to the criticism of Rainbow's new album 'Down To Earth', we have come to the conclusion that Geoff Barton is a purulent, sudoriferous dotard. (Well put - Intellectual Ed.) What have Rainbow done wrong to deserve being reviewed by 'Bender' Barton, (He isn't - Homosexual Ed.) who obviously knows little, if anything, about them?

He incorrectly names one track i.e. 'Lady Starstruck' which should not have the 'Lady' bit at all. He also admits his insanity by saying that he is a Kiss fan, and has the audacity to compare this crap band, through their lyrics, with Rainbow. He should have saved his comparisons with Kiss for a Dooleys album review. Listening to Kiss is enough to make a stunted budgie writhe in its own excrement. (Well put - Scatological Ed.)

He complains about 'Catch The Rainbow' from 'On Stage' (which happens to be 3 1/4 minutes shorter than the retinuous one stated); but even if it was 3 1/2 hours long, would it not be true to say that 3 1/2 hours would be better spent producing excellent heavy rock, than putting on make up as do Kiss? Also, I don't think that Tony Carey and David Stone would take kindly to being called 'ham-fisted singalong pub piano players'.

How can 'All Night Long' be said to be like 'one from the Simmons/St Stanley songbook', when the track is in fact written by excellent musicians, and therefore nothing like anything Simmons and Stanley have produced.

In answer to the 'Bender's' question about whether the album is worth buying; well obviously it is, miles more so than 'Dynasty', which I recently noticed was being flogged for a mere £2.99, in a desperate attempt, by one of our local record stores, to attract the attention of the insane customer.

To sum up this letter, I hope for Barton's sake (or maybe I should not) that Blackmore doesn't get to know of the reviews or he could find himself in the 'Danger Zone'. - Phil, Sime and Rick of the Anti Kiss League, York.

**HATCHET JOB**

HAVING READ an article slamming Molly Hatchet I thought I'd write one thanking them for a really nice album. If they are to be compared to Lynyrd Skynyrd then listen to 'Gator Country' - probably just as good as 'Freebird'. To Phil who criticised them - I think Hendrix would turn in his grave to hear Blondie is the best thing to come out of America. If your taste lies with that crap, then you shouldn't mock good music, otherwise the Hatchet will be on you. - Alan, Sydenham.

**LEPPARD SPOT**

JUST SUPPOSE for a minute that rock music could be likened to horse racing, and an ante-post market could be formed on potential bands, it would be more than likely that Def Leppard would receive the shortest odds. After quite a substantial amount of publicity c/o, John Peel, Andy Peebles and Sounds of course, this band (if their debut on vinyl is anything to go by) will make Rock League Div. 1.

Not only are they all good players, they have also approached a tough assault course in the right manner, and at just the right time. Their EP simply called 'The Def Leppard EP', is nothing short of brilliant. I can see this platter being much sought after when Def Leppard take a stranglehold on the world of Heavy Metal, both



**Honey, that's what I want**

*LIFE HAD lost its meaning. I was bored with Blondie, nacked with Niagara, cool for Kate. Even staring at my Kirsty MacColl sleeve failed to raise much interest. I'd even taken to ringing up the Iranian Embassy and shouting 'The Shah Is Fab' to put a bit of sparkle back into my life. And then it happened. I opened last week's Sounds and saw the picture of Honey Bane of the Fatal Microbes. Suddenly life was worth living. What a peach. Honey, Honey, Honey... - Pooh, Bear, Pooh Corner, Sussex.*

*I FEEL I must protest at your continual use of the female sex to satisfy a section of your readership (Well put. - Double entendre Ed.). For how much longer will women in rock have to put up with being used as sex objects? Sounds has been most helpful to progressive movements such as 'Rock Against Racism' and has always attempted to be ahead in its political and social thinking, so I am surprised that this music paper continues to be so blatantly sexist.*

*The practice of printing photos of Debbie Harry (or whoever) pouting and so forth all help to undermine the work of feminist organisations such as 'Rock Against Sexism'. The mass media can have great influence on people's attitudes, and I'm sure that you at Sounds are aware of that. As most papers etc, treat women as objects and not human beings, it would be most encouraging to see a music weekly like Sounds take a firm stand against this kind of thing. I hope you will at least think about it. - Mark Challen, Ilford, Essex.*

*I WOULD like to know why you decided to illustrate your Maximum Technology section with gagged and bound women. As a female I considered the whole thing offensive and no doubt other female readers (you realise females read your mag don't you?) felt the same. No doubt you'd give space to RAS who are endeavouring to improve the image of women in rock. So why don't you make the effort too? - Lydia Duemmel, Bristol 6.*

*WHEN I first moved into my Wharfdale Linton, life was fun. The owners would play nice, loud music. AC/DC, Sabbath, Quo, Motorhead bootlegs etc. However my life has become appallingly dull due to the new owner's crap taste in music. (Disco - enough said). But, horror, worse is to follow.*

*Thursday was THE day of my life, the day I always bought Sounds. Then two months ago disaster struck. The last picture of Lita Ford was printed and now all we get is Debris Harry and Niagara. The last issue had Kate Bush in it, a huge step in the right direction, so please, I beg, print just one more picture of Lita or Vicki Blue just to make my life in this Wharfdale Linton a little more exciting, after all I do suffer and if I do not get my last wish I shall be forced to move to a new speaker. Any offers? - Jona, HM Fanatic, & a Frantic 4.*

here and in the colonies. Yes, at last we have a new 'no nonsense get down and get with it'. Rock band emerging from the glut of Disco and New Wave, and let's hope that they don't fall by the wayside for some goddam stupid internal or managerial reason, like Lone Star did a couple of years back. - Tony Shelley, Birds Nest Ave, New Parks Est., Leicester.

**HEART OF CLASS**

I'D LIKE to object to the slugging the late New Hearts are getting from the music press in every article on Secret Affair. They have been put down as 'power-floppers' and 'no-hopers'. This is because they are only thought of as they were in the last months before the band split, or worse still as they were at the Reading Festival.

New Hearts were very much involved in the start of this current mod 'renewal'. As the support band on the Jam's 1977 November tour they were much admired by the small band of mods who had begun to follow the Jam, for their powerful pop songs, their attitude to music, life, posing etc and their clothes.

Quite justifiably they refused to be classed as a 'mod' band at that time, as this would certainly have caused them to be rejected by the majority of press and punters. Nevertheless a handful of mods did adopt the New Hearts as the band to

see when the Jam weren't gigging, although this following dropped as the power-pop hype got to the band.

To me personally the New Hearts were a really F.A.B. band. Had it not been for the press (Tony Parsons your review of 'Teenage Anthem' has not been forgotten) they might have become really great. At least Ian and Dave have got something equally as groovy going with Secret Affair.

The New Hearts and also the Jolt, who seem to have sunk without trace deserve credit for fostering the early stirrings of 'mod' way back in 1977. Don't slag 'em, they were the originals. Sadly ecstatic, teenage and naive, away from the numbers - 'Chip', 'Southend' Mods.

**ONES IS ENOUGH**

JUST READ a letter from August 4 Sounds. Evidently there's a guy in Port Talbot who's advising punks to go to a Young Ones gig. I would just like to say that I wouldn't advise my worst enemy to see the aforementioned bunch of slug droppings.

I went to see 'em a month or so ago at an open air concert and they were without doubt the biggest bunch of posers I have ever seen. It comes as no surprise that punk is dying if these are rated as a punk band. They could ruin civilisation as we know it. - Cyg and the Green Gate Grevilles, Romford, Essex.

**WHAT CAN WE SAY?**

THIS IS an open reply to Arlene Tey of the Burnt Out Stars who slagged off those poor old rock journalists (including Sounds staff) in last week's ish. I feel that it is about time that someone stood up for those poor sods like Bushell and McCullough (and even Barton) et al who get more stick than Spurs away at Arsenal.

I play in a band called the Decoys (for it is they), and we have been in existence for a lot longer than a few weeks. We have been round all the major (and minor) agencies and venues in London without getting one gig to show for it, all because we are a young band from some bloody hole in Sussex, and don't have the contracts or know any of the 'right' people. Bands like ourselves would give anything for a 'few weeks work' (have BOS ever had to do a gig where they hired the hall, took money at the door for two hours, did the disco, swept up the damn place after playing the gig, and all for a loss? We have) and mentions in all ('except one') of the music papers.

I am afraid I disagree with Arlene; most of the 'people in the music biz (especially the lower echelons inhabited by ourselves) are rip off merchants and sharks, but not rock journalists. They are the only damn people we have met who will take our music at face

value, regardless of whether we have our Vespas serviced by the Merton Parkas or have washed out Billy Idol's jock straps. Okay, they can be, now shall we say, idiosyncratic (what!) at times, but for lots of young bands they are the only hope - witness last week's excellent piece on the Cockney Rejects.

So come on BOS, don't take refuge behind a veil of 'unfair criticism' - use the chances you are lucky to have and take note of what such people say, because more often or not it is very pertinent and helpful. I don't really see how someone who criticises the critics for lack of 'intelligent comments' and then goes on to launch a mindless tirade against the Rats single ('an appallingly boring piece of plastic') without making one constructive criticism can really hope for our sympathy. And by the way, I thought rock music was all about 'entertainment value' (or am I wrong?).

So go on all you bozos at Sounds, keep up the good work. I'll buy you a beer any day (just give us a ring). And anyone who can help the Decoys (I knew there was a catch - Ed) with management and/or gigs, please ring Nigel Rayner on 01-408 1555 ext 2502 days or 0444 50962 evenings and weekends. Ta and goodnight - A sycophantic Decoy.

**DICK BARTON (2)**

AS I believe that in this little country of ours, everybody is entitled to their own opinions I have up till now resisted the temptation to complain about what I consider to be a bad review, or the infantile prattlings of Bushell and McCullough. However, the time has come, my patience has finally worn thin.

What could have caused this I hear you ask (do I?), well 'tis quite simple Carruthers, Barton's 'review' of the latest Rainbow LP. If my memory serves me correctly GB awarded the 'Long Live' LP 4 1/2 stars which, to me, seems to be over the top, for that album was something I had never expected from Blackmore - an average, mediocre and in places downright awful platter. If the music was not too brilliant, when the production ranks as the most turgid I have yet encountered, to be honest the LP sounded as if it was recorded in a mortuary. So on the release of the 'Down To

Earth' newie Barton awards it 3 stars and proceeds to whine (ad nauseam) about cliché-ridden lyrics, and this from a man who admits his fave raves (the godawful Kiss) are responsible for perpetrating the most appalling lyrical monstrosities known to civilised (and uncivilised) man. A small piece of advice GB, those who reside in straw houses should not light matches.

Next the misguided wretch tells us Graham Bonnet is trying TOO HARD (I), my god man, what would please you, should he don white and silver make-up (Ace Frehley style), lie on his back on the studio floor and shout the lyrics out?

The final straw (you know the one that broke the camel's back) is when you inform us that Rainbow playing Russ Ballard's 'Since You've Been Gone' is the pits. I think it necessary to say the song is an excellent one, played magnificently and sung in fine manner by Bonnet (remember him, he tries too hard, ha - bleeding - ha!)

Really Barton your comments rank as some of the most puerile I have read in your publication, a two-year-old could make more objective statements, so why don't you go and bury yourself in the 800 Kiss albums so far recorded, you obviously appreciate American trash more than good ol' British superbo-metal.

Finally to Ritchie Blackmore - you've never sounded better; to Cozy Powell - carry on annihilating; to Roger Glover - marvellous production; stupendous bass playing; to Don Airey - at last somebody who can play keyboards (and how!); and to Graham Bonnet a special thanks for great singing. In fact I haven't been so inspired by vocals since the first time I heard Ian Gillan screaming 'Child In Time' and David Coverdale bellowing 'Mistreated'. - M. S. Buldeath, Derby.

**PLAGIARISM**

JUST A short note to point out that the letter you printed last week from JR Tolkien (Scarborough, Norf York) consisted almost entirely of excerpts from Woody Allen's 'Without Feathers', except that Woody defrosted the fridge and the names of the people had been substituted. This person should be more original. - The Master of Fatality, c/o the Stoke Newington College of Further Educucashon, Glasgow.

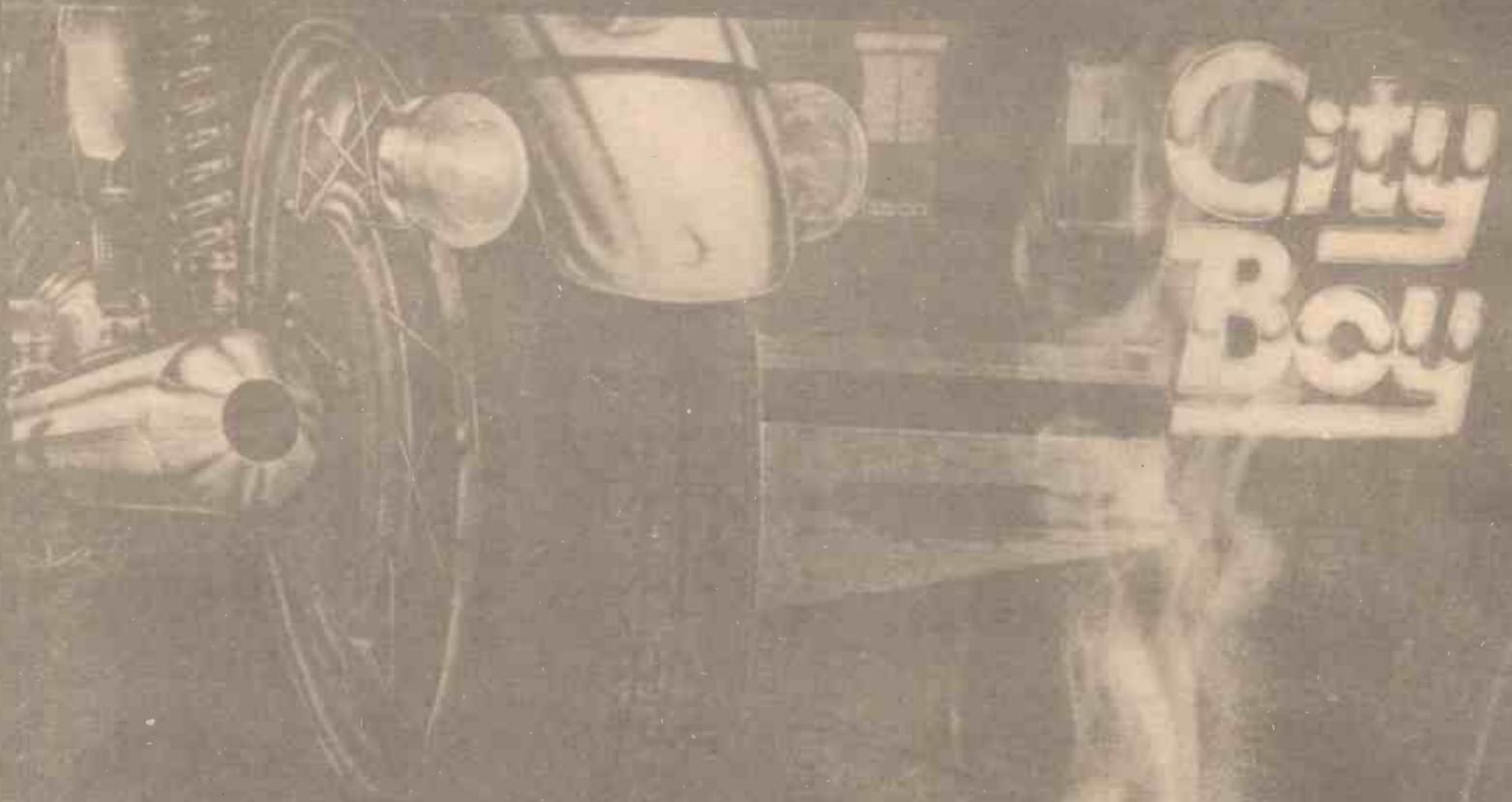


**TVOD**

WHY HAVE your readers got it in for Little Nicky Horne (see last two letters pages)? Why don't you pick on someone your own size - like the appalling Tommy Vance, who started off by stealing two precious hours of John Peel's show on Friday nights and has now spread like an oil slick to the Saturday afternoon Rock On programme and threatens to take over the world.

Compared with Vance, Little Nick's blabbering comes across as a model of good taste and intelligence. How the hell did someone who seems to have very little empathy with rock (he's always making the most crashingly inept remarks) get into such a position in the Beeb? (Silly question. - Ed). He comes across as a smooth-tongued, middle-class career climber, someone who'd be more suited (three-piece, probably) selling carpets or second hand cars than attempting to tell kids 20 years his junior Where It's At. - Chris Willis, president of the Bring Back Alan Freeman Movement, Perivale.

# 'THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE' City Boy caught in the act.



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